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THE
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The Face of Jesus Christ.

BY JAMES CULROSS, A.M., D.D.

IN one of the rooms of the British Museum there is an old battered bronze, before which you may now and again see a visitor pausing. It is a study to watch the faces of those who do so. One will look for a few moments with a vacant expression which tells plainly enough that he sees nothing, while another will gaze silently for half-an-hour at a time. The bronze is a woman's face. Who conceived and fashioned it no one knows. As old metal it may be worth ten or fifteen shillings; as the revelation of a grand ideal, telling what a woman may be, it is beyond price.

We have all seen faces, or had glimpses of them, or visioned them in dreams, which will haunt us to our dying day. They were revelations to us of the human soul such as no philosophy could have made: in a moment, as with a flash, they have told us mysteries which words were inadequate to express. And inasmuch as God made man in His own image, after His likeness, they were also revelations to us of the Divine.

There is one face which millions and millions have longed to image to themselves—the face of Jesus Christ. It is not mere curiosity, but not seldom is intimately connected with love to Him and a true desire to realize His presence and glory more effectually. We know, for He has told us, that His going away was expedient for us, and probably the love with which we regard Him has a loftier character on this very account; yet the desire to see Him, or to conceive what He was like, is a most natural one, and probably every one of us has experienced it. What must it have been, we keep saying to ourselves, to gaze upon that face! There were those who could have told us about it, having beheld it and seen in it the glory as of the

only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth; but they have said nothing—have not given us so much as a single hint. They seem again and again just on the point of breaking silence; they tell how, when He was transfigured, His face did shine as the sun; how He set His face steadfastly toward Jerusalem, while the disciples followed Him, amazed and afraid; how He bent His face toward the ground, damp and chill with the heavy night-dews, in the garden of Gethsemaue; how men struck Him and did spit in His face at His mock-trial; how, long years after, in the isle called Patmos, that same face shone forth upon the beloved disciple “as the sun shineth in his strength;” and how, before its awfulness (when as God He sitteth upon the great white throne) earth and heaven shall flee away, and there shall be no place found for them. But the face itself is nowhere portrayed, nor is any single hint thrown out by any single disciple enabling us to imagine what it was like. We know the appearance of a Socrates as he walked the streets of Athens or conversed in the market-place three-and-twenty centuries ago; but not a word is said by the disciples about the personal appearance of Jesus. They could have told us everything; in point of fact, they have told us nothing.

Is this silence an oversight, or is there design in it? The wish to look upon Him or (that being impossible) to image His appearance, meets us from the very beginning. Zacchæus, for example, sought to see Him, what manner of person He was, and ran forward and climbed into a sycamore tree for the purpose. Certain Greeks came to Philip, just before the last sufferings, with the request, “Sir, we would see Jesus.” Even Herod was exceeding glad when Pilate sent Jesus to him, for he had been desirous to see Him of a long season, because he had heard many things of Him. The silence of the New Testament, then, respecting His personal appearance is silence in the presence of very natural curiosity, and silence, too, where the instincts of affection might have been expected to lead to some fulness of detail.

Numerous legends have come floating down to us out of the misty past, each of them told in a wonderful variety of ways. The evangelist Luke, for example, is asserted to have been a painter as well as a physician, and to have painted the face of Jesus from the life; Peter from memory; Nicodemus to have carved His likeness; and even Pontius Pilate secretly took a portrait of Him. There is a letter said to have been addressed to the Roman Senate by one Publius Lentulus, a friend of Pilate and his predecessor in the government of Judea, which pretends to describe His appearance during His lifetime.* There is the legend, variously told, of Abgarus, king of

* This letter describes Him as “of noble and well-proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness and firmness, so that beholders both love and fear Him.” His hair is described as “of the colour of wine, and golden at the roots.” It is “divided down the centre after the manner of the Nazarenes.” His forehead was “even and smooth; His face without blemish, and enhanced by a tempered bloom.” In speech “He is deliberate and grave, and little given to loquacity.” No man had ever “seen Him laugh; but many, on the contrary, to weep.”

Edessa, who was sick nigh to death, and thought that the likeness of Jesus might cure him. He sent a painter to take the likeness, but the painter could not, by reason of the light that shone from Him; so Jesus took the man's robe, and, pressing it to His face, left a perfect portrait of Himself on it. There is the legend of Veronica, a daughter of Jerusalem, whose house stood on the way to Calvary. Seeing Jesus pass on His way to be crucified, she had compassion, and, taking her veil from her head, she gave it to Him to wipe His distressed face. He returned it to her with the sacred image impressed upon it. There is the story that His likeness was cut in an emerald by command of the Emperor Tiberius, and long afterwards received by Pope Innocent III. as the redemption price of a captive in the city of Rome. These legends, of course, and many like them, must be set aside as untrue. I refer to them only to show that the silence of Scripture is silence where there was a strong desire to obtain knowledge. One cannot help concluding that the pens of the sacred writers have been Divinely stayed and restrained, as well as guided, in what they wrote. They not only spake, but also were silent, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

Painters have attempted to meet the longing which Scripture leaves unsatisfied. They show us the Child Jesus, clad at times in the "tender sweetness of unsuffering and unforeboding youthfulness," and again with the shadow of the Cross thrown over His face; they represent almost every incident of His ministry and life recorded in the New Testament; they venture into Gethsemane, with the mystery of its grief and agony; they fill up almost every moment from His leaving the Prætorium and going down the steps where the Cross awaits Him, with a face in which there is no guile and a bearing that shows Him equal to the endurance, onward till we see His dead face ready to be wrapt up for the grave; they trace Him from the grave to the Ascension; they show Him, as it were to-day, knocking at the heart-door, with a crown on His head, and eyes full of yearning love and wondering, sorrowing patience. Few comparatively of these pictures are spiritually helpful; they fail to "enlarge our sense" of Christ. Some of them, indeed, are profane in the highest degree; not a few of them tend to a worship of art rather than of God. Many of the painters had no right to touch the subject; they may have been competent to render scenes from heathen mythology, or battle-pieces, or popes and emperors, or sensuous beauty, or portraits of a gentleman; but they were as unfit for showing us the face of Jesus Christ as an unbeliever is for leading Christian song or preaching the everlasting Gospel. Especially in trying to represent the Sufferer, whose visage was "so marred more than any man and His form more than the sons of men," they have made too much of the physical, and have missed the grand, glorious grief which marked Him for the Man of sorrows. And, after all, we sympathise the more earnestly with the words of the Apostle Paul: "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more."

No doubt the face of Jesus Christ disclosed the Godhead and manhood which met in Him. Yet only to those who had eyes to see: to a Simeon in the temple, but not to a Caiaphas; to a John the Baptist, but not to a Herod; to a disciple, but not to a Pharisee or Sadducee. If He were to walk through our streets to-day, drest like one of the people, or to make His appearance at a meeting of city men, or to enter one of our churches, how many would discern the glory of His face, or see any beauty in Him that they should admire Him? "The light shineth in darkness"—the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ—"and the darkness comprehended it not."

If we cannot see or imagine the physical and outward, we have that face in scripture, and pre-eminently in the four gospels. The book itself is not our Saviour; but it is the picture of His face. It discloses His true likeness to all who have eyes to see. Our creeds and theologies oftentimes hide or misrepresent instead of revealing Him; so too, not seldom, does our very evangelism; it is meagre, narrow, dogmatic, mechanical. What a relief for the lowly soul to open the blessed Book! The face of Jesus Christ meets us in the Old Testament, in type, and psalm, and prophecy,—like the photograph of a friend sent on to us before his arrival. It meets us in the New Testament, as described by those who were eye-witnesses of His glory. They do not so much narrate his life as reveal His face. That face beams forth upon us from the sacred page, and follows us with its eyes into every scene of life.

It were well for us in a thousand ways, for holiness and strength and joy, that we should live and work, wake and sleep, throughout our earthly pilgrimage, as in presence of that Face. The glory of God shines forth from it—the glory of righteousness and truth and compassion and love and salvation—and that not by mere reflection, but by way of indwelling. Old Plutarch tells of an Egyptian inscription: "I am He that was and is and shall be; and who is He that shall draw aside my veil?" The veil is done away in Christ. The face of Jesus Christ is for us the face of God; and, while it reveals, it also (so to speak) softens and shades the ineffable splendour of the Divine majesty, which we could not have looked upon in its naked and absolute reality and lived.

There is a story, or parable—I do not know which to call it—of a family in the Spanish Indies, who were in nowise different from their neighbours in the same upland, save that, when they looked towards the sky, every one of them saw a Face looking back upon him. The family got scattered, and multiplied; but, into whatever towns or strange lands they came, this mark followed every one of them, that still he saw the Face which no other around him could see. Men marked that, while differing widely in other respects, all were like to each other in the look of their faces. And while some explained that they inherited this common look, others said that, by looking to the One Face, they grew like to it in their own visage, and consequently like to each other. The story may stand for illustration of what takes

place through looking unto Jesus: we are changed into His likeness—as, in His appearing, “we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”

Let us begin this year by coming into His presence waiting and looking up anew into that blessed, glorious Face. A wonderful thing it is to be able to do so from amid our daily tasks, our sorrows, our fears, our weary waitings. Through Divine aids, let us walk in its light all through the year, with this assurance of faith in our hearts: “Thou settest me before Thy Face for ever.” This is the secret of victory over the world, and of a life of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

For, oh, the Master is so fair,
 He smiles so sweet on banished men,
 That they who once have seen His Face
 Can never rest on earth again.

The Last Words of Notable Men.

II.

IN the former paper on this subject we confined our illustrations to the examples supplied by the inspired writers; and we now proceed to notice the last words of some eminent men as they are recorded in the pages of secular history. In answer to the question, Who may be considered the most remarkable of uninspired men? some would not hesitate to reply, Socrates is he. We leave it to learned men to decide how much of the character of the philosopher is reality, and how much of it is idealised by the splendid genius of Plato—“Who can decide when doctors disagree?” But taking for granted that the usual account of the Grecian sage is in the main the correct one, we need not hesitate to assert that he stands in the foremost rank of the mental heroes of mankind. Physically, as well as mentally, Socrates was very remarkable. “He was singularly ugly. As hideous as Marsyas the satyr, and as pot-bellied and bloated as Silenus; with great staring goggle eyes, he lent himself, as if made to their hands, to Aristophanes and the comic satirists of his time; and when a mask for Socrates was to be made, it was enough to copy the grotesqueness of his hideous face, much in the same way as Quasimodo in Victor Hugo’s romance won the prize of ugliness by simply showing his natural features.” Moreover, his usual dress was coarse and inelegant, and generally he walked without shoes. He strutted about in a most supercilious manner, staring at everybody he met, except

when he was seized with an absent fit, and remained for a time rivetted to the spot. Such a strange body seemed fitted to be the abode of a strange soul, but it is difficult

"To find the mind's instruction in the face."

For just as the ugly toad was fabled to have "a precious jewel in its head," so in the grotesque body of Socrates really dwelt one of the sublimest of human spirits. He was, as most of our readers are aware, put upon his trial for "Atheism" at Athens, condemned by his judges, and compelled to drink poison, of which he died, in the year 399 B.C. His "last words" are contained in one of the writings of Plato, called "Phædon, or a Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul"—a book well worth perusal, showing, as it forcibly does, what happy "guesses at truth" even the heathen could sometimes make, and yet how dark the wisest of them were, apart from the teachings of inspired Scripture, and the Gospel of Him who has "brought life and immortality to light."

"Whereupon Crito gave the sign to the slave that waited just by. The slave went out, and, after he had spent some time in preparing the poison, returned, accompanied by him that was to give it, and brought it altogether in one cup. Socrates, seeing him come in, said, 'That is well, my friend; but what must I do? For you know best, and it is your business to direct me.'

"'You have nothing else to do,' says he, 'but, whenever you have drunk it, to walk until you find your legs stiff, and then to lie down upon your bed. This is all you have to do.' And at the same time he gave him the cup.

"Socrates took it, not only without any commotion, or change of colour or countenance, but with joy, and, looking upon the fellow with a bold and lively eye as he was wont to do, 'What do you say of this mixture,' says he, 'is it allowable to make a drink-offering of it?' 'Socrates,' replied the man, 'we never make more at once than serves for a dose.'

"'I understand you,' said Socrates, 'but, at least, it is lawful for me to pray to the gods. This I beg of them with all my soul, that they would bless the voyage and render it happy.' Having said that, he drank it off with an admirable tranquillity and an inexpressible calmness.

"Hitherto we had, almost all of us, the power to refrain from tears, but, when we saw him drink it off, we were no longer masters of ourselves. Notwithstanding all my efforts, I was obliged to cover my face with my mantle that I might freely give utterance to my feelings, for it was not alone Socrates's misfortune, but my own that I deplored in reflecting what a friend I was losing. Crito, likewise, could not abstain from weeping, and Apollodorus, who had scarce ceased to shed tears during the whole conference, did then howl and cry aloud so as to move every one with his lamentations. Socrates himself alone remained unmoved; on the contrary, he reproved them. 'What are you doing, my friends?' says he. 'What! such fine men as you are! O! where is virtue? Was it not for that I sent off those women? I have always heard it said that a man ought to die in tranquillity, and blessing God. Be easy, then, and show more constancy and courage.' These words filled us with confusion, and forced us to suppress our sorrows.

"In the meantime he continued to walk, and, when he felt his legs stiff, he lay down on his back, as the man had ordered him. At this time, the same person who gave him the poison came up to him, and, after looking upon his legs and feet, bound up his feet with all force and asked him if he felt it? He said, 'No.' Then he bound up his legs, and, having carried his hands higher, gave us the signal that he was quite cold. Socrates likewise felt himself with his hand, and told us that, when the cold came up to his heart, he should leave us. And then,

uncovering himself,—for he was covered—‘Crito,’ says he, these were his last words, ‘We owe a cock to *ZEsculapius*; discharge this vow for me and do not forget it.’ ‘It shall be done,’ says Crito, ‘but see if you have anything else to say to us. He made no answer, and, after a little space of time, departed. The man, who was still by him, having uncovered him, received his last looks, which continued fixed upon him. Crito, seeing that, came up and closed his mouth and eyes.

“This, *Echecrates*, was the exit of our friend; a man who, beyond all dispute, was the best, the wisest, and the justest of all our acquaintance.”

Thus meekly and bravely, as Lord Macaulay writes, did the first great martyr of intellectual liberty take the poison cup from his weeping gaoler.

If *Socrates* was a great king in the realms of speculative thought, we may say of *Julius Cæsar* that he was a mighty monarch in the realms of practical life. He was one of the greatest of the Romans, one of the greatest of the human race. He was mighty in many modes—a literary man, an orator, a mathematician, a great statesman, and a successful warrior. He was foremost alike among the civilised and the savage races of mankind. He wrote books, invented the ablative case in the Latin language, made alterations in the calendar which remain to this day; he conquered many of the Eastern and Celtic nations of his time, and made himself complete master of the mighty Roman world. ‘The energy of *Cæsar’s* character, his personal accomplishments and courage, his talents for war, and his capacity for civil affairs combine to render him one of the most remarkable men of any age. Though a lover of pleasure, and a man of licentious habits, he never neglected what was a matter of business. He began that active career which has immortalised his name when he was forty years of age—a time of life when ordinary men’s powers of enterprise are deadened or extinguished. As a writer and an orator he has received the highest praise from *Cicero*; his commentaries, written in a plain, perspicuous style, entirely free from all affectation, place him in the same class with *Xenophon* and those few individuals who have successfully united the pursuit of letters and philosophy with the business of active life. His projects were vast and magnificent, he seems to have formed designs far beyond what the ability of one man could execute, or the longest life could expect to see realised.” As was natural in the case of such a man, he excited many enmities and was exposed to many conspiracies to which at last he fell a victim, being, as is well known, assassinated at Rome about forty-four years before the beginning of the Christian era. Our great dramatist, in his play of *Julius Cæsar*, has finely represented his hero as dying directly after the utterance of words in keeping with the texture of his imperial and imperious mind. We quote the words (Act III. Scene 1st.):—

“I could be well moved, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true-fix’d and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there’s but one in all doth hold his place:
 So in the world; ’tis furnished well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak’d of motion: and, that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this;
 That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banished,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.’

While uttering some such language the daggers of the conspirators flashed before his astonished eyes, and smote him with many wounds. His stoicism

enabled him to remain for a short space calm and even silent in this terrible time, but when he saw his cherished friend Brutus among the assassins, he uttered his "last words"—"Et tu, Brutè! and are you among them, my son?"

Thus perished this great man, who, in some respects, almost deserved the honour conferred upon him by a contemporary medal, still extant in the British Museum, which calls him "*Divos Julius*," the Divine Cæsar. The chief instruments of his death, Brutus and Cassius, were doubtless honourable and patriotic men, according to their light; lovers of liberty, and only hating Cæsar because they looked upon him as its chiefest foe. They afterwards took up arms for the restoration of the Republic; but at the battle of Philippi, Augustus avenged his uncle's death: they were conquered there, and perished by their own hands—"Ultimi Romanorum," "The last of the Romans."

Most of our readers have heard of "The Apostolic Fathers." The name is applied to five Christian teachers of the second century, who were favoured with the fellowship and instruction of some of the Apostles of the Lord, their names being Clemens Romanus, Ignatius, Barnabas, Hermas, and Polycarp. It is of the last of these venerable men that we wish now to speak. The word Polycarp means *much fruit*; and, whatever the design of his parents in giving him the name, he lived to justify his possession of it in the highest and holiest sense. He was probably born a little later than the middle of the first century, and became a Christian about the year 80. He was personally acquainted with the Apostle John; was probably introduced to the ministry by the "disciple whom Jesus loved;" and, according to an ancient tradition, was "the angel of the Church in Smyrna," mentioned in the Book of the Revelation. Two works have come down to us in connection with Polycarp, both of which are still read with great interest—the former being an "Epistle to the Philippians," from his pen; and the other, "The Relation of the Martyrdom of Polycarp," written by some of the members of the Church at Smyrna. In the Epistle, about forty passages of the Christian Scriptures are quoted, which may be seen in the second volume of Dr. Lardner's "Credibility of the Gospel History." "The Relation of the Martyrdom" also contains several quotations from the New Testament—a proof, of course, that the Inspired Volume existed in the second century substantially as we possess it in the nineteenth. But we wish especially to refer to the last moments of this sainted man. The Apostle John lived to be a hundred years old; but his disciple Polycarp lived probably more than a century, and at last ended his venerable life in the fires of martyrdom. The following quotation from Neander's Church History sketches the final scene, and records the "last words" of this "ancient disciple" of the Lord. He died at Smyrna about the middle of the second century.

"The people conveyed him to the city on an ass, where they were met by the chief officer of the police, coming with his father, from the town. He took up Polycarp into his chariot, and addressing him kindly, asked what harm there

could be in saying, '*the Emperor, our Lord,*' and in sacrificing. At first Polycarp was silent; but as they went on to urge him, he said mildly, 'I shall not do as you advise me.' When they perceived that they could not persuade him, they grew angry. With opprobrious language, he was thrust out of the carriage so violently as to injure a bone of one of his legs. Without looking round, he proceeded on his way, cheerful and composed, as though nothing had happened. Having arrived before the proconsul, he was urged by the latter to have respect at least to his own old age; to swear by the genius of the Emperor, and give proof of his penitence, by joining in the shout of the people, 'Away with the godless!' Polycarp looked with a firm eye at the assembled crowd, pointing to them with his finger; then with a sigh, and his eyes uplifted to heaven, he said, 'Away with the godless!' But when the proconsul urged him farther, 'Swear, curse Christ, and I release Thee.' 'Six and eighty years,' the old man replied. 'have I served Him, and He has done me nothing but good; and how could I curse Him, my Lord and Saviour?' The proconsul still persisting to urge him, 'Well,' said Polycarp, 'If you would know what I am, I tell you frankly, I am a Christian. Would you know what the doctrine of Christianity is, appoint me an hour and hear me.' The proconsul, who showed here how far he was from sharing in the fanatic spirit of the people, how gladly he would have saved the old man if he could have appeased the multitude, said, 'Do but persuade the people.' Polycarp replied, 'To you I was bound to give account of myself, for our religion teaches us to pay due honour to the powers ordained of God, so far as it can be done without prejudice to our salvation. But those I regard as not worthy of hearing me defend myself before them.' The governor having once more threatened him in vain with the wild beasts and the stake, caused it to be proclaimed by the herald in the circus, 'Polycarp has declared himself to be a Christian!' With these words was pronounced the sentence of death. The heathen populace, with an infuriate shout, replied, 'This is the teacher of Atheism, the father of the Christians, the enemy of our gods, by whom so many have been turned from the worship of the gods, and from sacrifice.' The proconsul having yielded to the demands of the people, that Polycarp should die at the stake, Jews and Pagans hastened together, to bring wood from the shops and the baths. As they were about to fasten him with nails to the stake of the pile, he said, 'Leave me thus; He who has strengthened me to encounter the flames, will also enable me to stand firm at the stake.' Before the fire was lighted, he prayed, 'Lord, Almighty God, Father of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, through whom we have received from Thee the knowledge of Thyself; God of angels, and of the whole creation; of the human race, and of the just that live in Thy presence; I praise Thee that Thou hast judged me worthy of this day, and of this hour, to take part in the number of Thy witnesses, in the cup of Thy Christ.'"

And thus the good man happily and triumphantly entered the "fiery chariot," which conveyed him to "the realms of the blest."

We will next speak concerning the last days and "the last words" of Constantine the Great. There are two sides to the character of this notable man, and, according as we view the one or the other, we are inclined to pour forth fervid praise or utter sharpest censure. In "the ages of faith," so called, his biographers termed him saint, equal to the apostles, God's high priest, the second founder of the Christian Church, and the very foremost among the greatest benefactors of the human race; while those who look much at the dark side of his character speak of him as a grotesque mixture of fanatical piety and senseless paganism; who struck medals, with Apollon on one side and Jesus Christ on the other; who was the first of Christian emperors, and yet deferred his own baptism till the time of his death; who

kissed the wounds of Christian confessors, and the dirty garments of holy hermits; yet was guilty of more than one murder during his life, and by his will ordered an almost wholesale massacre of the members of his family-circle. Looking too exclusively, perhaps, at the dark side of his character, Niebuhr strongly says of him: "Many judge of Constantine by too severe a standard, because they regard him as a Christian; but I cannot look upon him in that light. The religion which he had in his head must have been a strange jumble indeed. . . . He was a superstitious man, and mixed up his Christian religion with all kinds of absurd superstitions and opinions. When certain oriental writers call him 'equal to the apostles,' they do not know what they are saying; and to speak of him as a saint is a profanation of the word." But we must not, in common justice to Constantine, overlook the praiseworthy features of his character and conduct.

"In the year after his conversion was issued the edict of Toleration. Then followed, in rapid succession, the decree for the Observance of Sunday in the towns of the Empire; the Use of Prayers for the Army; the Abolition of the Punishment of Crucifixion; the Encouragement of the Emancipation of Slaves; the Discouragement of Infanticide; the Prohibition of Private Divinations; the Prohibition of Licentious and Cruel Rites; the Prohibition of Gladiatorial Games. Every one of these steps was a gain to the Roman empire and to mankind, such as not even the Antonines had ventured to attempt, and of those benefits none has been altogether lost. Undoubtedly, if Constantine is to be judged by the place which he occupies amongst the benefactors of humanity, he would rank, not amongst the secondary characters of history, but amongst the very first."

But it is to the end of the emperor's life that we wish now particularly to refer, by mentioning a fact connected with it of especial interest to our readers; and probably we cannot do better than quote the graphic language of Dean Stanley.

"Incredible as it may seem to our notions, he who had five-and-twenty years ago been convinced of the truth of the Christian faith; he who had opened the first general council of the Church; he who had called himself a Bishop of Bishops; he who had joined in the deepest discussions of theology; he who had preached to rapt audiences; he who had established Christianity as the religion of the empire; he who had been considered by Christian bishops an inspired oracle and apostle of Christian wisdom, was himself not yet received into the Christian Church. He was not yet baptized; he had not even been received as a catechumen. . . . He, like many of his countrymen, united, after his conversion, a sincere belief in Christianity with a lingering attachment to Paganism. He, like some even of the noblest characters in the Christian Church, regarded baptism much as the Pagans regarded the lustrations and purifications of their own religion, as a complete obliteration and expiation of all former sins; and therefore, partly from a superstitious dread, partly from the prudential desire, not peculiar to that or any age, of 'making the best of both worlds,' he would naturally defer the ceremony to the moment when it would include the largest amount of the past, and leave the smallest amount of the future. . . . If, even a century later, such men as Ambrose and Augustine, born in Christian families, and with a general belief in the main truths of Christianity, were still unbaptized; the one in his thirty-fourth year, the other in his thirty-second year, we may be sure that the practice was sufficiently common in the far more unsettled age of Constantine, to awake no

scruple in him, and to provoke no censure from his ecclesiastical advisers. . . . In the Church at Helenopolis, in a kneeling posture of devotion, unusual in the East at that time, he was admitted to be a catechumen by the imposition of hands. He then moved to a place in the suburb of Nicomedia, and then, calling the bishops around him, amongst whom the celebrated Arian Eusebius was chief, announced that once he had hoped to receive the purification of baptism, after our Saviour's example, in the streams of Jordan; but God's will seemed to be that it should be here, and he therefore requested to receive the rite without delay. 'And so,' says his biographer, 'Alone of Roman Emperors from the beginning of time, was Constantine consecrated to be a witness of Christ in the second birth of baptism.' The Imperial purple was at last removed; he was clothed instead in robes of dazzling whiteness, his couch was covered with white also; in the white robes of baptism, on a white death-bed, he lay, in expectation of his end. . . . His own delight at the accomplishment of the ceremony was excessive; and when the officers of his army entered the chamber of death, with bitter lamentations, to make their last farewell, he bade them rejoice in his speedy departure heavenwards. He gave his will into the custody of the Arian chaplain Eustocius, who had consoled the last hours of his sister Constantia, with orders that it should be given to his son Constantius. At noon on the Feast of Pentecost, the 22nd of May, in the sixty-fourth year of his age and the thirty-first of his reign, he expired. . . . It is said that the Bishop of Nicomedia, to whom the Emperor's will had been confided by Eudocius, alarmed at its contents, immediately placed it for security in the dead man's hand, wrapped in the vestments of death. There it lay till Constantius arrived, and read his father's dying bequest. It was believed, to express the emperor's conviction, that he had been poisoned by his brothers and their children, and to call on Constantius to avenge his death. That bequest was obeyed by the massacre of six out of the surviving princes of the imperial family. Two alone escaped. With such a mingling of light and darkness did Constantine close his career."

Thus died this strange man;—"the first Christian emperor, the first Defender of the Faith, the first imperial patron of the Papal See, and of the whole Eastern church, the first founder of the holy places, pagan and Christian, orthodox and heretical, liberal and fanatical, not to be imitated or admired, but much to be remembered, and deeply to be studied."

Contemporary Preachers.

I.

THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, B.A.

A HOST of "candid critics" continually assure us that the pulpit has lost its power and is rapidly becoming an obsolete institution. The great preachers of former generations—Chrysostom, Savonarola, Massillon, Taylor, Howe, and Baxter—have, we are told, no worthy successors among ourselves; and though there are a few men who have attained exceptional popularity, they are said to have no influence over "the thought and culture of the age." Intellectual

and educated men are drifting further and further away from our churches, if not from Christianity itself, and the separation threatens to become absolute and complete.

So our critics assure us, and we cannot deny that their words contain, at any rate, a semblance of truth. It is unquestionably the fashion in many influential quarters to depreciate the pulpit and its occupants, to sneer at all "ecclesiastically-minded persons," to ridicule their beliefs as a kind of amiable weakness, and to relegate religion itself to the sphere of the emotions. The most prominent devotees of physical science, the chief apostle of literature, and his cultured "readers" occupy a position of pronounced antagonism to evangelical Christianity, and reject the very idea of a supernatural revelation; nor can we doubt that they command a very large following. The causes of this condition of things are not difficult to discover, but we cannot now stop to enquire into them. We can, however, as little allow that the opponents of dogmatic Christianity possess a monopoly of intellect, learning, and refinement. Not a few of the noblest minds of our age have accepted "the truth as it is in Jesus" with a simple and unreserved faith, and, great as have been their intellectual achievements, they have deemed it their highest glory to "bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." The historian of every past age has been able—the historian of every future age will be able—to chronicle the fact that—

"Piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flown from lips wet with Castalian dews."

For the most part it will be found that this indiscriminate depreciation of the pulpit results from a rejection of the truths which it is the especial mission of the pulpit to proclaim; and, where this is the case, no amount of power will be recognised as of substantial worth. And if we are bound to admit the force of this "hue and cry" on the one hand, we cannot, on the other hand, ignore the fact that in all the cities and large towns of Great Britain, to say nothing of Europe and America, there are men who week after week attract large congregations, who exercise a wise and helpful influence on our social and religious life, and who, apart from all questions of sects and faiths, are felt to be a power in the community in which they live. The aggregate number of worshippers in our churches and chapels is greater to-day than at any former period. Booksellers assure us that volumes of sermons are in continual demand; and it will certainly be allowed that, notwithstanding the opposition of science and the growth of scepticism, the moral life of the nation is healthier than it was a hundred years ago. The Christian Church has no room for self-gratulation, but it has as little ground for despair. The ministry is not what it might be—few will contend that it is all that it ought to be—but it is not the failure some would seem to imagine. It has more than sufficient life and power to hold

its own against all opposition, and to claim recognition as the highest and most important agency for the regeneration and progress of the world. The pulpit has been truly described as the Thermopylæ of Christendom.

There are men still living who have listened to the voices of Chalmers and Hall; the names of Macleod and Guthrie are familiar as "household words;" and, while we have among us such preachers as Spurgeon, Liddon, Vaughan, Caird, and Maclaren, it will be hard to persuade us that the former times were better than the present.

Among the great preachers of our day a foremost place is by universal consent assigned to the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester; and, if we present to our readers a few pages relating to him and his work, it will not be with the view of gratifying an idle and impertinent curiosity, eager to know everything that can be known about "our great men." We have not had the privilege, as we have no sympathy with the spirit of the interviewer, and we should utterly defeat our purpose by attempting to invade the sanctities of private life. We intend to write of Mr. Maclaren only in his public capacity, for with anything beyond this neither we nor our readers have the slightest concern. Our article can boast of no exceptional knowledge or special information. The extent of our claim to write is this—that we have availed ourselves of several opportunities of hearing Mr. Maclaren, principally in the metropolis; that we have studied somewhat carefully his published sermons, and have heard frequent references to him and his work by those who are intimately acquainted with both.

It is, of course, no secret to any of our readers that Mr. Maclaren, like many other of our leading men, both in mercantile and professional life, comes from "the other side of the Tweed." He was, we believe, born in Glasgow, his father being one of the pastors of the John-street Baptist Church in that city, and a man whose fine Christian character, sound judgment and rare powers of exposition are still gratefully remembered. Few who were present at Mr. Maclaren's installation as chairman of the Baptist Union in 1875, will have forgotten Mr. Stovel's touching allusion to his "revered father" and his "great and noble mother"—an allusion which we here recall as it may furnish us with an explanation of some of the strongest features of Mr. Maclaren's ministry. We learn from a writer in the *Freeman* that he entered the College at Stepney in 1842, and, after taking the degree of B.A. at the London University, accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Portland Chapel, Southampton, in 1846. At that time, the church had been greatly weakened by internal divisions, and the congregations were small. The difficulties which the young pastor had to face would have unnerved a weaker man, but they had an opposite effect on him, and in the course of time they disappeared. The empty pews gradually filled, and long before Mr. Maclaren left Southampton in 1858, the chapel was crowded. He had gathered

around him not only a large and influential, but a sympathetic congregation, and his removal was, as might be expected, a source of deep and universal regret. The best testimony to the value of his work may be gathered from the farewell address presented to him by his congregation in which it is said :—

“Some of us can remember the time, when yourself young and inexperienced, and we a mere handful of people, the relation of pastor and flock was set up among us. Nor do we forget the discouraging circumstances under which that relation began. We remember, too, how slowly the clouds cleared away; how painfully the upward path was climbed; how in the face of many temptations to despair, you manfully stood to your post, and resolved to hope, and we feel that it would be difficult, if not impossible, duly to estimate the Christian labour carried on so patiently and so perseveringly.”

In 1858, Mr. Maclaren succeeded the Rev. Francis Tucker in the pastorate of Union Chapel, Oxford-road, Manchester. His work there was begun under very different conditions, and has throughout been in the best and truest sense successful. In Manchester, as in Southampton, the congregations increased, but with much greater rapidity, and the spacious chapel soon became too small to accommodate the numbers that thronged it. A new and more commodious one was built some eight or nine years ago, and this also is said to be too small. It is a building well-adapted for the great ends of our public worship—compact and comfortable, displaying in the interior a chaste and tasteful beauty, and with acoustic properties of the first order. We have heard it not unfittingly described as the Nonconformist cathedral of Lancashire. The congregation averages, we believe, about 1,400, and contains men of various classes and creeds. There are rich and prosperous merchants, men distinguished in professional life, and others working their way towards success. Young men from the offices and warehouses of the city are seen in great numbers; nor is there wanting what we should like to see in all our churches, a fair proportion of working men. Every service attracts a number of strangers, among whom are clergymen of the Established Church, Nonconformist ministers, literary men and students. Men listen gladly to Mr. Maclaren, whose ear could have been gained by no other evangelical preacher, especially if he chanced to be a Nonconformist. Some, no doubt, go for the mere intellectual pleasure they receive, but we cannot imagine them under such a ministry remaining content with nothing further. Bold and incisive thought, keen logic, brilliant imagination, calm intensity, are invariably a source of gratification to a cultured mind, but in Mr. Maclaren's ministry they are, while never lacking, invariably subordinated to higher and holier ends, and it is impossible that his hearers should remain indifferent in respect to *them*.

While many of his congregation are doubtless attracted simply by their delight in his preaching, he is at the same time surrounded by a band of earnest Christian workers. There are in connection with his church two preaching-stations (at one of which a new chapel has been

erected, and which has now its own minister) and several schools, with scholars amounting to well-nigh 2,000. No one has worked Mission. Last year his congregation raised for its funds about £400, and is, we believe, supporting two evangelists in Italy. Help is also given to the Home and Irish Missions, and to other denominational agencies, as well as to the Manchester City Mission, the hospital, and various local institutions, in the support of which the congregation at Union Chapel takes a foremost part.

Mr. Maclaren's labours are not restricted to his own congregation. He gets no small share of the work in the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches. No one has been so frequently elected as he to preach, to write the circular letter, or to take a prominent position at the annual meetings, and no one has served more efficiently on committees. A recognition service would be considered sadly incomplete if he were not present, and the joy at the opening or re-opening of a chapel would be sensibly diminished if he could not preach one of the sermons. When the Baptist Union met at Manchester a committee of reference, or an arbitration committee, was formed. We have heard it said that Mr. Maclaren has for years done the work of such a committee for the Baptist Churches of the district, that his counsel is continually sought in reference to difficulties and disputes, and that it is always wisely and generously given. The ministers of our churches have no truer friend than he, and if we may test a man's real worth by the esteem in which he is held by his brethren and co-workers, there are none who stand higher than Mr. Maclaren.

We have said that his labours exceed the limits of his congregation, and we may add also of his denomination. His voice is frequently heard in Congregational, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan chapels; he has given addresses to the students of many of our own and other colleges and preached mission sermons for most of the societies. He is, moreover, at present conducting a weekly teachers' preparation class in connection with the Manchester Sunday School Union—a class which, we are told, is attended not only by Sunday-school teachers, but by ministers of various denominations, who are glad to have this opportunity of listening to the instructions of one whose thoughts and words are in every way so helpful.

Mr. Maclaren has published three series of sermons, which have passed through several editions. From these we may easily learn his characteristics as a preacher. He, no doubt, owes much to his effective delivery, to the clear and distinct manner in which he enunciates every word. He speaks as a man thoroughly in earnest, and throws his whole soul into his work. Need we say that by earnestness we do not mean noise? Mr. Maclaren has, we should think, an utter abhorrence of all "shams" and "unrealities," especially in the pulpit, and would treat with deserved contempt the spurious excitement and artificial thunders which have become so

fashionable in some quarters. His is the earnestness of a sincere faith, of a deep and overmastering conviction, and of an intense love for his work. And *that* is what his hearers instinctively feel, and which makes them forget him in his message.

Mr. Maclaren is a man of keen penetrating intellect; his powers of thought are clear and incisive, enabling him to pierce to the heart of things. He has somewhat of the intuition of a seer, and though he has not, to our knowledge, written poetry, he has felt the influence of "the vision and faculty divine." The root element of his character is fidelity—intellectual, moral, and spiritual fidelity. No reader of his sermons can fail to be struck with his intimate knowledge of Scripture, with the new and deeper meaning which he discerns in the old and familiar words, so that in his hands a commonplace and threadbare truth assumes a marvellous freshness. But this is no newly-acquired power, and no mere gift of genius. The foundation of it lies in the lessons learned in childhood, and in the habits of thorough and conscientious work formed in college. We lately came across an address delivered to the students of Rawdon College more than twelve years ago, in which Mr. Maclaren has unconsciously depicted his own character. Referring to what many regard as the monotonous drudgery of college labour, and to the grand purpose at which it aims, he says:—

In such a view of its purpose, the more protracted, severe, and even uncongenial the work the better. You have, in all these general studies, a precious gymnastic for your minds, without which no man ever comes to his meridian of calm power. You may acquire, by your honest dealing with your work here, habits of hard, systematic study; of patient, slow progress: of conscientiously mastering each step before you take the next; of seeing with your own eyes; of fearless, reverent investigation, which will be a blessing to you all your life. Do not, I beseech you, fling away these advantages from a raw haste to get at the fruits before you have sown the seed. Do not think anything which you can master by effort and cannot without, of small importance. Never mind what use it is to be of. Do you make it your own. That is the best use of it. Whether there be any other treasure hid in the field or no, the exercise of digging it all over is the best treasure for you now, and a harvest will follow your spade-husbandry some day, never fear!

And again:—

You can be what many churches wish, a popular preacher—if that be the height of your ambition—with little Greek and less Hebrew; but you can neither be what the churches need nor 'a faithful steward if you neglect the prime responsibility of your stewardship here, and pass from these walls without having bent yourself to learn so as to use and love the tongues in which the Spirit of God has spoken to man.

Have we not, in these pithy and suggestive words, a picture of their author's student life, both in college and out of it? He could not have spoken thus unless he had been what he urged his hearers to be. Honest, patient, and persevering toil; a cheerful acquiescence in the drudgery of college work, and a continuance in the paths thus entered; a resolute retention of the results of the old toil; and, as a

matter of course, a plentiful harvest. We fear this address is now out of print. If so, its republication would be a boon to all candidates for the ministry.

Mr. MacLaren has been not only a diligent student, but a vigorous and independent thinker. He has "seen with his own eyes." No *ex cathedra* utterances would satisfy him. No creed could, apart from "fearless and reverent investigation," have secured his unfeigned assent and consent. He could never, indeed, have joined in the indiscriminate eulogies of doubt to which we have of late become accustomed, or have felt an attraction in every new-fangled theory advanced in the name of science, or of the higher criticism. But it is equally evident that he has looked at every great article of the Christian faith honestly and for himself. He is no mere echo of the teachings of others; and, though he has now a strongly-marked and definite creed, it is emphatically his own, to which, by prolonged and conscientious thought, he has worked his way. He has been greatly aided by his fine imagination. This, in fact, is one of the most conspicuous elements of his power. It irradiates his subtle logic, and embellishes his severest statements of truth. It arrests the attention of men who are unmoved by abstract reasoning and bare dogmatic assertions, and opens up to him an unfailling store of illustrations. Mr. MacLaren's power in this respect is unsurpassed, and we know of only two English preachers who, in relation to it, can be at all compared with him—Mr. Martineau and Dr. Caird. He seems naturally to express himself in metaphor. He is quick to discern the analogies existing between the material and the spiritual universe, and in the phenomena of the one he sees instructive resemblances of the other. Almost at random we have come upon the following instances in the second series of his sermons.

All men live by hope, even when it is fixed upon the changing and uncertain things of this world. But the hopes of men who have not their hearts fixed upon God try to grapple themselves upon the cloudrack that rolls along the flanks of the mountains, and *our* hopes pierce within that veil, and lay hold of the Rock of Ages that towers above the flying vapours. Let us, then, be strong, for our future is not a dim peradventure, nor a vague dream, nor a fancy of our own, nor a wish turning itself into a vision, but it is made and certified by Him who is the God of all the past and all the present.

All our course, if we have Him with us in the vessel, will be like sailing down some fair-widening stream amongst rocky mountains and vine clad slopes, with the blue sky above, every now and then seeming to be land-locked; and yet, as each rocky headland is rounded, the shining river stretches itself into another reach, and, leaving the base of another verdant hill, slides broader and deeper to this great sea to which we come.

The sunshine must fall on us, not as it does on some lonely hill-side, lighting up the grey stones with a passing gleam that changes nothing and fades away, leaving the solitude to its sadness; but as it does on some cloud cradled near its setting, which it drenches and saturates with fire till its cold heart burns, and all its wreaths of vapour are brightness palpable, glorified by the light which lives amidst its mists. So must we have the glory sink into us before

it can be reflected from us. In deep inward beholding we must have Christ in our hearts, that He may shine forth in our lives.

This insight into nature is equalled by Mr. Maclaren's insight into Scripture. His mastery of the Hebrew and Greek languages has been turned to good account. He submits every word to a minute investigation, and traces its relations to other words. His sermons display considerable exegetical skill, and are the outcome of an endeavour to ascertain the true meaning of the text. He has too much reverence for Scripture to treat it as a peg on which to hang up thoughts of his own. His Scotch Baptist training, to which he referred at Plymouth, has probably had some influence on him here; and we wish that those who speak so lightly of exposition would study his sermons to see what fruit it yields: for his preaching is decidedly of the expository order, and none of his greater sermons could have been written by a stranger to exegetical and expository research. The view that he gives of one verse is the result of his careful attention to the whole of the paragraph and chapter and book in which it occurs. His treatment of the narratives of Scripture has often been noticed. It is indeed wonderful. Witness the sermons on "Love and Forgiveness,"—"Ahab and Elijah,"—"Love's Triumph over Sin,"—"The Power of Feeble Faith,"—and the two great missionary sermons on "The Secret of Power" and "The Pattern of Service." Most of these discourses are, in their own line, unequalled; at least, we know not where to look for any that can claim an equal rank with them.

This devout reverence for Scripture, and a corresponding faith in its adaptability to the complex needs of our nature, explain Mr. Maclaren's method of meeting the demands of modern scepticism. That he is thoroughly conversant with all its phases, that he has pondered thoughtfully the position of such men as Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall, we are well assured. But he would not, in the pulpit, argue with them; on the contrary, he insists on the direct and simple proclamation of the gospel as it has been committed to our trust. How pointedly he can deal with rationalistic assumptions may be seen from his sermon on Christ's Resurrection (III., 347); but he declines to be drawn aside from his work as a witness-bearer and herald of Christ. His words on this point are worthy of insertion. They occur in his inaugural address to the Baptist Union in 1875:—

Then we should take all these voices as a call to the more earnest uncontroversial proclamation of our great message. Perhaps I am speaking from personal temperament, and generalizing merely from my own incapacity and disinclination, when I venture to express a grave doubt as to whether controversial preaching ever does much good. For one thing, a very large proportion of hearers are very slightly affected by movements of opinion interesting to more highly-cultivated minds. For another thing, the pulpit is not the place, nor—if I may venture to say it without offence, seeing that I include myself among the number—are many preachers the men to deal thoroughly with the problems of modern thought, and superficial treatment only aggravates the evil. "I have heard the Bampton Lectures for thirty years," said a sagacious University official, "and, thank God! I am a Christian still." I am afraid a good deal of controversial preaching does more harm to the truth it tries to

defend than to the errors it assails. For another thing, the constant reference to errors gives them importance, and imposes on the imaginations of the hearers, whilst also it creates sympathy with the subjects of these incessant attacks. Again, there is absolutely no connection between being forced by stress of argument to accept the true doctrine of the Cross of Christ, and being led as a sinful man to put my trust in Him as my Saviour. Rather, the whole point of view and attitude of mind must be altered before the eager disputant becomes the earnest evangelist, and the convinced listener passes into the penitent disciple. You may shiver to pieces all intellectual defences, but the garrison still gathers unsubdued into the central citadel of the heart. You cannot take it by batteries of argument. Another power alone will make the flag flutter down. Faith is an act of the will as well as of the understanding. Therefore, not logic, but the exhibition of Christ in His love and power evokes it. Ah! brethren, we are often so busy in proving the gospel, that we forget to preach it; so anxious to get at men's hearts through their understandings, that all our time and strength are spent in hewing the passage and none left to impel the gospel through it. I think Christ's Cross may be trusted to stand firm without our stays, and I believe that, if we would seldomer try to prop it with argument, and oftener point to it with the herald's cry, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," we should oftener see men drawn unto it.

We have more than once referred to Mr. Maclaren's intense earnestness. Every hearer and reader of his sermons is struck with it, and it works on us with the power of a spell. He speaks as one who has come forth from the secret place of the Most High, who has spent many a lonely hour in quiet contemplation and fervent prayer with the Master, and who tells of the things he has seen and felt. There are here no empty platitudes, no unmeaning conventionalities, but every word is uttered with a definite aim and charged with spiritual power. He is intent on one thing, and cares for no side issues. The truth of God must be brought home to the hearts and consciences of men; and if any of his hearers can regard it as a matter of no moment to him, we assuredly do not envy him. The individualizing power of Mr. Maclaren's preaching is remarkable. He seems to be dealing with every man apart—to place him by himself and alone.

How lofty is his ideal of the Christian life! It is not in his esteem an orthodox creed, or a formal profession, or a respectable morality. These things, valuable in their own place, are but a small part of that on which he rightly insists. He will not suffer men to regard the Gospel as the charter of their freedom unless they also obey it as the law of their life. A Christian man should be a Christ-like man. It is related of Louis XIV., that after listening to one of the most eloquent sermons of Massillon, he remarked to him, "Other preachers excite my admiration for their talents. You have made me dissatisfied with myself." Could there be a greater compliment? How many of us have felt the same in listening to Mr. Maclaren—*dissatisfied with ourselves*, ashamed of our ignorance, our weakness, our apathy, our selfishness, our sin, and longing to rise to a nobler, stronger life? Nor are there any who feel this more keenly than the ministers who, whenever they can, are eager to hear him. Not

The least fruitful aspect of his work is the impulse he has given to a higher style of preaching. Few men have done more to ennoble the pulpit, both in our own and other churches. We have it on good authority that the late Mr. Binney was so deeply affected by his missionary sermon on "The Secret of Power," that, when a friend spoke to him at its close, he was, through the sheer strength of his emotion, unable to reply. On the following day he told this friend that he went home and wept, and humbled himself before God, for not only had he not reached the ideal which had been held up, but he feared he had scarcely tried to reach it. Many others could join in the confession, and are thankful for the help which, on this point, they have received from one who has been in so true a sense a preacher to preachers.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of Mr. Maclaren's style. Its main features are its clearness, its directness and its force. It has at times a quaint and rugged beauty—it is full of rich suggestiveness, telling of "a more behind" which no words can adequately express. It abounds in pithy Saxon, is often as terse as a proverb, and fixes on the memory the truth it conveys. We may recall Mr. Maclaren's sentences (as was said of Macaulay's) to judge of their full force, never to comprehend their meaning. His style is a part of himself, as every man's style must be. Mr. Ruskin rightly holds that "all the virtues of language are in their roots moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has some sense of rhythm and order. . . . No noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart."

On this and on every other ground we should deprecate all attempts to "imitate" Mr. Maclaren. The man who can do so successfully is too strong to need to do it, and he who cannot do it successfully will, in plain words, make a fool of himself. Every man in his own order. And Mr. Maclaren's noble and successful ministry seems to us to teach no lessons so impressively as these. Be natural, be true to yourself, and true to God. Preach what you yourself know, and feel and live as you preach. Very few among us have gifts that will compare with his, but we may, at any rate, be animated by the same spirit, and labour in our own way for the same ends.

Our sketch is sadly imperfect, and fails to do justice to its subject. It has, however, been prompted by a profound appreciation of the worth of Mr. Maclaren's ministry, and by sincere gratitude for its inspiring and invigorating influence. So far as we have written in eulogy, our article, we know, will not gain Mr. Maclaren's approval. But if we induce others to read and study his sermons, and if they reap from them the same benefit that we have done, even he will forgive us. We are not given to hero-worship, and it would be a gross calamity, were the noblest of men to stand between us and our Divine Master. It is because Mr. Maclaren's words point us so distinctly to Christ, and because in his sermons we see "no man save

Jesus only," that we value his ministry so highly. And with words that illustrate this we bring our review to a close:—

All that others can do for us is but surface-work after all. It must be straight from Jesus Christ that we must get our power. There, within the veil, where He is, we must dwell, if any radiance is to be on our faces when we come among men. In many a hidden hour of quiet communion, in many a toilsome hour of patient thought, we must learn to know Him at first hand, as He only discloses Himself to the solitary soul waiting before Him. A life hidden with Christ in God is the indispensable condition of a life revealing Christ in the world. Whatever else we may have or lack we shall be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal unless we constantly renew our impulses and repeat our consecration at His feet. Failing that, we cannot but succumb to the temptations of a profession. With it we shall rise to the height of a calling. Our power will be far more the power of our personality than of our mere words, and such power is but the impression that men receive of our own fellowship with Christ. All our power, of whatever kind it be, is His gift; let us keep close beside Him and we shall not lack. As with David of old, so with us: we come weary, famished, weaponless to the sanctuary. There within the curtains we may find our High Priest, and be fed by Him with sacred bread. And when we ask of Him that He would arm us for the fight, He offers us the sword which He keeps laid up in the inmost shrine behind the ephod, saying, "There is none here but it; if thou wilt take it, take it." Be our answer, "There is none like that; give me it."

The Recent London School Board Election.

BY E. B. UNDERHILL, LL.D.

THE advocates of unsectarian education undoubtedly entered on the recent School Board election in London with grave apprehensions of defeat. The opponents of the Education Act of 1870 had been greatly encouraged by the attitude of the Government towards it in the late session of Parliament, and by the success of those members of the House of Commons who, by their amendments, had sought the entire subversion of the national system. During the last three years of their attendance at the Board, the denominational party had taken every opportunity of obstructing its work. By motions for fresh inquiries on points already sufficiently understood; by prolonged discussions and talking against time; by incessant misrepresentations, and by perpetual protests, the clerical section of the Board endeavoured to check every advance. The school-buildings, they affirmed, were placed in localities where new schools were not required. The structures were extravagantly built, and furnished at reckless cost. The number of children in attendance was exaggerated, and the places vacant were enormously large. The parsimony of the

parish vestries was appealed to, and from time to time deputations were encouraged to present memorials accusing the majority of the Board, in unmeasured terms, of the wildest extravagance. The teachers of the schools, it was said, were too highly paid, while the education they gave was unsuitable, and sometimes altogether of too high a kind for the class of children attending the schools. Religious bigotry was freely appealed to from the pulpit and elsewhere. By some denominationalist candidates,—and their supporters, it was untruly affirmed that no religious instruction was given in the schools, because sectarian books were excluded. So good a man as Canon Miller, rector of Greenwich, is represented as having stated, at the St. James's Hall meeting, presided over by the Bishop of London, that for six years he had tried without success to find out what kind of religious education the School Board gave the children in its schools; while Lord Hervey boldly said that School Boards had, in fact, retarded the cause of education.

These gross misrepresentations, long continued and re-asserted in the face of every denial and correction, naturally produced the impression that the work of the Board was unpopular, and that, by a united and well-conceived assault, the progress of six years might be stayed, if not utterly overthrown. The National Society accordingly entered vigorously into the conflict. In every borough it put forth its candidates, and, indeed, appealed to its supporters for their general assistance, and for liberal subscriptions towards their expenses. In some districts the Conservative party associations were called into play, and, at least in one borough, an attempt at intimidation of the voters was made. Although the evangelical section of the Established Church could not sympathize with the plans and aims of the party represented by Canons Gregory and Cromwell and Dr. Irons, yet its organs urged their friends everywhere to vote *against* the School Board policy. Mr. Samuel Morley did not hesitate to stigmatize the exertions of these gentlemen as a "clerical conspiracy," and for the moment everything augured their success. At the very least, Canon Gregory calculated on a majority of ten, and the sure discomfiture of the upholders of the School Board policy.

Such were the circumstances and the array of opposition, under which the advocates of unsectarian education entered on the conflict. Numbers, wealth, bigotry, party spirit, and proud reliance on inexhaustible resources were on the side of their foes. The other side was in a large measure unprepared, had little expectation of success, and had to create on the spot the organizations by which to meet the onslaught. Admirable service was done by the School Board Policy Defence Committee. The excellent papers they issued did much to remove misapprehensions, and to set the work of the Board in a fair light. A wise policy was also pursued by the Borough organizations, which were quickly formed, in putting forth candidates only in sufficient numbers to secure a working majority on the Board. As will be seen, the arrogant confidence displayed by their opponents in

the attempt to displace *all* the supporters of the Board, met with the complete failure which it deserved.

What are the results? The number of members constituting the Board is fifty, and seventy-eight candidates went to the poll.

34 School Board candidates	polled 463,897 votes,	an average of 13,644 each.
21 Denominationalists	„ 94,221 „	„ 4,496 „
23 National Society candidates	„ 217,273 „	„ 9,882 „

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The winning candidates polled as follows:—

31 Board School candidates	456,055 votes,	an average of 14,711 each.
2 Denominationalists	„ 20,901 „	„ 10,450 „
17 National Society	„ 176,536 „	„ 10,384 „

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Thus the result is a “crowning victory” for the Board School Policy, and an overwhelming defeat for the clerical and denominationalist parties.

Let the following facts further illustrate the completeness and nature of the victory.

In every division, except Southwark, the advocates of unsectarian education were placed at the head of the poll. The exception, the Rev. R. Maguire, a popular and highly-esteemed clergyman, is one of the clergymen elected the least obstructive to the School Board policy.

To be the mark of clerical obloquy was a sure passport to success. This was especially seen in the case of Mr. Firth, who was elected at the head of the poll for Chelsea.

Of the list of candidates, thirty in all, supported by the School Board Policy Defence Committee, only one failed to obtain a seat; and of the twenty-eight candidates rejected only one was a supporter of the School Board.

Nearly every one of the High Church party failed of success; and the protest against priestism and sacerdotalism is the more marked by the fact, that all the Roman Catholic candidates also, with one exception, were rejected. The plumpers given by the Roman Catholic voters, and which won several seats at the last election, were of no avail against the multitudes who recorded their votes on the other side. The Evangelicals suffered to a less extent than the High Church party in this conflict.

There is a clear majority of eleven on the Board in favour of a national and unsectarian education, as against a system of ecclesiastical instruction.

Thirteen Nonconformists have found seats on the Board, of whom Sir Charles Reed and Mr. Stiff, with the exception of Mrs. Westlake, polled the heaviest vote of all, and were at the head of the poll in their respective districts. It may be interesting to our readers to mention that Sir Charles Reed, who is also the chairman of the new

Board, as he was of the old one, is an Independent, and Mr. Stiff is a Baptist.

In every division, except in Southwark and Greenwich, the Board candidates polled more votes than all the other candidates together, and in most divisions the majorities were very large.

These facts sufficiently show how complete and thorough the victory has been. But we should be mistaken in our judgment of them, if we regard the triumph either as a Nonconformist or purely Liberal one. Certainly, Nonconformists took a leading place on all the polls; but there were many liberal Churchmen who were disgusted with the arrogance and with the priestly claims of the High Church party, and who gave their votes for the unsectarian but truly religious education of the Board schools. Large numbers abstained from the unseemly strife altogether, and it is the lament of clerical organs that the apathy of Churchmen was one of the main causes of defeat; indeed, the *Guardian* newspaper does not hesitate to say, "that the battle was fought rather too much by clerical hands." They think that it was natural for the clergy to stand prominently forth to resist what they imagine will be the extinction of their schools by the extension of the rate-supported Board schools. But the *Guardian* adds, "It is always unfortunate if the 'Church party' be considered the 'clerical party.' People have come seriously to think that the clergy have some private interest in Church schools. There is a certain jealousy of clerical domination in the lay mind, often misguided enough, but powerful when provoked." In the opinion that this feeling greatly influenced the constituency we entirely concur, and look upon the result as a healthy sign of a reaction against the claims of sacerdotal supremacy now so rife in all clerical circles.

This clerical influence also met with a powerful protest from the working classes. In some districts, notably in Lambeth, Finsbury, Westminster, and Chelsea, the vote of the artisans was conspicuously large.

This element in popular elections is one of vast moment; and, from their numbers, the influence of working-men, more especially in cases where the accumulative vote prevails, becomes every year more distinct and powerful. Education will both aid and correct this influence; but the *Guardian* is perfectly justified in the fear it expresses of the issue, should the cause of the Church of England become identified with political Conservatism. Even without this union, it may be doubted whether the artisans of this country will be found on the side of a church which puts forth such absolute claims to the control of the spiritual nature of man as are now held and asserted by large numbers of the clergy of the Establishment. Certainly it has been made clear to their minds that the anxiety of the clerical party is excited not so much by the desire to educate the masses of the people as to keep them under clerical control, and to make their education subordinate and conducive to the interests of the Church. It could not be concealed that "voluntary schools," so

called, are in reality denominational and clerical schools, promoted for sectarian purposes, and, if not dependent on the rates yet, that they owe their existence to grants from the consolidated fund, and have therefore no legitimate claim to the title they assume.

In any case, clerical arrogance has received a most severe rebuke ; and there is the prospect that at least for the present the education of the masses of the metropolis will be pursued without hindrance from a party which has never yet shown itself truly desirous for the enlightenment and elevation of the people.

Bible Natural Philosophy.

By W. J. MILLAR, C.E.

IN the Bible we have many statements regarding physical phenomena, which, when looked at in the light of scientific knowledge as then existing, are very extraordinary, and strike us by their truthfulness of expression when viewed in the clearer scientific knowledge of our own time. Thus in Amos v. 8, we have the origin and formation of rain correctly stated in the words—“He that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth.” In the book of Job, amongst other references, we have it stated that the earth is unsupported—“He stretcheth out the north over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing.” In the first chapter of Genesis, we have a description of the formation of the earth, and in which we have some remarkable statements regarding the condition of our globe at different stages of its formation. In the first verse we read—“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth ;” here we have the elementary condition of present arrangements. In the second verse we read—“And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep : and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.” The first verse tells us of the introduction of a body in space, in the second verse we have its condition indicated—it was without form and void ; its shape had not yet assumed fixed proportions, nor were the elementary constituents yet gathered into definite separate forms ; it was void, empty, unfurnished. In the second clause of the verse we have a further picture of these early conditions, viz., that darkness was upon the face of the deep.

It is well known that scientific reasoning points to a fiery epoch in the earth's history, when, as a molten and then as a hot solid body, it

wheeled through space; and still further it is pointed out that the liquid masses, which we now call seas, would at that early period, on account of the great heat, exist in the form of vapour, in which the hot and glowing body of the earth would be enwrapped. This condition seems pointed to in Job when we read in connection with the creation of the earth—"When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it." In the last clause of the second verse we have, however, the action of forces upon these conditions—"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The condition then of our globe at that period seems to be that the hot and fiery surface, which aforetime had only a mass of vapour encircling it, had cooled so far as to allow of the condensation of a part of the vapour, which now lay around the surface as a watery envelope; above, and resting upon the surface of the latter there was still a dense mass of vapour. In the third verse *light* is first spoken of, and in the fourth verse that a division now took place between the light and between the darkness. This may be explained by considering that the light from the sun then first broke through the less dense cloud covering, and, although but dim, was still sufficient to mark, through the rotation of the earth, periods of greater and lesser light, called in the fifth verse Day and Night.

The events described in the sixth verse are those of a still more advanced period when, through a further cooling of the globe, the dense masses of vapour were further condensed, descending no doubt in heavy showers from time to time until they were sufficiently light to rise through the gaseous part which we now call the atmosphere—called in this verse the firmament or expansion—and thus form a new and higher cloud envelope raised above the liquid envelope below. The waters above the firmament were thus the watery vapours, which we call cloud. Clouds being composed of vesicles of watery vapour, remaining higher or lower in the atmosphere according to their weight specifically with the air, upon condensation these clouds return to the surface in the form of rain. The condition, then, of the earth at the close of the events described at the eighth verse is that of a partly cooled hot solid body having an envelope or hollow sphere of water around and resting upon its surface, whilst above and beyond the water surface another hollow concentric sphere of watery vapour or thick cloud was situated, the space between being filled with air; no land was then visible; "A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe," and a dim and uncertain light struggled but feebly to break the darkness of the heavy vaporous atmosphere; occasional convulsions would send mighty waves sweeping along this watery waste, and would throw the heavy clouds into many fantastic shapes.

The ninth verse contains the description of a very important change in this condition of things. The solid crust of the globe which has gradually been cooling has, as a consequence, shrunk inwards, producing throughout its mass changes of form consequent upon the subsidences and upheavals which would accompany this contraction;

hence the surface would now be much broken up in outline, great ridges being thrown up where the pressure was greatest, bounded on both sides by depressions, or valleys; the water, which at one time was spread out over the whole surface, would now be distributed unevenly, retiring into the hollows, and leaving the parts formerly covered with water, dry land. For the first time then we see our globe with its surface features like the present, the land is separated from the water, and we have earth and sea—the former soon to be covered with vegetation, and transformed from a bare and desolate expanse into a fruitful garden—"And the earth brought forth grass, and herb, yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit." And now an important change is to take place. As yet no direct beam of sunlight has fallen upon the solid surface of the globe; these beams had not been able to penetrate the thick cloudy covering that still hung over land and sea, a diffused light only being present. Now, however, the conditions are about to be changed, the upraised mountains with their cooling surfaces rapidly condense the surrounding clouds, and heavy showers fall upon the bare and thirsty wastes, the herbs and trees spring forth, and, as the condensation goes on, aided by the air currents set up on the now varied surface, the cloud wrapper is thinned and broken up until in course of time breaks here and there occur and the light bursts through, the sun now appearing in all his majesty.

We thus read in the fourteenth verse that there were lights in the firmament of heaven, dividing the day from the night, "*and were to give light upon the earth.*" Had an observer then been upon our earth he would now have during the day the welcome sight of the sun whereby he would be enabled to mark with precision the passage of time, whilst during the silent hours of night the firmament would be brightened by the pale radiance of the moon and her attendant hosts of stars.

The earth being now fitted for animate existence, we shortly read of the gradual introduction of living forms, until at length, in progress of time, man, the highest and most perfect form, appeared.

Short Notes.

SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.—It is gratifying to find that the election for the third School Board of London was marked by more activity and earnestness than the election of members of Parliament. It shows the deep interest felt in the cause of education by the inhabitants of the metropolis, and fully justifies the policy of Parliament in having thrown on them the responsibility of making due provision for the education of the juvenile population. The present election has, moreover, been rendered memorable by the struggle which arose out of the determined efforts made by those who abominate the School Board policy, to place their own nominees upon it in order the more successfully to subvert that policy and get the elementary education of the capital into the hands of their own party. The real cause of complaint against the system of the School Board is that Parliament, having set up the Board for London and having endowed it with extensive powers, has made it the most powerful instrument for education, and it has worked so efficiently as to cast the voluntary schools into the shade. Those schools are strictly denominational, and their invariable object is to bring the children up in the doctrines and dogmas of the Established Church. The party maintains that the object of Parliament in creating the School Boards was simply to supplement the deficiencies of the Voluntary schools ; but instead of confining themselves to these humble and inadequate labours, they have launched out into a noble and comprehensive scheme of education worthy of the country and of Parliament ; that they are over educating the city, carrying out their duties too vigorously, and, above all, eclipsing the clerical and the sectarian schools, which cannot compete with them in efficiency. An effort was, therefore, made, which was sustained by the clergy of the metropolis, to influence the election of members, and to place on the Board a majority of members who would effectually clip its wings, and the Episcopal pulpits resounded with denunciations of the delinquencies of the Board. Unhappily, the Bishop of London was induced to place himself at the head of this agitation, and to commit the dignity of his ecclesiastical position to its success. But it was felt that this charge of having adopted too complete a system of education would not be sufficient to arouse public indignation, and a junction was formed with the economists, who are anxious to save themselves the small amount of parish rates which the School Boards are authorised to levy. It was echoed throughout the metropolis that the Board had been too lavish in its expenditure,—in the schoolrooms it had erected, in the sites it had purchased, in the costliness of its school staff, and in various other ways, although in no

instance had any sums been laid out without the sanction of the Education Department over which Lord Sandon presides. It was loudly proclaimed that to maintain the School Board policy would be to perpetuate, if not to increase the burden of this taxation, which would be saved by transferring the charge of education to the denominational or voluntary schools, whereas they subsist in a great measure by the subsidies they receive from imperial taxation, which is thus kept out of sight. So virulent was the clamour raised against the Board, that it was generally expected, not only by the public in the metropolis, but even by the members themselves, that they had entirely lost the confidence of the ratepayers, and that their policy was so unpopular that those who were eager to subvert it would meet with easy success. They have been signally, if not ignominiously, defeated, notwithstanding the great name of the Bishop of London. The advocates of the School Board policy have triumphed by an overwhelming majority of ratepayers. Exactly one half the Board consists of new members, and the supporters of the policy of the late Board have a majority of twelve in the present body, and what is still more decisive, with the exception of the city and Westminster, the candidates who were most deeply pledged to carry out that policy to the fullest extent, were at the head of the poll. Those who were in the habit of obstructing the progress of work by endless and unprofitable discussions have lost their support. The result of this election has changed everything. The great majority of ratepayers have assured the Board of their cordial approval of the course it has pursued in raising the tone of education; and by placing three-fifths of the members who approve the policy of the Board in authority, have shown emphatically that they prefer the undenominational course of religious instruction adopted by the Board, to the clerical and sectarian course which alone is admitted in the voluntary schools, and, what is of more importance, that they do not grudge a superior education to the children of the metropolis, though it may require a small increase of rates.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI'S WILL.—A feeling of extraordinary interest has been felt throughout Catholic Europe, respecting the will of Cardinal Antonelli which has just been made public. Considering the position of supreme importance which he held for thirty years at the court of the Vatican, and the fabulous amount which he was reported to have left behind him, this is not to be wondered at. He was not only a Cardinal but a great statesman, the secretary of the Holy see, the right hand of Pius the Ninth, the life and soul of the Papacy, the source of every important movement during the most eventful period in the history of the Vatican. Seldom have the affairs of Rome been in the hands of so rare and extraordinary a genius for the management of business; but if it be remarked that the Papal see was in a worse condition at the death of the Cardinal than when he first took charge of its affairs, it must be remembered that he had to struggle with

difficulties in which success was impossible,—with the irresistible progress of civilization, to which he and his master were resolved to offer the most determined resistance. The change of circumstances between the two periods is, indeed, most extraordinary. At the beginning of his career, the foremost power in Europe was Roman Catholic; at his decease, the supreme power and influence on the continent had been transferred to a Protestant potentate, and was wielded by a statesman of the first ability, whose unceasing aim has been for the last six years to curtail the influence and to reduce the power of the Roman see, and in this object he has been completely successful. At the period of Antonelli's entry upon office, with the exception of Piedmont, the whole of Italy was either under the Pope's own dominion, or under princes who were entirely subservient to him and to the policy of the Vatican. Before Antonelli's death, all those princes had lost their thrones, the whole country became a new and constitutional kingdom, in which the Church was separated from the State, and the ancient influence of the Roman see was extinct. The Pope himself had lost his temporalities, and even his capital, and was confined to the Vatican and a garden. Beyond the confines of Italy, the influence of the Holy Father on the public administration in Roman Catholic countries, which was recently preponderant, is now withering; and even in the most bigoted of them—in Spain itself—he has found it impossible to resist the introduction of the principle of religious toleration into the constitution.

The Cardinal was fully aware of this decay of Catholic influence among those who control the management of affairs in Catholic countries, and he turned his attention assiduously to the promotion of the spiritual influence of Rome in general society among the masses through the matchless organization of the Vatican—and with no little success. Indeed, it may, we believe, be affirmed with confidence that the spiritual power of Rome has been augmented since its temporal power has been annihilated. In Catholic countries devotion to the Holy See has become more of a passion than at any time in the present century, and pilgrimages have been multiplied under the impulse given from Rome. The idea that the Pope is the victim of persecution and a prisoner, however it may be ridiculed by Protestants, appears to be regarded as an incontrovertible truth among Roman Catholics, and it has attracted towards him those feelings of affectionate sympathy which are felt for the injured. The offerings which are laid at the feet of His Holiness have been multiplied to such an extent as to provide for the vast expenditure of the Vatican establishment, and to enable him to reject with scorn the liberal amount, exceeding £300,000, which the Italian Parliament has voted for the support of the Pope and his court, secular and ecclesiastic.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI'S TESTAMENT is a singular production. Like a true Catholic, "Before everything else he recommends his poor

soul to the infinite mercy of God, trusting that through the intercession of the most holy, immaculate Mary, and his patron saints, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. James, and St. Louis, He may grant the remission of his sins and make him worthy of the eternal glory of paradise;" and he ordains that during the eight days following his decease a hundred masses a day shall be celebrated, with the alms of three sous for every mass. Here it cannot fail to be noticed that there is no mention of our blessed Redeemer throughout the will; but the Cardinal's hopes of heaven rest on the intercession of the Virgin and of Louis XI., King of France, together with two of the apostles and the apostle of the Gentiles. He was reputed to be enormously rich. The position he held for thirty years as Secretary to the Court of Rome, the centre of devotion to two hundred millions of ardent subjects, and enjoying the highest confidence of the Pope, afforded him extraordinary means of amassing wealth; but he has taken especial care to affirm in his will that he owed none of his property to this position, and that it was the result of the careful improvement of the patrimony he derived from his father. The fact is that, being practically a layman, he turned this money to account, and, in the course of trade and speculation, to very good account, and died worth many millions of francs. It was expected that he would have bequeathed a considerable portion of it to his master, dependent as he is on the eleemosynary assistance of his spiritual subjects; but the Cardinal has incurred a heavy censure from some of the Ultramontane organs of the see for having left him nothing but the crucifix which stood on his writing-table: "I humbly beg the Holy Father to accept the respectful offering of the crucifix standing on my writing-table, having the cross inlaid with lapis lazuli, and at the base the kneeling Magdalene; within the centre of the said base a bas-relief representing the Adolorata and other ornaments in silver. I pray him to accept with paternal goodness this object from the most devoted and faithful of his subjects, who dies tranquil, in the consciousness of never having failed in duty towards his sacred person, and the conviction of having, with all earnestness and honesty, served him in the true interests of the Church and the State." His large property he has divided among his numerous kindred, and those in the most distant degree of relationship do not appear to have been forgotten. The passion of his life was the collection of precious stones and marbles. There was no marble of antiquity, however rare or costly, of which a specimen was not to be found in his magnificent museum, which was also enriched with marble and precious stones from every country. Those who visited the Vatican for devotional purposes from all quarters of the globe well knew that nothing afforded him greater gratification than the offer of an addition to his collection; and it received constant accessions, till it became the richest mineralogical treasury in the possession of any private individual of whatever rank or country. It was expected that it would have been added to the

Vatican museum, as, indeed, it ought to have been; but he has left it to some member of his family, with whom it will be lost to the interests of science; and for this act of nepotism he has exposed himself to the just censure of the world.

NEW BISHOPRIC IN ENGLAND.—This is pre-eminently the age of English episcopacy. At one time it was a current opinion that the revolt of America was owing, in a great measure, to the neglect of introducing an Established Church on that continent, and stocking it with a staff of bishops who would have served to keep up a strong feeling of sympathy with the mother country. This idea may have had some share in creating the modern policy of leaving no colony of any importance without its bishop. They have been established in the most out-of-the-way places—among the savages of Borneo, with only two or three clergymen and a few score of laymen to superintend, and in the wild regions of the Hudson's Bay Company, near the Polar regions—till it has been facetiously observed that, wherever there was room for a seagull to perch, there it was deemed advisable to plant a bishopric. It is only in India that the cry for more bishops, which has been continuously sounded for the last thirty years or more, has been steadily resisted—not only by the Court of Directors, but also, since their extinction, by the successive Secretaries of State, without distinction of party. The rulers of India have persisted in considering that three bishops, with the aid of the rail and three archdeacons, are quite enough for the duties of the three presidencies; and there can be no doubt of the soundness of their judgment. Travelling as they do at the public expense, with all the dignity of the high officials of the State, ranking with the Commander-in-Chief, their periodical visitations can be scarcely less agreeable to themselves or more laborious than his Excellency's tours of duty.

These allusions may serve to introduce the remark that the desire for new bishoprics in our native land appears to be spreading in the circle of Episcopalianism. We have now to notice among the events of the past month the rare fact of the creation of a new see. During the last session, Parliament passed an Act authorizing the Queen, under certain circumstances, to establish a new bishopric in Cornwall under the designation of the see of Truro. On the 9th of December last, the following simple notification appeared in the *Gazette*:—

“At the Court at Windsor, on the 9th day of December, 1876. Present.—The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

“Whereas, in pursuance of the Bishopric of Truro Act, 1876, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England, on the 23rd day of November, 1876, certified to Her Majesty under their common seal that the net income of the Truro Bishopric Endowment Fund was not less than £2,500 a year, and that contributions to that fund sufficient to raise the net income, within five years from the date of the same certificate,

up to £3,000 a year, had been guaranteed to the satisfaction of the Commissioners.

“Now, therefore, in pursuance of the above-mentioned Act, Her Majesty is pleased by and with the advice of her Most Honourable Privy Council to order and declare as follows :—

- “1. The Bishopric of Truro is hereby founded.
- “2. The diocese of the said bishopric shall consist of the Arch-deaconry of Cornwall.
- “3. The parish church of St. Mary, in Truro, is assigned as a cathedral church of the said bishopric.”

Of this endowment no inconsiderable portion has been contributed by the liberal and exemplary Bishop of Exeter, Bishop Temple, who has stripped his own diocese of some of its resources. With the see of St. Albans, this forms the second diocese erected within the last three years, and it seems to establish the precedent that in future £3,000 a year will be considered sufficient for the allowance of a bishop, and that whenever this sum can be provided as a permanent endowment, the promoters of the design may expect success in their endeavours to obtain the erection of a new bishopric. We perceive that a plan has been already set on foot, and funds raised, to erect Nottingham into a see; and that £10,000 have been already subscribed for that purpose; and that it is proposed that a sum of £100,000 should be raised for endowing Liverpool with a separate bishop, of which sum the promoters announce that they have already collected £15,000; and, considering that the Church of England is, by far, the most wealthy establishment in the world, and that its members are exceptionally liberal where the interests of the Church are concerned, we may expect that such efforts will be repeated from time to time. But it may be a question whether this multiplication of mitres in England may not make the title too common, and diminish the weight and influence of the office, as it has done in the case of the colonial bishops, who are seldom alluded to without something of a sneer, except where they have claims to personal respect.

CYCLONE IN BENGAL.—One of the greatest calamities on record has recently been reported from Bengal. At midnight on the 31st of October last more than 200,000 men, women, and children were swept out of existence in so brief a space of time that it might be counted by minutes. At eleven o'clock on that fatal night there was not the slightest indication of any approaching disturbance in the atmosphere, when suddenly three storm waves arose in rapid succession and swept over 3,000 square miles, in many cases to the height of twenty feet. The wretched inhabitants awoke only to perish; none escaped destruction but those who were able to climb the trees, which happily were numerous throughout the district. The cattle universally perished. The scene of this awful calamity was

the low-lying district of Backergunge, at the mouth of the Ganges, and the three populous islands at the estuary of the Megna, the junction of the Ganges and the Berhampooter. It was the richest and the most fertile district of Bengal, and the peasantry were the most prosperous. It was the chief seat of the cultivation of rice which was raised in such abundance as to enrich the people by the export of it to the neighbouring districts.

The whole of the east coast of India is liable to be visited with cyclone storms, especially at the end of the spring and in autumn; and low coasts lying in a corner or deep bight, such as that at Backergunge, are especially exposed to these calamities. Madras and the Coromandel coast have been over and over again the scene of these devastating storms, and they have proved exceedingly disastrous at the mouth of the Hooghly, and even in Calcutta itself. The loss of life on the numerous occasions on record has ranged from ten to 50,000, but in no case has the cyclone been so destructive as at Backergunge on the 30th of October last, when the population was taken unawares while locked in sleep. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple, repaired immediately to the spot, and afforded all the relief to the suffering country which the energy and authority of Government could supply. The fertile fields will, however, soon be the scene of active cultivation; the country will be rapidly re-peopled, and in a short time there will be little trace of this awful calamity.

Faith's Review of the Past.

“The children of Israel walked forty years in the wilderness till all the people, which were men of war, which came out of Egypt, were consumed.”—JOSHUA v. 6.

“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord Thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and prove thee, and to know what is in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no.”—DEUT. viii. 2.

SHOULD one who has lived forty years in the world be disposed to take account of his fellow-travellers who have disappeared from the stage during that time, supposing that from his position and observation he were qualified to sum up their history, what would he find? First of all, he would be struck with the solemn fact, that at different stages of the journey they had almost all passed away into the unseen world. How varied their characters; how diversified their pursuits; how opposite their tastes; how strange their likings and

dislikings, their experience, their habits and their hopes, for the most part antagonistic to one another; but in this they were at one—they all were mortal, and died because they were all sinners in the sight of God. Similarly, Moses the man of God, here stands before us in retrospection of the past. Six hundred thousand males, and probably double that number of the other sex, if the mixed multitude is included, swelling their numbers to more than a million of people, had passed out of Egypt into the great and terrible wilderness in prospect of an earthly paradise beyond. They were saved by miracle; they lived by miracle; they marched or encamped by miracle. Such favouritism no people ever enjoyed; such mercies never before nor since fell to the lot of mortals; yet *two men* of the million only survived—in forty years all had perished.

1st. See here the fearful malignity of sin against God. If I am addressing individuals who both speak and think lightly of sin, let them give heed to the dreadful fact of a nation, a whole nation, finding their *graves* in the waste howling wilderness instead of the promised land. On their way, under divine leadership, to the region of terrestrial bliss, assured to them by the Almighty Himself, and, rendering the air vocal with song, while timbrel and harp united in the high sounding praises of Israel's God to banish sorrow, and for once to turn a desert, where wild beasts roam, into a sanctuary sacred to Jehovah. First, we say, look, and see to it; that fact, the indisputable fact stands up to the instructive gaze of upcoming generations, that ONE SIN, a people's *unbelief*, changes the whole scene, and turns into desolation, mourning and woe, the pictured scene of transcendent loveliness that had allured a whole people to forego a home in the then grandest nation on earth, for one beyond the flood, and known by report only. What can more deeply affect us than this spectacle? Be it that *this* is not an every-day spectacle. Ah! but the cursed thing that wrought it all is in the midst of us; in every heart of every child of man, in misbelief of God, in the doubts and suspicions of some, in positive infidelity in others; in all, if not repented of and abandoned, "The wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience."

2nd. A second *fact* comes to light here, no less instructive—namely, the veracity, the faithfulness of God, no way invalidated by His breach of promise. His promise to give the people the land of Canaan as an inheritance involved, and must have involved, fealty to their King, obedience to His commands. Promises of good *from* God in every case presuppose allegiance to His person and government, as departure from Him must presuppose the infliction of His righteous displeasure. Therefore, the "Kibroth Hattavah," the graves of lust that marked the track of the travelling nation in its pilgrimage, stood there to tell succeeding generations that the "God of Israel is not a man that He should lie, or the son of man that He should repent." And this principle, you will find, runs throughout the entire revelation of God in His dealings with the children of men. A very remarkable example of this we

have in the case of Eli: "I said indeed that thy house and the house of thy father should walk before me for ever: but now the Lord saith, Be it far from Me: for them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

We shall, in the further prosecution of the subject before us, and by Divine help, show—

I. The tentative character of life's journey.

II. Retrospection of the past essential to extracting wisdom from the review.

As in the case of Israel, so also in the events occurring in the life of a Christian man, these are designed to *humble*: but after what manner?

But first remark that pride is God's enemy and man's misery; yet there is no natural heart free from this sore evil. It lurks under a thousand disguises, and is most easily compelled to show itself by simply charging it home on the sinner who, either by a proud denial, or taking up a violent dislike at the accuser ever after, evinces his true character. This passion riots and rages in the hearts that have long been in a high position of prosperity, and nursed in the lap of ease and carnal security. But let circumstances change; let the man or woman be obliged by an irresistible necessity to descend from the eminence long occupied, without ever dreaming that such a thing was possible as that the sun of their prosperity could ever set; that instead of honour would come neglect; instead of fulness, want; and for mirth and song would fall depression so gloomy and weighty that, heart-sick of life, the sufferer should seek to shun society and hide himself from all living. Have you, dear hearer, only *tasted* of such a cup, and did you revolt and recoil? O, cease to shudder and to rave against Providence. Know you not that the Only-wise has been leading you by a way to humble thee, to hate the evil passion you hugged in your bosom, and to dispossess you of an evil you had never otherwise been willing to part with? To humble you was the aim; to empty you out of a soul-damning sin, which had otherwise cut you off from happiness and salvation. Or have you, fellow-traveller, been conducted through an arid sand track in the waste howling wilderness, and all joy is withered, and you are to be a mourner all your days? But why? What is the matter? A darling child has most unexpectedly sickened and died; nor that alone, but another and another sweet flower death has cropped from your sweet retreat; or the desire of your eyes and the light of your dwelling has been quenched, and you lift up your weeping eyes and sorrowing voice, and cry out with a mother of old, "Call me not, Naomi, beautiful, for the Almighty has dealt bitterly with me." Or you have sons or daughters whom the Destroyer has met with, and thrown over them such a glamour as to take heart and affection clean away from seeking conformity to Jesus Christ to conformity to this present evil world... O yes, I see

how it is, you have got to King David's day, and to his bitter portion in the journey, royal palace though be his dwelling. You go alone, and with the King of Israel pour out your sorrows, "O Absalom, my son, my house, my house is not so with God"—not so as I would have, not so as God would have it!

Ah! "briars and thorns now." Could He not have led you away home by an easier way, a softer footing? Yes, he could. He could have taken you through the desert in a balloon, or on eagle's wings. But where then had been the proud heart without trials that could not be broken; where the carnal heart that could not have been spiritualised; where the heart that bowed not, melted not, but under the white heat of the furnace? "I have chosen thee in affliction." Verily, He led them by a right way to the city of habitation. But more still. He led them about and about for forty long years. "For forty years He suffered their mourning in the wildness" to *prove them*. So it is with you now. "*Faith, hope, and love*" are being proved. Your faith is proved in the course of your journey, Christian. All along the way you go your ears are assailed at every step by new discoveries antagonistic to the life of God in the soul of man. Infidelity is now reasoning against Revelation, and tampering with the Being of a First Cause. Literature is pouring out in flood its waters deeply impoisoned with fictitious matters that glisten and glide away on the surface, but waters of Mara they are, whose bitterness no tree cast into them can sweeten. The world never put forth the inviting charms it now wears, and temptations to gain its applause, secure its honours, and amass its riches. To be left behind in the race is crushing to the ardent spirits of the young, and the bitterest of all misfortunes in the esteem of old age. *Here then faith is proved*. Shall "the faith once delivered to the saints" fall before these flattering illusions, or shall it pass them all by as the *ignis fatuus* of the night? Shall the syrens' transporting voices draw us to their enchanted isle, or shall not the ancient faith spread her banner on the breeze, and at the risk of this pompous world's words of contempt and scorn, cry, "God forbid that I glory save in the Cross." Brethren, the way you are led by is to *prove* you. Will ye also go away? Cry aloud, "To whom shall we go," &c.

Their hope was being proved, all the years of the forty; but how often did it faint, and murmuring vanished away; they would never see the good land. "Let us make a captain, and return to Egypt." Oh, my brethren, how often has the hope of the heavenly rest, like a dying taper which trembled in the socket, yet revived again by the breath of the Spirit, and but for his vitalizing energy breathed on the expiring flame must have died for ever away. The cold breath of unbelief had well nigh extinguished it, but reviving faith in the promise-keeping God, nourished by the same good Spirit, has made it shoot up again, kindling new light and life in your souls. He who first planted it has sustained it through all its flickerings, and "the good hope through grace shall live and triumph even to the end."

Hope, true Christian hope, maketh not ashamed, because founded on the Divine testimony and the love of God shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Spirit given to us. "Cast not away, then, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward; ye have need of patience, that when ye have done the will of God ye may receive the promises unbroken and in full." He "proved their *love* as well." "I remember thee, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in a land not sown, Israel was holiness to the Lord." But how soon did the sacred passion disappear in the shameful transaction of the golden calf, when even the venerable Priest himself, with shameless prevarication, insinuated that from the furnace "came out this calf." A more calf-like answer to his brother Moses his human lips could not have uttered. Alas, Lord, what is man!—that repentance may have brought again the hearts of many to the Lord can scarcely be doubted. Still, "the proof" which God sought of their affection to the King and Saviour afforded too much evidence that the most part of this evil congregation were mere hypocrites and time-servers. Now, Christian disciple, how is it with you? Has the REST been going forward all your journey, and has it verified your profession? In prosperity and adversity? in crosses, afflictions, and most alluring temptations, has your love to Christ triumphed over all? No backslidings, no idols, no half-heartedness, no suspicions of God's faithfulness, no desires to amalgamate with the sinful worldlings around you? "Simon, son of Jonas," I ask, "lovest thou me?" Does your HEART respond, "Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love thee." Where are the proofs; what have you done, what are you doing for Christ, for His people, His church? Do you say, "God forbid that I should glory but in the cross?"

But now again let us turn the leaf in our domestic history. A very different course in some of your lives is on the record. Some of you have been exempt from the hardships others have encountered. Ye have been conducted along a pleasant pathway. Want has never looked in at your door, nor heavy trouble, nor has death once broken the enchanted family circle. Prosperity has smiled on all your undertakings, health and happiness have graced your dwelling places, and the 103rd Psalm has most frequently been the song of your family circle. But think you there has been no trial of your humility?—in all this no proof of your loyalty to Christ—and no intended development of what is in your hearts? Far from it, for this very comfortable course of trial has been designed to evince your true, your real character, whether a joyous and prosperous course should draw you nearer your God and further your spirituality or drive you further off from both; whether this world or the *next* had the mastery over you, and whether your *dying flesh* had your heart's or the interests of your never-dying *soul*.—Great Spirit of all grace! O lend us Thy help to know our God, to know ourselves, and to draw from our review of life how to live and how to die, and thus to grow in blessed meetness for our elevation to a higher sphere.

Lastly, "*to know what was in thine heart.*" God needed not all Israel's forty years' journey to know what was in their hearts, for known to Him are all the hearts of the children of men; but to know, *i.e. to make known* to themselves and others what way within them. Ah! brethren, how little do any of us know of ourselves. "The heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" A lying, deceitful, prevaricating thing is the human heart. How often do mankind deceive themselves. Think that they are saints when they are not; that they are converted and children of God when they are not; that they are in God's favour when they are not; that they are in the right way when they are in an opposite course; that they have done their duty towards God and man when they have done no such thing; and that they have a good prospect beyond the grave when it is a spider's web that breaks at every breeze. Now, then, as the forty years' trial was from first to last a tentative process developing their true state and character, even so the course of time with every one of us is just the opening out by all its incidents, all its joys and sorrows, all its perplexities and all its affections, designed to show us ourselves in our secret and true history, whether we read it aright or not. All that has happened in the life's history of every one of us is a sort of education, in the matter of all others most important to us, acquainting us with what men in general have no relish for a true and thorough knowledge of ourselves.

But do any inquire of us as to profit being the result of all this self-knowledge acquired by these laborious processes of thought? We answer, Yes. You shall cease to be the subjects of a fatal delusion, but, realising the fact of your alienation from God, you are henceforth in a condition to cry "What shall we do"? as did the awakened Jews under Peter's Sermon. And is that nothing? And to lie open to an honest welcoming of eternal salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and is that nothing? Once in darkness, now in the light; once on the brink of hell's unmeasurable depths of anguish, but now caught away from the edge of destruction; once miserably unhappy, but now rejoicing in God through faith in Jesus Christ. And is all this nothing? Well, but a true and affecting view of our moral condition is the very foundation of this new creation in the soul. How shall he seek to a physician, who believes himself in sound health, or to crave pardon of the man to whom he owes nothing, or to ask and cry for deliverance from a conflagration whose house and property within are untouched by fire? No wiser are those teachers who are for ever calling out to flee, until they instruct us from *what* we are to flee, and whither away. No wiser is the course of the preacher who publishes a salvation free as the air, and ready all ready for acceptance, until he succeeds in convincing us of the debts we owe, the position of most frightful danger we occupy, and who *then* seized our hands as did the Angel, and hurried us off from the furious wrath of a visitation already on its way to burn us up as it did the cities of the plain, and to involve us to a dead certainty in the same appalling and inextinguishable ruin in the end.

In our closing address, we ask ourselves and our readers to turn the matter of the text into question and answer. Have the numerous changes of being poured "from vessel to vessel" in the course of our pilgrimage effected for us any good? What evils in our former lives have we forsaken. What hidden evils in temper and conduct have God's treatment of us in the past shown us, that are now repented of and put down under our feet? What good things have we done or projected, which, in the past, we were sinfully neglectful of? Have the things of this passing world and the things of the eternal world changed places in our hearts? Has the stock of our knowledge in divine revelation increased? Have our murmurings at divine providence been pushed into perpetual silence. Have the glories of Christ shone brighter in our eyes, and has the mystery of Redemption become more attractive, and so eclipsed the beauties of the old creation, as to have in a measure absorbed the best affections of our renewed nature? May the pages of our journals, fellow pilgrims, not be thrown aside as waste paper, but their re-perusal at once humble and prove us so really and truly, as to urge us onward to make the forthcoming narrative of a brighter and worthier detail than its predecessor. In this exposition, we have pressed on pilgrims and strangers to deal with themselves in view of the past, that they may not deceive themselves. But are there persons averse to close thinking? Persons taking things as they come who, neither look into their own hearts to know *what* they are, nor whither they are bound? With the utmost kindness we warn you, *ponder* what has been said, and try yourself by the contents of God's open Bible. "Search, oh, search the Scriptures, whether these things are so," and if you are so happy as to discover your woeful condemnation, then give not sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till you are found by the fountain of Christ, and, casting by faith into it your burden of "sins past through the forbearance of God," then, with a light heart, we shall see you fairly on the road, the King's highway to the City of God. There may we meet for ever!

" I from Greenland's frozen land,
 I from India's sultry plain,
 I from Afric's barren sand,
 I from islands of the main."

Yes! "for if ye receive not the Kingdom as little children, ye shall in no wise enter therein."

ALIQUIS.

Reviews.

STUDIES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By F. Godet, D.D., Neuchatel.
 Edited by the Hon. and Rev. W.
 H. Lyttleton, M.A., Rector of
 Hagley, &c. London: Hodder &
 Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.
 1876.

THE translation of Godet's essays into English has afforded us sincere satisfaction. His name is now well known in connection with his two great commentaries on the Gospels of Luke and John; and he is not less distinguished as a theologian. His contributions to the *Revue Chretienne* are among the most thoughtful and learned which have appeared in that influential serial, and in many respects he reminds us of Alexander Vinet. Mr. Lyttleton edited last year a volume of Godet's Studies on the Old Testament, of which this is a continuation. We are glad that so favourable a reception has been accorded to the former series as to encourage the publication of the present series. Godet is one of the few men whose clear insight, sound judgment, brilliant imagination, and fervent piety give an unmistakable value to all his productions; and to know that an essay on any Biblical subject is his, is amply sufficient to secure for it the most thoughtful and respectful attention from all intelligent students. The very crumbs which he lets fall—the fragments which drop by the way, are of far higher worth than the basketfuls of most writers. In the New Testament Studies we have essays on the Origin of the Four Gospels; Jesus Christ; the Work of

Jesus Christ; the Four Principal Apostles; and the Apocalypse. They are studies in which Godet is thoroughly at home, and of which he has obtained a complete mastery. We have never seen the characteristic features and the special design of the separate gospels more happily indicated, nor do we know a more devout and Scriptural exposition of the work of Christ *for* us, and His work *in* us, and of the inseparable connection of the one with the other. So, again, the apostles Peter, James, Paul, and John are brought before us in a vivid, life-like manner, and the distinctive features in the character and work of each are carefully noted. The reconciliation of the doctrine of Paul with that of James on the relation of faith and works is certainly ingenious, and may, we think, be maintained. It is, in substance, that "the justification intended by Paul is that by which man *enters* into the state of salvation; but James is speaking of that by which he *abides* in it. Works are, in Paul's view, those which are anterior to faith; in James's view they are those done in the state of faith. Faith, as conceived by Paul, is that of the consciousness, which is the act of the whole man, and operates through the will; faith, according to James, is the belief of the intellect, which is dead in itself, unless the will import into it life and efficacy."

The essay on the Apocalypse is remarkable *inter alia* for its interpretation of the mystic number 666. Seven is the number of perfection, and thrice repeated it would express the pleni-

tude of the Divine essence. Six, as the number nearest it, expresses an aspiration, but a powerless aspiration, after that plenitude. "John sees in this cypher the symbol of a three-fold powerlessness—that of the dragon to equal God; that of the beast to equal Christ; and that of the false prophet to equal the Spirit." The Anti-Christ *par excellence* is, Godet believes, to be a Jew, and the Jews are destined in God's hand to chastise us. In addition to other signs of this which Godet notes, is there not some confirmation of it in the attitude of Lord Beaconsfield's Government to the Eastern question? That apart, the essay is a masterly production, and the whole volume is a valuable addition to our literature. The translation is from the pen of Mrs. Lyttleton, and deserves warm commendation.

COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN, with a critical introduction. Translated from the second French edition of F. Godet, D.D. Neuchâtel. By Francis Crombie and M. D. Cusin. Vol. I.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL, described and explained according to its peculiar character. By C. E. Luthardt, Leipzig. Translated by C. E. Gregory, Ph.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1876.

THE literature devoted to a discussion of the historical, critical, and doctrinal questions connected with the fourth Gospel forms a library of itself, and it is impossible for one mind to comprehend the whole of it. The attention bestowed upon the subject is, however, a necessity of our altered position, and arises from a perception of the fact that on this ground the most momentous problems of historical and religious criticism must be grappled with.

If the Johannine authorship of the Gospel cannot be maintained, Christianity will be deprived of one of its noblest supports, and the authority of the Synoptics will receive a blow from which there can be no recovery. In these two works we have a frank and fearless discussion of the entire question, and although they now appear in an English dress for the first time, they have both achieved a high reputation among Biblical scholars. It is well known that the late Dean Alford held Luthardt's work in the heartiest esteem. He said of its first edition that "no such attempt had previously been made to give a general account of the aims and characteristics of the Gospel. A good translation of it could not fail to bring about in England a worthier appreciation of this wonderful Gospel." Dr. Gregory's translation is based on a new edition of Luthardt, and contains many additions and improvements, the work being brought into harmony with the requirements of the more advanced discussion of the questions at issue. There is an admirable summary of Dr. Luthardt's *magnum opus* entitled "St. John the author of the Fourth Gospel," as well as preliminary dissertations on all the other points, which hold the approach to the subject. The section on the characters of the Fourth Gospel is especially valuable, and we are made to feel that only in contrast with them can the true greatness of our Lord be seen. There is here the keenest and most searching analysis, as well as vivid portraiture.

Godet's work is also translated from a new and revised edition. His method of treatment is very different from Luthardt's, and we imagine he will be the more popular of the two. He unites with profound and comprehensive scholarship a brilliance of imagination and a transparency of style which few German writers can

claim. He is a man of deep and fervent piety, and while he has an enthusiasm for these investigations, he is controlled by a chastened judgment and the soundest good sense. We have constantly used his commentary on Luke, and always with advantage. The present work is in no sense inferior. On the whole we prefer Luthardt's division of the entire Gospel into the principal sections rather than into five with Godet. But Godet appears to us to excel in the analysis of separate parts, *e.g.*, in the prologue, in which he discerns three steps of progress, the *Logos*, the *Logos misunderstood*, the *Logos recognised and received*; rather than three cycles containing a summary of the whole history as Luthardt. And how fine is the following:—

“The prologue is a preface intended to initiate the reader in the true essence of the fact which is about to be related; it reveals its august character, solitary grandeur, and vital importance. The prologue is like that technical term which the composer places at the head of a musical piece to indicate to the performer the accent and time which it requires. To raise the mind of the reader to the height of the drama which is about to unfold before his view; to make him feel that here is not a history which he may confound with others and set aside, after having read it, to pass to another; that it contains the secret of the life of humanity and his own; that the doctrines are nothing less than rays from the absolute Word; that accepted they will become his salvation; rejected, his death; that unbelief in regard to Jesus is God cast off; faith, God received and possessed; such is the real intention of the prologue. This piece is the Commentary on the name *Gospel*; it proclaims the highest message of God to earth. It transports the reader at the first line into the divine sphere to which the history belongs.”

On I., 29, we have a fine instance of Godet's intuition, and his power

to see the strong points of apparently opposing interpretations. He is right in regarding the expression *LAMB OF GOD* as referring both to Isaiah liii. and to the Paschal Lamb—the prophet himself having reference thereto. And full of important consequences is the idea that John virtually derived the phrase from Christ Himself. “Not being able to confess his personal sin, He unfolded no doubt that of Israel, that of the world as He understood it, to the astonished view of John.” And that suggests the *genesis* of the expression.

Our space is exhausted, or we could give various other instances of equal interest. If we were shut up to one of these works, we should probably select Godet, but it would be with feelings of regret at the limitation, and we should heartily side with the decision “both are best.”

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THE STORY OF CHRISTIANITY, from the Apostles to the Reformation, compiled for popular reading. By Rev. ANDREW REED, B.A. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co., 32, Paternoster-row. 1877.

MR. REED has got hold of a capital idea, and given to it admirable and effective expression. There is, even in otherwise well-informed circles, a surprising degree of ignorance of the salient facts of Church history. This may partly be due to the lengthy and prolix dissertations in which so many of our Church historians indulge, and to the very technical style in which they have written. Ours is an age in which brevity is indispensable. People, as a rule, have neither time nor inclination for an *exhaustive* treatment of the subjects which claim their attention, and hence the need of trustworthy handbooks. Mr. Reed has given us the best which has yet been published on the history of the Church, having compressed into small compass the substance of the bulky works of Milner, Mosheim, Neander,

and other writers. He has, moreover, done this in a pleasing manner, and without leaving on the mind an impression of having presented only a bald and dry statement of facts. The rise and progress of the Arian heresy, the growth of the Papacy, and other important events, are depicted very clearly. The spirit of the work is liberal, evangelical, and Scriptural, and it ought to secure a large circulation.

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HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE: A Guide to the Young. By Rev. J. B. Lister. London: Snow & Co., 2, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row.

MR. LISTER has compressed into the space of ninety-five pages a number of wise and helpful counsels to those who are starting in life. Youths of from twelve to sixteen or seventeen will find in his work that which is admirably suited to their deepest needs, and cannot fail to derive profit from its perusal. He has evident knowledge of the tastes, capacities, and duties, as well as of the temptations and perils of the young. His moral tone is healthy and invigorating. The book has reached its fourth edition, and that is a guarantee of its excellence.

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SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Translated from the German of the late Richard Rothe, D.D., with Preface by W. R. Clark, M.A., Prebendary of Wells, &c. From Advent to Trinity. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1877.

ROTHE was one of the greatest German theologians of the present century, although we could scarcely rank him next to Schleiermacher, whose influence he, in common with so many other leading minds, so profoundly felt. Nor did he put forth his whole intellectual strength upon his sermons—probably from a conviction (with which we fully sympathize) that the pulpit is not the place for subtle and elaborate discussion either of the apologetics or the doctrines of Christianity. These

discourses are the calm and devout utterances of a noble and refined mind contemplating the great fundamental verities of the Christian life, and bent upon producing in others a more perfect spiritual manhood and a deeper inward peace. The sermons on the Labourers in the vineyard; Love the one thing needful; the Canaanitish woman; the Perfecting of the teaching of Jesus; and Faith and Sanctification, are especially noteworthy. The volume abounds in fine readings of the Gospel narratives, in keen spiritual analysis, and in powerful incentives to spiritual perfection. It is a valuable series of discourses, and will be welcomed by all thoughtful and devout minds, as a good specimen of the preaching which tends to edification. The translation also is clear and graceful.

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GLIMPSES OF THE INNER LIFE OF OUR LORD. By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1876.

“THE aim of this little book is devotional and practical.” No aim can be higher, and it would be difficult to see how it could be more admirably carried out. Dr. Blaikie rightly lays stress on the importance of the Christian life, as the outgrowth and evidence of faith. He regards Christ as our exemplar in all things, and assimilation to His image as our supreme duty. And as Christ’s life is the manifestation of His nature, we must reverently study the glimpses we obtain into it, that we may thereby learn how to secure the purity and healthfulness of our own inner being. Dr. Blaikie dwells with great force and fervour on Our Lord’s devotion to the Father, His delight in the Father’s will, His temptation, His sympathy with man, His peace, His prayerfulness, &c. &c. He has overlooked no point of importance, and has given us many striking and suggestive thoughts. Though not perhaps a profound and original thinker, he writes with a freshness and unconventionality as well as with a chaste beauty of style which are quite delightful. We know no worthier companion for a devout life.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

By M. K. M. London: Nelson & Sons.

A LITTLE BOOK for little readers, describing the principal of the birds and quadrupeds mentioned in the pages of the Scriptures. The title of "Natural History" is, therefore, somewhat too large for the real scope of this unpretending compilation. Mr. Wood's book on "Bible Animals" is, of course, too big for small students, and short descriptions of this kind cannot fail to gratify such readers. We believe the information given to be accurate, the style is certainly clear and straightforward, and this production adds to the writer's existing reputation.

STORIES OF THE DOG AND HIS COUSINS. By Mrs. Hugh Miller. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-row.

MAMMA'S STORIES ABOUT DOMESTIC PETS. By Mrs. George Cupples. Same publishers.

TALKS WITH UNCLE RICHARD ABOUT WILD ANIMALS. By Mrs. George Cupples. Same publishers.

These three books are all characterised by great gorgeousness of exterior; they are, indeed, very fine specimens of binding. The three so supplement each other that the possessor of one is happy in the positive, the owner of two advances to the comparative degree of satisfaction, and the infant proprietor of all three must needs be in a superlative condition of bliss. We find it impossible to say too much in favour of these skilful and beautiful stories.

There is no doubt that elementary natural history in pleasant form is a very desirable form of literature for children of tender years. Those who learn such lessons of animals grow up naturally humane and tender-hearted, and such are the best men and women. Now no form of such lessons can be better than that put forward by Mrs. Cupples and Mrs. Miller. The conversational style adopted makes the little books very

readable, and attention is further secured by a liberal allowance of pictures. We are glad that we are not called upon to say which is the best of the three; all are excellent, and the degree of excellence in each is high and equal.

TWICE LOST: A Tale for Boys. Thomas Nelson & Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

With a reputation unrivalled in his own style of literature, Mr. W. H. G. Kingston has only to publish a book, and the boys know now to look for new stirring incident of travel and adventure. New perils and new heroism may reasonably be expected when the favourite name is seen on the title page. Especially charming are episodes of the marine kind, and we know Mr. Kingston will not stint such. The shipwreck and rescue, the island settlement and forest adventure, the noble savage and truculent pirate—all these are depicted with a fascination of touch which none from twelve to sixteen can resist. Those who have such preconceived notions of Mr. Kingston's book will not be disappointed, for in delineating the adventures of some youthful castaways in Australia, enough of exciting incident is produced for the most active imagination. We have no fault to find with fiction healthy in tone and sound in statement, and we hope many young readers may through "Twice Lost" renew acquaintance with its skilful author. We ought not to omit to mention that the book is well and plentifully illustrated.

NATURE'S MIGHTY WONDERS. By Rev. Richard Newton, D.D. London: Nelson.

THE text of this work is the praise rendered to God by all His creatures of the natural world. The pictures are first-rate, the language attractive, the descriptions lucid. May such science go hand-in-hand with such doctrine always, and, instilled into many young hearts, may it hinder such from receiving with blind credulity the mischievous vagaries of such

whose scientific acquirements are perverted by want of true moral and religious culture. The plan and execution of this small treatise alike are good, and we wish it its merited success.

“NELLY’S TEACHERS” is a larger volume; quite a long tale, but of the right kind, and not too heavy in style. Mr. Sargent’s collection of short truth-like anecdotes, each freighted with good lessons, pleases us most of all in this list; and will gratify the public to a large extent this reading season. It is an especially suitable volume to present to a hospital, whose feeble students require short readings, and are not able to bear the protracted labour of finishing a larger book.

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE. London: Religious Tract Society.

The Society is publishing under this title a collection of short readings; three numbers have reached us, and we are very pleased with the design. Each number contains about eight short tales of good tendency and much interest, and each tale is accompanied by a full-page illustration. These numbers are sold for the astonishingly low price of one penny each. We can imagine nothing more suitable for distribution, or more likely to be read when distributed among illiterate classes. The pictures are decidedly good, and by themselves worth all the money.

LITTLE LILY’S PICTURE BOOK. London: Nelsons. Price 2s.

A collection of 122 superb pictures, with descriptive letterpress; a suitable present for a little girl. The original Little Lily is to be congratulated, and so are all children by kind fortune predestinated to become the proud possessors of this charming volume. Its name may with advantage be delicately suggested to beneficent uncles and aunts at this festive season, or more directly mentioned in a propitious moment to papa.

THE HUGUENOTS. By SAMUEL SMILES. A New and Revised Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1876.

We have already commended this work to the attention of our readers, and feel glad to see an edition so portable and attainable for its moderate price as this of one of the most attractive books in our language.

THE YOUNG RAJAH. By W. H. G. Kingston. London: Nelson and Sons. Price 5s.

This is a story of Indian life and adventure; and adventure and Mr. Kingston are always well together. This keeps up to the standard of his his own making, by which he must expect to be judged, and is as full of interest as any of this author’s books. Among other exciting details, it may be said that the young Rajah attains his eminence largely owing to the alliance of a tame tiger, whose demonstrative services present much scope for the artist’s as well as for the author’s peculiar talent. Having had occasion elsewhere in this number to speak generally of Mr. Kingston’s power, we need do no more here than compliment him on his productions for Christmas.

MIMI’S CHARITY, by S. de K.; and **FAIRY,** by Lizzie J. Tomlinson. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey, E.C. One shilling each.

MESSRS. MARLBOROUGH & Co. have sent us under these titles two charming little stories for little people, who will say more in their praise than space permits us to write. We congratulate the publishers on the taste displayed in the general get-up and appearance of these low-priced volumes.

THE CHILD’S COMPANION, 1876. Religious Tract Society. Price Two Shillings.

HAPPY children who have such a companion. “The Clever Cats” are distractingly delightful. The “Drawing Lessons” are good and useful.

Intelligence.

ANNUAL WEEK OF UNITED AND UNIVERSAL PRAYER AT THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR.—JANUARY 7—14, 1877.

THE following topics have been agreed upon by the British and Foreign Branches of the EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, as suitable for united exhortation and intercession on the successive days:—

SUNDAY, January 7th.

SERMONS:—Christian Fellowship. 1 *John* i. 7.

MONDAY, January 8th.

THANKSGIVING AND CONFESSION,—in the review of the past year.

TUESDAY, January 9th.

PRAYER:—For the Holy Spirit on the Universal Church, *Joel* ii. 28:—for its deliverance from error and corruption, and its increase of faith, activity, holiness, and Christian charity.

WEDNESDAY, January 10th.

„ For Families:—for the uncovered; for sons and daughters at school and college; and for those abroad; for any in sickness, trouble, or temptation; and for those who have recently been “added to the Church.”

THURSDAY, January 11th.

„ For Nations:—for rulers, magistrates, and statesmen; for philanthropic and benevolent institutions; for a pure literature, the spread of sound education among the people, and the maintenance of peace.

FRIDAY, January 12th.

„ For Christian Missions to the Jews and Gentiles, *Luke* xxiv. 47; for Sunday Schools; and for the CONVERSION OF THE WORLD TO CHRIST.

SATURDAY, January 13th.

„ For the observance of the Christian Sabbath; for the promotion of temperance, and for the safety of those “who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.”

SUNDAY, January 14th.

SERMONS:—One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all.—*Ephes.* iv. 5, 6.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

Huncote, Leicester, December 11th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Baillie, Rev. J. (Bristol College), Bath.
 Barr, Rev. G. (Rawdon College), Middleton-in-Teesdale.
 Campbell, O. D. (Rawdon College), Rose-street, Edinburgh.
 Meredith, J. (Pontypool College), Kensington, Brecon.
 Rowson, H. (Eccleshill, York), Redditch.
 Tetley, W. H. (Coleford), Scarborough.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Chelsea, Rev. G. J. Knight, November 8th.
 Darlington, Rev. F. Charles, December 3rd.
 Gillingham, Rev. T. Hayden, November 28th.
 Hereford, Rev. J. Williams, December 10th.
 Newark, Rev. E. B. Shepherd, December 7th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Bourn, Rev. H. H., Windsor.
 Brown, Rev. L. B., Hull.
 Stovell, Rev. C., Lincoln.
 Thompson, Rev. J. O., Helstone.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

II.

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

FEW names are more familiar to our readers than that of the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. Not only have his writings had an exceptionally wide circulation, but his fame as a lecturer has penetrated to the remotest hamlets of Great Britain, and in very many of them, as well as in our cities and large towns, his presence has been frequently welcomed. He occupies a position of great influence in the social and religious life of the north-west of England, and although he has been invested with no ecclesiastical authority by the State, there is not a "bishop on the bench" who wields more real power than he. A minister of Christ can wish for no finer field of labour than the great sea-port on the banks of the Mersey with its population of 450,000. This vast community has been drawn from all parts of the United Kingdom, and contains more than an ordinary sprinkling of foreigners, who have been attracted to the town by its "gigantic trade" and the advantages it offers for the pursuits of commerce. A more motley population it would be hard to conceive. We may see in Liverpool, as truly as in London, the most grotesque and appalling contrasts; wealth which to our forefathers would have seemed fabulous, existing side by side with the most abject poverty; the success and ease of some bringing into stronger relief the wretched failure of others. There are multitudes in Liverpool who can claim the highest credit in respect to their intelligence and culture, their morality and religion, but they live in close contact with crass ignorance and superstition, they are surrounded by scenes of squalid vice and misery, which as yet all our educational and religious agencies have failed to reach. Mr. Brown entered on his

work in Liverpool with no superficial knowledge of its varied and many-sided life, and with no wish to find in it a merely "comfortable berth." He saw too clearly its sins and its sorrows, and was bent on bringing to bear upon them, as far as one man could, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which, as he was well aware, afforded the one hope of alleviation. His present position has not been reached at a bound. It has resulted from his fidelity to his early purpose, from his persistent plodding industry, and from his life-long efforts to "make full proof of his ministry." His career offers a stern rebuke to indolence and presumption. The dignities of officialism and its airs of authority are withered in the presence of a man like this, but we can, on the other hand, desire no stronger incentive to the diligent use of such powers as we may possess, and no greater encouragement to honest Christian labour than a knowledge of the work which Mr. Brown has accomplished in Liverpool.

He was, we believe, born in the Isle of Man in the year 1823. His father was the vicar of Kirk Bradden, a quaint and picturesque village some three miles from Douglas, and he is said to have received his education in the first place at home, and afterwards at the Douglas Grammar School. "The child is father of the man," and Mr. Brown must early have been taught to struggle bravely with difficulties, and to make them stepping-stones to success. We should not have ventured to refer to this point had not he himself done so in his "Quarter of a Century in the Nonconformist Ministry," and because the fact may in no small measure account for the many helpful words he has spoken to other strugglers in the battle of life; and for the stress he lays on the necessity of trial as a means of developing our manhood. "My father," he tells us, "was a clergyman of the Church of England. For many years his stipend was less than £100, and he had nine children; and I well remember, when I was a grown-up lad, and when through mere extraordinary good fortune about £50 were added to the salary, it was a time of great wonder and great thankfulness. But now my God, my aged mother, and myself alone know—and no other ever shall know—what privations we all, parents and children, had to endure in trying to subsist on the little barren glebe of the miserable pittance of tithe that fell to the vicar's lot. . . . I have shuddered as often as, during these thirty years, I have thought of the anxieties that so often brooded over that humble and half-ruined vicarage where, if I may be permitted to say so, a well-educated woman and a man of learning and refined taste strove, as working people seldom have to strive, to make both ends meet, in the effort to bring up their children well, and to fit them for taking creditable positions in the world."

At the age of fifteen Mr. Brown came to England and spent two years in the study of land-surveying. He afterwards entered the locomotive works of the London and North-Western Railway Company at Wolverton, where he remained until he was twenty-one. He then drove an engine in connection with the same company for about six

months. During his apprenticeship at Wolverton, however, he was not wholly given to business. He spent several hours every night in study, keeping up his Latin and acquiring a knowledge of Greek. It is in fact said that his first efforts to form the Greek letters were made with a piece of chalk inside a boiler, and we have reason to believe that this was actually the case.

Mr. Brown's wonderful knowledge of human nature, his apparent familiarity with every phase of character, would, no doubt, be greatly aided by his experiences as an engineer, and they would do far more for him than could have been accomplished by mere scholastic training. But he was, at the same time, bent on other and higher things. His heart was set on the ministry of the Gospel, and in order to prepare himself more fully for it, he passed through a three years' curriculum at King's College, intending, of course, to become a clergyman of the Church of England. We do not know whether he ever presented himself to the Bishop for examination—one account says that he did, but at any rate he never entered the Church. His mind was too vigorous and untrammelled to endorse beliefs which he could not substantiate. He probably inherited from his father a dash of "radicalism," and it would be impossible for him to repeat unthinkingly a prescribed creed, or to submit to the bare authority of tradition. His reverence for the Bible effectually prevented that, and the result was that he abandoned some of his early beliefs, and became a Baptist. He himself thus refers to the change. "My kindred and friends were nearly all Church of England folk; I was a Church of England man myself, preparing for the Church of England ministry, when scruples arose in my mind—not so much in regard to State Churchism; not so much in regard to Episcopacy; not so much in regard to forms of worship, but in regard to the baptism of infants, set forth in language that, to say the least, has the sound of ascribing some miraculous efficacy to the rite. I could see neither Scripture, nor common sense in infant baptism; my conscience compelled me to abandon it, at the cost of incurring the opposition, the anger—I think I may add the contempt—of most of my friends; and what was worse, there were some whose pity I had to endure, while a few wrote me most alarming letters, in which they assured me that as I had left the Church of England they considered that I had disgraced myself in this world, and damned myself for the world to come. One good man—a relative of mine and a clergyman—told me he should scarcely dare to walk with me, lest the earth should open as it did for Korah, Dathan and Abiram, and the miracle might, by mistake, engulf him as well as me. The only man of them who regarded my becoming a Dissenter with any composure was my father, who was a clergyman of the English Church, but one of those Radicals who occasionally appear among the clergy, and who are amongst the most out-and-out Radicals, in all the ranks of Radicalism."

After concluding his college curriculum, Mr. Brown went to Liverpool, and, if our information be correct, laboured for some

months as a town-missionary. In the autumn of 1846 the Rev. James Lister—whose name is still widely and gratefully remembered—resigned the pastorate of the church in Myrtle Street—a position he had held for forty-one years. In the following March, Mr. Brown was asked to supply the pulpit, and his probation lasted over the greater part of a year. The church was not one which could be easily satisfied, for Mr. Lister was “a man of learning and piety, a careful student, and an excellent expositor of Scripture, who with all his mind believed, with all his heart loved, and with all his might preached the great truths of evangelical religion.” His ministry had been in the highest sense prosperous, and his people would naturally expect his successor to conform to a high standard. We cannot, perhaps, be surprised that “the call” given to Mr. Brown was not unanimous. “A very considerable number of good and intelligent members were opposed to his election, and two out of five deacons resigned their office.” The situation was certainly not a pleasant one, but on a young man of Mr. Brown’s calibre it could have but one effect. To him it was the reverse of hurtful. Referring to it years afterwards, he says: “I should like to know what right I had, or what right any man has, to expect to pass on through life without encountering things that are disagreeable. That experience was better for me than if every voice had been enthusiastically in my favour. It set before me the task of trying to make friends out of opponents, and I am glad to say that, not through any great exercise of wisdom or forbearance on my part, but through the kind-heartedness of those men themselves, almost without exception, if not entirely without exception, they became thoroughly fast and warm-hearted friends of mine.” Mr. Brown’s relations with his church have throughout been of the most cordial character. He has “a staff of deacons of which any minister might be proud;” he has enjoyed all the freedom he desired; he has seen nothing in a church-meeting of which there is the slightest reason to be ashamed; and he has never had to complain of any want of liberality either towards himself as a minister, or the objects for which as a minister he has pleaded. His experience is doubtless exceptional; and it is not every Nonconformist minister who can say as he does: “So far as I can remember, on the matter of stipend no words have ever passed between me and the Church; between me and the deacons; no words have ever passed except those of gratitude on my part for generous, and very generous, treatment on theirs. . . . Nothing could be more gentlemanly than the manner in which my feelings have been thought of—nothing more generous than the manner in which all along my wants have been supplied.” All honour both to the pastor and deacons of Myrtle Street Church. Would that all other pastors and deacons were in this respect like-minded with them. The aspects of English Nonconformity, which we all regard as the weak places in our policy, and for which we are often—and sometimes unjustly—reproached, would then disappear. Our strength would be increased, and we should witness

a degree of prosperity to which heretofore we have been strangers. Let us commend this example to all whom it may concern.

Mr. Brown's power, as a preacher, was soon recognized, and he was sedulous in his duties as a pastor. The congregation steadily grew, and even among men who had won for themselves the highest reputation, he was soon placed in the front rank. Dr. Raffles was at that time in the zenith of his popularity; Dr. Chrichton was the minister of a large and influential Presbyterian congregation; Dr. Hugh McNeil was fulminating against the errors and aggressions of the Papacy, and Mr. Martineau was the representative of the Unitarians, and delivered, in Liverpool, those marvellously beautiful and suggestive "Endeavours after the Christian Life." Mr. Brown is a man of a different stamp from any of these, but in his own line inferior to none of them; and before he had been long in the Myrtle Street Church, it was universally felt that he was an added element of strength to the moral and spiritual life of the town. Thoroughly scriptural and evangelical in doctrine, he was no slave to conventionalities either of speech or action. He had no regard for the false and artificial dignities of the pulpit, and could not adopt a stilted ecclesiastical style. He hated all shams, and could no more have made the pulpit a place for the letting off of rhetorical fireworks than he could have been guilty of dry and meaningless prosings. He appeared before his congregation as an out-and-out Englishman, honest and straightforward, looking at life not with the eyes of a recluse, or from the sheltered nook of a snug profession, but in the light of strong practical sense. He spoke as one who knew the world, boldly rebuking its sins, pointing out its weaknesses and dangers, but always showing, too, its possibilities of virtue and progress and preaching the gospel of a Divine healer and friend. Mr. Brown's delivery is full of force, if not of fire, and cultivated hearers listen to him with pleasure. But he has no sympathy with what is called "pulpit oratory," and is entirely innocent of "the graces of style." He speaks in plain unvarnished words, the language of every-day life, and, like Mr. Bright and Mr. Spurgeon, he has a decided preference for good sturdy Saxon. We have no doubt he is a fair classical scholar, and is familiar with the best English poetry. But he has drunk deeply into the spirit of such works as Butler's *Analogy*, John Foster's *Essays*, and others of a kindred class. His writings give ample proof of his familiarity with history, and we imagine he could never have written a sermon we heard him preach some years ago, unless he had completely mastered the controversy in relation to Sir W. Hamilton's doctrine of the Absolute and Unconditioned.

Mr. Brown's popularity in Liverpool was largely increased by his Sunday afternoon lectures to working men. These lectures, delivered during the winter months, were intended to reach the non-church-going population, and to bring them, if possible, under the influence of the Gospel. Several well-known ministers adopted this method of "reaching the masses," but Mr. Brown (we believe) inaugurated it. He gathered around him every Sunday afternoon an audience of from

three to four thousand, and the lectures, which were published, attained a circulation of twenty, and in some instances, we are assured, of thirty thousand. The subjects on which he spoke were invariably within the range of every-day experience and intensely practical. They were often suggested by scenes witnessed in the Liverpool streets; events chronicled in the newspapers; or by some popular proverb. Thus we find such titles as "Five Shillings and Costs," "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," "Taking Care of Number One," "The Devil's Meal is all Bran," "The Road to Hell is Paved with Good Intentions," "Time and Tide wait for no Man." Sometimes a section of Scripture would be explained and commented upon, *e.g.*, "The Proverbs of Solomon," "The Lord's Prayer," "The Prodigal Son," "The Golden Rule," "Charity," &c. But whatever the title might be, it was the lecturer's aim to bring the principles of Christianity to bear upon the conduct of daily life—to enforce the morality of the Gospel in opposition to every form of selfishness and sin. Mr. Brown was no flatterer, either of the working classes or of their so-called superiors. As a keen and clear-sighted witness he spoke faithfully of what he knew, never compromising with evil, or truckling for applause. He was the unswerving opponent of indolence, dishonesty, intemperance, licentiousness, improvidence, and irreligion. The temptations of the streets, the theatre, the gin palace were powerfully exposed. The tricks of trade, the puffing advertisements, the clever adulterations, the white lies, and the sharp practices which are too rampant among us were unsparingly denounced, and there is ample evidence that Mr. Brown's lectures effected a great moral reformation, that many professed Christians who up till that time had "believed in vain" were made ashamed of their inconsistencies, and that outsiders were in some cases led to Christ as their Saviour and Lord, and in others made sober, industrious, and honest men. Such sound, healthy teaching deserves the gratitude of all moralists and Christians.

Mr. Brown's reputation gradually extended beyond Liverpool. He appeared on the platform of the Young Men's Christian Association in London, and there delivered his celebrated lectures on "The Battle of Life" and "Manliness." In the courses of lectures established by similar associations in Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Perth, &c., his name was sure to have a place, and few men have travelled through the length and breadth of Great Britain more extensively than he.

He continued these efforts so long as his strength and the growing demands of his church allowed. But his congregation increased to such an extent that it was found necessary, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, to enlarge his chapel, which now comfortably seats 2,000 persons. The church which enjoys such a ministry as Mr. Brown's cannot be an inactive one. Offshoots from it have been formed into separate and independent congregations. It has now a branch church at St. Helens, another at Widnes, and two preaching-stations in the

town. It reports a membership of 891, and of Sunday scholars 3,370. There are in connection with the schools a savings bank, and various kindred institutions. And of the manner in which the church responds to the demands made on its liberality, Mr. Brown testifies:—"I have often, very often, been greatly gratified by the readiness with which appeals made by me on behalf of charitable institutions, and on behalf of persons in distress, have been responded to. I have only had to mention aged and infirm ministers, widows, orphans, all totally unknown to every soul in this place, and just as the pipes of an organ answer to the player's touch, a thousand pipes in all the harmony of kindness have answered to the word, and ample help has been promptly rendered, and that almost without my knowing the name of a single contributor. I have never stood in need of any reasonable amount of money for the relief of sufferers without knowing that I could easily obtain it, and that not in large sums from one or two wealthy friends, but in many sums of various amounts down to the widow's mite." Nor have these extra demands damaged the societies which have a claim on all our congregations—the Foreign and Home Missions, the County Associations, the colleges, and the local charities. The history of the Myrtle Street Church is the record of much labour for the Lord.

As might be anticipated, Mr. Brown's aid has been eagerly sought in connection with various public objects. He has taken a prominent part in the Lancashire and Cheshire Association, and to most of the churches which compose it has rendered willing help. In Liverpool he is perhaps the most influential leader of the Nonconformist churches, and there is scarcely any great social or religious movement which has not secured his advocacy. He has spoken with good effect at political meetings. His utterances on Disestablishment are among the most vigorous and telling which have been published. He has, likewise, appeared on the temperance platform, and shown himself a resolute foe to the greatest of our national vices, and his vindication of the policy of international arbitration *versus* war, proves how valiantly and heartily he can fight in a good and necessary cause, and "when he has the mind to."

He has not, to our knowledge, published any volume of sermons. A series of short articles on the Proverbs have, however, been collected into a volume; he has written some six or seven "Circular Letters," and various addresses to students and ministers. He is the editor of a magazine entitled "Plain Talk," and last year contributed to it a series of papers on the "Parables of St. Paul," which may possibly have formed the substance of sermons. A volume containing specimens of his regular ministry would be generally acceptable. A more sublime discourse than one he delivered some years ago in his own chapel on the greatness of God, we cannot recall, and others we remember as displaying fine discrimination and great depth of spiritual feeling. Readers of Mr. Brown's lectures are familiar with his strong common sense, his courageous manliness, his racy wit, and his keen

sarcasm, which, in the exposure of a fashionable folly, or the rebuke of a popular vice, comes down with the power of a sledge-hammer. But few could gather from his lectures the extent of his Biblical knowledge, the clearness of his spiritual insight, and the enthusiasm of his love for Christ. The description which he gives of the ministerial character of his predecessor might, without the slightest incongruity, be applied to himself. He also is "a man of learning and piety, a careful student, and an excellent expositor of Scripture." Many of Mr. Brown's ablest discourses have been given to his own people in the course of a consecutive exposition, and could scarcely be appreciated by a casual hearer. He is, while staunchly evangelical, conversant with the results of modern criticism, and freely avails himself of them in his interpretation of Scripture. His preaching abounds in instances of all the qualities we have named. And his success proves that a man may be at once fearless and reverent in his investigations, honest and outspoken in his utterances, resolute in the maintenance of his own beliefs, and charitable towards those who differ from him. His ministry illustrates the power of Christian voluntarism and the influence which faithful and effective labour is sure to acquire, and not the least important lesson which may be gathered from his career is this, that *ceteris paribus* long pastorates are essential to the greatest and most substantial usefulness. The influence of an intelligent, hard working, devout-minded minister, will be a growing one. Every year will install him more thoroughly in the affections of his people, and to reap his full measure of success he must be content both to "labour and to wait."

An Ecclesiastical Oddity.

THE REV. ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER, M.A.*

AMONG the remarkable men whose career illustrates the conflicting tendencies of our own age, a prominent place belongs to the late Vicar of Morwenstow. He never, it is true, rose to great distinction either in "Church or State." His reputation during his lifetime was mainly local, and rested largely on his staunch

* *Memorials of the late Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A., sometime Vicar of Morwenstow, in the Diocese of Exeter.* Collected, arranged, and edited by the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth. London: Chatto and Windus. 1876.

The Vicar of Morwenstow: A Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. New and revised edition. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1876.

Churchmanship and his eccentricity as a "parish priest." But circumstances which transpired at the time of his death brought his name before the public, and it is in consequence known to a much wider circle than before, and there has been in many quarters an eagerness to learn all that can be learned about him. He will be principally remembered as the author of a number of poems of indisputable worth, and of several ballads which will probably last as long as the English language itself. His death occurred in August, 1875. Two "memoirs" of him have been published, one by Dr. Frederick G. Lee, of Lambeth, the other by Mr. Baring Gould. The local as well as the metropolitan and ecclesiastical papers gave lengthened sketches of his life, and in reference to his reception into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church there has been a vigorous and acrimonious controversy. As Mr. Hawker was a representative man, and as the events of his life throw light on several of the great problems of the day, we shall give a more extended notice of him in connection with these two memoirs than would otherwise be necessary.

Of the two works we decidedly prefer Mr. Gould's. Notwithstanding evident traces of hasty composition (even in the new and revised edition) and a lack of compression, it is written in a lively and graphic style, and gives us a far more complete view of Mr. Hawker's singular character than we can gain from Dr. Lee's memorials. The innumerable anecdotes with which Mr. Gould enlivens his pages have, we presume, been collected from those who knew Mr. Hawker, and if they are reliable (and we take for granted that they would not have appeared unless the author had verified them) they reveal more of the heart and mind of the man than many pages of elaborate disquisition. Here and there Mr. Gould has fallen into inaccuracies. His interpretation of some of Mr. Hawker's acts is strained and unnatural, and we frequently dissent from his views, but on the whole he has produced a biography as instructive as it is amusing.

Dr. Lee writes in a totally different strain. He has an eye to the serious side, and makes little or no mention of the more eccentric features of Mr. Hawker's character. His memorials are of the Churchman and the Poet rather than of the man as he actually appeared to his associates and observers. They are, in fact, a vindication of Mr. Hawker's ecclesiastical sincerity, and were written to defend his memory from the abuse heaped upon it in consequence of the latest act of his life. Dr. Lee is among the highest of the High Churchmen. To him the subject of his book was "a priest who served God for nearly half a century, quietly ministering by sacrifice, intercession, and sacrament." Notwithstanding his ordination vows, he can revile in unmeasured terms the chief pastors who have the rule over him. "Converts" to the Church from the ranks of Dissent are in his view "won from the slippery and dangerous paths of schism," and he utterly disapproves of the fashion of "the present shallow and unreal age" to praise such men as John Wesley, while, on the other hand, he deems it an honourable thing to go over to Rome, and represents

the English Churchman who takes this step as simply "adding to his faith." It is surely time that he and all like-minded with him should boldly make this addition to their faith, and not keep their hold on the patronage and support of the State, in a Church whose main claim to its monopoly of privilege unquestionably lies in the supposed fact that it is "the bulwark of Protestantism."

But we must turn to Mr. Hawker. He was born in 1804, and was the son of an English clergyman, and the grandson of the celebrated Calvinistic divine, Dr. Robert Hawker, of Plymouth, the author of "Morning and Evening Portions." Young Hawker was sent to his grandfather to be educated, and while with him gave many an earnest of his future eccentricities. He was an adept in practical joking, and indulged this inclination to a most unwarrantable extent. Some of his pranks were innocent and amusing, others were hard-hearted and disgraceful. Mr. Gould tells us, *e.g.*, that he worried two old ladies (who he believed were setting their caps at the Doctor, then a widower) out of Plymouth. He fabricated a story that one of them had slipped on a piece of orange peel and broken her leg, and in all haste sent off one of the leading physicians, with splints and bandages, to set it. Day after day a fresh surgeon or physician was sent to bind up legs or arms, or to attend a case of pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, &c., till every medical man in the neighbourhood had called on the spinsters. At last an undertaker was sent to measure the old ladies for their coffins, and not only so, the young scapegrace went so far as to order their graves to be dug, and the hearse to go and convey them to it. Such a freak as this was unpardonable, and the lad who played it could never, apart from a more powerful than "sacramental regeneration," have been really fit to "enter the Church." The hoax he played on the people of Bude, deceiving them into a belief that they had seen a mermaid, and night after night drawing them in crowds to the shore to hear "its disconsolate wailing," was amusing enough, and harmed no one but himself. And the device by which in later years he undertook to stop the eloquence of a wearisome and irrepressible speaker, to make way for Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Wilberforce, was as commendable as it was effective. It consisted in securing the watch, of the old gentleman, who, when addressing a public audience, was accustomed to swing his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand, and who, when he missed it, began at once to flounder, and forthwith, sat down defeated. Most of us have probably wished that an equally effective plan could be more generally applied.

Hawker went to Oxford in 1823; married, in 1824, a lady more than twice his own age and one year older than his mother, taking this step, according to Mr. Gould, as an "expedient" to enable him to remain at Oxford, which his father's poverty would have compelled him to leave. The lady had an annuity of £200. Whether this version is correct or not, it ought to be recorded in Hawker's favour that no husband could have been more tenderly and faithfully

devoted to his wife than he, and we are disposed to think that, while his father's inability to support him at Oxford hastened this step, it did not suggest it. It was by no means inharmonious with his character. In 1827 he gained the Newdigate Prize for his poem on "Pompeii"—a piece of true poetic power, glowing and picturesque, and with lines of exquisite beauty. (It was re-published in the edition of his "Cornish Ballads," &c. Parker. 1869.) He was ordained deacon in 1829, and priest in 1831. In 1834, Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, offered to appoint him Vicar of Stratton, where his father was curate, but he refused the offer, and secured the living for his father. In the same year the Vicar of Morwenstow died, and the parishioners presented to the bishop a petition requesting him to appoint the curate to the living. The curate, in urging his claims on the bishop, remarked that all the Dissenters had signed the petition, and that even the Wesleyan minister wished him well. And "that distinguished man and valued champion of true principles," as Dr. Lee calls him, replied to the curate, "Then, my good sir, it is very clear that you are not the man for me. I wish you a good-morning." And he at once offered the incumbency to Robert Stephen Hawker, who at once accepted it.

Both the biographers give us a charming description of Morwenstow—a parish in the midst of the wild and rugged grandeur of the Cornish coast, and surrounded by innumerable names and memorials of the early British saints. Its "storied ground" was exactly suited to Hawker's peculiar temperament. His love of the supernatural, his superstitious fancies, found here abundant scope, and his faith, especially on its weak side, was continually fostered, and "grew by what it fed on." The religious condition of the neighbourhood was dark and degraded. The vicar who preceded Mr. Hawker had been "non-resident," and some of his curates had also been of opinion that the parish could get on better without their presence than with it. Fox-hunting and convivial parsons, who cared only for the emoluments of their office, pluralists bent on their own aggrandisement had indeed wrought sad havoc, and among the most grossly neglected spots, Cornwall appears to have been pre-eminent. However unwillingly Church writers may make the admission, they cannot deny that godliness was kept alive mainly through the hated conventicles, and that "the extravagances of self-constituted prophets" saved even the Church from disasters which might well have come upon it through the blindness and apathy and impiety of "rulers who ruled not." Mr. Hawker could not be in his parish as a nonentity, he was on the contrary resolved to make his presence felt, and, looking at his life as a whole, we cannot deny that he worked diligently for what he believed to be the good of the Church, and that he had a sincere interest in the well-being of his parishioners. He needed, however, something more than that superstitious feeling which led him to prize "Christian folk-lore," and to realize "the abiding sanctity of sacred spots and consecrated sleeping places"—a feeling

which Dr. Lee describes as "that Christian intuition, which is, no doubt, an ordinary fruit of the grace of baptism." We should prefer to have heard less about the *Saints*, and more about Him from whom all sanctity is derived. But that Mr. Hawker became a godly man, and strove conscientiously to fulfil his duty, it would be insolent bigotry to deny.

His eccentricities, of course, asserted themselves. His dress, *e.g.*, was decidedly original. He had a claret-coloured coat, and beneath it a knitted blue fisherman's jersey. He also wore fisherman's boots, which came above his knees; and this "originality" he defended by saying that he did not make himself look like a waiter out of place, or an unemployed undertaker. At one time he wore a hat without brim, "to testify the connection of the Cornish Church with the East"; he early adopted the alb and cope, and throughout his life paid special attention to this department of the priest's office. He had a tender regard for children, who seem to have been deeply attached to him, and animals of all sorts found in him a friend. He must sometimes have had a strange medley about him. One of the finest traits in his character was his care for the poor. He was generous and self-sacrificing in his efforts to alleviate their sorrows, and to effect an improvement in their condition. He championed the cause of the agricultural labourers in quarters where such advocacy was by no means acceptable. Over the porch of his vicarage he wrote words which, we are sorry to learn, have been removed by his successor—

" A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray;
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore."

Not only to the needy of his own parish, but to shipwrecked mariners on that rocky coast, did he render invaluable help. Not a few were by his brave efforts rescued from the water, and then housed, clothed, and fed. And this service he rendered from pure love, and would never receive compensation for it.

We can well believe that he had in the pulpit "a prepossessing and commanding appearance." In his later years he abandoned the use of a manuscript. Dr. Lee says: "His sermons were of high literary merit; theological in tone, effective and appropriate in illustration, hearty and forcible in practical application, and warm in hortatory wisdom and Christian teaching. At the same time they were so simple in their language that a child might comprehend their truly beautiful lessons."

That he was a profound student we can scarcely admit, nor does he appear to have been entitled to rank as a scholar. He was not, so far as we can judge from his memoirs, a patient plodding investigator, nor was he at all systematic in his method of work. He was a great authority in "folk-lore," and many capital stories have in all probability died with him. Of his visionary and superstitious character, many instances are recorded. He firmly believed in witchcraft and the

power of the evil eye. When he met any one with a peculiar eye-ball, he would ward off its effects by a peculiar twisting of his fingers. He asserted that he had seen the five black spots, like those in the feet of swine, under the tongue of an old woman who was believed to be a witch, and he credited this old woman with the death of nine sucking-pigs, with the damage done during a violent thunderstorm, and various other evils; and of course he believed in the power of the fairy ring. We cannot be surprised, therefore, when he sees in affliction and death the sign of Divine anger against those who suffer them. Our readers will remember the circumstances under which Bishop Wilberforce was so suddenly removed. Here is Mr. Hawker's explanation of it: "A Bishop in his place in Parliament utters a defiant and rancorous speech, Godward. Soon after, his horse stumbles, and the angel of his baptism holds aloof; and unsuccoured he dies." Worse still, a similar explanation is given of the death of one of the saintliest and most apostolic men which this century has known. Bishop Patteson was by no means a "Low" Churchman—the majority of Englishmen thought him too High. But he was pure and noble-minded; a gentle, truthful, Christ-like spirit, who literally, and year after year, "hazarded his life" for the sake of the ignorant islanders of the South Seas. And the barbarous manner in which some brutal savage secured for him "an early martyrdom," sent a thrill of grief and horror through the heart of the civilized world, especially when it was known to be an act of revenge for the crimes of the kidnapping "white men"—the foulest enemies of our race. But this is how Mr. Hawker accounts for the event: "Another Bishop apes the Apostle and the Martyr among the barbarous people of the Southern Seas. In peril an arrow or a club (which the least of God's angels could have averted by a touch, yet did not) slew him. Even I wondered, until his Episcopal 'Life' was written and printed. Then saw I the cause of these things. The doctrines uttered by this man to the listening heathen were fallacious and untrue. He was Arian, Wesleyan, heretical; and the messages he invented were not sent by God. So among the savages he was left alone." How any Churchman could pen this false and ungenerous paragraph passes our comprehension, and if we are to trace such events as these to the Divine displeasure, what shall we say of the long roll of martyrs for whom we continually praise God, and in what light shall we regard the sublime and awful tragedy of Calvary?

We cannot be surprised that the man who could speak thus of the saintly Patteson should hold doctrines which Mr. Gould declares to have been "perilously high," and which no magnifying glass that we possess can help us logically to distinguish from the absurdities of Rome. He adhered to all the vagaries of the sacerdotal and sacramentarian system, and whether for some years before his death he was consciously a Roman Catholic or not, who for simply prudential reasons remained in the English Church, he would certainly have felt

thoroughly at home among the Papists. Dissenters met with scant justice at his hands. Thus he speaks of "the false fame of that double-dyed thief of other men's brains, John Milton, the Puritan, one-half of whose lauded passages are from my own knowledge felonies committed, in the course of his reading, on the property of others," &c. Dr. Lee tells us that he plainly pointed out "the pitfalls of dissent and error," which are numerous and deep. John Wesley he charges with corrupting the Cornish character: he found them wrestlers, caused them to change their sins, and called it conversion." He "corrupted and depraved the West of England." "Wesleyans about here are secret dram-drinkers, and their lust is cruel, deadly. Look at the statistics of Wesleyan regions: seduction and infanticide are the badges of the meeting-house throughout the land. . . . I undertake to prove statistically that Methodism is the mother of the brothel, and the throttling-cord of modern England." Well may Mr. Gould say that Hawker "knew nothing of the greatness, holiness, and zeal of that apostolic man." Had he done so, would he have replied to one who rebutted his charges, "Tell me about Wesley when you can give me his present address"? Such paltry and wretched bigotry is beneath contempt, and it says little for Dr. Lee that he not only refrains from condemning, but actually eulogises it.

Mr. Gould asserts that bitter as Hawker was in speech against Dissenters, he was always ready to do them a kindness. We should not have expected this, but on Mr. Gould's authority believe it. One or two humorous stories are told on this point. Some one rallied him with always getting comfortable berths for schismatics. "So one ought," was his reply, "I try my best to make them snug in this world; they will be so miserable in the next." One day he had a Roman Catholic priest, an Independent Minister, and one or two others to lunch, and described them as "clean and unclean beasts feeding together in the Ark," and he thought it well to get them to meet here, "because they will never meet in the next world." When told by a Methodist minister that it was thought he would object to bury a Dissenter; "On the contrary," he replied, "do you not know I should be but too happy to bury you all." He was enraged at Mr. Cowper-Temple's Bill, for admitting Dissenters to the pulpits of the Established Church, and deemed it contrary to Scripture, because the Scripture says, "If a beast so much as touch the mountain let him be stoned or thrust through with a dart."

This strange life was closed by an act which has given rise to a keen controversy, the *Church Times* implying that Hawker was in consequence of it "a blasphemous rogue and scoundrel." We refer to his reception into the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs. Hawker (his second wife) describes it in an elaborate letter to the then curate of Morwenstow, which Dr. Lee has reproduced. There can be no doubt that the reception took place, but it is disputed whether Hawker was at the time in full and conscious possession of his faculties. We do not regard the question as of supreme public importance, mainly because

Hawker's ecclesiastical principles must have logically resulted in his so-called "conversion," and have even unconsciously prepared the way for it. The evidence is somewhat conflicting, and it is now impossible to arrive at an opinion which can claim absolute certainty. Mrs. Hawker asserts that her husband had been for thirty years at least a Roman Catholic at heart, and that he was prevented from leaving the English Church by the necessity of providing for his wife, who did not share his faith, and by certain pecuniary complications. Dr. Lee asserts that he had for some time turned his thoughts towards Rome, inspired largely by disgust at the lawless condition of the Established Church. He mentions as causes of a change in his sentiments the appointment of Dr. Temple to the see of Exeter; the doubt about Archbishop Tait's baptism; and Mr. Disraeli's Public Worship Regulation Act. We cannot enter fully into the dispute, but Dr. Lee appears to have good ground for his position. The expressions in reference to the Archbishop are strong. He asks, "Has Archibald Tait ever been baptized? If he has, the exorcisms were omitted if one may judge from the demonism of his measure (the Public Worship Regulations Act). I wish he and his could be induced to renounce the devil in old age." "Only establish Tait's unregeneracy, and he is at your mercy." Again, he speaks of him as (if unbaptized) having laid on people "the empty hands of a Pagan officer, as one who beateth the air." In strange contrast with this disrespectful treatment of Dr. Tait, are "the appreciatory verses" in memory of Cardinal Wiseman, and the congratulations he addressed to Cardinal Manning on his elevation to the purple (see "Lee's Memorials," pp. 54 and 172). These certainly seem the words of a Papist.

On the other hand, we are reluctant to believe that he was for thirty years playing a false and hypocritical part; and Mr. Gould adduces facts which render it doubtful whether even at the end he really underwent any change. For some years before his death he showed signs of "breaking up." He became restless and excited. He renewed the habit of taking opium. He often fell into a state of dreaminess, stupor, and depression, and his brother affirms that opium "violently excited him for a time, and then cast him into fits of the most profound depression. When under this influence he wrote and spoke in the wildest and most unreasonable manner." There must, therefore, have been a gradual weakening of his faculties; his brain would be partly paralyzed; and his reception into the Papal Communion under such circumstances can have no very special significance. Mr. Gould has reason for saying that "The man was an anomaly; a combination of contradictory elements, conflicting characteristics, and mutually destructive opinions. I believe he was perfectly sincere in what he said and did, but he said and did at one time exactly the reverse of what he said and did at another. The master-power—the balance-wheel of a well-ordered judgment,—was out of his composition."

The important point in the discussion is this—that a man holding

opinions logically undistinguishable from the tenets of Roman Catholicism could, for so long a time, without conscious insincerity (of which we assuredly acquit him), maintain his position in the English Church, and that one of his biographers—also a clergyman—can unblushingly vindicate his supposed renunciation of his English orders. Dr. Lee regards Nonconformity as essentially and unutterably “unclean,” and asks whither else this perplexed man could turn his eyes than towards Rome. He roundly abuses bishops and archbishops, and holds that Dr. Tait’s ecclesiastical legislation is placing before loyal Churchmen the alternative, “Infallibility or Infidelity.” There are, we suppose, large numbers who support Dr. Lee, willing to accept the honours and emoluments of State-patronage, but spurning the idea of State-control—defying the authority to which, as members of the Established Church, they are lawfully subject, and fostering a spirit of rebellion. It is well for us to note these things, and point out their significance. We have no wish forcibly to prevent any clergyman, however “extreme,” from expressing his honest convictions and acting as he deems himself bound by his priestly functions. But we do protest against the Romanizing tendencies which are now at work in the Establishment to an alarming extent, and insist that the power and wealth of the nation shall not be used to sap the foundations of our civil and religious liberty, to bring back the darkness and superstition of the Middle Ages, and subject us once more to the degrading vassalage of the Pope. No half measures will be of avail. The Public Worship Act will never put down the Ritualists, and others like Mr. Hawker, who, though not exactly Ritualists, are equally dangerous. We cannot by such means suppress them; but it is incumbent on us to labour more earnestly than ever for the great end of civil and religious equality. Let the patronage and control of the State be withdrawn from the Church, and all sects be allowed “a fair field and no favour.”

We have, however, said enough of Mr. Hawker as a Churchman, in which capacity he will soon be forgotten. His memory will live longer in connection with his poems, and with a brief reference to them we will conclude. They were published at different times, but the best of them are all to be found in “The Cornish Ballads and other Poems of the Rev. R. S. Hawker,” &c., issued by Messrs. Parker in 1869. The opening ballad is the well-known and spirited “Song of the Western Men,” which has reference to the imprisonment of the “Seven Bishops” by James II. The song is an admirable expansion of the genuine old refrain—

And shall Trelawny die?
Here’s twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!

The ballad is so clever an imitation of the ancient song that it not only elicited the heartiest praise from Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Dickens, and Lord Macaulay, but deceived them into the belief that it was

really a product of the age of the Revolution. What in its own way can be more touching than "The Wail of the Cornish Mother" (p. 19)?

They say 'tis a sin to sorrow,
That what God doth is best;
But 'tis only a month to-morrow
I buried it from my breast.

* * * * *

I thought it would call me "Mother,"
The very first words it said;
O! I never can love another
Like the blessed babe that's dead.

Well, God is its own dear Father,
It was carried to Church and blessed,
And our Saviour's arms will gather
Such children to their rest.

I shall make my best endeavour
That my sins may be forgiven.
I will serve God more than ever,
To meet my child in heaven.

I will check this foolish sorrow,
For what God doth is best;
But O! 'tis a month to-morrow
I buried it from my breast.

How grand, again, are these lines from "The Lost Ship"—

All merciful! the day, the doom were Thine:
Thou didst surround them on the seething sea;
Thy love too deep, Thy mercy too divine,
To quench them in an hour unmeet for Thee.

If winds were mighty, Thou wert in the gale;
If their feet failed them, in Thy midst they trod;
Storms could not urge the bark, or force the sail,
Or rend the quivering helm—away from God.

We should like also to have quoted "The Dirge," "The Storm," and "The Figure-head of the Caledonia," all of which take a high rank. Mr. Hawker's most elaborate piece is "The Quest of the Sangreal." The subject is one that exactly suited his powers. The Arthurian legends had a strong fascination for him, and there are in this poem lines in which he rises to the full height of his power. It is to its disadvantage that Mr. Tennyson has written on the same theme, and that he takes a different view of Arthur's relation to the Quest. Mr. Hawker's piece, moreover, full as it is both of power and beauty, is only a fragment, and awakens expectations which it fails to fulfil. We had marked a number of lines for quotation,—*e.g.*, the reference to Christ's death; the description of Orient Syria; the

in vain our land
Of noble name, high deed, and famous men;
Vain the proud homage of our thrall—the sea,
If we be shorn of God;

the description of the Chief Knights, &c.—but our space is exhausted. Let us, remark, however, that Mr. Hawker was surely wrong in flattering himself with the idea that he introduced the Arthurian legends to the attention of the Laureate. He might converse with him about them before the publication of “The Idylls,” in 1859; but the “Morte D’Arthur” was published in 1842, and was composed some years previously. The whole series was, in fact, “an early project” of Tennyson’s, formed, we imagine, long before his acquaintance with Hawker.

We must not convey the impression that Hawker’s poetry is unalloyed gold. It contains an admixture of base metals, and no small amount of “wood, hay and stubble.” But if we can overlook his ecclesiastical weaknesses and mysticism, his occasional technicalities and pedantries, we shall find in the perusal of his “Cornish Ballads and other Poems,” a rare pleasure. His verse is often flowing and sonorous, abounding in noble thoughts and felicitous turns of expression, and few readers will deny to its author an honourable place among the minor poets of England.

On the Supernatural Element in the History of the Apostles.

I.—THE TRAINING OF THE DISCIPLES.

BY THE REV. W. K. ARMSTRONG, B.A., OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

THE miraculous works of the Lord recorded in the gospels are so many and so instructive that they may be said to have absorbed the attention of readers of the Scriptures. In some respects they deserve this undivided attention. They are, in not a few instances, of unparalleled character, and in others, where their circumstances admit of comparison with previous signs and wonders, they so greatly surpass them as to increase the impression of originality and grandeur they created. Even more important in this age is the ethical purport of our Saviour’s miracles, a quality in which they not merely stand unrivalled, but well-nigh alone. They teach while they attract, and are in themselves revelations of truths otherwise unknown or imperfectly understood. Some of them might be appropriately described as acted parables, and all of them contain unexhausted treasures of spiritual knowledge and wisdom. As never man spake like this Man, and He did works no other could attempt, so both in

His words and in His works they who seek find the fulness of grace and truth.

But although the miracles in the gospels have received more attention, they are not more important than those recorded in the Acts of the Apostles; in truth, the latter are the greater of the two; as might justly have been expected from the exertion of the fulness of power by the glorified Saviour, in comparison with its manifestations during the period of His humiliation. His own miracles are so numerous and so distinctive as to form a second and more brilliant cycle, separated from the first by the Ascension, and even more by the specific characteristics they exhibit; while the manifestations of derived power displayed by His disciples do not fall short of His own works, whether as signs and wonders, or as revelations of spiritual verities. It is not His will that the works of His disciples should be passed over with slight consideration. He appears to have been more concerned for them on this account than He was for Himself, although by no means unmindful of the value of His own mighty deeds. But the care and fulness with which He taught the nature and use of the powers wherewith He clothed His immediate followers, and the liberality of His gifts to them, when considered in connection with His repeated assurances of special assistance and continual aid, prove that on no subject related to their course as His servants was the Lord more deeply interested. Nor can a close examination of this subject fail to produce the impression that this deep interest was not devoted to a temporary provision, but to a matter, in its essential principles, of permanent and vital importance to the successful proclamation and the saving reception of His truth in all ages. The transfer of His own supernatural powers may have been intended to terminate upon the first recipients, but, although that has been the practical result, it is possible to indicate another which might have been realised, and to affirm that His own wonder-working interference and watchful care could never be intended to be withdrawn, however much apostasy and unbelief may have darkened human understanding, and contracted the scope of their manifestations. It is as true of His Church as it was of His own country; He displays not many powers there because of their unbelief.

The communication of supernatural powers to chosen disciples was a very early development of the Redeemer's plans. One of His first acts was to call to Him whom He would out of the crowd of His early followers, and of these He appointed twelve—that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach, and to have power and authority to heal the sick, to cleanse lepers, to cast out demons, and to raise the dead. It appears from various allusions in the gospels that the twelve made very ample use of their authority, and could give a good account both of what they had said and of what they had done; and also that they were able to give full testimony to the fulfilment of their Lord's promises to them. But He did not confine the supernatural powers to the select band of apostles. Other

seventy also were appointed, and sent out in pairs as heralds of His own approach. Nor was their message limited to the proclamation of the coming of the mighty Wonder-worker to whom the afflicted might gather for cure and blessing. They were to heal the sick themselves. Their commission appears to have expressed no further powers, but, in practice, they discovered a wider range, and on their return they related this fact to the Lord, as a subject of gratified surprise—that even the demons were obedient to them through His name, and they were promised a further extension of supernatural authority. “Behold, I give you authority to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you.” These facts, connected with the early days of the Lord’s earthly ministry, are of great importance to the right understanding of the records of the early days of the Church after the visible presence of the Lord had been withdrawn. His promises were not received with incredulity or surprise, as unheard-of novelties, neither was the consciousness of supernatural endowment a strange mental experience. It had been made so familiar as to have become, in some sort, natural already, and no difficulty was entertained. They made no inquiries, expressed no doubts, and, when the powers came, experienced no difficulty in their practical application.

In one very remarkable instance some of the less advanced apostles were taught the existence of a limitation to their authority during the period of training. Their attempt to cast out the demon which tormented the boy brought to them during their Lord’s absence on the Mount of Transfiguration was a mortifying failure. It showed they had not yet learned the lesson of self-distrust and entire reliance on Divine strength and power. A comparison may be drawn—not a parallel—between their failure and the failure of Paul in his resolute and protracted struggle with the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him. The Lord told His baffled disciples that prayer and fasting would make even “this kind go forth,” and that thus they might have cast out their own unbelief and the demon, too; but Paul besought the Lord thrice, in solemn, special, urgent, repeated supplication, for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, and he failed. But they were shamed and humbled; he was raised and comforted, so that he could glory in his infirmities, because, through them, the power of Christ rested upon him. From the light reflected upon the subject of supernatural powers by both incidents, we perceive that a very high degree of conscious spirituality and consecration was essential to their exercise.

Since, from their personal familiarity with the possession of supernatural powers, the majority of the members of the Church at Jerusalem were quite prepared to receive the Lord’s parting charges and promises with understanding, it may be useful to consider these more in detail. How much the subject pre-occupied His thoughts we learn from the reference made to it in His last discourse before He suffered. The topic was not one on which much could be said beforehand by

way of explanation—partly from its own nature, and partly from the mental attitude of the disciples. It was a matter to be felt and experienced, rather than to be reasoned about. But there could be no misapprehension of the emphatic words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the work that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father." Here is the promise of continued and increased power to do "works"—the simple word by which the Lord, and after Him, John, chose to characterise His miracles. They were not His works only, but His Father's—"The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." He does not say, "Ye whom I have chosen apostles" shall do them, but, "He that believeth on Me" shall do the same. Neither is it an assurance that His removal shall make no change, but much more, even the affirmation that because of that removal the power to do "the works" shall be mightier than before. The calm simplicity of the language befits its amazing import. It positively declares that because the Incarnate Son hath ascended to the Father, believers on Him shall do the same, and even greater, miracles than were wrought on earth by Himself, without limitation either to persons or to time. We can trace in not a few of the miracles of the Acts the fulfilment of this promise both in the similarity and in the superiority of the works done by the apostles, as when the shadow of Peter, falling upon the sick, wrought their cure, and when God wrought "special miracles" by the hands of Paul; yet it may well be that the faith of the apostles never rose to so sublime a height as may hereafter be reached in a time when "powers" that have been dormant so long as to be almost forgotten, shall be put forth in a manner to which the recorded cycle of miracles affords no parallel.

Not only in themselves, but also in their effects, the miracles wrought by the disciples were greater than those of their Lord. The effects produced by the Lord's miracles were in many cases limited and transient; and we have His own direct testimony that some of the most remarkable and suggestive failed to awaken religious feelings even of a rudimentary kind. The multitude crowded round Him, not because they saw the miraculous increase of the food He blessed, but because they did eat of the loaves and were filled. Even His chosen disciples considered not the miracle of the loaves, for their hearts were hardened. When He cured ten lepers, only one showed signs of gratitude, and when He made the impotent man at Bethesda whole, one of the first uses of his restored strength was to inform the Jews that it was Jesus who had made him whole. But in nearly every case of miracle recorded in the Acts we find the effect rising above the level of a sign or a wonder into that of a powerful means of grace, quickening religious thought and feeling, and resulting in decided conversions, often rapid and numerous. We may safely say that the impression produced upon the public mind by Peter's first miracle was deeper, more salutary, and more lasting than that of any similar work of his Lord. The healing of the cripple at the Beautiful Gate of the

Temple was not in itself so great a miracle, nor so interesting in its circumstances, as many of those wrought by the Lord, but its effect was much more profound. It confounded even the council, which had only been irritated by the raising of Lazarus. Other examples might easily be given of this remarkable fact; a peculiarity in the miracles of the apostles due to the fulfilment of the promise which, in this respect, set the servant above his Lord.

The terms employed when the supernatural powers and works of the apostles are spoken of, on being compared with the terms used with reference to the "works" of the Lord, suggest other grounds of difference. Believing in the plenary, verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, we regard the accurate discriminative use of words, shown in the highest degree in all the sacred writings, as itself miraculous. Even those who deny verbal inspiration are obliged to admit this quality in the words of Scripture as a necessary basis of interpretation, although it might not be easy to defend both the admission and the denial. The light from this source is, in our present inquiry, much obscured by the unhappy choice of terms in the common version, which, we hope, may soon be remedied. The English word "miracle," so freely used in the vernacular translation, is often misleading and feeble. It signifies in popular speech anything astonishing, marvellous, wonderful, either natural or preternatural, anything contrived to excite surprise. Even when specifically applied to the acts of Christ and His apostles it directs attention to that which is their least important aspect. These works were not performed with a view to excite astonishment. They were signs of great truths and portents of great events. Without noticing occasional uses of other terms and phrases we find three specific words made use of, *τέρας*, wonder, portent, *σημείον*, sign, and *δύναμις*, power. With regard to the first of these, *τέρας*, which approaches nearest in signification to the English word "miracle," we find that it is never applied in the gospels to the Lord's works. It is only used in them of the false Christs and false prophets who, by great signs and "wonders," should, if possible, deceive the very elect. In the Acts it is once applied to the dead by Peter, chap. ii., in his exposition of a quotation from the Prophet Joel. Peter there refers to the evidence of the Messiahship of Jesus from "miracles, and wonders, and signs." As a miracle is a wonder, a plain English reader is unable to perceive the distinction, which a literal rendering of the verse makes plain. "Jesus of Nazareth, a man pointed out to you from God, by powers, and portents, and signs." The wonders or portents here alluded to evidently refer to such appearances as that of His natal star, the voice and the descent of the Holy Spirit at His baptism, and such like; so that Peter's use of the word is not a variation from the constant usage of the evangelists. The word *τέρας* is constantly used of the apostles, but the principle just laid down will explain it in every case.

The word *σημείον* is worthy of notice as the Greek equivalent for the Hebrew term properly translated "sign," thus connecting the Old

Testament with the New by a most important link the strength and beauty of which may be easily discovered. The Lord's works were emphatically "signs" of a great and gracious presence, of a new element for the regeneration of human nature, of an unfathomable capacity for blessing indicated but not revealed. There are passages, and not a few, in which the substitution of the precise term "sign" for the vague and unsatisfactory word "miracle," sheds a clear light upon what was before hidden or obscured.

But the most specific and important word of the three, and that most commonly used in the synoptic gospels, is the plural of *δύναμις*. It must be admitted that this is a very difficult word to accommodate to the idiomatic peculiarities of English speech, partly because of the peculiar idiomatic usages in which it is employed in Greek, but the use of "miracle" is most objectionable, since it signifies, not miracles, but the power which effects them. It is scarcely less injurious to translate the word "mighty works." After a careful examination of its usage the conclusion arrived at is that this is one of those cases in which the attempt to remove obscurity increases it, and the difficulty may be most fairly overcome by a literal rendering, when the word "powers" would lead to the inquiry, What were these powers? which is, we apprehend, the very point the Holy Spirit would lead us to. The term predicates, not "mighty works," but faculties, capacities, physical, mental, moral, or spiritual, and its use implies that these were inherent in the Lord's Divine-human nature. "Powers showed forth themselves in Him." A true perception of the right meaning of this word gives a great insight into the Lord's character and work.

It is worthy of notice that in John's gospel no mention is made of the Lord's *δύναμεις*, "powers." In the discourses recorded by John as in the Lord's own words, He always speaks of His works, *ἔργα*, *i.e.*, the effects of powers. Thus, when the other evangelists mention the Saviour's miracles, they use a term which calls attention from the deeds to the doer; John simply refers to them as done. When he writes of them as incidents in the history he calls them by their proper name, signs. These peculiarities of diction are suggestive of the dignity and reticence of our Lord's character, as well as of His views of His own works. We may add to these remarks the observation that in the gospels the Lord is always said to have given "authority," *ἐξουσία*, to the disciples when sent forth. In one case the phrase is "power (sing.) and authority," *δύναμιν και ἐξουσιαν*, the indication evidently being that of temporary delegation instead of permanent endowment, which was given afterwards.

From this glance at the import of the words used to denote supernatural powers and actions, we are enabled to appreciate the exactitude of the Lord's statements made during the final interviews with His apostles—of which that most to our purpose is the language recorded by Luke, to which the words in Mark may be regarded as supplementary. In the commission, as given in Matthew, no reference is made to miraculous powers, although there is a very

ample assurance of the supernatural presence. The phrase "all power" in the exordium is properly "all authority." At the important interview mentioned by Luke, the Lord's instructions were concluded by the injunction that the disciples should "tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high." The metaphor is beautiful and suggestive. They were to be "clothed with power." The frequent use of this bold figure shows its value; Paul speaks of the immersed into Christ as having been clothed with Christ, of being clothed with the new man; and of the final change as being clothed upon with immortality. It predicates an envelopment—Divine, suitable, complete—in power; such power, or powers, as we may fairly judge, shall belong to all whose bodies sown in weakness shall be raised in power, and which clothed the first disciples as the uniform of the Captain of salvation, and as an earnest of the time when all His shall be arrayed in like glory.

The apostles invariably place the "powers" with which they were clothed in the front of their qualifications. No enumeration is given of them, and it would be vain to attempt any exact analysis. They were manifold in their operations, but all were given for edification, not destruction, although inclusive of power for judgment. Paul, in his spirited defence of his own integrity and position against the cavillers at Corinth, exclaims—"Truly, the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and powers;" and in the Epistle to the Hebrews, there is what is apparently intended to be a complete classification of the Divine testimony in favour of the apostles (Heb. ii. 4)—"God also bearing witness, with signs and wonders, and various 'powers,' and distributions of the Holy Spirit according to His own will." It is not without design that the Scriptures direct attention to the "powers" with which the disciples were clothed, instead of to their effects as our translators have generally chosen to do; nor can it be regarded as unimportant that among the "distributions" of the Spirit mentioned 2 Cor. xii., the "inworkings of powers" should be specified. Is not the "inwrought supplication of a righteous man which has great strength" an illustration of these? In this direction seems to lie a rich portion of the inheritance of the saints, for ages waste and with scarcely an inhabitant, but open to and inviting possession.

But while the "clothing with power" is the one great comprehensive qualification, the words of Mark furnish a specific and detailed statement of the "signs" which shall accompany them that believe—not the apostles, but those who through their preaching should believe and be immersed. In the name of their Lord Jesus they should cast out demons, they should speak in new tongues, they should take up serpents, and if they drank any deadly thing it should not hurt them; they should lay hands on the sick, and they should recover. This statement, as in that made to the seventy, was plainly designed to convey an idea of powers ample to meet every emergency. In one case specified, the drinking of poison without harm, we do not know

upon inspired authority that the power was ever tested in this form; but in other cases not covered by the expressed terms of the promise we know that power from on high did not fail. So full was the source and fountain of power that it supplied every stream, although those streams may have lost themselves in a land of drought, and are now to be traced but a little way from the head. But there is no intimation that the fountain should cease to flow; on the contrary, there is the assurance, "Lo! I am with you alway, unto the end of the world." We are, indeed, told that prophesyings shall fail, and tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall be done away, as temporary and local manifestations, but must we say that the clothing with power for which the Lord prepared His own by cleansing them in His blood, and through the Word, has been taken away also? Do His people now walk in nakedness and shame? To whom is that blessedness secured, yet future—the blessedness of the man who watches and keepeth his garments against the hour when the Lord cometh as a thief? The easily-acquiesced-in reference of all metaphorical language applying to clothing to the idea of imputed righteousness hinders the reception of the train of thought we have indicated, and which we venture to put forward as the truth. Clothing with righteousness is a figure; clothing with power is a fact. The figure is not without its meaning; but the fact is of real importance. There is a prospect of return to the first works whenever the disciples of the Lord in their day discern its meaning and seek its possession. The prophet's impassioned language may yet be verified. "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city. Shake thyself from the dust, arise, sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."

Since the presence of the Lord was promised in all places and to all time, and the "power" was promised without reserve, it cannot be alleged that, because unbelief has turned away from it, therefore the blessing has failed. As a matter of fact the apostasy was developed in the attempts to continue through carnal and mechanical means the power which comes only to the spiritual. The same Lord of all is rich unto all who call upon Him, and if His people wait upon Him for "power," they may well leave to His wisdom the form the "clothing with power" shall assume. Of this they may be well assured, that Divine power is as essential to any real and effective testimony, or any great and successful work in His Kingdom, as it ever was in apostolic days.

The necessary conclusions from the trains of thought followed in this paper have been indicated rather than affirmed, from the feeling that on such a topic the greatest sobriety of mind and caution are required. It is undeniable that the condition of Christendom, it might almost be said of Christianity, has long been one of powerlessness in spiritual manifestations, and it is also true that no hint was ever given of the withdrawal of spiritual powers except through the

unbelief of those who should have received them. The "clothing with power" was a garment designed never to wax old. In another paper we propose to show, by an analysis of the supernatural incidents recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, that their permanence was evidently contemplated, although their forms might be changed, and that, if not by a succession of signs and wonders, in a way quite as wonderful and evident the presence and power of the Lord Himself should be the strength of His disciples in all ages.

The Last Words of Notable Men.

III.

WE concluded our second paper with an account of the last deeds and words of Constantine, called, or miscalled, the Great. He died in the year 337, and was succeeded in the empire by his son Constantius, who died in the year 361, and yielded the imperial diadem to his cousin, Julian, commonly called "The Apostate."

This remarkable ruler was born in the year 331, and was therefore about six years old at the time of his uncle Constantine's decease. In his last moments Constantine seems to have been haunted by the suspicion that he was dying of poison, administered through the instigation of one of his own relatives; and he employed some of his expiring moments in framing a scheme of Satanic revenge—leaving orders in his will that his brothers, nephews, and other relatives should be put to death. The horrid deed was executed, and only two escaped—the youth Julian, and his elder brother, Gallus, then about thirteen years of age. The latter died in the year 355, and Julian thus became, at the age of twenty-four, heir-apparent of the empire. The future Emperor, during his youth, was instructed in much of the secular as well as sacred knowledge of the times; and being both intellectual and industrious, he became a cultured, and even learned man. In early manhood he distinguished himself in military affairs, having made four campaigns against tribes of Germans, whom he drove out of the province of Gaul, and pursued across the Rhine; spending his winters in Lutetia, a place now famous through the world as the city of Paris. His cousin Constantius died—as we have said—in the year 361, and Julian, being now thirty years old, ascended the imperial throne. The Emperor very soon made it evident that his inclinations and designs lay far apart from the profession and practice of the Christian religion. As in the reign of Queen Mary a fierce struggle for victory was carried on between Protestants and Papists, the Queen

passionately siding with the latter, so was it in Julian's reign between paganism and Christianity. There were multitudes of his subjects who still worshipped Jupiter and Minerva, and the Emperor did all he could to restore their altars to their former dignity, and thus overturn the (to him) hateful religion of the Nazarene which his uncle Constantine had set up. To this end he did many cruel and foolish things. He not only exercised his personal influence against the Christians, but he wrote books against them, excluded them from all offices of public trust, and even forbade them the perusal of the ancient classics, saying that "those who rejected the gods ought not to profit by the learning and genius of those who worshipped them." But as in the case of Queen Mary so in that of Julian the aspiration and efforts towards a religious reaction were eventually unavailing. England remained Protestant and the empire did not become pagan. In one portion of his reign Julian, we are told, formed the strange idea of re-building the temple of Jerusalem, but was prevented from accomplishing his design by the sight of flames of fire issuing from the ground near to which the builders were at work. Whether these flames were miraculously produced, or were the result of natural causes, is still an open question with Church historians; but it is certain that something of the sort did occur, that Julian desisted from the work; and it is equally certain that he was unsuccessful in his desire of restoring the power of paganism, and overturning the ecclesiastical work which his uncle Constantine had accomplished. Like all unsuccessful men Julian, of course, received a full measure of criticism and censure, both merited and undeserved. Perhaps one undeserved censure is seen in the stigma which historians have attached to him as "*Julian the Apostate*." There is certainly very little proof that he ever professed to be a Christian, and truly the exhibitions of bigotry, superstition, and immorality which abounded at the imperial court must naturally have had a very strong tendency to prejudice him against the new religion, and to lead him to say, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a pagan." The following quotation from Neander's valuable Church History contains, we think, the right view of the subject, and is certainly the one adopted by the majority of the biographers of the Emperor in modern times:—

The paganism of Julian admits of an easy explanation, both from the peculiarity of his character and from his course of life and education. In fact a very slight turn seemed all that was necessary to change the peculiar vent manifested by the whole family of Constantines for the outward form and show of religion, from Christianity to paganism; and this turn Julian took from his earliest youth. Having lost, early in life, his nearest relatives, through the jealousy of his uncle, who discarded the natural feelings of kindred, this circumstance would leave on the mind of Julian no very favourable impression of the religion which prevailed at the imperial court, and for which Constantius manifested such excessive zeal; although at the time this took place he was too young to be conscious of any such impression. Every pains was taken to keep him away, while a boy and a young man, from the infection of paganism, and to fasten him to Christianity. This was done as well from political as from religious motives, since any connection of the prince with the pagan party

might prove dangerous to the State. But the right means were not chosen to secure this end. What was thus forced upon him could not easily take root in a mind which naturally hated constraint. This careful surveillance would only have the natural effect to excite his longing after that which they were so anxious to keep from him. And the men, too, whom the court employed as its instruments were not such as would be likely to scatter in the mind of Julian the seeds of a thorough Christianity, and to leave impressions on his heart calculated to give a decided Christian direction to his inner life. It was in a diligent attention to those outward religious forms which busy the imagination that he and his brother Gallus were chiefly exercised while pursuing their education under vigilant masters in the solitude of Macellum, a country seat in Cappadocia. Their very sports were made to wear the colour of devotional exercises, as when they were taught to emulate each other in erecting a chapel over the tomb of Mamas, a pretended martyr, held in special veneration throughout this district. The boys might easily become accustomed to all this; and, unless some mightier reaction took place in the inmost recesses of the mind, the habits thus formed might become fixed, as they actually were in the case of Gallus; but not so, where a mightier influence than religious mechanism began to work in an opposite direction, as in the case of Julian.

In the Middle Ages it was the practice of monkish historians, not only to stigmatise the Emperor as "Julian the Apostate," but also to describe the agonies of his death-bed, and to record the utterance of his despairing cry to Jesus Christ—"O Nazarene, Thou hast conquered!" Upon the theory mentioned above, that Julian was never really a professed Christian, such a dying exclamation seems very improbable, and modern writers reject it as a mere monkish fable. The following quotation from the "Penny Cyclopædia" contains a condensed and correct account of the last days of this remarkable man.

Julian having resolved on carrying on the war against the Persians, repaired to Antioch, where he resided for several months. His neglected attire, his uncombed beard, and the philosophical austerity of his habits drew down upon him the sarcasms of the corrupt population of the city. The Emperor revenged himself by writing a satire against them, and, what was worse, by giving them a rapacious governor. He set off on his expedition with a brilliant army, reckoned at 65,000 men; crossed the Euphrates, took several fortified towns of Mesopotamia; crossed the Tigris, and took Ctesiphon. But here his progress ended. The close Roman legions were harassed on all sides by the light cavalry of the Persians, and reduced to great distress for want of provisions. Still they presented a formidable front to the enemy; and Sapor, the Persian King, was inclined to come to terms, when, in a skirmish between the advanced posts of both armies, Julian, who had run to head his soldiers, neglecting to put on his cuirass, received a mortal wound from a javelin which pierced his side. Being carried to his tent, he expired the following night, 26th of June, 363. He died with perfect calmness and composure, surrounded by his friends, conversing on philosophical subjects, and expressing his satisfaction at his own past conduct since he had been at the head of the empire. His remains were carried to Tarsus in Cilicia, according to his directions, and his successor, Jovian, erected a monument to his memory.

It is scarcely needful for us to remark that the peacefulness of the Emperor's death is not to be viewed as any proof of the goodness or otherwise of his past life. We call a day bright or gloomy according to its general character, and not according to the complexion of its closing moments; and, in like manner, a man's life is good or bad

according to its predominant texture, independent of its closing scenes. Multitudes of the worst of men have proved the truth of Asaph's words:—"There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm;" and, on the other hand, many good men, probably through physical disease, have "died in the dark," as poor Cowper did, whose almost last words were, "I am inexpressibly miserable."

After the death of Julian it soon became evident that his strenuous and fanatical efforts had availed but little in arresting the progress of Christianity or in diminishing the political power of those who professed it. A more dangerous foe than Julian soon arose, to prove the truth of the Saviour's words:—"A man's foes shall be they of his own household." As years passed on, the old paganism was restored to life, under forms supplied by the Church itself. In St. Peter's at Rome there is a colossal statue of the apostle, the toes of which have been lessened by the kisses of myriads of devotees, the statue being originally an image of Jupiter the Thunderer, and as such was doubtless worshipped at Rome or elsewhere before Popes or Peter were called into being. Thus was it with the state of the Christian Church after the time of Constantine; its doctrinal purity faded gradually away, and a practical paganism took its place. The worship of idol gods, it is true, no longer existed, but the adoration of martyrs, relics, and images prevailed instead; almost innumerable heresies arose among the so-called Nestorians, Jacobites, Marcionites, and Manichæans, to whom are to be added the strange Collyrideans, who worshipped the mother of Christ, and also adored her as the third person of the blessed Trinity. Year after year the doctrine of the Church declined from bad to worse, until at length a Christian sanctuary differed but little from a pagan temple, and the followers of Christ were almost as spiritually dark as the Arabian worshippers of the black stone of the Caaba. At last a reaction took place, a Nemesis came—Mohammed was born. The Emperor Julian was buried at Tarsus in the year 363, and Mohammed first saw the light at Mecca about the year 570, the intervening two centuries having sufficed to cover the Eastern Church with worse than Egyptian gloom. We omit in this paper a sketch of the notable career of the "False Prophet," as it is our intention ere long to dwell at some length upon the incidents of his strange life, and their abiding effects upon the history of the world. The appended account of the dying words of Mohammed is quoted from Gibbon's great historical work, and seems to bring out the strange fact that in some way or other the prophet managed to be a believer in himself:—

Till the age of sixty-three years the strength of Mohammed was equal to the temporal and spiritual fatigues of his mission. During four years the health of the prophet declined; his infirmities increased; but his mortal disease was a fever of fourteen days, which deprived him by intervals of the use of reason. He beheld with temperate firmness the approach of death; enfranchised his slaves; minutely directed the order of his funeral; and moderated the lamentations of his weeping friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace. Till the third day before his death he regularly performed the function of public

prayer; the choice of Abubekir to supply his place appeared to mark that ancient and faithful friend as his successor in the sacerdotal and regal office, but he prudently declined the risk and envy of a more explicit nomination. If the slightest credit may be afforded to the traditions of his wives and companions, he maintained, in the bosom of his family, and to the last moments of his life, the dignity of an apostle, and the faith of an enthusiast; described the visits of Gabriel, who bid an everlasting farewell to the earth; and expressed his lively confidence, not only in the mercy, but in the favour of the Supreme Being. In a familiar discourse he had mentioned his special prerogative, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked the permission of the prophet. The request was granted; and Mohammed immediately fell into the agony of his dissolution; his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha, the best beloved of all his wives; he fainted with the violence of pain; recovering his spirits, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with a steady look, though a faltering voice, uttered the last broken, though articulate words: "O God! . . . pardon my sins . . . Yes, . . . I come . . . among my fellow-citizens on high"; and thus peaceably expired on a carpet spread upon a floor (A.D. 632). He was piously interred by the hands of his earnest kinsmen, on the same spot on which he expired. Medina has been sanctified by the death and burial of Mohammed; and the innumerable pilgrims of Mecca often turn aside from the way to bow, in voluntary devotion, before the simple tomb of the prophet.

What a strangely calm conclusion of the life of a man who was certainly, either consciously or unconsciously, the most gigantic and successful impostor whom mankind ever beheld! According to any theory which his critics have formed concerning him, Mohammed is a strange sight, a wonder of wonders, a moral and spiritual problem, as mysterious in many of its elements as he himself is still mighty in affecting the destinies of countless multitudes of his fellow-men.

Mohammed died, as we have seen, in the year 632, and about forty years afterwards was born the eminent Englishman, called the Venerable Bede, or Bede. We are not quite certain as to the meaning of his name; probably it signifies the same as our word "prayer," and, if so, it was an unusually appropriate name for one who was as renowned for his piety as for his intellect and learning. We may remark, in passing, that the word *bede* or *bead* has been in use in all ages of English literature, and survives to the present day. It was the usual mode of signature in the time of Henry the Eighth—"As of a prayer-man, or one who prayed for another." For example, Sir Thomas More, in writing to Cardinal Wolsey, ordinarily styles himself, "Your humble orator and most bounden *beed man*, Thomas More;" so also Margaret Bryan, the governess of the "Lady Elizabeth," writing to Lord Cromwell, signs herself, "Your dayly *bede-woman*." It is used in the same sense by Shakespeare, who, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act I, scene 1, says—

For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

In the same sense almshouses are called *bedehouses*, because the occupants of them are supposed to pray very much for the repose of the souls of the founders of the charity; in like manner the word *headroll* means literally a list of persons to be prayed for; and the well-known toy or ornament called a *bead* was originally so

termed because of its use in the repetition of prayers. Returning from this digression, we have to say that Bede was born upon some part of the estates which afterwards belonged to the two abbeys of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the bishopric of Durham, at Wearmouth and Jarrow, near the mouth of the River Tyne. At the early age of seven years he was fortunately taken to the monastery of St. Peter, where, till the age of nineteen, he received the best education which the good fathers there were able to give him. He then took deacon's orders, and in his thirtieth year, in accordance with the earnest wish of his abbot, was ordained priest by John of Beverley, then Bishop of Hexham, who had been one of his early tutors. While yet in early manhood, the fame of his learning and piety spread far and wide; so much so, that he was honoured with an earnest invitation from Pope Sergius to visit Rome to assist his Holiness in the settlement and promulgation of certain points of ecclesiastical discipline. Bede, however, declined the flattering request, in order uninterruptedly to pursue those studies which ultimately made him the foremost scholar of the age, and surrounded him with a renown which has reached our own remote times. Bede wrote a goodly number of books on various religious subjects until he was nearly sixty years of age, and then published the greatest of his works, called an "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," "the materials for which he obtained partly from chronicles, partly from annals preserved in contemporary convents, and partly from the information of prelates with whom he was acquainted. Making allowance for the introduction of legendary matter, which was the fault of the age, few works have supported their credit so long, or been so generally consulted, as authentic sources." From a modern point of view this historical work has, of course, many defects. He is very sparing in his relation of merely secular and political events, the monastery and the church being the main field of his mental vision. "The preferment of an abbot, the canonisation of a martyr, and the importation into England of the shin bone of an apostle were matters of much more importance to him than victories and revolutions." Bede's history was printed as early as 1474, probably before the printing art was introduced into England, and only two copies of it are known to exist. King Alfred's translation of the history was published at Cambridge, 1644, and the first general collection of his works was published at Paris. Bede is supposed to have been a possessor of a celebrated copy of the Latin Gospels, with an interlineary Saxon gloss, originally kept in the monastery of Lindisfarne, afterwards transferred to Durham, and now preserved in the British Museum. This great and good man died about the year 735, and a record of his last moments, written by Cuthbert, a fellow-monk, has been preserved, the substance of which has been thus translated:—

He, our father and master, was much troubled with shortness of breath, yet without pain, before the day of our Lord's resurrection—that is, about a fortnight; and afterwards he passed his life, cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks

to Almighty God every day and night, nay, every hour, till the day of our Lord's ascension—that is, the seventh before the kalends June (May 24th), and daily read lessons to us, his disciples, and whatever remained of the day he spent in singing psalms. He also passed all the night awake in joy and thanksgiving, unless a short sleep prevented it; in which case he no sooner woke than he presently repeated his wonted exercises, and ceased not to give thanks to God with uplifted hands. I declare with truth that I have never seen with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, any man so earnest in giving thanks to the living God.

Oh, truly happy man! He chanted the sentence of St. Paul the Apostle, "It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," and much more out of Holy Writ; wherein also he admonished us to think of our last hour, and to shake off the sleep of the soul. And, being learned in our poetry, he said some things also in our tongue concerning the departure of the soul. He also sang antiphons according to our custom and his own, one of which was, "O glorious King, Lord of all power, who triumphing this day didst ascend above all the heavens, do not forsake us orphans, but send down on us the spirit of truth which was promised to us by the Father. Halleluia!"

And when he came to that word, "Forsake us not," he burst into tears and wept much; and an hour afterwards he began to repeat what he had commenced, and we hearing it mourned with him. By turns we read, and by turns we wept; nay, we wept always while we read. In such joy we passed the days of Lent till the aforesaid day, and he rejoiced much and gave God thanks because he had been counted worthy to be so weakened. He often repeated that "God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth;" as also this sentence from St. Ambrose, "I have not lived so as to be ashamed to live among you; nor do I fear to die, because we have a gracious God." During these days he laboured to compose two works, well worthy to be remembered, besides the lessons we had from him, and the singing of psalms—namely, he translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words, "But what are these among so many?" (St. John vi. 9), into our own tongue, for the benefit of the Church; also some collections out of the notes of Bishop Isidore, saying, "I will not have my pupils read a falsehood, nor labour therein without profit after my death." When the Tuesday before the ascension of our Lord came, he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day, and dictated cheerfully, saying now and then, among other things, "Go on quickly; I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away." But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure, and so he spent the night awake in thanksgiving, and when the morning appeared—that is, Wednesday—he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun; and this done we walked till the third hour with the relics of saints, according to the custom of that day. There was one of us with him, who said to him, "Dear master, there is still one chapter wanting. Do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen, make ready, and write fast," which he did. But at the ninth hour he said to me, "I have some articles of value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense. Run quickly, and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed upon me. The rich in this world are bent on giving gold and silver and other precious things; but I, in love, would joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me." He spoke to every one of them, admonishing and entreating them that they would carefully say masses and prayers for him, which they readily promised; but they all mourned and wept, chiefly because he said that "in this world they should see his face no more." They rejoiced for that he said, "It is time that I return to Him who has formed me out of nothing. I have lived long. My merciful Judge well foresaw my life for me. The time of my dissolution draweth nigh; for I desire to depart and to be with Christ." Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening, when

the boy said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written!" He answered, "Write quickly!" Soon after, the boy said, "The sentence is now written." He replied, "It is well. You have said the truth. It is ended. Take my head in your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place where I was wont to pray, that, thus sitting, I may call on my Father." And thus, on the pavement of his little cell, singing "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" when he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last; and so departed to the Heavenly Kingdom. All who were present at the death of the blessed father said they had never seen any other person expire with so much devotion and in so tranquil a frame of mind; for, as you have heard, as long as the soul animated the body, he never ceased, with uplifted hands, to give thanks to the true and living God.

Notes on Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

LITERAL VERSION.

AND I (emph.) know my Redeemer (1), the Living One (2), and (HE) the Last (3), over (4), the dust will arise.

And after they shall have destroyed my skin, this (5) (shall happen!), even from (6) my flesh (= body) shall I behold God.

Whom I (emph.) shall behold for myself, and my eyes shall see, and not (as) a stranger (7).

My inmost thoughts in my bosom are accomplished (8)!

PARAPHRASE.

I assuredly know my Kinsman Mediator (1), the ever living One (2), who is also the Last (3), and who will rise in triumph over (4) the dust of the grave.

And after these burning ulcers shall have consumed my skin, this (5) glorious event shall happen, even from (6) a resuscitated body (raised after the model of His), shall I behold God!

Whom I assuredly shall behold for myself, and my eyes shall see, not as a stranger (7), (but as my Kinsman Mediator).

In the realisation of this blessed prospect my deepest thoughts, my inmost hopes, shall have their full and final consummation! (8).

NOTES.

(1.) **גִּבּוֹר** Nearest Kinsman, with whom the right of redemption rested, and also of avenging the blood of a slaughtered relative. See Numb. v. 8.; Levi. xxv. 25; Ruth iii. 12, iv. 1, 6, 8; and Numb. xxxv. 19, s. q.; Deut. xix. 6, 12; Josh. xx. 3; 2 Sam. xiv. 11; and Numb. xxxv. 12.

The אֲנִי is contrasted most beautifully with אֲרֵי a stranger (27v.), but I am not aware that this striking contrast has ever been pointed out by scholars who have written upon this sublime but difficult text. The Kinsman Mediator, our adorable Saviour, will appear as *no Stranger* to His worshipping disciples at the Last Day. Precious thought!

(2.) אֶחָד "The Living (One)." Very frequently one of the distinctive names of the Godhead, the source of all being. See Job. xxvii. 2; Deut. xxxii. 40; Isai. xxxvii. 4, xlix. 18.

(3.) אֲחֵרִית "The Last." Clearly here a noun, as in Isai. xlv. 6, xlvi. 12. One of the special designations of Jehovah. Compare carefully our Lord's words in Rev. i. 17, 18, our great Kinsman Mediator's own comment upon Job's testimony.

(4.) עַל "Over." Used here and elsewhere in a sense unusual in the later Hebrew. "Over against," as a conqueror of the grave. "*Surget contra pulverem; pulverem scilicet, mortem ac sepulchrum debellaturus.*" (Fred. Spanheim, the Younger. Misc. Sac. Antiq. I. xiii. 12. Quoted by Dr. Pye Smith in Scrip. Test, Vol. I., p. 189.)

(5.) וְאִם "This!" ("shall happen,"—understood). The feminine form is often used in such a construction. Gesenius renders, "*After they shall have destroyed my skin, i.e., after my skin shall be destroyed, 'THIS!' sc. shall be, happen, viz., that which precedes in v. 25, the advent of God.*" (Lexicon, on בִּקְרָה.)

(6.) מִ "from," equivalent here to *with*. The soul should again be embodied in a spiritual body, like the Kinsman Mediator's, and through *it* again behold HIM.

(7.) אֲרֵי "a stranger." In opposition to אֲנִי. See Note 1, last paragraph.

(8.) כָּל־בְּחִינֵי בְּטֶחֶן "my inmost thoughts in my bosom are accomplished."

The precise sense of this clause is the most difficult to determine. On the whole the above rendering, which is substantially the venerable Dr. Pye Smith's, appears to be the best.

"*The reins*" are often used in the O. T. for the inward part, mind, soul, as the seat of the desires, affections, and passions. Thus in Jer. xi. 20, xvii. 10, xx. 12, Psa. vii. 9, lxx. 21, Prov. xxiii. 16.

"As the *heart* is figuratively used to signify the temper and disposition, so the *reins* to signify the close thought and reflection of the mind." (Taylor's Heb. Conc.)

The verb translated in the Auth. v. "*are consumed*" means here "are accomplished, completed, finished."

Sept. πάντα δέ μοι συντετέλεσται ἐν κόλπῳ. *Vulg.* reposita est hæc spes mea in sinu meo.

That Job thoroughly understood the full meaning and application of his own sublime prediction is not at all likely. The prophecies were often mysterious to the very prophets who uttered them; so

much so, that they had earnestly to search out what the Spirit of Christ, who was in them, did signify. The divine afflatus carried them out of themselves, and when the God-inspired prediction was uttered, they had to sit down and prayerfully investigate its meaning. *See for proof of this* 1 Pet. i. 10, 11, 12.

And this fact, by the way, settles the question of the plenary inspiration of, *at least*, all the prophecies referred to by Peter in the above paragraph.

For, manifestly, clearness of apprehension is necessary to the correct utterance of any thoughts. If, therefore, the ancient prophets did not fully understand their own predictions relating to our gracious Redeemer (and Peter distinctly says *they did not*), God must have inspired the very words in which these predictions were delivered. No man is competent to give correct and full expression to ideas which he does not comprehend. The inspiration in all the cases referred to by Peter (*ut supra*) must have extended to the very words employed. In no other way could a *correct* representation of God's idea have been secured, as the mere scribes were incompetent to give one.

Huddersfield.

JOHN STOCK.

Short Notes.

INSUBORDINATION IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—During the last month and more the Church of England has presented scenes of open and audacious rebellion, which appear to foreshadow the approach of a serious crisis. Ritualism is becoming rampant and reckless. Mr. Tooth, the vicar of St. James', Hatcham, in the neighbourhood of London—a Ritualist of the first water, and a thorough Roman Catholic in sentiment—was cited before the Court of Arches under the Public Worship Regulation Act, for having celebrated service contrary to the Rubric and the formularies of the Prayer-book, and ordered to discontinue these practices; but, on the 17th of December, openly and ostentatiously continued to repeat them, and appeared at the altar in all the forbidden vestments—chasuble, stole, amice, maniple, girdle, and all; he had the great bell tolled during the service; he took up the forbidden position at the Communion table. Candles were lighted and placed in the position which the Court had forbidden; nor was the crucifix removed. He was as resplendently robed as ever. The only difference between his appearance and that of a Romish priest was in the more glaring and ostentatious decorations of his dress. It was

manifest that he was courting notoriety, and anxious to attain the odour of martyrdom, by incurring the penalty of open rebellion against the authority of the Court. Lord Penzance then proceeded to inhibit his celebration of Divine service in the church, and his decree was duly posted up, and it became the duty of the Bishop of Rochester to provide for the performance of public worship on the succeeding Sunday in the parish, and he nominated Canon Gee to this duty; but he had no sooner entered the church than he was encountered by Mr. Tooth and the churchwardens, supported by a *posse* of twenty or thirty others, who planted themselves up in a line to resist his farther progress. The recalcitrant Vicar then read a document in which he utterly repudiated the authority of the Court of Arches, and declared his determination not to allow the Canon to officiate, thus setting the authority of the Bishop likewise completely at defiance. The Canon then appealed to the churchwardens to support the authority of the diocesan; but they assured him that they entirely concurred in the views of the Vicar, who would have their cordial support. Seeing them in possession of the field, and so strongly entrenched by physical force, the Canon, anxious to avoid a public scandal in a sacred edifice, read the bishop's license and retired under protest. On Christmas Day the condemned ritual was carried out to its fullest extent. There was a procession more elaborate than any yet seen in the church, carrying six banners, on which were represented a chalice and the host, as in the Roman Catholic services, and a monogram of the Virgin. The communion was celebrated with immense wax candles, lighted; bells and incense and all the practices and ceremonies which the Court of Arches had prohibited, and by the Vicar alone without a single communicant, thus turning the communion into a Popish Mass. On Sunday, the 7th January, Mr. Tooth and his churchwardens turned the parish church into a private chapel by blocking up the doors and allowing no one to enter without a ticket. They enlisted a body of twenty-seven policemen, who aided them in keeping possession of the edifice. A crowd of several thousand assembled outside the building, and endeavoured to obtain admission, and, while the service was proceeding within, commenced the national anthem, shouting and yelling, and pronouncing the words, "Confound their knavish tricks," with peculiar emphasis. A sermon of ten minutes was then preached, and, after the congregation had sat some time in great anxiety, the doors were thrown open, and they were enabled to retire, a passage being made for them by the police through the excited mob, who greeted them with loud hisses as they passed along. As Mr. Tooth continued to set the law and the court at defiance, it appeared certain that these riotous proceedings would be repeated on the ensuing Sunday, the 14th, and possibly with greater violence, and it became indispensable to take vigorous measures to vindicate the law and to preserve the peace of the parish. Mr. Tooth again disobeyed the injunction of Lord Penzance by performing Divine service at five o'clock in the morning, followed by

two subsequent celebrations of the communion in the prohibited manner. At 9 A.M. a delegate from the Bishop affixed to the principal entrance a notice to the churchwardens that, "Whereas there appeared to be reason to apprehend that the opening of the church of St. James, Hatcham, on Sunday, the 14th January, would be an occasion for riotous conduct and breaches of the peace, we strictly enjoin you, the churchwardens, to prevent the opening of the church through the whole of Sunday." As soon as the notice was affixed, a number of policemen were posted at the doors to guard the entrance, and a body of 300 placed in reserve in the schoolrooms and public-houses. Between ten and eleven o'clock large crowds of roughs began to arrive, and by mid-day a body of more than 8,000 was collected, chiefly of the lower orders, rushing about in a riotous humour, and endeavouring to force their way into the church, and there was something of a skirmish between them and the police, but the latter succeeded in maintaining their position and clearing the streets, and the day passed over without any serious violence.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION is the organised association of Ritualism and centre of its support, and was expected to indicate the course Ritualism would take and the principles it would adopt at the present crisis. Mr. Tooth had assumed as his reason for disobeying the authority of the Court of Arches that the Act had been passed without the concurrence of the priesthood—as if no law was binding on a subject of the Crown if it had been enacted without his concurrence, and was not approved of by him. On the 7th of last December the Church Union held one of its meetings, when the Chancellor of the Diocese of Lincoln and its legal adviser proposed a resolution to the effect that any sentence of the Court of Arches, as at present constituted, was null and void, and that any clergyman feeling it his duty to disobey it deserved sympathy and support. This proposal was introduced by Dr. Phillimore, who had already made himself notorious by his ultra-Ritualism, but it was not deemed advisable to commit the Church Union hastily to this open rebellion against the law of the land, and it was postponed for future consideration. A full meeting was therefore held on Tuesday, the 16th of January, at the Freemason's Tavern, with the president, Hon. Mr. Wood, the eldest son of Lord Halifax, in the chair. He opened his case with an acknowledgment of the authority of all courts legally constituted in regard to all matters temporal—as if Parliament stood in need of any such acknowledgment of obedience to vindicate its supremacy; but the Union denied "that the secular power has any authority in matters purely spiritual; that any court which is bound to frame its decisions in accordance with the judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council or any other secular court does not possess any spiritual authority with regard to such decisions; and that with regard to a suspension *a sacris*, which is a spiritual act, the Union is prepared to

support any priest not guilty of any moral or canonical offence who refuses to recognise such a suspension. Finally, the Union submits itself "to the duly constituted synods of the Church, and on the points now in dispute to the Rubric of the Book of Common Prayer, and to the interpretation put upon them in 1875 by the Lower House of Convocation, ignoring the Upper House." The most energetic speaker at the meeting was the Venerable Archdeacon Denison, the most vigorous champion of Sacerdotalism and Ritualism. He said we had, for the last forty years or more, insensibly at first, and not knowing what we were about, allowed the State to assume authority over the Church, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to usurp the rights of the clergy, and unless they had come together that evening with their minds determined, as long as they lived, to use Mr. Keble's words, "to fight the Privy Council to the death," they had better not have come together at all. He believed that other priests would follow the example of these two men who had fought the real battle—our dear friend, Mr. Purchase, who was killed by it, and our dear friend, Arthur Tooth, who was looking forward to dwelling in a prison during the remainder of his life, and, if I know the man, nothing will ever take him out of it. He concluded his address by stating that any court which was bound to frame its decisions upon the judgments of the Privy Council or any other secular court was not entitled to obedience, and ought to be totally disregarded by the priests of the Church of England. The speech of the president was equally decisive: "So far as Lord Penzance's or any other court, by whatever name called, is used for the purpose of enforcing the judgments of the Court of Final Appeal, in that proportion does it abdicate any claim to spiritual authority."

This is plain and outspoken language, and the members of the Established National Church owe a debt of gratitude to the Ritualists for having thus placed before them, without disguise, the object at which they have been aiming at the same time that they assert that their number is rapidly increasing, and already reckons 2,500 priests and 11,000 communicants. As the Judicial Committee, whose judgments they repudiate with more than ecclesiastical rancour, is the Final Court of Appeal appointed by Parliament, and there is no decision passed by any bishop which is not open to its revision, and no interpretation of any rubric exempt from it, the assertion of the President of the Church Union is tantamount to claiming release on the part of the Ritualists from all the control of the Crown, the Parliament, and the Episcopal bench, and full liberty to un-Protestantise the Church of England under the authority of the Lower House of Convocation, while they continue to enjoy her dignities, and emoluments.

NEW BISHOPRICS.—During the last month farther efforts have been made towards the establishment of more dioceses, and strenuous efforts are in progress to procure the sub-division of four of the present sees.

One of the Cabinet ministers on a recent occasion asserted that at no previous period had the Church of England been stronger in the country, and one of the Conservative Members of Parliament has received, they say, the assurance of the Home Secretary that, having been instrumental in establishing the bishoprics of Truro and St. Albans, he was prepared to undertake the establishment of four other bishoprics. The Church of England is unquestionably more wealthy at the present time than at any former period, its property, if capitalised, being estimated at eighty millions sterling, but that it is stronger or firmer is considered a very questionable point. The Church of Rome was never apparently stronger and firmer than when Cardinal Campeggio came over as legate from Rome, and was escorted with the highest pomp and distinction to London by the whole aristocracy of Kent on horseback, yet within less than ten years Roman Catholicism was abolished in England. The revival of Convocation, after its discontinuance for more than a century, may seem to some minds to indicate a revival of power in the Establishment, but hitherto it has only proved a source of weakness. It has served to bring the discord raging in the Church more clearly to the view of the nation. It has afforded a large and increasing body of clergy and laity the opportunity of manifesting their total disregard of the whole bench of bishops in the Upper House. While a feeling of such contemptuous rebellion against the existing bishops appears to be spreading, it might have been thought prudent to postpone the increase of their number to a more tranquil season. The distraction in the Establishment does not appear likely to decrease in intensity. The writ has been issued for the apprehension and imprisonment of Mr. Tooth; and he has attained the object desired by himself and the Church Union of being dignified with the odour of martyrdom, and there are two other Ritualist priests anxious to enjoy the same distinction, who are now on their way to the Court of Arches, and the number will doubtless be multiplied. The spectacle of clergyman after clergyman committed to gaol for no moral offence, and incarcerated on the lofty plea, as they assert, that they conscientiously determine to obey God rather than man, cannot fail to produce a profound impression on the popular mind, and to raise the sympathies of thousands who condemn their rebellion against the law and the courts. This difficulty may probably prove to be more difficult and troublesome than the Eastern question, and certainly at the present this is not the time to intrude the question of multiplying mitres before the public. Indeed, in the opinion of many of the best friends of the Church, it would be to its advantage if a number of those now in the House of Lords were sent back to their dioceses to look after the sheep they had left behind them, instead of spending half the year in the metropolis.

THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION has recently passed through a dangerous crisis on a religious question which at one period threatened it with a

collapse. The pay of the clergy is voted in the annual budget, and has to pass the ordeal of the Senate and the Deputies. The Senate is always more favourable to the Church than the Deputies are, and no religious question ever comes under discussion between them without exciting feelings of great animosity, the Senate exhibiting sentiments of partiality towards the Church, the representatives of the people a contrary tendency. The ministry of Dufaure had introduced into the budget a reasonable provision for the wretchedly paid curate, which the Deputies reduced, but which the Senate ventured to restore. The Deputies claimed the sole control of the purse; the Senate claimed to retain their vote, and a dangerous collision arose between the powers in the new and as yet unconsolidated constitution, which led to the dissolution of the Ministry and the appointment of M. Jules Simon, whose wisdom and moderation have happily composed the difference. During the debate in the Senate, M. Dupanloup, one of the most eminent of the French bishops, drew a deplorable picture of the position of the curés in France. The pay they received from the State, and which was subject to a vote annually in the Budget, was £37 a year, upon which, in consequence of the heavy taxation entailed on the country by the war, it was impossible for them to live. He assured the House that they actually died of starvation; that he had lost thirty-three priests, all under thirty-five years of age. In twenty-seven out of ninety dioceses there were 1,933 communes without a priest, and throughout France 3,943 more priests were required for the performance of parochial duties. The pittance doled to the parishes in Paris were the same as those given to the country parishes, and this had frequently to be divided between several priests, and was utterly inadequate for their decent subsistence. This address, delivered with great zeal and animation by the Bishop of Orleans, produced a powerful impression on the Senate, and induced its members to restore the vote, perhaps a little modified, in favour of the curés, and the dispute appears to have been compromised with a greater sense of justice.

FAMINE AT MADRAS AND BOMBAY.—Calamities are thickening in India. It was only at midnight on the 31st of October last that a storm wave burst over the country at the estuary of the Ganges and the Berhampooter, and in the course of less than an hour drowned more than 200,000 men, women, and children. We are now informed that a most deplorable famine is raging in the Western and the Southern Presidency. In Bombay it extends over 54,000 square miles, with a population of nearly 8,000,000. In Madras only eight districts are free from actual famine; the total area affected is 84,700 square miles, with a population of 19,000,000. It extends, therefore, over a wider extent and embraces a much larger body of people than the visitation in Behar three years ago. With the experience of that crisis, the Government of India have got the present famine well in

hand, and have taken energetic measures to provide in time for the alarming difficulty to the extent of its resources, which have been already most severely taxed by the former scarcity and by the depreciated exchange, and are obliged to practice the severest economy; but, at the lowest calculation, the demand on the revenues of the State will not fall far short of six millions and a half sterling. Happily, Sir Richard Temple has just been appointed Governor of Bombay, a man of great activity and energy, who took an active share in the relief operations in Behar; and the Finance Department of the Government of India has just been made over to Sir John Strachey, a statesman of unquestionable talent, and quite equal to the present emergency. The Government of India lays down that the people in the famine districts should, as far as possible, be collected on large relief works, so as to admit of close inspection. They are to be employed on operations of public utility and importance. A strict labour test is to be employed, and the wages are to be such as to give a simple subsistence; and gratuitous relief should be restricted to cases of extreme necessity. The Government admit that the task of saving life irrespective of cost is beyond their power, and that to relieve all the recurring famines of India on the scale adopted three years ago would most inevitably lead to national bankruptcy. It is in the face of such calamities as the present that the value of the railroads which we have bestowed on India, to the extent of nearly one hundred millions sterling of British capital, is so highly felt. The latest letter from India states that the Western and Southern rails are blocked up with food grain, a large portion of which is drawn from the Bengal and the North-West Provinces over a distance of more than a thousand miles, and the extremely low rate at which the railway company has been enabled to convey the food will afford a most seasonable relief to the famine-stricken districts. Without the adequate appliances of the facilities for the rapid movement afforded by the trains, no effort on the part of Government, and no strain on the public treasury, could have saved tens of thousands, dwelling so remote from the source of supply, from death by starvation. If it be asked what blessing England has conferred on India, the answer is simple: it has given her the rail, and mitigated the horrors of famine.

Reviews.

"IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH." Sermons on Practical Subjects, preached at Marlborough College, 1871—1876. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

DR. FARRAR, on his removal to a stall at Westminster, has issued this volume as a reminiscence of his work at Marlborough. The success achieved by his "Life of Christ" has rendered him the most popular religious writer in England, but his most profound influence has been exercised in the college which he has recently left. Among the head masters of our great public schools there are none who surpass him in respect either to his intellectual or moral qualifications for so responsible a post. We are here concerned with him only as a preacher, and as a preacher to young men; for all the sermons in the volume are addressed to a special class, and that class one of the most difficult to reach. From almost every pulpit in England we may continually hear eloquent descriptions of the advantages of youth, and earnest exhortations to improve them. And from almost every preacher in England we may hear confessions of the delicate nature of the task thus undertaken, and of the necessity of bringing to bear upon it all the resources of Christian wisdom and experience. The difficulty of the work is, in fact, proportioned to its importance, and many who are fully alive to the latter often feel themselves at a loss in regard to the former. Some of our most successful Nonconformist ministers are distinguished as preachers to young men. We need do no more than name Mr. Maclaren,

Dr. Landels, Mr. H. S. Brown, and Mr. Dale. In the Church of England there are preachers of the foremost order whose powers in this direction have been developed by their connection with the public schools, *e.g.*, Bishop Temple, Dr. Vaughan, and Dr. Farrar, all of whose sermons—but especially those of the two latter—are, from this point of view, admirable. We direct special attention to the volume before us because of its special character. To those who are conscious of the difficulty to which we have referred its study may prove invaluable. We should not go to Dr. Farrar for instruction in theology, although his views on the most essential points, so far as they are here expressed, are in harmony with our own; he is not an original—scarcely, perhaps, a profound thinker. But he has more to commend him than his accurate and varied scholarship and his brilliant style. *He thoroughly understands young men*; he is as a lad among lads. He can enter sympathetically into their aims and aspirations; he knows both the limitations and the strength of their desires; he clearly sees those elements of their nature to which he must appeal, and he makes full allowance for the difficulties and temptations they inevitably encounter. He could not have preached these sermons unless he had felt an all but paternal interest in his Marlborough boys. They have certainly had a place in his strongest affections, and he has made it his great care to train them to a pure and Christlike manhood.

"Always when I have mounted the steps of this pulpit," he says, in his

LAST WORDS, "the one sole desire of my heart has been to share with you those thoughts which are the bread of life; to speak to you so that the very youngest little boy might understand; to make every sermon an influence—infinitesimal it might be, yet real—against the power of temptation; a warning—inoffectual it might be, yet solemn—against those bad, base spirits which would have troubled the peace of our souls; a force, insignificant indeed, and yet appreciable, on the side of God."

And every sermon in the volume confirms and illustrates the accuracy of the assertion. The subjects are aptly chosen—*e.g.*, Little Faithfulnesses—the Right Use of Speech—Innocent Happiness—Self-Conquest—Calling Things by their Wrong Names—Sowing among Thorns—How to keep Good Resolutions—Sobermindedness—Holiday Advice—The Courage of Saints possible in Boyhood—School Games—From Sorrow to Repentance, &c. The discourses are all written in language which is at once beautiful and impressive. The preacher seems constantly to speak as in the presence of God. He knows all "the windings of the human heart," and his sermons are like a mirror in which every shade of character may see itself reflected. The image of Christ is constantly before him as the pattern of what we ought to be, and he fearlessly drags to the light all that prevents us from becoming as He is. A healthier tone could scarcely be. Indolence, falsehood, impurity, unkindness, and ungodliness are sternly rebuked. Truth, holiness, and love are portrayed in colours of radiant beauty, the holiness of sinful and selfish pleasure is *felt*, and we are led to that "hill-top of sanctity and goodness above which there is no other ascent but to the love of God." We might also have dwelt upon Dr. Farrar's power of apt illustration, of which

there are numerous examples. But we must close by again commending the volume to such as are anxious to influence the thoughtful and educated youth of our day.

PARADISE LOST, as originally published. By John Milton. Being a Fac Simile Reproduction of the First Edition, with an Introduction by David Masson, M.A., LL.D. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

MR. STOCK'S valuable *fac simile* editions of standard works are some of the most interesting features in the history of contemporary bibliography. "Paradise Lost" in its original garb will find quite as ready a welcome as "Bunyan's Pilgrim," "Herbert's Temple," and "Walton's Complete Angler." So exact is the reproduction that it not only perpetuates the old fount which furnished the type, and the water-lined grey paper of the seventeenth century (good for sore eyes), and the brown sheep binding, and the pot quarto size in which publications akin to those of the blind old radical made their appearance. It also exactly reproduces literal imperfections of the type, the errata of the printers, obsolete and inaccurate spelling, and all that is needful, as Professor Masson informs us, to make the reader "imagine himself one of the first purchasers of the original in October or November, 1667, who has just left Mr. Parker's shop near Aldgate, or Mr. Boulter's in Bishopsgate Street, or Mr. Walker's in Fleet Street, with a fresh copy, and is turning over the leaves as he walks." Amongst the peculiarities of this edition is the fact that it has no numerical paging, but only a headline to each page noting the number of the current "Book" of the poem, with a marginal numbering of the

lines in decades. Dr. Masson's interesting introduction increases the value even of this copy of "Paradise Lost." The learned Doctor very minutely explains the negotiations for the payment by Simmons, the publisher, for the copyright, and fastens upon the Tonsons in the commencement of the last century the reproach of allowing the widow and daughter of the English Homer to live and die in penury when they were enriching themselves with the unrighteous monopoly which was then the custom of the trade.

THE ANTI-PELAGIAN WORKS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Translated by Peter Holmes, D.D., F.R.A.S., &c., and Rev. R. E. Wallis, Ph. D. Vol. III. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1876.

WITH the exception of the "Life," by Dr. Rainy, the Augustine series is now complete. The Anti-Pelagian writings of the renowned African father are, if not his most popular, at least his greatest works. The Pelagian heresy derived its name from Pelagius, a British monk of the fourth and fifth centuries. He was a man of high moral principle and of deserved influence, but his keenly speculative mind led him astray on two points of the most essential moment. He denied the inherent sinfulness of our nature, and the necessity of all supernatural influence on the human will. Augustine vigorously opposed him on the grounds of philosophy, experience, and Scripture. In none of his works do his keen logical subtlety, his marvellous powers of reasoning, his immense learning, and his profound acquaintance with Scripture, appear with greater effect; and though we cannot invariably commend the manner in which he speaks of Pelagius, especially in the

later stages of the controversy, there can be no doubt that he gained a signal triumph over his opponent, and one which has largely determined the subsequent forms of the Christian faith. How deeply Calvin imbibed the spirit of these noble writings our theological readers are well aware. It is in them that he found the greatest help to the formation of the wonderful system which is now called by his name. Augustine was not a critic in the modern sense of the word; but what would we not give for such a comprehensive understanding of the great doctrines of Scripture as he here displays! Even in these books, which treat of grace and free will, we cannot endorse all his arguments and positions; but we always rise from the perusal of his works with a profounder admiration of his genius and a corresponding gratitude for his expositions and vindications of Christian truth.

ROWLAND HILL: His Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings. By J. Charlesworth. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

ROWLAND HILL was not partial to Baptists. He was a very witty man, a very good man, earnest and self-denying in efforts after usefulness, and a zealous, though poor preacher. It is a pleasant revolution of events which gives us his memoir and his smart sayings under the hands of Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Charlesworth.

THE LEISURE HOUR. 1876.
THE SUNDAY AT HOME. 1876.
London: Religious Tract Society.

THESE universal favourites are full, as usual, of diverting and useful reading. Some of the illustrations in the *Leisure Hour* are too Doré-like for our taste, but its judicious and learned editor knows full well how to regulate such matters.

MODERN INFIDELITY DISARMED.
 In a Reply to M. Renan's Life of Jesus, &c. By E. Stephens. London: Bemrose & Sons, Paternoster Buildings. 1876.

THERE are already several scholarly and conclusive replies to Renan's *Vie de Jesus*, so that we are unable to endorse the opinion of those critics who, having read this work in MS., regard it as "a necessity of the times." Mr. Stephens writes, however, from a popular standpoint, and principally addresses himself to general or non-scientific readers. His work should, therefore, "prove extensively useful." He has unquestionably mastered Renan's leading positions, both in respect to the question of the supernatural and to the historical problems connected with the four Gospels, and not only mastered but refuted them. In fact, it has been his aim to treat Renan as the representative of modern infidelity and to answer the sceptical objections which are now so widely urged against Christianity, and of which Renan's book is after all no more than a summary. He has some very terse remarks on the subject of miracles and prophecy, and the chief doctrines of Christianity are powerfully vindicated. If the work could have been compressed into smaller space, it would have been improved. But it well deserves what we trust it will receive—an extensive circulation, and we cordially commend it to those who have to meet the unbelief and the semi-atheism which are, as we well know, so prevalent.

SERMONS. By the late Rev. DAVID LOXTON, Sheffield. With a short memoir by his Widow. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.

THESE memorials of a good and faithful ministry are well worthy of preservation. Mr. Loxton was a man whom it was a pleasure to know. His deep thoughtfulness and fine geniality of spirit were evident even to those who came into mere casual contact with him. He was throughout life a diligent student—especially of Holy Scripture; his sermons were prepared

with great care, and they evince a firm and unflinching faith in the great truths of the Gospel, together with an anxious solicitude for their application to the hearts and lives of the hearers. As a pastor he was equally diligent, and showed towards the members of his congregation a strong personal affection. They will greatly prize this volume, and it will appeal to a much wider circle. The sermons comprised in it are models of practical Christian teaching, and combine in the happiest manner doctrine and precept. Promises to be believed and duties to be discharged are alike exhibited. Encouragement and warning have each their appropriate place. The sermons on Christ's receiving sinners—on the Government of the temper—on all things working together for good—on the need of devout heart-searching—and on the joy of beholding Jesus, may be especially noted. A ministry pitched to such a key as this must have been fruitful in good.

THE HOME AT BETHANY: Its Joys, its Sorrows, and its Divine Guest.
 By James Culross, A.M., D.D.
 London: Religious Tract Society.

DR. CULROSS has here given us a revised and enlarged edition of his "Lazarus Revived"—a work which we have long valued as the most precious monograph on the hallowed scenes and associations of Bethany with which our Christian literature has been enriched. The home of those whom Jesus loved is brought vividly before us, and we gaze with calm and rapt feelings on the glory of that Divine Lord, who so wondrously proved Himself to be "The Resurrection and the Life." We know of no work which depicts so beautifully the tenderness, the sympathy and the helpfulness of Christ, and exhibits more clearly the strength and consolation to be derived even in our severest trials from His love. In this edition there is a new chapter on the "Anointing at Bethany" (Mark xiv. 3—8, &c.), which greatly enhances its worth, and in its revised form the volume will command a still wider popularity.

Intelligence.

MR. EDWARD JAMES OLIVER.

By REV. J. T. BRISCOE.

The Baptist denomination has just lost one of its most earnest and consistent supporters, by the decease of Mr. E. J. Oliver, of Walworth, on Tuesday, January 9. Although at nearly ninety years of age a long continuance of life cannot be looked for, yet we so naturally expect premonitions of the departure of our friends that we are rarely prepared for their sudden transition to the better world, notwithstanding that sudden death is—in this age of high pressure—so sadly common. Our friend—for we have not lost him, he has but preceded his brethren to the “Father’s house”—was present at the meeting of a social union, of which he was president, on the Friday previous to his decease, and was in his usual health even up to the succeeding Monday, on which day he attended the annual gathering of the church of which he was a member (Rev. W. Alderson’s, East-street).

He then led the devotions, and the pastor remarked the sweetly spiritual tone of his prayer; it seemed like the breathing of a soul ready to take wing for the skies. He returned home—at supper he and his beloved wife conversed upon the engagements of the evening, and he went to rest as well as usual—yet by about eight the next morning he was no more with us. Shortly before that hour, he complained of spasmodic pains in the region of the heart, and ere a remedy could be applied, he fell backward into the arms of his wife and breathed his last—

“Not slain, but caught up, as it were,

To prove how bright were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon his sight.”

While not only his family, but all who knew him cannot but mourn the termination of so noble and useful a life as his, they are comforted by the thought that it is not premature, and that he passed away so gently; concluding thus a long, active, useful, and honourable earthly course.

Our brother was born on July 5th, 1788. He was one of those comparatively rare spirits in whom habits were early formed for God, and persistently adhered to through life. His business faculty was known to all with whom he had to do, and the manner in which he divided his energies between his temporal concerns and the more direct work of his Master, will not soon be forgotten. He conducted a flourishing business in London, and sustained simultaneously the pastorate of a church at Wandsworth, and when this latter was relinquished, his occasional labours in preaching were very frequent; he even occupied the place of his pastor at Walworth twice on the Sunday but a few weeks previous to his decease. He was enabled to accomplish his double work by rising at a figure of the clock so often inverted in fashionable circles, continuing this rare habit almost to the end of his days. “How did your manage with your work?” said a friend to him one day (alluding to his Master’s work). “Why,” said the old saint, “I do this work early, before my worldly business, and so I still have my day complete before me for that.” And our dear, aged friend—an apostle of hard work—has at least left us as a legacy, the demonstrated truth that hard work (and especially in the Lord’s service) is no enemy to health and longevity. In his case truly the promise was fulfilled—“With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation.”

Mr. Oliver’s name was especially known in connection with the Baptist Tract Society, of which he was one of the founders, and which had ever a warm place in his affections. A thorough-going Baptist, he adhered to the society of his choice “through evil report and good report.” Founded in 1841, the beginning of the society was very small, and its means were exceedingly narrow, but our friend came forward among its first subscribers, and, when more funds were

needed, he, in connection with Mr. Norton, undertook a collecting tour, and helped to place the society upon a firmer basis among our denominational agencies. It was said that the society would prove but a mushroom growth, and its speedy demise was looked for—if not wished for—by some; but our friend resolved that if prayer, patience, and plodding perseverance could make it live, it should not die. And it has not died. Though once brought very near to death through neglect, at the crisis our beloved brother Whitehead was proposed to the committee by our departed friend as its collector, and Mr. Oliver lived to see its income increase from a few pounds per annum, to much more than a thousand. Its translations have gone forth into France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and the East Indies, in which latter it has two auxiliaries—one at Madras, another at Colombo; its grants have been made even more liberally in our own country; and for some years no application for a grant has been refused. Hence we can but rejoice that he who witnessed the society's small beginning, lived to see the desire of his heart accomplished in its increase. Though, by office, its treasurer only, he was for years its manager, and only increasing infirmity compelled him to delegate some of the routine work to others; while still our brother's earnest spirit, firm principle, and rare good sense, enabled him to retain the helm of its affairs, and his position was so well filled, that no one ever wished to see the laborious, though honourable post, occupied by another. But determinately attached as he was to the Baptist Tract Society, he was no "man of one idea" in the objectionable sense of narrow compass; for our Missionary Society, our Irish Mission, our Building Fund, our Particular Baptist Fund, the Orphan Working School, and various kindred missionary and benevolent agencies, shared his sympathies and labours till the last; and he even filled—and with thoroughness—his seat as director of the Briton Life Association until his death.

Our brother did not, however, shine in public only. His family relationships were sustained with rare felicity. Firm, but genial and loving, he gave advice and exercised valuable influence over the various branches of his numerous family long after its members had passed their childhood; and the memory of his counsels will be embalmed in their hearts until their dying day. He was many-sided, and his religion was reflected from every side.

And his religious life had for its central feature, perhaps, that of implicit faith. The speculations of "modern thinkers," as they are called, had little charm for him. He was content with the old landmarks of theology, which were well represented by the late Rev. John Chin, whose daughter was our departed brother's second wife. And to his godliness he, by grace, added a peaceable disposition. Not that he was deficient in the definiteness of his views; indeed, they were strongly pronounced. But he had much of that blessed charity that can "live and let live." He was, most of all, a Christian; next, a Protestant; and, lastly, a Baptist, and a thorough one—some of his brethren (whom still he loved most dearly) thought *too* thorough. His later religious experience was singularly *apropos* to his calm and peaceful end. The writer well remembers how, a few weeks ago, he had lent him a book, in which the reality of the Christian's immortal bliss was illustrated by the rapturous dying experiences of some eminent saints, and how Mr. Oliver remarked, with his own peculiar pathos, that, having once read the book, he turned to it again and again to refresh his spirit; as though he too had been favoured with glimpses—through the half-opened gate—of the glory of "the Father's house."

The childlikeness of his religion was remarkable, and even fascinating. No cold reasoning about Christ and heaven could satisfy him; he had the "witness within"—the love of heaven begun in his soul. His natural childhood had long since passed—the second childhood of imbecility, thank God! never came; but the blessed childhood of simple faith remained until the last—imbued, indeed, by all the energy of the "man in Christ Jesus." And now the child has gone to the Father; and as if to close a life so really great, because so simple, with the humility befitting it, this brief description of his character—self-suggested—will appear upon his tomb, "A sinner saved by grace." And to his last

resting-place at Nunhead Cemetery, where this will be the humble confession of his faith, his bereaved family and friends accompanied his mortal remains on Tuesday, January 16th, 1877. Can we desire a better description of our character than this suggestive sentence?

The funeral of Mr. Oliver took place, as stated, on the Tuesday morning at Nunhead Cemetery. The Rev. W. Alderson of Earl Street, Walworth, conducted the service in the cemetery chapel, when, after reading, he delivered an address in which he gave a brief outline of Mr. Oliver's life, and passed a warm eulogium on his Christian character, noticing the energy, activity, and unwavering integrity which had marked his career in all its varied relationships of the family, the world, and the Church of God. He dwelt especially on the simple words he had selected for his tombstone—"A sinner saved by grace," and on the full and deep appreciation he thereby as well as throughout his life showed of the fact that every portion of salvation is due to the grace of God through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Rev. J. T. Briscoe gave a short but touching address at the grave. Deputations from the Baptist Tract Society, the Committee of the Orphan Working School, and the Briton Medical and General Life Assurance Company attended the funeral.

The following resolution of sympathy, passed at the meeting on January 12, was presented to the widow and family by the committee of the Baptist Tract Society:—

That we, as a committee, have heard with great sorrow of the sudden departure of our beloved and revered treasurer, Mr. Edward James Oliver; and meeting as we do under the painful sense of the severe loss which his family and friends have thereby sustained, desire at once to convey an expression of our Christian sympathy to his beloved wife and the numerous branches of his family, praying that the remembrance of his long and honourable career of devotedness to his Divine Master's cause and service, and of the fact that he now "rests from his labours" in His blessed presence above, may be to them all the source of consolation in this time of sorrowful bereavement. And we cannot, as members of the committee of the Baptist Tract Society, lose the present opportunity of recording our own affectionate sense of the eminent Christian character of our dear departed brother, which manifested itself not only in the combination of those graces that, more or less, adorn every true believer, but also in active, vigorous, continued effort in the various departments of the Lord's work, and especially in the interests of the Baptist Tract Society. While we cannot but mourn the loss of him who was not only one of the founders of the society, but one of its most earnest supporters throughout the various changes of its history from its commencement in 1841 till the present time, and to whom, under God, its prosperity is so largely owing; yet we would rather rejoice in the grace which made our departed friend all he was as a Christian, and the mercy which spared him to so ripe and fruitful an old age—seeking for ourselves a double portion of the spirit given so largely to our brother, that the work he so nobly began, and so laboriously sustained, may be still carried on and blessed with yet increasing prosperity.

J. C. W.

News of the Churches.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Elliot, Rev. W. H. (East Ilsey), Glasgow.
 Hill, Rev. G. (Derby), South Parade, Leeds.
 Hughes, Rev. J. S. (Cefn Mawr), Bacup.

BESIGNATIONS.

Everett, Rev. E., Foulsham, Norfolk.
 Turner, Rev. J., Tunbridge.
 Wilshere, Rev. D., Prickwillow, Ely.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

III.

THE REV. C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

THE nineteenth century has been described as pre-eminently an age of progress, and no boast is more common than that which proclaims the marvellous advances which have been made in physical science, in commercial enterprise and achievement, and in political reform. The discoveries and inventions of the age and their application to the affairs of our every-day life are no doubt very wonderful, though they scarcely justify the boundless self-admiration of which the age is full; while their relative importance is diminished by other signs of improvement which no candid observer can ignore. The moral and religious condition of our land awakens many grave reflections, and forbids all approach to national self-complacency, but here, too, we can report progress. Instead of the decay, there has been a revival and reformation of religion. The bold and resolute efforts of scepticism to explain away and destroy the life of Christ have called forth a profounder devotion and a more determined activity on the part of His disciples, and inspired them with a more triumphant assurance of success. The public morals have improved, "rebuke and blasphemy" no longer vaunt themselves openly, and from what the Gospel has effected during our own century we cannot fail to anticipate "greater things to come."

The change of which we speak is nowhere seen more conspicuously than in the Church of England. As it exists among us to-day, it is a very different institution from that which our forefathers have portrayed, and with which even we ourselves were acquainted "in the days of our youth." We are not insensible to its innumerable

anomalies and defects—to the Rationalism and Sacramentarianism which have alike found a home within its embrace, or to the injury which is inflicted on religion by “State patronage and control.” But this notwithstanding, there has been an improvement in the spiritual condition of the Church which all Christian men should heartily acknowledge. The days of wholesale non-residence, of fox-hunting parsons, of uproarious conviviality in the parsonages are practically over, and the Church is alive to the magnitude and importance of its mission, and earnestly striving to fulfil it. “Our Church of England is at this time on her trial in this great critical matter of Wisdom and Folly. She, too, has her house to build, and the time was when she seemed almost to have made her contract with Folly. How was a Church to build herself a sure home on the only spot worth occupying—the heart of England’s people—which was satisfied to drone forth its weekly discourses within the four walls of an edifice, comfortless, damp, and repulsive, where the poor man felt himself unwelcome and the rich man sat alone *in a good place*, to enjoy revenues meant for God’s service in a selfish vain confidence, glorying in the name of Churchman, and looking down with disdain upon what was often a most unwilling Nonconformity—how was such a Church doing her part towards occupying her mighty talent, the trust of God’s goodness for the edifying and comforting of His people? Surely the marvel is, not that that Church should be threatened, but how it should have survived.” So writes Dr. Vaughan, and that the Church of England “has aroused herself to invoke the aid of Wisdom” is due in no small measure to him and a few others like-minded with him. “The Oxford movement,” with all its drawbacks, its clinging to mediæval superstitions, its priestcraft, and its traditionalism, infused new energy into the English Church, and this energy, directed by wiser men than the Tractarians, has strengthened the Church’s position and given to it a power which no monopoly of privilege could ever have secured. And, in so far as the Church of England is bearing witness to the truth of Christ, and devoting her wealth, her influence, her learning to the moral and spiritual improvement of the nation, we sincerely rejoice, and render all honour to those who have striven to effect so great and beneficent a change.

On this account we gladly give a place in this series of articles to the well-known name of Dr. C. J. Vaughan. He is one of the greatest and most popular of living preachers, a voluminous author, and in every way an indefatigable worker. He would have risen to distinction in whatever walk of life he might have chosen, and, although he has originated no school of thought, and has never aspired to be the leader of a party, we question whether any man in the Church has a more powerful and extensive influence and is more deeply revered and loved. Nonconformists are frequently found among his auditors, his books are read almost as widely in our churches as in his own, and he is one of the few men claimed by our common Christianity far more strongly than by any sect.

He is the son of the late Rev. T. E. Vaughan, Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, and was born in the year 1816. He was sent at an early age to Rugby, then in its palmyest days, under the head-mastership of Dr. Arnold. Vaughan not only distinguished himself by his thoroughness and conscientiousness as a student, but by his geniality of nature gained the esteem and affection of his school-fellows, and was no less hearty in his play than he was conscientious in his work. We cannot doubt that the high tone of his character was greatly aided by the healthy moral atmosphere which surrounded him at Rugby. It is not difficult to discover in his writings traces of the influence of Arnold. There is the same lofty ideal of life, the same large-hearted love of truth and goodness, the same earnestness of spirit. In the pupil no less than in the master, there is a determined hostility to every foe of faith, whether it be indolence, unreality, irreverence, or inconsistency. Dr. Vaughan would probably not endorse every point of Arnold's theology, but he is at least in practical agreement with it. And equally with Arnold, he has shown that religion is life, exercising over men universal control, and rendering them its powerful aid, not only on stated occasions of special solemnity and in fixed periodic observances, but in the commonest affairs in which we can be engaged, so that everywhere and always we may be doing the will and enjoying the presence of God.

From Rugby, Vaughan went to Cambridge, and entered Trinity College. His career there is said to have been a brilliant one. He took his B.A. degree in 1838, gained the Chancellor's medal, and was bracketed with the late Lord Lyttelton as senior classic. In the following year he was elected to a fellowship of Trinity College. His first living was the one which had been formerly held by his father at St. Martin's, Leicester, where he remained about four years. In 1844 he was appointed head-master of Harrow School, and during the fifteen years in which he occupied the post he achieved a success which proved him not unworthy to take rank with Arnold. The number of scholars steadily increased, and many who have since risen to positions of wealth and honour look back with gratitude to their days at Harrow, and to him "whose name," as Dr. Farrar has asserted, "will be identified with Harrow for many a generation." The highest honours of the Church were not beyond his reach. A seat on the Episcopal bench as Bishop of Rochester was offered to him in 1859, but his answer then, as also to a similar offer made some years later, was *Nolo Episcopari*. But if the stately dignity of a mitre was unattractive to him, he could not so easily set aside the claims of a large and populous parish, and in 1860 he became Vicar of Doncaster, and this charge he filled until in 1869 or 1870 he was appointed Master of the Temple, in whose "tranquil courts" he still ministers week by week.

Dr. Vaughan's reputation has been acquired mainly by his preaching, and to it he has devoted his chief strength. He is, in the best sense of the term, an enthusiast in his work, not willingly deputing any part of it to others or slurring it over in a dull mechanic style.

There are few living writers whose productions are more eagerly and extensively read. He must publish in one form or another almost all the sermons he preaches. More than thirty volumes, in addition to many separate discourses, appear in the list of his works, and many of them have reached their fourth and fifth edition. There is a steady and continuous demand for his earlier books, and his later ones find a ready sale. No one who reads these sermons will be at a loss to understand their author's popularity. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that he is only a preacher. When he was at Doncaster there was not a harder working "parish priest" in England. He exercised a minute supervision over the Sunday and the day schools, catechised the children, conducted confirmation classes, met the young communicants, visited faithfully from house to house, and sought in every possible way to "make full proof of his ministry."

Another work of great importance was begun at Doncaster, and we direct special attention to it from a conviction that something similar is greatly needed in connection with the ministry of our own churches. The origin and aim of this work is thus described by Dr. Vaughan himself. In 1861 he preached a sermon at Cambridge, in which, after expressing his opinion that the *science* of theology, its doctrine, literature, and history ought to be studied at the university, he added:—

But has not theology its art as well as its science? Does it come naturally to any man, when once he is master of Scriptural doctrine, to manage a parochial school, to organise parochial visiting, to catechise the young, to visit the sick, or to prepare and to preach sermons? It may be so with some few men. There may be those who are gifted with these great aptitudes, and whom special training in these matters would rather cramp than aid. But surely this is not a common certainty—it is not the normal condition of a candidate for holy orders. Certainly it is not the course pursued by a student of law or tolerated in a student of medicine. To expect it in this one instance is to expect a miracle. To act upon this expectation is to hand over one parish after another to be experimented upon by an untaught empiric, and to prevent one clergyman after another from ever rising out of the awkwardness of a perpetual beginner, or (at best) the eccentricities and mannerisms of a self-instructed genius. Surely these are powers best and most safely acquired in the observation of their exercise. And where is the experienced pastor who would not gladly take under his general direction from time to time three or four candidates for holy orders? Great joy would it carry to the heart of one parochial clergyman—for him I can answer—to receive applications of such a nature; to find that there were men of blameless character, of steady purpose, of open mind, and of true devotion, who were willing to take up their abode in his parish, before ordination, to see what he could show them, and to render to him such services in his schools and amongst his poor, as church order might permit and mutual convenience arrange. Then, and not till then, would he feel that his parish was efficiently worked, and he would cherish the hope that what was thus given to him would be repaid in some measure by opportunities of widening experience and growing in the knowledge alike of man and of God.

This appeal brought forth immediate fruit, and for the last fifteen years Dr. Vaughan has devoted such of his time as he could spare from other duties to the work he has so vividly sketched in the fore-

going extract. More than two hundred clergymen, now scattered over all parts of England, have received from him at Doncaster and in the Temple the special practical training on which he insists. In addition to this, there has been "a careful study of the Greek Testament, especially of the Epistles; practice in the reading of the lessons, the composition of sermons, and the definite statement of Christian doctrines; advice in the form of conversational lectures upon some of the special duties of the ministry; a general direction of private reading with a view to the examination for orders; and that sort of individual assistance in the selection of a diocese and a curacy which is, perhaps, not without its influence upon the comfort and efficiency of the subsequent clerical life." To all intents and purposes, therefore, Dr. Vaughan has acted as a Professor of Pastoral Theology, and, we imagine, no nobler service to the Church of England is possible than that which he has thus rendered. If he has in any degree fired these two hundred young clergymen with a spirit similar to his own—if he has impressed on their minds similar views of the ministerial office and awakened them to a sense of its grand and exceptional opportunities of useful and honourable toil, his influence will be powerfully felt in many a parish, many a church will thereby become a source of healthy and vigorous life, and places which in their spiritual aspect have been as deserts will rejoice and blossom as the rose. We have a strong conviction that a similar course of training would be of inestimable worth to students for our own ministry. When a college course has rendered to them its utmost help, and they have taken all possible advantage of its opportunities, there is still much to be learned before the duties of a pastorate can be rightly discharged, much that can be acquired only in actual work. How incalculably helpful it would be to be associated in pastoral life for one or two years with Mr. Maclaren, or Mr. Aldis, or Mr. Brown of Northampton. Such a plan would no doubt be attended with difficulties, as every good plan is. But we do not despair of its general adoption.

On several occasions Dr. Vaughan has met his former pupils "with a view to reviving or strengthening the impressions of their preparation under his charge for the ministry." One of these meetings, extending over three days, was held at Salisbury, in the autumn of 1875; and we have the record of it in a valuable little volume of "Addresses to Young Clergymen" published shortly after. It consists of ten sections, in which Dr. Vaughan discusses all the principal features of the pastoral office, ministerial discouragements and encouragements, the clergyman in his study, in his parish, &c., &c. Like all that its author writes, it is simple and unpretending in style, but full of wise and helpful counsels, free from all vagueness and commonplace, brief and pithy, every word charged as with the inspiration of truth, and seeming to bring us into direct contact with "the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls." We have read the book more than once, and apart from one or two points on which Dr.

Vaughan is more "Churchy" than seems consistent with his general liberality of character, we know of no finer volume of pastoral theology. We refer to it here because it depicts for us the chief features of its author's power as a preacher.

It confirms an impression in relation to Dr. Vaughan's choice of the ministry which is naturally derived from a letter addressed to him in his youthful days by Arnold. He did not enter it as a profession, but from sincere sympathy with its aim, and because he felt an inward call to it.

"Christ," he says, "is the Door, and therefore the human pastor must enter through Him. Dear brethren! we feel that there is a spiritual entering upon our work, which no regularity and no propriety of admission can supersede or replace. The man must enter through Christ, before the minister can enter through the Church. There must be a devotion before there can be a dedication. The soul must come to Christ before the life can minister to Christ. The thought is solemn. It may be reproving to some of us. No doubt this is the cause of many languid, indolent, ineffective ministries. This accounts for that lethargy, that absence of mind which we complain of in our public readings of prayer and Scripture. This accounts for that dulness and deadness, for that self and self-consciousness, for that vanity and touchiness and thirst for applause, which attends us like a shadow along the aisle and within the rails, and which whispers in our ear, in pulpit and study, as though we ourselves were some great one, or as though it mattered anything to preacher or hearer whether we were great or little. All this betokens a poor and slight hold upon Him who is at once our subject and our object, our 'reason of existence,' and our realised end."

The aim of the ministry is also very clearly defined, and the following paragraph does no more than summarise the characteristics of Dr. Vaughan's own preaching. He is speaking of the text, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

The object set before us as Christ's ministers is nothing less than the capture of living men for Him. What we want is to bring to Christ, to God through Christ, not a part of the man, but the whole man. Some men speak of the salvation of souls as the Gospel work. Rightly interpreted this is equivalent to the other. When the "soul" is read as the "life," the "I myself," this person, the being—the will and the affections, conscience and reason, intellect and energies, all in one; and when "salvation" means the bringing back of the whole man from his fall and from his ruin and from his dispersion into that state of balance and equipoise of all the parts of him, which is health, moral and spiritual and eternal—then the salvation of the soul is synonymous and co-extensive with that catching the man in the net of the Kingdom which is Christ's own figure; with that *presenting perfect in Christ Jesus* which is St. Paul's account of the aim of his labour in *fulfilling the Word of God*.

These are wise words, and the truth they express needs to be more widely remembered both by preachers and hearers than at present. In many ministries it is practically forgotten that man is not all sentiment and emotion, or all intellect. The instrument does not give forth a rich and full-toned harmony when a slight vibration has been caused on one small string. The new birth is not the completion of the new life, the beginning is not the end; and we believe that the inefficiency of much of our modern preaching may be accounted for

by the ignoring of these simple facts. Not, indeed, that we should wander beyond the limits of the Gospel for the materials of our preaching. The ministers of Christ do not go before their hearers as thinkers or philosophers who have evolved some scheme of their own, but as witnesses and heralds who are to testify of the things they have seen and heard in Christ and who in this sense are to declare all His counsel. On this point Dr. Vaughan has spoken with a freedom and manliness, as well as with a fine discrimination, which we cannot too highly commend.

There is a strong feeling now in favour of naturalness. Men are weary of doctrine. What doctrine there is in modern sermons must be dressed up, or toned down, or in some way adapted and modified so as to get rid as far as possible of the supernatural and mystical. There must be everything to please the ear, and to gratify the intellect, and to touch the feeling, and to make religion sensible, and to give the impression of a Divine love which I might almost call a Divine good nature, and as little as possible of a distinct and distinctive Christianity, as little as possible of *Thus saith the Lord* or of *This have I seen in heaven*. It is to be feared that the net thus cast, however wide its sweep, however judicious its direction, may be found to have enclosed nothing—nothing of the real, the everlasting being—when Christ stands in the last day upon the shore and says, *Bring that which ye have caught*.

The great elements of the Gospel revelation must find place in all teaching. We must never consent to eliminate these because they are unattractive, because they are even distasteful to our hearers. The sober realities of our fallen state, of our deep ingrained corruption, of our need of a sacrifice for sin, of a Divine Saviour, of a holy indwelling Spirit, of a true sanctification of heart and life, in order that we may be meet for the everlasting inheritance of the saints in light—these things not rawly or roughly flung out, not badly or stiffly enunciated, but tenderly and sweetly and feelingly impressed—these, I say, must never be left out or thrown behind in comparison with topics of the day, or judicious comments on passing events, however easy it may be to command attention to these, however reluctant may be the natural heart to give heed to those.

Of the sources from which such a ministry must draw its vitality and strength, Dr. Vaughan does not leave us in ignorance. He considers that it is only by a clergyman's *prayers* "that he has any ministry in him at all. One minute of prayer is worth a day of labour. The clergyman's 'time-table' is self-condemned if it shows hour after hour assigned to ministerial duty and no spaces for spiritual recruiting. To pray is to work." The reading of the Bible he divides into three kinds—devotional, critical, and homiletical. In devotional reading he would sternly repel as a temptation the thought that such and such a verse would make a good text. Its aim is to feed the minister's own life, and that aim must at all costs be adhered to. Then comes the critical reading. "A few verses following upon those of yesterday, preceding those of to-morrow, should be minutely, microscopically examined with dictionary and concordance, then their sense gathered by close pondering, at last (not at first) illustrated by note and comment of others, then a few memoranda made," &c., &c. Lastly, there is the use of the Bible textually for sermons, not by any means the least responsible part of a minister's duty. He

recommends a course of systematic reading both in theology and general literature, but does not deem it necessary that every new-fangled theory of scepticism, every brilliant assault on our faith, should absorb our time and distract our energies. We cordially endorse his opinion that we are not always to hold everything as an open question. The Gospel is a life as well as a belief, and we cannot at the bidding of every chance adventurer yield up a treasure so precious. Our faith rests on valid grounds, and no assault can overthrow it. But every man is not called upon to be its defender against Strauss or Renan, nor need he trouble himself about their speculations; and it is as absurd for the bulk of ministers to be always reading them or discussing them before their congregations as it would be for a raw recruit to challenge a well-trained and courageous veteran. An old Scotchwoman was once asked what she thought of the power of the pulpit, and replied, "That depends on wha's in it;" and the power of our defences depends on who makes them, and we have an impression that many a sermon is weakened and many an audience wearied by unwise answers to men who, notwithstanding all their ingenuity and learning, can do no real harm to the Christian religion, and who must be met, if at all, by men of their own calibre and on their own special ground.

The study of Dr. Vaughan's sermons is a source of great pleasure. They are so fresh and unconventional, so liberal in their tone of thought, so reverent and so practical. There are no books we could place more willingly in the hands of thoughtful and cultured young men. He is in full sympathy with their difficulties and aspirations and struggles. He sees so clearly their real needs; he knows so well how to appeal to their higher nature; he is so bent on aiding them towards their true ideal. In fact, there is no aspect of life which he has overlooked. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, the doubter and the believer, the prosperous and the tried, all receive from him a word in season, and his volumes cover well-nigh the whole sphere of Christian doctrine and ethics. His expositions of the books of Scripture, *e.g.*, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistle to the Philippians, the Book of Revelation, are admirable specimens of this style of preaching, and ought to be studied by all who wish to adopt it, and make it as interesting as it is undoubtedly instructive. His style is invariably simple, free from all hard and technical words, with no ambiguous and involved sentences, and no straining after effect. And yet it is easy to see in it the result of profound study. Its simplicity is the fruit of a complete mastery of the subject, and an inexperienced reader is in danger, because of this very excellence, of overlooking its deep and strong thought. Dr. Vaughan's words reach much farther than at first sight appears, and require for their full appreciation frequent perusal.

But great as is the pleasure of reading Dr. Vaughan's works, it is a rarer treat to hear him. We cannot, perhaps, accurately describe

him as an orator; nor do we think of him as brilliant. There is in his manner no assumption of clerical dignity. He gives himself no airs of authority. His appearance altogether is calm and impressive. Like all other really great preachers, he is thoroughly in earnest, absorbed in one thing. His voice is sweet and flexible, distinct in its utterance, and of great compass. It is often tremulous with emotion, and though there is no clamour there is evidently at work the power of intense conviction. His words are "lighted up" with a fervid and impassioned faith. We have sometimes thought that he would to some extent gain by abandoning in the pulpit the use of his manuscript. But we are not sure that this would be the case. Every man being best acquainted with his own peculiarities must be fully persuaded in his own mind, and with Dr. Vaughan the manuscript is used as a help to efficiency, and not as a means of mere ease. His reading is not only distinct and accurate, but sympathetic and powerful, and his whole soul is thrown into it. He is all aglow with his subject, and his hearers can scarcely fail to catch fire—their interest is awakened, their minds are set to work, and in many cases their hearts are won.

The influence of a man like Dr. Vaughan, who is at once Evangelical and liberal, devout and scholarly, conversant with the new but intelligently attached to the old, cannot easily be over-estimated. As a bishop he would have taken one of the highest places of honour, but his peculiar powers have freer scope where he is. It is a much simpler thing to find a "chief ruler" in the Episcopal Church than it is to secure one who could with equal advantage minister to "those educated minds, those powerful intellects to which it is his responsible task to present, week by week, in the most venerable of churches, the living, life-giving Word." May he long be spared to fill this honourable position, and, when at last he is called to the service of the upper Temple, may a double portion of his spirit rest on the sons of the prophets whom it has been his privilege to train for their hallowed work!

Reminiscences of Birmingham.

No. I.

OUR recollections of "the metropolis of the Midlands" extend through a period of sixty years, and during that long space of time we ought to have seen and heard at least a few things worthy of record. The poet Pope speaks of "narrative old age;" and perhaps we shall not do wrong in naturally employing a little of the enforced leisure arising from our own old age in calling to mind some persons and things connected with the busy town of Birmingham. Our native place has not very much "historic fame" to be proud of. Unlike Warwick, it possesses no grand castle; unlike Lichfield, it can boast of no ancient cathedral; unlike Coventry, it is not mentioned in the dramas of Shakespeare, and though the great bard was born, and spent the major part of his gifted life, only a few miles from Birmingham, we have no authentic memorial of any connection of his with the town, or even of the most transient visit to it. The place, however, is not entirely void of antiquarian interest. In our youth we often walked over paths of cinders at "The Sandpits," which cinders were the refuse of iron furnaces at work probably when Augustus Cæsar reigned in Rome; the town is known to have existed in the time of the Heptarchy; Wycliffe is believed to have preached in a church at Deritend 500 years ago; it is certain that Prince Rupert honoured the place with a hostile visit in the seventeenth century, and burnt down part of Bull Street in his "fiery journey;" "Camp-hill" is another memento of "the good old times;" and "the Riots" of 1791 bring up the rear of the stormy past. The name of our town has, of course, received some amount of literary attention. The Post-office authorities tell us that the word "Ipswich" is written upon the letters which pass through their hands in more than forty different modes; and though Birmingham cannot boast of an equal variety of sound, it has certainly, at different times, varied in its utterance, and settled down at last into one of the wrong ones. When we were young, the country-people around commonly talked of "Brummagem;" Lord Brougham maintained that to be the right way of spelling it, and it undoubtedly comes nearest to the probable derivation of the word from the plant *broom*, which used to abound in the locality, and which word appears in the names of the neighbouring towns of Bromwich and Bromsgrove. Very few places in England have attained to a more solid and abundant prosperity in modern times. Calculations lead to the probable conclusion that, reckoning from the Revolution of 1688, the population of the whole of England has trebled in amount and the wealth of it increased five times; and we are not much above

the mark in asserting that the population of Birmingham is ten times, and its wealth twenty times, greater than when the ancestor of Mr. Newdegate successfully recommended the guns of the town to the patronage of William III. Probably, however, the most rapid strides of prosperity have been made during the last fifty years. We can remember when most of the trades of the town were for years in a sadly depressed state, and when the fathers of many now prosperous tradesmen received parish relief, or earned a shilling a day by wheeling barrows of sand from the site of the cemetery, at Hockley, to a neighbouring glass-house. About that time the first attack of cholera took place in the district; and, as at the same time bread was dear and hundreds of workmen were out of employ, old men told us youths that the town was fast going to ruin, and that the sun of England was setting in blood, and setting for ever. At that time an inventive genius of the place was studying a new article of commerce in an attic in Water Street, for which he probably paid 1s. 6d. per week. His invention succeeded, and he died a few years since, the possessor of a gallery of valuable pictures and many thousands of pounds besides—and many similar cases are well known. Lord Macaulay once said of England that “he *heard* daily prophecies of her approaching bankruptcy, but *saw* nothing but proofs of her increasing prosperity.” So we may speak of Birmingham. Thousands of acres are now covered with houses and factories over which we roamed fifty years ago in search of birds’ nests and blackberries. There are men now living whose grandfathers remember a turnpike gate at the bottom of Bull Street. Fancy one at Charing Cross or Temple Bar! Or think of this fact, that the father of Dr. Samuel Johnson used to come over from Lichfield once a fortnight to sell books to the men of Birmingham, because there was no settled bookshop in the town!

But it is our own recollections of the place, rather than its more remote history, of which we wish more especially to speak. We were born in Broad Street, about a furlong distant from the honoured residence of the Rev. John Angell James, and about an equal distance from “Baskerville,” the abode of Dr. Priestley—from which he was burnt out in the riots of 1791. In our youth we were accustomed to hear much of this celebrated affray. We were told, for example, that one of our uncles, then a lad, picked up a valuable piece of furniture at Baskerville, and took it home to his mother as a great prize; but that the good old lady rejected the dangerous boon, and peremptorily ordered the lad to place it as nearly as possible *in situ quo*. Another anecdote of those stirring times dwells in our mind concerning a “Church-and-King man,” rejoicing in the name of Sugar, who constituted himself a leader of a portion of the riotous mob; and, placing himself in front of the residence of one of the obnoxious Liberals, exclaimed, in lines “of his own composure” :—

“ My name’s Sugar the Crier,
And by my desire, set this house a-fire ! ”

Poor fellow! he paid dearly for this exercise of his poetic genius, being

afterwards tried on a charge of arson, and hanged over the gateway of Warwick Gaol. A third anecdote must suffice. While the public meeting was being held in honour of the fall of the Bastille, and success to Liberal principles was being drunk, an excited Churchman rushed out of the assembly, and said to the mob outside, "Gentlemen, do your pleasure; they are drinking treason." On which hint the riots began; but the speaker, unlike "Sugar the Crier," escaped unchanged. Political opinions have changed in Birmingham since then! Even some years later a Dissenting minister was all but mobbed in New Street for expressing doubts concerning the piety of Lord Nelson, whose monument had just been erected in the Market Place. The face of the aforesaid effigy is turned towards St. Martin's Church; but we are afraid that the paramour of Lady Hamilton was, in his ecclesiastical tendencies, something resembling old Lord Eldon, who never went to church, and said he was "like a buttress, which sustains the church *outside*." We have stated that the place termed Baskerville was one of the centres of the riots of 1791, and the spot, in all probability, was so called from the famous printer of that name, to whom Birmingham was much indebted for the exercise of his mechanical and artistic skill. In our youthful days we often looked upon and admired the *façade* of a stately mansion in which, we suppose, Baskerville formerly resided; but at that time surrounded by fiery forges and hissing steam engines—a classical relic in strange company—like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. The following sketch of Baskerville and his doings ought to be interesting to all Birmingham men:—

Baskerville was born at Wolverley, in Worcestershire, in the year 1706. In 1726 we find him keeping a writing school at Birmingham; and in 1745 he engaged in the japanning business at the same place, by which he acquired considerable wealth. His taste for literature and the arts connected with it led him to direct his attention towards the improvement and perfection of the art of printing. The most obvious improvement to be effected was in the shape of letters. . . . By his unceasing efforts, the art of printing was raised to a degree of perfection previously unknown in this country; and so ardently did he prosecute his favourite object that, according to a letter addressed to Horace Walpole, dated 2nd of November, 1762, he manufactured his own ink, presses, chases, moulds for casting, and all the apparatus for printing. It is highly probable that some of the processes connected with the art of japanning—which he carried on extensively at the same time—contributed, under some modification, to the excellence and beauty of his typographical productions. It is stated in Hansard's "Typographia" that he had a constant succession of hot plates of copper ready, in which, as soon as printed, the sheets were inserted; the wet was thus expelled, the ink set, and a glossy surface put on all simultaneously. Dibdin, in his "Introduction to the Classics," has given the following character of the works of the Baskerville Press:—"The typography of Baskerville is eminently beautiful; his letters in general are of a slender and delicate form, calculated for an octavo, or even a quarto, but not sufficiently bold to fill the space of an imperial folio, as is evident from a view of his great Bible. He united, in a singularly happy manner, the elegance of Plautin with the clearness of the Elzevirs; his 4to and 12mo 'Virgil,' and small Prayer-book or 12mo 'Horace' of 1762, seem to confirm the truth of this remark. He appears to have been

extremely curious in the choice of his paper and ink; the former being in general the fruit of Dutch manufacture, and the latter partaking of a peculiarly soft lustre, bordering upon purple. . . . Mr. Baskerville died without issue January 8th, 1775. He was a man fertile in invention and of an active mind; but he left to others the task of executing his designs. By the constant endeavours which he made to attain excellence in each of the various processes connected with the arts of jappanning and printing, they were both brought to a more perfect state—a result which could scarcely have been expected from the exertions of a single individual. Mr. Baskerville was rather eccentric in his habits and opinions. He caused each panel of his carriage to be painted so as to represent a picture of his trades; and in his will he desired to be buried in his garden, under a structure of masonry in the shape of a cone. His will contains an avowal of sentiments contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. The mausoleum above mentioned was destroyed during the Birmingham riots in 1791. In 1820 some labourers who were digging for sand on its site discovered the leaden coffin which contained his remains; and in May, 1821, it was opened for inspection. The body did not present the usual appearances of decomposition; the singular state of preservation in which it was found may probably be attributed to the entire exclusion of external air. The shroud was perfect and very white, and a branch of laurel on the breast of the corpse was, though faded, entire.”

The mention of Baskerville's types and books naturally leads to some remarks concerning the state of popular education in Birmingham sixty years ago. The two notable systems of primary education which are now competing for pre-eminence in England—namely, the sectarian and unsectarian—had not very long entered on their momentous career, and were called, as some of our readers are doubtless aware, “Dr. Bell's System,” and “The Lancasterian;” the latter taking a long step in advance, when (I think in 1815) the Borough-road School Society was established, under the patronage of the then Duke of Bedford, the father of the illustrious Earl Russell. It was the latter true nobleman who, some thirty years ago, was chiefly instrumental in establishing the Educational Committee of the Privy Council, and obtained the princely sum of thirty thousand pounds for educational purposes; and about the same time, as Lord Brougham sarcastically remarked, “carried a vote in the House of Commons of seventy thousand pounds for the re-building of the Royal stables.” Since then, the vote for education has gradually increased to more than forty times that modest amount, and we trust without any detriment to the Royal stables. We also remember that the chief dignitaries of the established Church waited upon the Queen, humbly to entreat her not to give her gracious assent to the establishment of the Educational Committee; as thereby the Church would be deprived of its ancient privileges as pedagogue, as well as pastor of the British people. The Queen, in effect, said “No” to the foolish request. However, the clergy wisely and quickly changed their minds, set bravely to work under the new régime, and can now honourably boast that seven-tenths of the children of England are in their schools. As most of our readers can have but a defective idea of the state of popular education fifty or sixty years ago, we will give a few facts upon the matter. For example, a schoolmistress in Oxfordshire being asked by a friend if she taught any geography to her children, replied, “If I teach them

the way to heaven, they will find their way about the earth." The same friend, on asking her servant what books she had to read, received the reply, "I've only got a '*Radamandaisy*.'" The answer was a puzzle to our friend, but she thought that the volume contained the history of Fair Rosamond's Bower; the solution, however, of the problem was more prosaic; it was "Reading made Easy." As late as twenty-five years ago, being on a visit in East Anglia, we were invited to preside at the annual examination of a village school, the squire of the parish being one of the company. After we had listened for some time to a recital of hymns, which the governess designated *humes*, we suggested a round of reading; the good old lady, however, negatived the proposal by the reply, "I don't teach them to read." We can also certify to the fact that a Sunday-school was commenced some fifty years ago in the Black Country, the class books of which consisted of a New Testament and Jack the Giant Killer. After the lapse of nearly sixty years, we retain a very vivid recollection of the dame's school in Birmingham, where we first entered upon the pathway of knowledge. The dame was an ancient one, having been the instructress of our good mother a quarter of a century before. In person she was unusually fat, took Scotch snuff every five minutes, and her face was as red as Bardolph's nose—and from the same cause. Whether or not her manner of instruction was original or traditionary we cannot say—most certainly it was well adapted to excite our childish hatred of the doorway of the temple of wisdom. The school-room was about ten feet square, and also served the purpose of kitchen and sitting-room. The pupils were about twenty in number; the hero of whom was one William G——, who, I think, became an actor, and who performed among us what appeared to be a grand and daring feat. One day, when the old lady had indulged too freely in her "sixpenny"—strong ale so called—and had risen from her chair to flog him for "making faces" at her; he managed, with what seemed to us a preternatural exercise of skill and strength, to throw her off her balance, and when upon the ground to trample on her face. So much for the *discipline* of the school. Her mode of tuition was on this wise:—Three hours a day we were compelled to sit upon a form, having literally nothing to do; for a quarter of an hour per day some few of us stood by her side to be initiated into the mysteries of learning; and we distinctly remember that her breath smelt horribly of ale, her gown of snuff, and that when we needed chastisement either our nostrils were filled with the snuff or our fingers pricked with a pin. Certainly she did not forget our religious training, for on each Friday afternoon for some fifteen minutes our eyes were directed to a paltry picture of the Crucifixion, and as we looked were ordered to bow the head; and as we bowed we were ordered to say—

"On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
'It is finished, it is finished';—
Sinner, will not this suffice?"

Curiously enough, when we had reached man's estate, the autobiography in manuscript of the old dame fell into our hands, full of bad spelling and wretched grammar. We remember two recorded facts—namely, that she had lived as mistress with a French refugee, and was an accomplice in some murderous deed—which two facts will probably account for her reverential feelings towards the crucifix and her undoubted love for strong ale. Be this as it may, the present generation have abundant reason to be thankful that they know but little, except from tradition, of a dame's school as it existed sixty years ago.

On the Supernatural Element in the History of the Apostles.

II.—THE CLOTHING WITH POWER.

BY THE REV. W. K. ARMSTRONG, B.A., OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

IN our first paper on this subject we endeavoured to show that a long and careful training had been given to the disciples, for the purpose of qualifying them to become the permanent recipients of supernatural powers, and to act freely and calmly under their influence; and it now remains to examine the record contained in the Acts of the Apostles in order to ascertain to what extent, and to what end, these preparatory arrangements were carried out to completion. And here we cannot but perceive that this is a book of wonders, the supernatural incidents in which rival in number, variety, and greatness those recorded in the Gospels. The difficulties in the way of a perfectly unexceptionable classification are very great, and no pretension is advanced to the merit of having made one; but even an arrangement not altogether perfect may be of great advantage in clearing our conceptions and extending our knowledge. A well-digested scheme may often lead to the discovery of principles it does not itself unfold, and in this respect the formation of hypotheses is far from being the unprofitable task Newton's celebrated remark, "Hypotheses non fingo," would imply. Only let them be accepted as such, and as suggestive aids to the development of a true and final theory—the "view" which shall comprehend every particular, and assign to each its proper place—and they will be found useful. But let not hypothesis be confounded with theory. If the atheistical speculations known as the doctrine of evolution had been kept firmly to their right position as merely tentative explanations of phenomena,

instead of being hastily adopted as complete and satisfactory theories, the task might have been spared some scarcely logical minds of attempting to reconcile unfounded assumptions with divinely revealed truth. In the region of the supernatural, to which our present studies are directed, a careful induction of particulars may not only discover hidden links of harmony and connection, but lead up to principles of even greater importance. The immediate advantage in precision and completeness of knowledge is obvious.

In the manifestations of supernatural powers recorded in the Acts we find underlying the whole narrative this remarkable distinction, that by far the largest number were miracles wrought upon the disciples and on their behalf. That "tongues," and, by parity of reason, other gifts of the Spirit were for "signs," not to the believers, but to the unbelievers, is true so far as their use as signs went; but they were "powers" rather than "signs" to those who received them; hence the miracles wrought upon and among the people, though collectively very numerous, were relatively very limited in their range. That "notable sign," the cure of the impotent man, and also the healing effect of the shadow of Peter, and the many signs and wonders done by him, belong to this class. Here also we range Stephen's many wonders and signs; Philip's signs in Samaria; Paul's remarkable cure of the cripple at Lystra; his rebuke of the spirit of Python at Philippi; and the extraordinary powers, *δύναμεις ὄν τύχουσας*, displayed during his two years' stay in Ephesus. Besides the beneficent results to the afflicted, who were the objects of these miracles, their chief value lay in the interest they awakened as wondrous signs of a present divine power, and in attracting numbers to hear the word of the Lord from the lips of men to whom He had given such testimony of His presence and approval. But it is also worthy of notice that in nearly all the cases of this class the record is of the briefest—often a bare allusion. The evidences of Christianity, as edited by the Holy Spirit, were not elaborated from such materials or illustrated by such examples.

But when we return to the Church—the assembly of believers in the Lord—as the proper and permanent sphere of the supernatural, the topic assumes breadth and variety. We find, first of all, what was scarcely to be expected, a continuous manifestation of the personal glories of the Lord, similar to that which accompanied His earthly life, but upon a grander scale. The glory of the Transfiguration was surpassed by that of the Ascension; and the descent of the Holy Spirit upon Himself after His baptism, as seen and witnessed to by John, was far excelled by the baptism in the Holy Spirit of the whole assembly at Pentecost—a glorious work repeated upon Cornelius and his friends. There is nothing in all the Lord's human earthly life with which may be compared that celestial manifestation of Himself which glorified the death of Stephen, and the conversion of Saul was also unique and peerless. If this last was in a burst of dazzling splendour we can contemplate more

calmly and safely the visions which afterwards made Him known. The number of these is very remarkable. Paul could truly say, "I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord," and ask boldly, "Have I not seen the Lord?" The list of direct visions of the Person of the Saviour is wonderfully large. Beginning with those to Saul and Ananias in Damascus, the narrative describes those to Cornelius at Cæsarea and to Peter at Joppa, and thereafter fills the life-story of Paul with the facts of an ever-revealing presence. The Lord appeared to him in the temple, in the Castle of Antonia, in Corinth, caught him up into the third heaven, and into Paradise, and was with him in the raging of the tempest, and stood by him when called to plead at the tribunal of Nero. The effects of these repeated visions on Paul were profound, nor were they peculiar to that man as parts of his temperament, and only faintly developed in others. In the experience of at least three others, Ananias, Cornelius, and Peter, the visions were as distinct and directive as any that Paul received, while, if we comprehend the apocalyptic visions of John within our limits, they include the highest and most sustained perceptions. In another class, although no information is given of the manner in which the revelations came, there can be no question of their specific objectivity. Thus the dearth foretold by Agabus; the Spirit's hindrance to Paul's progress in Asia; the united prophetic testimony he disregarded at Tyre, and the symbolic action of Agabus at Cæsarea, all exhibit the constant general working of supernatural influences. To these must be added the wonders wrought in answer to prayer; the coming of the Holy Spirit at Samaria and Ephesus; the restoration of Dorcas to life; the motion of the house at Jerusalem, and of the prison at Philippi; the liberation of Peter; the recovery of Æneas at Lydda, and of Eutychus at Ephesus. Subordinate to these we place the liberation of Peter and John; the guidance of Philip; here, also, again numbering Peter's second deliverance as illustrative of the ministry of angels as fully as of the power of prayer. One other class of signs remains—a development of power peculiar to the apostles. The Son of God has all judgment in His power, but when on earth He wielded none. It is different now. Within the church Ananias and Sapphira were chastised; within the scope of its labours Elymas was punished; among its persecutors Herod was divinely smitten: thus was He manifested as the Judge and Avenger of His people.

It would occupy too much space to develop the relations of each instance, and justify its place in the scheme, but a glance at the following classification may indicate our conception of the divine method underlying them all, and binding them together as a whole. We place then in the first class.

I. Supernatural occurrences among the people, employed as signs and wonders to create impressions in favour of the Word of the Lord.

The cure of the impotent man	Acts iii.
Many signs and wonders	„ v. 12—16.

Stephen's great wonders and signs	Acts vi. 8.
Philip's signs in Samaria	„ viii. 6—7.
The Cure of Æneas	„ ix. 32.
Signs and wonders in Iconium	„ xiv. 3.
The cripple at Lystra	„ xiv. 8.
The Pythonissa at Philippi	„ xvi. 16.
Special miracles at Ephesus	„ xix. 11.

Allusions to this class are found in the Epistles in Rom. xv. 19 and 2 Cor. xii. 12, and reference was also made to them in the speeches of Barnabas and Paul before the assembly at Jerusalem (Acts xv. 12), but it is remarkable how briefly this vast number of instances of “signs, wonders, and powers” is summarised and dismissed.

II. Supernatural occurrences among the disciples, and on their account.

A.—Personal Manifestations of the Presence of the Lord.

The Ascension	Acts i.
The appearance to Stephen	„ vii. 55.
„ „ to Saul	„ ix. 4.

B.—Spiritual Manifestations accompanied by sensible effects.

The Baptism in the Holy Spirit	Acts ii.
The “shaking of” the place at Jerusalem	„ x. 44.
The earthquake at Philippi	„ xvi. 26.

C.—Visions of the Lord.

(i.) Synchronous.

To Ananias and Saul at Damascus	Acts ix.
„ Cornelius at Cæsarea	„ x.
„ Peter at Joppa	„ x.

(ii.) Successive.

To Paul in the Temple	Acts xxii. 17.
„ in the Castle	„ xxiii. 11.
„ in Troas	„ xvi. 9.
„ in Corinth	„ xviii. 9.
„ The rapture into the third heaven	2 Cor. xii. 2.
„ „ into Paradise	2 Cor. xii. 3.
„ at the tribunal of Nero	2 Tim. iv. 17.

D.—Revelations of the Lord.

To Agabus—the dearth	Acts xi. 28.
„ at Cæsarea	„ xxi. 10.
To Paul in Galatia	„ xvi. 6.
To several brethren at Tyre	„ xxi. 4.

E.—Visions and Ministry of Angels.

Peter and John liberated	Acts v. 19.
Philip guided	„ viii. 26.
Peter liberated	„ xii. 6.
Paul in the storm	„ xxvii. 23.

F.—Direct Answers to Special Prayer.

The Holy Spirit in Samaria	Acts viii. 15.
" " in Ephesus	" xix. 6.
The restoration of Dorcas	" ix. 40.
Peter's second deliverance	" xii.
The recovery of Eutychus at Troas	" xx. 10.

III.—Supernatural Occurrences for Judgment.

The deaths of Ananias and Sapphira	Acts v.
The blindness of Elymas	" xiii.

An examination of this attempt at analysis and classification will show the variety of the supernatural powers bestowed upon the disciples, and the familiarity they must have had with their manifestations. But these do not exhaust the number. If we include, as we are fairly bound to do, the gifts of the Spirit, the "manifestation given to every man to profit withal" (1 Cor. xii. 7), we arrive at a new and larger prospect of spiritual powers, and discover a wealth of spiritual endowment and a glory of spiritual apparel provided for the use of disciples beyond conception. These gifts must not be regarded as mere elevations and refinements of natural capacities; they are gifts bestowed by the Lord, the Spirit dividing to every man severally as He will—gifts to be earnestly coveted and faithfully used. The natural powers and capacities of man are made instruments of the Divine purpose; but the gifts of the Spirit are supernatural. We find among them the word of wisdom, the word of knowledge, faith, powers (miracles), healing, prophecy, discernment of spirits, tongues, interpretations. This list contains all that are enumerated in the inspired word, but it does not follow these are all that the Spirit has to bestow. Neither ought we to regard it as a curious relic of a state of things that has passed away. The treasure house of God is still full to supply all our need according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus.

If the effort to bring under one view the whole cycle of the supernatural recorded in the inspired history of the early days of Christianity has been at all successful, it has afforded reason for admiration of the extent of the spiritual element in which the first disciples lived. Surely they did more than taste the powers of the world to come. In their lives the supernatural became normal, and they expected at every turn a manifestation for guidance or help. And this habitual and implicit confidence was maintained with such sobriety of mind and moderation of language as could only be displayed by men filled with the presence of God. No trace of the character of the *Goëtae*, a class of impostors well known to the Greeks, or of the wandering Jewish exorcists, can be found among the men filled with the Holy Spirit; and it is wonderful to note how, when opportunities for using their powers seem to have invited their exercise among themselves, they abstained. Epaphroditus is sick near to death, and that calamity would have been to Paul sorrow upon sorrow, but he works no miracle to cure his friend; he trusts him to God's mercy. Trophimus is left

at Miletus sick, although a beloved companion and a faithful minister. The absence of all self-seeking while in the constant use of such powers is one of the most wonderful of the mental phenomena connected with it.

This helps us to understand how they could have wrought so many wondrous works, and said so little about them. The individual instances of miracle must have been immensely numerous, and their amazing influence in attracting attention must have been constantly before their minds, yet they dismiss them with the briefest possible notice—at times with a distant and bare allusion. Even the stupendous manifestations of healing virtue, in the cases of Peter at Jerusalem and Paul at Ephesus, receive no more than a few words of record. We have to think over the facts to obtain a conception of their grandeur and importance. On the other hand, the manifestations of the Lord's presence in their various forms are lovingly dwelt upon. A time comes in the progress of the faith when even the brief allusions to miracles wrought "for them that are without" are dropped, but the acts of the Lord are always fully recorded. They delight to mention the hand of the Lord, and what He had done by them by word and deed to make the Gentiles obedient. Throughout He is never out of sight. They habitually refer to His guidance, and when it is ascertained implicitly follow it. They understood His promise literally, "Lo, I am with you alway"; and that not as confined to the select company of apostles, but as including all His personal followers, and as extending to all who should believe on Him through their word. When Barnabas saw the grace of God in Antioch he could think of nothing better to say to the Christian Greeks than that with purpose of heart they should cleave unto the Lord; and how the prophets and teachers in Antioch understood and fulfilled his exhortation we know from their conduct. They waited, ministering to the Lord, and fasting till the Holy Spirit said, Set apart for me Barnabas and Saul. This was the great lesson of the whole glorious dispensation of spiritual power, that even in the exercise of greater powers than had ever been bestowed upon men there was an ever-present and intensely vivid consciousness of their own weakness, accompanied by a faith which realised the personal presence of their Lord and Saviour. As Israel moved and rested just as the pillar of cloud and fire directed—as the living creatures went, in the vision of Ezekiel, whithersoever the spirit was to go—so were these servants of the Lord Jesus led and guided by Him. And it cannot surely admit of a question, that the full exposition of His method, and of its results, was made that all His followers to all time should walk with Him in the same way. There is no need of signs and wonders to be repeated since faith can learn all it needs to know from those already shown, and their continuance would be for signs to unbelief; but the same waiting, implicit faith is ever obtaining strong and fresh confirmation of the Lord's presence "alway" with them who believe His Word.

The abundance of power enjoyed by the apostles had a remarkable influence on their spiritual development. We have seen how the various stages in their training gradually led them forward to higher and fuller conceptions of their work. The actual reception of the promise of the Father was equally effective in developing their inward life. Along with their wondrous gifts, their graces flourished abundantly. One very striking proof of their progress is given in the increased depth of holy and humble reverence with which their communion with their ascended Lord was maintained. Before their reception of these powers their ideas of His dignity were comparatively low. All through the Gospels we observe the majestic simplicity and divine purity of the Saviour's character preserving Him from compromising situations. There was a dignity which kept Him separate from sinners, even while displaying a sweet familiarity that disdained not the friendship of publicans and sinners. Only once was an intrusion attempted so officiously as to require a rebuke, and that intrusion came from one of his most devoted followers. Except in the last scenes of His life, even His enemies treated Him with studious respect. But, still, so long as He lived among His disciples, although His divine nature was becoming more and more manifest, they were apparently unable to grasp this higher truth, and He was only the Master—Jesus—and but rarely did they think of His glory as Lord. Their eyes were holden that they could not see His glory; but no sooner was He risen, and had made Himself known to them, than they said, "It is the Lord." The change in their thoughts instantly affected their style, and among themselves henceforth the name Jesus was scarcely ever used. They spoke of Jesus to strangers, or when referring to past events in His earthly life, but to them He had become the Lord. How like a herald, Peter, in the first proclamation of the Gospel, announces His royal titles and dignity:—"Let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God has made Him, this Jesus whom ye crucified, both Lord and Christ." And so, throughout the Book, in solemn invocation, or in direct address to their ever-present Redeemer, the compellation used is never as of old, Teacher, Master, Rabbi, Jesus, but—Lord! With His life in them, His love filling their hearts, His power resting upon them, and His presence ever with them, they are never betrayed into presumptuous familiarity. How strangely apart this is from the voluptuous license of language that passes for exalted spirituality in certain developments of modern religionism; or from the shocking irreverence which presumes to address the Eternal Son of God as "Jesus," "Dear Jesus," and even more offensively gushing appellations, under pretence of honouring, while in reality dishonouring Him, by refusing the reverence and the *Name* above every name which loyal hearts accord. We may righteously judge of all who rejoice in such profanities that they have never been admitted into the presence of the King, or seen His power and glory.

Another most remarkable effect produced by the reception of

spiritual power was the perfect calmness which distinguished their deportment. There was no anxiety, no haste, no display. They were equal to any occasion, ready for any emergency. It was not self-possession; that is a mental characteristic which is not always a virtue. A conceited ignoramus may be self-possessed, and a thoroughly depraved man may be cool. The disciples were not at all self-possessed, they were God-possessed. For the greatest and most tried of them all to live was—Christ; not *in* Christ, not *by* Christ, not *for* Christ—but Christ, and nothing else. They abode in Him and He in them—that was all; and they asked whatever they would, and it was done unto them. Their superb calmness was the necessary result of Christ's indwelling. Artificial restraints may curb the impulsive to a decorous propriety, and smoothe the rugged to an impassive vacuity; or a stoical repression of the feelings may blunt their vivacity; but nothing can give the power to pass through trial and change, keenly perceptive of every influence, with the unruffled serenity of Christian patience, short of the indwelling presence of Christ himself. A mind fixed on the Lord is kept in peace and love through all the worries and all the weariness of life, as well as through its greater trials; of good cheer because He hath overcome the world.

Another result must not be overlooked—the prompt and unreserved obedience to which the possession of supernatural power constrained them. In earlier days we note a tendency to rashness and haste, a feverish desire to do something, which continued with them till the eve of Pentecost; but after the Spirit came they no longer ventured to act without His clear guidance. Their own inclinations would have led to a different course. They might have said, as Nathan said to David, “Go, do all that is in thy heart; for the Lord is with thee.” And they would as certainly have been compelled to recant and unsay the permission. But they were taught to wait upon the Lord. Once only it does seem as if Paul had been disobedient, when, notwithstanding the intimations, specially revealed from the Holy Spirit, of the dangers he would run into by visiting Jerusalem, he remained firm in his purpose. But may not that pertinacity have sprung from the same source—even the Spirit's influence on his own mind—and hence the words, “the will of the Lord be done,” spoken by the brethren when they could not prevail, had a deeper meaning than their thought; for Paul was not forsaken in his danger, as he might have been if his own wilful obstinacy had led him into it; and the seeming contradiction between the firmness of his purpose and the warnings of his friends is reconciled by observing how in this way the Lord prepared both to endure, without dismay or surprise, the turmoils into which Paul was about to be involved, and of which the end would not be reached till after years of imprisonment.

We conclude by a brief glance at the lesson taught by the gradual unfolding of the Divine plans for the continuance of faith in the Lord's presence and co-operation with His servants. That is an im-

mutable point. "Lo! I am with you alway, unto the end of the world," is a word that can neither be withdrawn nor changed; but the mode of its fulfilment has been varied, and must be varied as occasions require. At first the Divine presence was with the whole church in its assemblies, as the Shekinah was in the Tabernacle in the midst of the host of Israel; then the clothing with power came to selected individuals; but the guarded reserve with which the operations on the outside world are recorded is, of itself, a sufficient indication that these were not intended to be continued. Indeed, there is a remarkable evidence of cessation in the record. From Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum Paul fully preached the Gospel, and, by word and deed, through mighty signs and wonders by the power of the Spirit, the Gentiles became obedient; but in Rome, where he dwelt for two whole years, such testimony was withheld, in a place and under circumstances where it might have been thought, reasonably enough, that miracles would have been most convincing. But, perhaps, the Divine foresight baffled thus the tendencies of Romanism. Although no miracles are recorded of Paul in Rome, we know he was sustained there by the presence of the Lord, and we believe he received those visions with which he was so favoured even to the end of life. And seeing that the same Lord of all is rich toward all that call upon Him, and His promise cannot fail, there is a very broad and firm foundation for faith that to His disciples now He will grant, according to His own wisdom, as full a consciousness of His presence as they possessed who wrought signs and wonders in His name; and that this consciousness shall be for power above nature to all by whom it is enjoyed—the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. It is not by the sedulous cultivation and development of human powers, the innate capacities of the natural man, that the kingdom of grace is to be established, but by dependence upon the supernatural gifts and endowments of the Spirit of God, and by realising through them the Presence without which we can do nothing. It is possible, without being carried away by unsubstantial notions, to approach nearer to the original relation of the disciples to their Lord, and to receive, with difference as to the manner, but with equal effect as to the results, as complete and satisfactory proofs of His sympathy as they.

"No fable old, nor mystic lore,
 No dream of bards or seers,
 No dead fact, stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years;
 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present Christ is He,
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee."

“We have Fellowship with one another” (1 JOHN i. 7).

THE words at the head of this brief paper are often misapplied. They are commonly supposed to mean that believers have fellowship with each other; but a careful study of the connection in which the words stand compels us to understand them as meaning that *God and believers have fellowship with one another*.

The question debated is one of the gravest importance—one which has occupied the minds of the wisest and best men of all ages—the *possibility of the enjoyment by man of fellowship with God*. There is also, we think, in the Apostle’s line of argument a frequent allusion to the various errors of philosophers of the Gnostic school, or rather schools; for Gnostic error assumed many forms, and ranged itself in different camps. The dual principle which rules the universe was one of the notions held by some teachers of this fraternity. They virtually made God into two. Thus they endeavoured to explain the existence of holiness and happiness on the one hand, and of sin and misery on the other.

But the inspired Apostle John meets this notion of God with a flat denial, asserting that God is *all* light and goodness, and that in Him there are no conflicting elements of light and darkness, holiness and sin, goodness and cruelty.

He then goes on to show that we can only enjoy fellowship with God in so far as we are *like God*; that to claim this fellowship under other circumstances would be a falsehood. When the soul is brought into a loving sympathy with the one living and true God, and only then, the claim is genuine. In such circumstances God and we *have* fellowship one with the other.

Provision is made, too, for the preservation and perpetuation of this fellowship between God and the believer (notwithstanding the occasional sins and shortcomings of the latter) in the undying merits and sanctifying efficacy of the Saviour’s atonement; for “the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin!”

John lived longer than any of the Apostles—long enough to see many new forms of error creeping into the Church, and corrupting professed Christians from the simplicity of the faith. It was to meet and combat these errors that this Epistle was written towards the close of John’s lengthened career, when he stood upon the brink of eternity, and was soon to meet again, face to face, HIM on whose bosom he had leaned at the last supper.

All John’s writings—the Gospel, the Epistles, and especially the addresses to the seven Asiatic Churches in the Apocalypse—contain expostulations against the nascent heresies of the concluding portion of the first century.

The first great doctrinal adversary of a pure Christianity was the Judaizing spirit which sought to incorporate the law of Moses with the Gospel of Christ; and the champion that specially met and overcame this foe was Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. The second great enemy with which Christian truth had to grapple was the Gnostic philosophy, which, towards the close of the first century, grievously corrupted many of the disciples of the Lord. Numerous followers of this philosophy, falsely so called, became nominal Christians, but sought to explain Christianity by their old philosophy, instead of learning everything about God and the infinite at the feet of Jesus. The loving John had to become a man of war in combating this danger to a pure and vital Christianity. But the polemic in his case is thoroughly informed with the meek and gentle spirit of his Lord. He mainly controverts error by a placid exhibition of the truth. At times he can, and does, use strong language in the denunciation of heresy, but generally his anger is, as in the case of his Divine Master, the wrath of a lamb.

British Christians can very imperfectly appreciate the trying circumstances under which the Apostles and first Evangelists had to impregnate the minds of men with Christian ideas and principles. In this country and age we work in the midst of a society which for long centuries has been moulded by the influences, direct and indirect, of revealed truth. But it was not so with the first proclaimers of Christ Jesus and His religion. They had to work in the midst of abominations described with stern fidelity by Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. That chapter is no libel. It describes the heathen world to the life. Those who are best acquainted with the literature of Greece and Rome know full well that the most revolting and unnatural vices described by Paul were backed up by public sentiment. Even Socrates and Plato spoke of the most outrageous of them all, as of a form of recognised and lawful love. The very philosophers were the abettors of vices which are unnameable among us. The later Latin satirists, Juvenal and Perseus, reveal a hell upon earth. Religion itself was a pandemonium of revenge and lust. "There was no place clean."

The position of Dr. Carey when he first landed in India was *the* nearest parallel to that of Paul when he stood up in Corinth, Athens, and Rome to preach the Saviour. But Dr. Carey could point to other countries in which Christianity had been at work for centuries, purifying, refining, and elevating. But Paul could speak of no such oases. The whole world lay in The Wicked One. It was all dark and corrupt. Its very wisdom was foolishness and pollution, saturated with the most virulent poison of hell.

But the greatest danger of all was when the philosophies of the earth sought alliance with Christian truth—when the Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, having become potent, and the kingdom which cannot be moved having been firmly established in the earth, the wretched and unworthy speculations of men about God and the infinite

attempted to foist themselves upon the new and sublime theology. This danger roused the soul of the last of the noble band of Apostles. The final work of the Inspiring Spirit was to prompt that venerable man of God to arrest the growing mischief; and, with *his* testimony, the book of prophecy was closed until HE shall come whose right it is to reign.

These things, then, being premised, let us examine the passage in which stand the words at the head of this brief article.

John opens this Epistle with a declaration of the reality of the incarnation of the ETERNAL LOGOS, in opposition to the early heresy which reduced our Lord's human nature to a mere phantom.

"That which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we for ourselves looked upon, and our hands handled, concerning the Logos of Life.

"(And the Life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness, and report to you the Everlasting Life, which, indeed, was with the Father, and was manifested to us.)

"That which we have seen and have heard we report to you also, that ye too may have fellowship with us; and, indeed, our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. And these things we write to you, that your joy may be filled full."

Here, then, is announced the Apostle's topic, FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD. John himself enjoyed this exalted privilege through his faith in Jesus Christ, and he desired that all other men should share the blessing with him. But, in order to fellowship with God, we must know God and be like HIM.

"And this is the message which we have heard from Him, and repeat to you, That God is light, and there is in Him no darkness at all."

Such is God, and not such as some Gnostic philosophers have dreamed of Him—a pure, perfect Being, in whom there are no clashing principles—all light, truth, and goodness.

Our claim to fellowship with HIM must, therefore, be accompanied with a manifest conformity to His image.

"If, perchance, we say we have fellowship with Him, and walk in the darkness, we are false, and do not the truth;

"But if, perchance, we walk in the light, as HE is in the light (then, God and) we have fellowship with one another."

Then our claim to this high privilege is no falsehood, but the fellowship between us and God is real and most blessed.

But, alas! who of woman born can hope in this life to be as pure as God? For do we not daily sin? And must not sin in us drive us from THAT sublime presence?

But here, again, the Gospel comes to our aid, for

"The blood of Jesus, His Son, cleanses us from all sin."

Thus the access to God is kept open, and the fellowship with Him is preserved and perpetuated. By its double virtue to cleanse from the conscience of guilt, and to renew in us "the sweetness and light"

of a holy oneness with God, the GREAT ATONEMENT supplies the urgent want of all souls that yearn to be one with Jehovah. The way into the Holiest of all in this grand universe is thus ever accessible, but it must always be approached by sinful men with blood.

Thus the beloved Apostle demonstrates the infinite superiority of Christianity to all the philosophies and religions of the earth. The witness remains for our edification and confirmation in this later age.

The old errors and dangers repeat themselves in the flight of the ages; but the Holy Book, intelligently studied, supplies an antidote to every possible heresy which the perversity of the human intellect may introduce. It will be the Church's armoury of defence to the end of time.

Huddersfield.

JOHN STOCK.

By an unfortunate oversight, the corrections of Dr. Stock's paper in our last number, p. 81, were not inserted in the revised proof. We have, therefore, to request our readers to make the following corrections. In justice to both the author and the editor, it is necessary to add that the error was with the printer, and not with either of them.—ED.

Page 82, line 1, for $\eta\gamma$ read $\eta\delta$. Page 82, line 7, for $\eta\delta$ read $\eta\epsilon$. Page 82, line 10, for $\eta\epsilon$ read $\eta\zeta$. Page 82, line 20, for $\eta\zeta$ read $\eta\eta$. Page 82, line 24, for $\eta\eta$ read $\eta\theta$. Page 82, line 28, for $\eta\theta$ read $\eta\iota$; and for $\eta\iota$ read $\eta\kappa$. In same page, note 8, read the three words thus— $\eta\kappa$ $\eta\lambda$ $\eta\mu$.

2 Cor. xii. 4.

“How that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.”

THE closing benediction has been said,
 And over all a hallowed calm is shed,
 The whole assembly lingers bound by spell :
 The closing cadence of a holy hymn
 Seems to repeat in distant echoes dim,
 And solemn thoughts in every bosom dwell.

The spell was broken ere a minute passed,
 And yet to some far longer seemed to last.
 For spirits count existence by its fruit :
 By the intensity of plan and thought.
 By high resolve, or deep emotion wrought :
 By breadth, as well as length, they time compute.

And ere that solemn minute past had flown,
 Some holy souls had travelled to God's throne,
 Had seen the glory, and returned again ;
 The all-embracing glory to each mind
 Appeared the splendour to which he inclined,
 As coloured glass the purest light will stain.

(REV. iv. 8.)

One saw a city in the morning light,
 And stood amidst a band of cherubs bright,
 Ranked on the golden pavement of a square.
 Swifter than lightning's flash they come and go,
 In ceaseless service joys unbroken know,
 And weary night can never enter there.

(1 Cor. xiii. 12.)

With one 'twas noontide in a glorious land,
 Wide sunlit prospects stretch on every hand,
 Not as on earth with mystery concealed ;
 Birds with sweet notes sang philosophic thought,
 Each opening flower a pictured lesson taught,
 Beauty and truth in harmony revealed.

(1 Cor. ii. 9.)

'Twas afternoon to one, a stream of joy
 He bathed within, unruffled by annoy ;
 All harmonies of earth, all colours rare,
 Are but dim types of rapture there received ;
 New senses unimagined, unconceived,
 Became fresh avenues of pleasure there.

(JOB iii. 17.)

One leaned at supper on the Saviour's breast,
 Wearied of earth, in calm undoubting rest,
 The world forgotten and its busy care.
 No more the toil the daily bread to find,
 No more the search for truth with aching mind,
 Nor sin nor conflict ever enter there.

(1 JOHN iii. 2.)

With one 'twas neither morn nor noon nor night ;
 He visited a realm where love was light,
 All sense and thought together fused to love :
 Beyond all care for joy in sight and sound,
 Reaching the glorious centre where is found
 The heart of God, the fount of bliss above.

Each had a vision true, for human sight
 Can ne'er behold God's great and perfect light
 But as a prism must refract and tone:
 White is Divine, eternal, and complete;
 Colour is partial, human. This to meet
 God has a rainbow round the great white throne.

J. HUNT COOKE.

The Last Words of Notable Men.

IV.

IN the third paper on this subject, we left our readers listening to dying words in the monastic cell of the venerable Bede, whom we may term the father of English History, and we will now give a few glances at Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Father of English Poetry." He was born, probably in London, about the year 1328, and died at the age of seventy-two in the year 1400; that is, he began to live at the commencement of the reign of Edward III., and was about four years the junior of John Wickliffe, "The Morning Star" of the English Reformation. It is uncertain in what rank of society he was born. "Some have alledged the meaning of his name in French, *Chaucier*, a shoemaker—as an evidence of his low origin; but the occurrence of the name Chaucer in several records, from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Edward I., seems to prove the contrary." The fact that he was called by the King *Scutifernoster*, our Esquire, seems conclusively to show that he was of gentle blood. Be this as it may, he appears to have studied at both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Concerning the latter he says:—

"Philogenet I called am, far and near,
 Of Cambridge clerk."

There is a floating tradition that when Chaucer was at Oxford, he was a pupil of Wickliffe, and "following the footsteps of his master, reflected much upon the corruptions of the clergy." A modern writer pleasantly sketches in the following words the surroundings of the two great men at "Oxenford," more than five centuries ago:—

"In 1348-49, let us picture Wickliffe, a man not more than twenty-five years of age, but with the face of a hard student, and of an earnest, anxious temperament; and Chaucer, a fair-complexioned youth of twenty-one, of genial all-enjoying disposition, but of modest and diffident manners; a diligent student, too, but more diffuse in his tastes, and with less intensity and strictness of moral feeling than Wickliffe—reading the Scriptures with the literary fervour

of a poet, not with the docility of a man of God searching after the truth ; regarding the world with that clear, sunny spirit which reflects what it sees, rather than with the severe, scrutinising eye of a moral teacher groaning over social wrongs. To Chaucer, Wickliffe, we can suppose, would be a strange, almost mysterious man, whose grave, acute, and powerful mind bespoke him the able honest, and truly consecrated priest. To Wickliffe, Chaucer would be a fresh-hearted, and ingenuous youth, whose somewhat quaint and original remarks, as well as the reputed extent of his acquirements, would awaken a stronger feeling of interest than might be thought at all times due to a mere writer of love verses."

Very old authentic details have descended to us, showing the sympathy of the poet with the peculiar views of the great reformer ; but many critics suppose that Wickliffe is the original of the famous portrait of "The Parson," in the Canterbury Tales. That piece of poetry has always been looked upon as a choice literary gem, notwithstanding its rugged setting in English, five hundred years old.

If all Chaucer's productions had been as unexceptionable in their moral tone as is the portion in question, they might be unconditionally commended to the perusal of all readers, but we are very sorry to add that many of his pages are polluted by unseemly references, and, therefore, contain many lines

" Which, dying, he did wish to blot."

Some Roman Catholic casuists have held the opinion that the souls of authors remain in purgatory so long as their productions do harm upon earth, and, if so, the period of Chaucer's purgation is not yet concluded. One fact, however, is certain, that the poet in his last days deeply regretted the tainted *morale* of some of his writings, and, in his last words, expressed his great grief on account of it. Wood, in his annals, informs us that "although he did not repent at the last of his reflections at the clergy, yet that he wrote as he did grieved him much on his death-bed ; for one that lived shortly after this time maketh report that when he saw death approaching, he did often cry out, 'Woe is me ! woe is me ! that I cannot recal and annul those things which I have written, but, alas ! they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire.'" It is said, too, that he produced the lines "Gode counsaile of Chaucer," when on his death-bed and in great anguish. The following are the last words of the poem :—

" That thee is sent receive in buxomness ;
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall ;
This is no home, here is but wilderness—
Forth, pilgrim, forth—beast, out of thy stall.
Look up on high, and thank God of all,
Weive (leave) thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede."

Chaucer died, as we have seen, in the year 1400 ; that is, in the reign of Henry IV. This monarch has much to answer for at the bar of history, independent of the charge which many lay at his door of being accessory to the untimely end of his unfortunate predecessor,

Richard II. In his reign was passed the detestable statute of the burning of heretics. "Its first victim was William Sawtree, rector of St. Osyth's, London, who was burned in Smithfield in March, 1401. One of the charges brought against him was 'that he had said he would not worship the cross on which Christ suffered, but only Christ who suffered upon the cross;' and another, 'that he had declared a priest to be more bound to preach the Word of God, than to recite particular services at certain canonical hours.' Such was the genius of the reigning superstition, that to venerate a piece of wood and attend to customary formalities, was regarded of more importance than to reverence the Saviour and proclaim the gospel. Arundel's second victim was William Thorpe, of whose trial before him an interesting report is extant, drawn up by the defendant himself, who was committed 'into a foul, dishonest prison,' where death is supposed to have saved him from the flames. A third sufferer, a poor layman, perished on the site of the former martyrdom, in 1410." The latter days of this monarch were embittered, not only by domestic troubles, but also by the presence of a loathsome bodily disease, and the pangs of a guilty conscience. His sufferings came to an end in the year 1413, in the Jerusalem Chamber, an historically famous portion of Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley, in his interesting annals of the Abbey, has given a graphic account of the last hours of the wretched king as he lay writhing in agony upon the floor of the apartment, which in after years was filled by the members of the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines, and where now meet the learned men who are preparing for us the "Revision" of the Authorised Version of the sacred Scriptures. The greatest of our poets has described the dying moments of the king in the well-known words (Henry IV., act iv., scene 4), which, though of course not literally correct, are in essence historically true.

About ten years after the death of Henry, Louis XI. of France was born, who, bad as the English king was, surpassed him in almost every kind of sin. He was cold-hearted and faithless, cunning and cruel, licentious and superstitious to the extremest degree. He accomplished, it is true, some little good for France by curbing the turbulent lawlessness of his nobles, and enlarging the liberties of the trading population of his country. But to term him in any sense a good man would be an egregious misuse of words; yet he was the first who assumed the title of "Most Christian King," and, strange to say, the title was conferred upon him by the Pope himself. As one proof of the dark, spiritual ignorance and abject superstition of this *protégé* of his Holiness, we transcribe the words of one of his prayers, which, though taken from a work of fiction, contains a true picture of his mental state:—"Sweet Lady of Clery," he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and beating his breast while he spoke, "blessed Mother of mercy! thou who art omnipotent with Omnipotence, have compassion upon me a sinner! It is true that I have something neglected thee for thy blessed sister of

Embrun ; but I am a king, my power is great, my wealth boundless, and, were it otherwise, I would double the *gabelle* on my subjects rather than not pay my debts to you both. Undo these iron doors—fill up these tremendous moats—lead me, as a mother leads a child, out of this present and pressing danger. If I have given thy sister the county of Boulogne, to be held of her for ever, have I no means of showing devotion to thee also ? Thou shalt have the broad and rich province of Champagne, and its vineyards shall pour their abundance into thy convent. I had promised the province to my brother Charles ; but he, thou knowest, is dead—poisoned by that wicked Abbe of Saint John d'Angely, whom, if I live, I will punish. I promised this once before ; but this time I will keep my word. If I had any knowledge of the crime, believe, dearest patroness, it was because I knew no better method of quieting the discontents of my kingdom. Oh, do not reckon that old debt to my account to-day, but be, as thou hast ever been, kind, benignant, and easy to be entreated ! Sweetest lady, work with thy child, that he will pardon all past sins, and one—one little deed which I must do this night. Nay, it is no *sin*, dearest Lady of Clery—no sin, but an act of justice privately administered ; for the villain is the greatest impostor that ever poured falsehood into a prince's ear, and leans besides to the filthy heresy of the Greeks. He is not deserving of thy protection ; leave him to my care ; and hold it as good service that I rid the world of him, for the man is a necromancer and a wizard that is not worth thy thought and care—a dog, the extinction of whose life ought to be of as little consequence in thine eyes as the treading out a spark that drops from a lamp or springs from a fire. Think not of this little matter, gentlest, kindest lady, but only consider how thou canst best aid me in my troubles. And I here bind my royal signet to thy effigy in token that I will keep word concerning the county of Champagne, and that this shall be the last time I will trouble thee in affairs of blood, knowing thou art so kind, so gentle, and so tender-hearted." We need offer little comment upon such a prayer. Bearing in mind that he who prayed in this mode was born in a palace, taught by prelates, and received the especial eulogium of the Pope as a "most Christian king," we cease to wonder that the time in which he lived should belong to the "*Dark Ages*." His life was very dark, and dark was its close. Bishop Fenelon wrote a striking account of the last days of this execrable monarch, founded mainly upon facts recorded by the historian, Philip de Comines, a contemporary of the king, the substance of which is thus given by a popular writer :—"Jealous of everyone, but chiefly of his own son, he immured himself in his Castle of Plessis, entrusting his person exclusively to the doubtful faith of his Scottish mercenaries. He never stirred from his chamber; he admitted no one into it, and wearied heaven and every saint with prayers, not for the forgiveness of his sins, but for the prolongation of his life. With a poverty of spirit totally inconsistent with his shrewd worldly sagacity, he importuned his physicians until they insulted as well as plundered him.

“In his extreme desire of life he sent to Italy for supposed relics, and the yet more extraordinary importation of an ignorant, crack-brained peasant, who, from laziness, probably, had shut himself up in a cave, and renounced flesh, fish, eggs, or the produce of a dairy. This man, who did not possess the slightest tincture of letters, Louis revered as if he had been the Pope himself, and, to gain his good will, founded two cloisters.

“It was not the least singular circumstance of this course of superstition, that bodily health and terrestrial felicity seemed to be his only object. Making any mention of his sins, when talking on the state of his health, was strictly prohibited; and when, at his command, a priest recited a prayer to St. Eutopius, in which he recommended the King’s welfare both in body and soul, Louis caused the two last words to be omitted, saying it was not prudent to importune the blessed saint by too many requests at once. Perhaps he thought by being silent on his crimes he might suffer them to pass out of the recollection of the celestial patrons, whose aid he invoked for his body.

“So great were the well-merited tortures of this tyrant’s deathbed, that Philip de Comines enters into a regular comparison between them and the numerous cruelties inflicted on others by his order, and, considering both, comes to an express opinion that the worldly pangs and agony suffered by Louis were such as might compensate the crimes he had committed, and that, after a reasonable quarantine in purgatory, he might in mercy be found duly qualified for the superior regions.”

Thus died, in 1483, one of the meanest and most miserable of men—void of natural affection toward his parents and children; a licentious liver, perfidious friend, rapacious king; a breaker of all laws, human and divine; utterly a stranger to pious principles, yet ostentatiously devout, and tormented by the natural Nemesis of a degrading, senseless superstition.

The year which witnessed the death of Louis beheld the birth of one of the best benefactors and brightest ornaments of the human race. It is a curious coincidence, to say the least, that in 1769 Napoleon Buonaparte and Arthur Wellesley—the bane, and the antidote—were born; and it is worth a passing notice that in 1483—the year of the death of Louis—Martin Luther first saw the light. To attempt a memoir of Martin in the short space allotted to us would be imitating the builder, who exhibited a brick as a specimen of the house which he had erected; we must therefore, mainly content ourselves with mentioning the chief dates in the Reformer’s momentous career. Luther was born at Eisleben in Saxony, in November, 1483, and was therefore, about two years old when Richard III. perished at the Battle of Bosworth. His name is spelt in different ways—Luther, Luder, Lothar—and means according to some authorities, earth, or soil, or dirt. Geographers tell us that the city of Paris was anciently called Lutetia, which means the dirty city, and for some reason or

other, the ancestors of Martin were called Luther—dirty people. Martin was born of comparatively poor parents ; yet they were wisely attentive to his early education, and when he was eighteen years of age they sent him to the University of Erfurt, hoping that he might in time become a successful lawyer. While there he shunned the study of law, gave himself to literature and music, and seems to have exhibited the usual jovial careless disposition of a German student. At the age of twenty-two the event occurred which altered the current of his life. One of his fellow students was killed at his side by lightning, and Luther made a vow to become a monk ; which vow he soon kept by entering the Augustine convent at Erfurt, carrying with him only a Virgil and a Plautus, and he was ordained in 1507. Soon after commenced that series of spiritual doubts and temptations, which he has so pathetically described, and which he conquered by the reception of the great doctrine of Justification by faith. When twenty-five years of age, he was appointed professor of philosophy in the University of Wittenberg, and there gradually grew in mental strength, intellectual independence, and personal popularity. In 1510, when twenty-seven years old, he went on an ecclesiastical mission to Rome, which led to momentous results. This crisis in Luther's life is well described in the following quotation : " He proceeded to Italy, which he looked upon as the centre of Christendom, with his heart full of spiritual hopes and devout expectations ; but he was sorely disappointed and shocked at what he there saw. He found pomp and pride, gross sensuality, hypocrisy, and treachery, as he tells us, even in the convents which were his halting-places on the road. He told the monks at Milan that they ought to fast on Fridays, and he was nearly killed for his pains. His health became affected by these occurrences ; he fell ill at Bologna, and was confined to his bed for some time. Having recovered, he continued his journey to Rome, and, on his arrival, repaired to the convent of his order, near the gate Del Popolo. There he knelt on the ground, ' bathed with the blood of martyrs ' ; he hurried to the various sanctuaries with which the capital of the Christian world abounds ; but, on looking to those around him—the inmates of the Holy City—he found, to his surprise and grief, what many a young enthusiast has experienced before and since on entering the world, that names and realities, professions and practice, are quite different things. Luther was, in fact, single in his faith and his religious fervour. Rome at that time, after having passed through the scandalous pontificate of Borgia, was ruled by the choleric and warlike Julius II., who represented the Church militant upon earth, and who was then busy about his schemes of humbling Venice and driving the French out of Italy. His cardinals were able diplomatists, men of the world, and learned Latinists, better acquainted with Cicero than the Bible. In visiting the churches, Luther was shocked at the indecent hurry with which the priests went through the service of the mass, and at the blasphemous jests which he sometimes heard.

Even the ministers of the altars made no secret of their unbelief. Luther remained only a fortnight at Rome; he hurried back to his native Germany with his head bewildered, his feelings distressed, and his religious belief greatly shaken. He used to say, however, in after years, that he would not for one hundred thousand florins have missed that journey to Rome; for, without it, he should have been tormented by the fear of being unjust to the Pope during his subsequent controversy with the papal power."

In 1517, Tetzal and his infamous indulgences became prominent. This spiritual quack carried about a picture of the devil tormenting poor souls in hell, and had written upon his money-box—

"As the money in you pop,
The souls from purgatory hop."

The anger of Luther was aroused, and "the ninety-five Theses," nailed to the door of the church at Wittenberg, were the result. Henceforth the sayings and doings of Luther mingle themselves inseparably with the history of Germany, Europe, and the wide world. "The form of the monk of Wittenberg emerging from the receding gloom of the middle ages appears towering above the sovereigns and warriors, statesmen and divines, of the sixteenth century, who were his contemporaries, his antagonists, or his disciples." He died at his native place in the year 1546, in the sixty-third year of his age, and the following is a record of the last moments and words of this grandly notable man:—"In the last night Count Albert came, and the Countess, with two physicians, and brought him some shavings from the tusk of a sea unicorn—deemed a sovereign remedy. He took it, and slept till ten. Then he awoke, and attempted once more to pace the room a little; but he could not, and returned to bed. Then he slept again till one. . . . Everything depended on how long he slept and how he woke. The first words he spoke when he awoke sent a shudder of apprehension through their hearts. He complained of cold, and asked them to pile up more fire. Alas! the chill was creeping over him which no effort of man could remove. Dr. Jonas asked him if he felt very weak. 'Oh,' he replied, 'how I suffer! My dear Jonas, I think I shall die here, at Eisleben, where I was born and baptized.' His other friends were awakened, and brought in to his bedside. Jonas spoke of the sweat on his brow as a hopeful sign, but Dr. Luther answered, 'It is the cold sweat of death. I must yield up my spirit, for my sickness increaseth.' Then he prayed fervently, saying, 'Heavenly Father! everlasting and merciful God! Thou hast revealed to me Thy dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Him have I taught; Him have I experienced; Him have I confessed; Him I love and adore as my beloved Saviour, Sacrifice, and Redeemer—Him whom the godless persecute, dishonour, and reproach. Oh, heavenly Father, though I must resign my body, and be borne away from this life, I know that I shall be with Him for ever. Take my poor soul up to Thee.' . . . He then added, 'Father, into Thy

hands do I commend my spirit. Truly God *hath so loved the world.*' Then Dr. Jonas said, 'Venerable father, do you die trusting in Christ, and in the doctrine you have constantly preached?' He answered by an audible and joyful 'Yes.' That was his last word on earth. . . . Gently once more he sighed, and, with hands folded on his breast, yielded up his spirit to God without a struggle."

Bible Natural Philosophy.

No. II.

TIME MEASURERS.

BY W. J. MILLAR, C.E.

AFTER our earth had been fitted to become the abode of animate forms, we find reference made to the measurement of time. Thus we read (Gen. i. 14)—“And God said, let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years.” Here we have the various phenomena stated which occur through the medium of the sun and moon in connection with the earth. The seasons are due to the revolution of the earth around the sun. The earth, as it sweeps onward in its curving path, receives the sun’s rays upon its surface, and, through the inclination of the polar axis to the plane of the annual orbit, these rays strike more or less obliquely on the surface; their heating power being greater over those parts, such as between the tropics, where the sun is more directly overhead. These changes are very noticeable, as in the long summer day the sun at noon is high in the heavens and remains long above the horizon; again, in the short winter day, we have the sun low down and setting at an early hour. Between these two extremes we have intermediate effects, and hence the seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter recur from year to year in unbroken sequence. The signs spoken of may mean the eclipses of both sun and moon, and the phases of the latter during her monthly orbit.

Eclipses of the sun occur when the moon is in such a position that she prevents the sunlight from reaching the earth. If the sun’s disc is wholly covered by the body of the moon we have a total eclipse. Eclipses, therefore, are due to the *shadow* of the moon passing across our earth. It is rarely that such a position is obtained, as the moon’s orbit is inclined to that of the earth. Total

eclipses of the sun are visible over but a small extent of the earth's surface; only a narrow band of shadow being thrown by the moon as she passes across the sun's disc. Such eclipses were looked upon in old times with feelings of awe and dread, and were regarded as omens of impending danger; battles in some cases being prevented or interrupted by such phenomena.

By means of total eclipses the constitution of the sun has been studied, a curious corona of light appearing around the dark body of the moon combined with reddish coloured flames; the latter are believed to be due to the combustion of large masses of hydrogen gas.

Eclipses of the moon are caused by the earth coming between the former and the sun; in this case, the eclipse is due to the projection of the earth's shadow upon the surface of the moon. Such eclipses are much less striking than those of the sun. The phases of the moon have long been regarded as *signs*, whether of religious observance or of meteorological changes. The appearance of the new moon was adopted by the Jews and other nations as a time of festival.

Weather-wise people frequently refer to the changes of the moon in support of certain views in regard to probable weather. Almanacs also carefully note the moon's age and phases.

It does not, however, appear that the moon has any appreciable influence on the weather. Sir John Herschel has stated that the only noticeable influence was a tendency to clear the sky of cloud at and about periods of full moon. Both sun and moon serve as *time measurers*. Thus, through the earth's rotation, we have the day of twenty-four hours, and, by the circuit of the moon around our globe, we have the lunar month of about twenty-nine and a half days; our word month coming from a Saxon word signifying the moon.

By means of these bodies mariners are enabled to fix their position at sea. In ancient times, as well as in modern, we find the seamen guided on their course by observations of the heavenly bodies. In Paul's voyage to Rome, as described in Acts xxvii., we read that "when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away."

By means of instruments and tables prepared with scientific precision, seamen can now determine their position with exactness; the *latitude*, or position north or south of the equator, being obtained by taking the sun's elevation at noon, and the *longitude*, or position east or west of a fixed point, such as Greenwich, being found either by lunar observation or by chronometer.

Reviews.

REASONS FOR RENOUNCING INFIDELITY. Two Sermons, by George Sexton, I.L.D., &c. London: G. S. Sexton, 75, Fleet Street. Price One Shilling.

WE are glad to introduce to the notice of our readers these two able discourses, not only on account of their intrinsic worth, but because of the antecedent history of the preacher. Dr. Sexton was for many years one of the most formidable public opponents of Christianity found in the ranks of the Secularists, and was recognised by the leading infidels as their most cultured and successful advocate. The return of such an one to the convictions which these sermons indicate is a great triumph for the truth; and we heartily congratulate their author on the bold and outspoken manner in which he affirms and defends his complete confidence in, and reliance upon, Divinely-revealed truth. In the course of his sermons Dr. Sexton tells us somewhat of the process both of his declension and of his recovery. He says:—

“As far as I can recollect, my first doubts, when a young man and a Christian minister, were on the subject of the Lord's Divinity, and from that point I came to reject the Christian doctrines one by one, until, as you know, I merged into extremest unbelief. Now I returned very much in the same way. From looking at Christ as a great and Illustrious Reformer, I came to see that He must have been a teacher inspired of God. Was He a prophet, I asked myself, of the same order as the prophets of the old dispensation? Yes, I concluded He was this, and more. To Him the

prophecies pointed, in Him they received their fulfilment, and in Him types and symbols seemed to find their fitting realization. I studied that fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which I have read to you to-night, until I saw how marvellously accurate was the description which it gave of a Being who was to live on the earth hundreds of years afterwards. It looks to me now like a leaf torn out of the New Testament and transferred to the Old. I was familiar with it, of course, in my early life, but I think I must have forgotten that there was any such chapter in the Bible. I fancy I must have completely overlooked it during the time I was an unbeliever, so marvellously did it impress me when I came to read it again. Well, concluding that Christ was really and truly the sent of God, I had reached what is called the more orthodox form of Unitarianism. My friends naturally supposed I should stop at this point. There was a fine field of labour open before me amongst Unitarians. I had many excellent friends in the Unitarian denomination, and it is but fair to say that my sympathy and leanings were in that direction. I began again to preach, or, as I preferred to describe it, to deliver discourses on Sundays on religious subjects. Three years ago I preached the anniversary sermons for my old friend of more than twenty years, the Rev. F. R. Young, of Swindon—then a Unitarian, but now no longer connected with that denomination. I collected around me a large congregation in London, to whom I lectured or preached every Sabbath day. This gradually developed itself into a church, which still remains, although terribly shaken by my further change of views with regard to the person of Christ. This one subject haunted me night and day. I could get no rest of mind for thinking of it. I began to see that the

claims which Jesus made for Himself were utterly incompatible with His being only a man. I pointed this out to Unitarian friends—men of learning and intellect—thinking that perhaps they could clear away my difficulties; but I became terribly startled at finding that, as a rule, they attached no more importance to the writings of the New Testament than I had done when I was a Secularist. If I quoted the words of my text of to-night, I was told that, in all probability, Jesus never said anything of the kind. If I referred to the opening verses of John's Gospel, and asked what was meant by the Logos, who and what was the Logos, in what sense the Logos was with God, and in what sense it was God, I was referred to Plato, and from Plato to Philo, and thus plunged back again into the mystic rubbish from which I had escaped when I left behind me the fogs of Strauss and the inanities of Paulus. 'Clearly,' said I, 'if the New Testament is worth anything at all, it must not be thus treated. Either it is true or it is not; and, having already made up my mind that it is, I must be guided by it, and accept what it teaches.' I read, and thought, and prayed, and at last a light, as though from heaven, burst into my mind, and with the full character of Christ before my view, I was able to say with Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.'

In the first of these two discourses, entitled "Without God in the World," Dr. Sexton gives a very graphic description of those who deny the existence of God altogether, whom he designates Anti-Theists rather than Atheists. He tells us that "these are not very numerous, because the most extreme sceptics generally content themselves with saying that they see no evidence of the existence of God, or, at all events, that the evidence that is forthcoming is insufficient to produce conviction in their minds, but that they are by no means prepared to affirm that a God does not exist."

The following remarks on Pantheism are, to our mind, remarkable for accurate discrimination:—

"In theory, Pantheism and Atheism are as wide asunder as the poles; practically, they amount to very much the same thing; for although the Atheist sees God nowhere, and the Pantheist beholds Him everywhere, both ignore His personality, and, therefore, His providence. Atheism discovers in matter the potency of every form of life; Pantheism holds that matter itself is a mode of the one great existence, which it designates God; but whether you call the universe matter or spirit is of very little moment, if, in either case, it is held to be impersonal. Pantheism, like Atheism, gets rid of creation, of providence, of prayer, of immortality—*i.e.*, a distinct individual immortality—of revelation, and, in truth, of absolute moral distinctions between right and wrong. It is utterly fallacious, and cannot for one moment stand the test of a rational examination; for, as I have before remarked, intelligence is necessarily based upon consciousness, and consciousness must be identified with personality. If God, therefore, be impersonal, He is unconscious, consequently unintelligent—*ergo*, non-existent. The logical resting-place of Pantheism, therefore, is in Atheism."

With equal force Dr. Sexton deals with the dogmas of those whose belief is in an "Unknowable God," with the deniers of Providence, and so-called advocates of Natural Law; but our intention is only so far to quote as shall ensure from all our readers the purchase of this pamphlet, and we are sure that its acquirement will result in their case, as it has done in our own, in an oft-repeated perusal and consequent feelings of devout thankfulness. The second portion of the first sermon, which represents the miserable condition of the man without God, is a most powerful delineation, drawn from experience, of the utter deso-

lation, emptiness, and withering doubt of the sceptic's inner life.

The second sermon is an able defence of Christianity, exalting the perfection of the Saviour's character and work, and unfolding the essential element of rest on a personal Saviour as the pith and marrow of the Christian system. We cannot refrain from reproducing the following eloquent words:—

"It is customary now-a-days to ridicule what is called conversion as being solely imaginary; but, depend upon it, it is one of the most important realities of life. By the operation of the Spirit of God on the soul, alone can sin be cured, and the man who feels himself a sinner will also feel the importance of the words of the text, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'

"In conclusion, I may remark that the application of Christianity to the wants of the age is, in my conception, most perfect. You cannot have a better illustration of the necessity of this religion than is to be found in the fact that the men who reject it, and profess to have outgrown it, have gone back again to the condition of their predecessors eighteen hundred years ago. When Paul went to Athens, he found the people worshipping the 'Unknown God,' and that is exactly what scientific men are doing again to-day. The Tyndals and the Huxleys, *et hoc genus omne*, are proclaiming to-day a God that is unknowable, and from their stand-point they are right, for there is no real knowledge of God out of Christ. In Him, too, may be found a solution of many of the problems which this age presents. To-day the question is shouted by sages, and re-echoed by the mob, 'What is Truth?' Here is the answer, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' 'What is God?' is a question that is being asked on every hand. The reply comes, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.' 'Spirit,' sneers the sceptic, 'I can't conceive of Spirit;

I want something more tangible.' Here it is then; listen to Christ's words: 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father, for I am in the Father and the Father in Me.' 'Is man immortal?' the unbeliever asks sneeringly, and the common people inquiringly, and the answer comes, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' In the vast turmoil of business, and amongst the thousand cares and anxieties that press us down on every hand, we feel the need of rest, rest of mind. Jesus exclaims, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Around us there is dense spiritual darkness, shutting out the bright light of the sun, and obscuring our gaze on every hand. Here is the remedy, 'I am the light of the world.' We feel ourselves alone when friends have proved treacherous and companions false. Then comes in the glorious promise, 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' And when sin crushes us down, and rises up in our midst like huge trees of the forest, seeming to flourish and triumph, while virtue droops and holiness appears to hang its head, then comes the grand proclamation made eighteen hundred years ago, and remaining as potent to-day as when first uttered, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.'"

We have no personal knowledge of Dr. Sexton, and have only lighted on his sermons through the perusal of an advertisement. We feel that the recovery of such a man from the snare of the devil is an occasion for congratulation of no common kind. As to these sermons, we hope they will be both read and circulated by our readers; and may their author long be spared to exemplify his own motto:—

"Against the darkness outer
God's light His likeness takes,
And He from the mighty doubter
The great believer makes."

SOME FACTS OF RELIGION AND OF LIFE. Sermons Preached before Her Majesty the Queen in Scotland, 1866-1876. By John Tulloch, D.D. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh. 1877.

A VOLUME of sermons preached before Her Majesty the Queen, and published with her approval, is sure to attract attention, but in addition to this the intrinsic merits of the volume are so great that it needs only to be known to be appreciated. Dr. Tulloch is both an able theologian, and an eloquent preacher. He is keenly alive to all the higher intellectual movements of our age, not less in the sphere of physical science than in that of Biblical criticism. He unites the skill of the trained logician with the intuition of the seer, and can without difficulty disentangle fact from theory. Every page of his sermons shows how accurately he estimates "The spirit of the age," and how clearly he understands its deepest needs. He is at the farthest remove from a blind conservative dogmatism; he welcomes light from whatever quarter it comes; he is eager to catch the first faint notes of the voice of truth, but he does not therefore deem it necessary to abandon his faith in Christ. The great verities of the Christian religion are untouched by the advances of science and the (so-called) discoveries of criticism. No progress on this lower plane can affect our standing on the higher. Religion is a distinct and independent power which, amid all our intellectual commotions, remains unmoved. The main value of this volume lies in its power to help those who have been perplexed with doubt, who have felt themselves unable to solve the intellectual problems forced on our attention by "advanced thinkers." It gives a lucid exposition of the foundation "facts" of religion, and shows their harmony with our highest know-

ledge. It also forcibly distinguishes Christianity from human conceptions and interpretations of it, and leads us away from authority and tradition into the presence of Christ Himself. For it is one marked characteristic of Principal Tulloch's mind, that while he refuses to be bound by human creeds, and overlooks what we should be glad to see acknowledged, he is profoundly reverent and loyal towards Christ, and brings everything to the test of His will and word. The sermons on "Religion and Theology," "Law and Life," "Religion, Culture, and Ritual," are exceedingly able, and afford an admirable illustration of the main position of the volume as we have already indicated it. Not less valuable are those on "The Peace of Christ," "The Mystery of Suffering," "Grace and Freedom in Christ," and "Christian Union." But the whole volume is one that will be read and re-read by all who can appreciate high thought, pure and elevated sentiment, and chaste beauty of expression. Principal Tulloch is not a mere rhetorician, nor does he even "aim at effect," but he has a strong masculine mind, a reverent heart, a cultured imagination, and the power of expressing his meaning in the most concise and forcible terms.

We should have been glad, if our space had permitted it, to have confirmed our estimate of these discourses by a few extracts. We must, however, restrict ourselves to one, from the sermon on "The Divine Goodness and the Mystery of Suffering." It will give an accurate idea of the author's attitude towards science in its relations to religion.

We can never be too grateful for the real results of science—for everything that expands our intelligence and at the same time sobers it; and that larger and truer philosophy, which has planted the great cosmical

idea as almost a common-place in the modern mind, is to be accepted as a blessing. It is impossible to exaggerate the good which has come to popular religion from the growth of scientific thought and the expulsion of those spectres of arbitrary personality which were wont to lurk in the obscurities of nature. But it may be doubted how far the Bible was ever responsible for such imaginations, or whether even modern thought can conceive more grandly of the inscrutable power of which it speaks—which it everywhere recognises—in the psalmist or the divine dramatist whose language I have quoted. What march of cosmical force through endless æons is more sublime than the rule of thought, alike in the courses of the stars, the waves of the sea, and the pulsations of the heart? And if this conception is anthropomorphic, are not all our conceptions equally so? Man can only think at all after his own likeness on any subject; and whether the conception of mere force, or of an intelligent will, bears least the stamp of human weakness may be safely left to the rational judgment of the future. It is the savage who, when he hears the thunder amongst his woods, or looks upon the riot of nature in a storm, trembles before a mighty force which he fails to understand. It is the Hebrew poet or Grecian sage in whose own mind has risen the dawn of creative thought, who clothes this mystery of power with intelligence and life.

MINOR CHARACTERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By William Brock, Minister of Heath Street Chapel, Hampstead. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1877.

THESE short sketches are the fruit of much painstaking and intelligent study of the Scriptures. We are, perhaps, all of us apt to overlook the secondary characters of the Bible, and to fix our attention somewhat exclusively on those who occupy the first rank. The loss we thereby suffer is greater than we may imagine, and

alike in intellectual and spiritual grounds is to be deplored. Among other feelings created in the mind by a perusal of this volume is a feeling of shame that so valuable a field of study should have been neglected. We are thankful that our friend Mr. Brock has called attention to it, and shown what precious fruits it will yield. The characters he portrays are drawn entirely from the companions and friends of the Apostle Paul, so that a unity is given to the work, and it also throws light upon some aspects of the Apostle's greatness. If these sketches have been delivered as sermons, the congregation which enjoys such teaching is to be congratulated. There is throughout a broad mental grasp, a rare power of "reading character," a skilful grouping of facts, and a fine combination of scattered details which are generally allowed to lie in obscurity. To listen to sermons of this class must be a valuable training in the true method of "Searching the Scriptures." This is, we believe, Mr. Brock's first literary venture, but we confidently anticipate that it will be followed by many others.

THE BOOK OF RUTH: A Popular Exposition. By Samuel Cox. London: Religious Tract Society.

THIS "popular exposition" is one of the happiest of its author's efforts, and what higher praise can be given? Mr. Cox has a decided genius for work of this order. He not only graphically depicts the surroundings of the writers of Scripture, but enters with appreciative sympathy into their thoughts and feelings. He presents their teachings in a thoroughly modern setting, and invests the oldest story with new charms. There is in this small volume an idyllic grace and beauty, and we are sure that nine out of every ten who read it will see in the Book of Ruth a richer and

fuller meaning than they have discerned before, and understand better the *rationale* of its place in the sacred canon. The appendices on Christ as the *Menuchah* (rest) of the world and on the *Goel* are exceeding valuable. The former is a specimen of Mr. Cox's wonderful ingenuity as an interpreter of Scripture—an ingenuity which is occasionally somewhat overstrained.

THE THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY.
No. 9. January, 1877.

THE HOMILETICAL QUARTERLY.
No. 1. January, 1877. London:
R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon
Street.

DICKINSON'S Theological Quarterly has long since established its claims to a foremost place among our religious serials. It consists of the ablest articles on theological and philosophic questions by American and Continental divines, and considering its high excellence and its size, it is a marvel of cheapness. In the present number there are no less than a dozen articles, everyone of which is thoughtful, scholarly, and devout. We may mention especially "The Denial of the Supernatural," by Professor Taylor Lewis; "The Eleusinian Mysteries," by Professor Cooper; "Zwingli's Theology," by Dr. Schaff; and "The Future of Catholic Nations," from the French of Emile de Lavelle. This last is especially seasonable, and ought to be read by all who are interested in the great ecclesiastical controversy of our day. Mr. Gladstone has spoken of it in terms of warm praise.

The *Homiletic Quarterly* is, as its name proclaims, of a different class from the Theological. We do not value it so highly, but in view of its purpose it promises to be a complete success. There is an eloquent sermon by Canon Liddon; a singularly thoughtful and suggestive exposition of Matt. v. 1—16, by Professor Reynolds, of Cheshunt College; a series of pithy paragraph-articles on "Bible Manners and Customs;" "Homiletic Skotches" on several books of Scripture, and many other features of interest. There are no less

than 144 pages of closely printed matter, and it is published at two shillings. Mr. Dickinson is determined to bring within the reach of every minister and preacher in the land the results of the latest Biblical investigations, and the most vigorous thought on Scripture themes.

THE EASTERN QUESTION; Turkey, its Mission and Doom. By the Author of "The Government of the Kingdom of Christ." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THIS is a study in Bible prophecy applicable to the present times, and therefore unusually interesting. Those who are especially gratified by investigations of this nature will, of course, read the work eagerly; but apart from such particular tendency we recommend readers of the Bible generally not to neglect trying to understand the unfulfilled prophecies. Mr. Porteous's book, a very little book, is worth reading, and we recommend it to those who study prophetic interpretation.

HIDDEN LESSONS, from the Verbal Repetitions and Varieties of the New Testament. By Rev. J. F. B. Tinsling, B.A. London: Samuel Bagster & Sons, Paternoster Row.

THIS is an attempt to suggest new ideas in the interpretation of the New Testament by translations of the original Greek in more literal English than the authorised version employs. We are always ready to welcome, and that cordially any book which stimulates the microscopic study of the Word of God. This collection of translations is characterised by much accuracy, and will be valuable to general students. But for such study as this work involves, the most likely readers are ministers ignorant of Greek, and we fear that such books tempt into textual criticism those who are fitted only for exposition of the subject matter. We often hear men whose zeal and eloquence command respect

descend to mere verbal criticism where they find themselves deficient; and it is our fear that books of the kind before us are answerable for such temptation.

For the general reader of the New Testament, such a book will prove very useful. We think for ministers it will be less valuable from the reason stated above; but we wish all our pastors were themselves as skilled in the noble language of Paul and the Evangelists as is the accomplished author of "Hidden Lessons."

THE GIFT OF GOD. A Series of Addresses. By Theodore Monod. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

THESE addresses were delivered at the "Conference for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness," held some months ago in London. There are features of that movement which do not strike us as peculiarly and exceptionally scriptural, or as calculated to advance the end in view. We cannot, however, discuss its merits here, nor do more than indicate the fact that Mr. Monod's addresses have been published in a separate form. While there are points in his teaching to which we take exception, we gladly recognise the preponderance of truths which are beyond dispute, and which, moreover, are heartily recognised by all believers in Christ. The writer can present the Gospel in a simple and striking form.

GOD'S TRAINING SCHOOL. Words of Cheer for Christian Workers. By the Author of "What is it today?" Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Co. 1877.

THE character of this tiny volume is fairly described by the title page. It contains half-a-dozen addresses delivered to a gathering of Christian lady workers, and is well adapted to cheer and strengthen such as are labouring in the service of Christ in this world of sin and sorrow.

THE DIARY OF MARY TYNDALL.

One of the Early Quakers. London: Hall & Co., 8, Amen Corner. 1876.

A WORK of a similar kind to the "Schonberg Cotta Family," very beautifully written and pervaded by a healthy moral tone. The writer has admirably caught the spirit of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and with great dexterity thrown her narrative into its quaint and archaic forms. The principles of the early Quakers are vividly portrayed, their character is presented in a true light, and our sympathy is won for them in the persecutions to which they were so unjustly subjected both in England and in America, and at the hands of men from whom, on every ground, better things might have been expected. The book from beginning to end is delightful reading, and many of the young people of our own day may gather from it many invaluable lessons.

OLD JONATHAN: The District and Parish Helper. Vol. I. Third Series. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street. 1876.

A VERY instructive and interesting volume, thoroughly evangelical in tone, and conducted with great spirit and discretion. It is full of short, pretty articles on religious subjects, of capital stories and pieces of poetry, and is at the same time effectively illustrated.

CHINA'S MILLIONS. Edited by J. Hudson Taylor, 1875-6. London: Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS elegant volume contains the history of a year's labours in connection with the China Inland Mission, and affords pleasing illustrations of the fact that missionary intelligence can be communicated in lively writing and preserved in attractive garb. The maps alone are worth more than the cost of the whole book.

THE BIBLICAL MUSEUM. By James Comper Gray. Old Testament Vol. I. Genesis and Exodus. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

MR. COMPER GRAY is a prodigy of learning, industry, order, and several virtues besides. His volumes, illustrative and expository of the New Testament, have rendered invaluable assistance to Sunday-school teachers and village preachers, while the most erudite always find something useful in his great trawling net. May he be spared to be classed among the few men who have edited a commentary of the whole Bible!

BIBLICAL HELP TOWARD HOLINESS IN LIVING AND HAPPINESS IN DYING. By James Morison, D.D. Second Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1877.

THIS short treatise consists of a series of sermons, whose aim is sufficiently explained by the title page. They are extremely clear and simple, and for the most part well adapted to the end they have in view. We do not always agree with Dr. Morison's theology, which is simply a modified form of Arminianism, but even with that drawback we find much in his little book of which we heartily approve, and which cannot fail to be extensively useful. Young Christians especially may obtain from its pages wise and loving guidance.

From Mr. R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street, we have received several numbers of—

THE PREACHERS' HOMILETICAL COMMENTARY.
THE PREACHERS' BUDGET, and
THE STUDY AND THE PULPIT.

Of all of these publications we can speak favourably. They are conducted with an evident determination to render them serviceable to those for whom they are designed, and with marked ability. The *Budget* contains articles of the highest value.

SHORT DISCOURSES TO BE READ IN FAMILIES. By William Jay. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

SEVENTY years have rolled away since the first publication of these invaluable volumes of the divine our grandfathers called "The Prince of Preachers." Their simplicity, strong common sense, and evangelical unction will preserve them from ever becoming obsolete. For the purpose originally intended by their publication—the benefit of the family circle—for Sunday evening use in middle-class schools, and for cottage services, they will be found invaluable; while to many a young preacher they will be as good, or better, than another year at college if he can only get into the winning way of Mr. Jay.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN. By John Stock, LL.D., Huddersfield. London: Baptist Tract Depository, 3, Bolt-court. Price 6d.

THIS most valuable little treatise on Christian life should be in the hands of all the younger members of our churches. We have often heard the want expressed of a manual to give to young people at the time of their making a profession of faith. Dr. Stock has most admirably provided for this want. The counsels he gives are judicious, and the manner in which they are imparted is kind and genial. Retaining all the seriousness the subject demands, there is no dullness in the book. It would be a great blessing to our churches if all of them were provided with copies for the purpose we have indicated.

VICTOR, THE LITTLE ORPHAN; or, The Necessity of Self-Help. By Lizzie Glover. London: Elliot Stock.

A CHILDREN'S story, tolerably well written, and enforcing in a pleasing manner lessons which our young people can never learn too thoroughly, and which may be effectively imparted by means of such a narrative as this.

THE ACT OF BAPTISM. A Critical and Historical Inquiry concerning the proper administration of the Rite. By Rev. Hugh Jones, D.D., President of Llangollen College. London: Elliot Stock.

DR. JONES deserves our warmest thanks for this admirable dissertation on the act (or, as we generally mis-term it, the mode) of baptism. He has adduced no really new argument in favour of immersion, but he has presented the old and unanswerable ones in a pithy and forcible form. Every important point in the controversy is touched upon, and no candid reader will refuse to endorse the opinion of the *Nonconformist* that the treatise displays "both learning and skill." Were we requested to reply to this book we should be compelled to decline the task, and that for the simple reason, *Non possumus*.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM, in its Origin, Development, and Triumph. By Rev. Benjamin Martin, A.M., Leslie. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. 1876.

THE aim of this work is to establish the authority of the Church as a divine institution—to show that it is something more than "a blessed accident," as Coleridge called it, even the realization of a Divine plan for the restoration of a ruined world. We cannot endorse all Mr. Martin's views as to the composition of the Church, and the manner in which members should be admitted into it, neither can we allow the greater scripturalness and efficiency of the Presbyterian as opposed to the Congregational form of Church government. But with one section of the work—that which discusses the relations of the Church and the State—we are in entire agreement, and have sincere pleasure in directing attention to the masterly arguments, the strong common sense and the copious learning with which our Nonconformist position is vindicated. The discussion is not, of course, exhaustive, but it touches on all the salient points of the case, and brings into special prominence its most recent phases.

The common objection that separation between Church and State will involve the State in godlessness, and that it will be detrimental to the best interests of the nation, and utterly destructive of religion can never be repeated by those who candidly read this work, and on this ground we trust it will secure a wide circulation. It is, moreover, an admirable antidote to the errors of Plymouth Brethrenism, and as such deserves notice. Mr. Martin is a man of solid intellectual power, devout mind, and anxious to uphold the truth of the Gospel of Christ against the Romanism and the Rationalism which in so many forms are rampant among us.

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.

THIS is an old favourite, and its popularity shows no signs of diminution. There are few homes in which it will not find a welcome as a help to the amusement and training of children. It has only to be known to be appreciated.

LILY'S CROSS. Religious Tract Society.

DAVID THE SCHOLAR. Religious Tract Society.

NELLY'S TEACHERS, and what they learned. By Kate Thorne. Nelson and Sons.

THE WRONG TURNING, and other Tales. By G. E. Sargent. Religious Tract Society.

All these may be heartily recommended as sound and interesting stories. David the Scholar treats of the days of Beaton and Knox, the early Scotch Reformation. A shorter Reformation story is bound up in the same volume, and entitled "Dirk Willemzoon;" but as it refers neither to the same period nor the same country as "David," we fail to see the propriety of the addition. "Lily's Cross" is a story for young children, and by such will be appreciated.

Intelligence.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. BOSWORTH.

Mrs. Bosworth, widow of Newton Bosworth, formerly of Cambridge, died January 3rd at Paris, Dominion of Canada, aged ninety-six. She was baptized at sixteen by Robert Hall, and was consequently a professed follower of Jesus eighty years. Though often during her long life troubled with the fear of death, her end was one of undisturbed peace and joy. For some considerable time before her death she sang almost every day, and often several times a day—

“Then shall I see and hear and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.”

Several times before her death she stretched forth her arms and looked upward as a child longing to be lifted up to its parent's face, and so at last she died, the upraised arms only falling in death. “Oh death where is thy sting?”

MRS. HORSEY.

On the 26th of January, Hannah Horsey, at the ripe age of 85 years, departed to be with Christ. She was for twenty-two years matron of the Baptist College, Stokes Croft, Bristol. For many years she was a member of the church at Broadmead, and enjoyed the ministry of Dr. Ryland, Robert Hall, and their successors. On retiring from her duties at the college, she was transferred to the Baptist Church at Keynsham, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Owens, by whom, at her desire, her earthly remains were buried at Arno's Vale Cemetery, Bristol, on Tuesday, January 30th, 1877.

Correspondence.

THE SPEZIA MISSION.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Having just received some interesting intelligence from Spezia I hasten to forward it to you, knowing that many of your readers are warm friends of the mission there.

In all five stations now occupied there is a most distinct movement for good. At Trebbiano, where the help of the civic power was needed against the violence of the people headed by the priest, all is changed, and our brother is left in quiet possession of the village. The village itself is situated on a spur of the Apennines, and commands one of the most beautiful views even Italy can present. An evangelist supported by the mission labours there and at another station.

At Arcola, the place of worship is sometimes quite full. The priests have lately tried to destroy the work at Arcola by opening a room underneath the mission room for a theatre. Lately, a stranger came to the service, and hear-

ing the preacher speak of God as willing to save all classes, even the vilest, through Jesus Christ, his attention was arrested, and he stayed until the service was concluded. He then came to one of the friends and said, "I did not know God was so good," and added, "I will not leave the room until I have the book containing the words I have heard."

At Marola, a suburb of Spezia, the place of worship is far too small. It is to be hoped that means may soon be taken to have it enlarged.

In all these stations there is a good opening for school operations, but Mr. Clarke does not as yet see his way clear to begin them.

"In Spezia," to use our Brother Clarke's words, "we have a wonderful increase of attention at the stated times of preaching, and a most remarkable increase of hearers, and, notwithstanding all the obstacles thrown in our way, our school keeps up in numbers. We have between 120 and 130, but, with God's blessing by vigorous efforts, attention and much prayer, we hope to go beyond that number this year. We have a great desire to open a school in another part now that we have the opportunity. I know a good woman and her husband who are quite ready to help us. We are daily praying that God would put it into the hearts of some of His people who have the means to contribute to the opening of this new station. Oh! the joy I think it would be to you to hear our dear children sing so sweetly a hymn of Moody and Sankey. We look in answer to prayer for a glorious harvest on the seed sown."

When at Spezia at the opening services, Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn, spoke to me very warmly in commendation of Mr. Clarke's efforts in educating the young. He seemed to think this branch of labour one of special importance. And so it is. Those who have seen, as I have, the bright, happy, intelligent, and very often beautiful faces of the children in the schools at Spezia will be very anxious to see similar work going on elsewhere, in all the stations, all along that glorious coast line from the Gulf of Spezia to Genoa.—Yours, &c.,
Exeter, 10th February. F. BOSWORTH.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Small Heath, Birmingham, January 16th.
Highgate-road, London, February 1st.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Cumming, Rev. M. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), New Barnet.
Hallstone, Rev. W. G. (Brixham), Birmingham.
Hitchon, Rev. G. (Langham, Essex), Heywood, Lancashire.
Jennings, Rev. D. (Evesham), Long Crendon.
Watts, Rev. J. (Louth), Abergavenny.
Wilshere, D. (Prickwillow, Ely), Fakenham.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Glasgow, Rev. W. H. Elliott, January 23rd.
Stanningley, Rev. E. Dyson, January 16th.

BESIGNATIONS.

Bigwood, Rev. J., Roehampton.
Cox, Rev. G. D., Market Harborough.
Davies, Rev. E., Grove-street, South Hackney.
Hobling, Rev. W. B., Gold Hill, Bucks.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

IV.

THE REV. JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

THERE is, on the south of the Tweed, a common impression that the Scotch are at once a well-educated and a profoundly theological race; that they find their chief intellectual delight in reading the Westminster Catechism and the Confession of Faith, or in listening to sermons, and that the sermons which find most favour are "hard and dry." This impression is, in more than one respect, erroneous. The Scotch are certainly, as a rule, better educated than the English, and they are, from their earliest days, familiarized with the doctrinal standards to which we have referred. But it does not, on that account, follow that they are more intensely devoted to the study of theology as a science, or that they are negligent of other branches of literature. The creeds of their principal churches are unquestionably Calvinistic, and many of their foremost theologians have been Ultra-Calvinistic. But the bulk of the people wisely avoid "the falsehood of extremes," and we have recently been assured by a high authority, who adduces many illustrations in support of his assertion, that "the old and hard crust which so long enclosed the religious thought and life of Scotland is rapidly breaking up." And whether we regard it as matter for congratulation or regret, the existence of a powerful and influential Broad Church party, is a fact too prominent to be ignored. And if, again, much of the Scotch preaching and "lecturing" is hard and dry, it must in fairness be remembered that we, in England, can easily match it, and that, on this score, we are scarcely in a position to cast the first stone. Moreover, there have been and now are preachers in

Scotland whose names are well-known in England, who can never be placed in this unpopular class. The power of the pulpit has nowhere been more strikingly seen than in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland—nowhere has pulpit oratory achieved higher triumphs. What can be grander than the robust and manly eloquence of Chalmers?—what more winning than the genial and humane persuasiveness of Macleod, or more entrancing than the picturesque brilliancy of Guthrie? And although these men are now numbered among “the mighty dead,” they have left behind them those who are by no means unworthy to fill their places. The Established Church has on its roll of preachers such men as Caird and Tulloch, Charteris and Macduff; the Free Church, men like Principal Rainy and Walter Smith; and who that has heard them will fail to remember with delight the sermons of Dr. Cairns; of Robertson of Irvine, and Ker of Glasgow—men who have nobly laboured in the United Presbyterian Church?

The greatest Scotch preacher of our day is, in our opinion, he whose name occurs first in this list—the very Reverend Principal Caird. He is unquestionably the most popular, and has been so for upwards of twenty years. It has often been said that no preacher since Dr. Chalmers has attracted such large audiences. Even during the life-time of Drs. Macleod and Guthrie, Dr. Caird occupied no secondary place, and whatever reputation he won was the result of his preaching alone, and not of such philanthropic labours as those in which both Macleod and Guthrie excelled. The Park Church at Glasgow is not so large as the Barony, nor will it perhaps (being without galleries) seat so many as Free St. John’s, Edinburgh; but it was always, during Dr. Caird’s ministry, well-filled—generally indeed crowded to excess, and it was no uncommon thing to see large numbers going away unable to obtain admission. Had there been accommodation for a congregation twice the size of that which regularly assembled, it would not, we believe, have been superfluous. Dr. Caird now occupies a position in which other duties claim his attention. He occasionally fills the pulpit of the University Chapel, preaches once or twice every year before Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral, and very rarely takes a special service in one or other of the Presbyterian Churches. But his popularity has not, in consequence, declined. There is, we are told, a greater eagerness to hear him now than there was during his Glasgow pastorate, and he is still regarded as the most distinguished preacher in Scotland.

Dr. Caird was born in Greenock in 1820. He was sent at an early age to the University of Glasgow, into whose “spirit and life” he heartily entered, and his brilliant career as a student no less than his success as a professor, might prompt him to say, when the New College was opened in 1870, “Local association, indeed, makes it impossible for us to abandon without a feeling of regret those halls and class-rooms, dingy and narrow though they be, where so many illustrious men have taught, and those old quadrangles where the grim effigy of

Zachary Boyd has looked down on successive generations of students eager with the hopes, the energies, the honourable ambition of youth." We do not know how many prizes the young student gained, but he carried off a considerable number—first in the arts and philosophy classes, and afterwards in the theological; and his fellow-students entertained expectations of his future eminence which prove them to have been good judges of his character.

His first pastorate was at Newton-on-Ayr, where he was ordained in 1845. Two years afterwards he was translated to Lady Yester's, Edinburgh, and it was while here that he won his reputation as a preacher. That reputation had not been easily or unworthily acquired, and it could not be easily maintained. Great as is Dr. Caird's command of language and ready as is his mind, he would never appear in the pulpit without careful preparation. No hastily got up discourses, however brilliant and clever, could have satisfied him. He was too reverent and conscientious in his methods of work to trust to the inspiration of the moment.

The minister's first, most legitimate, most important office is that of a religious instructor or teacher. Whatever he neglected, this should have the first and best of his time and thought. Now, in very many situations, if a minister give himself conscientiously to the work of preparing weekly two such discourses as are at all presentable before an intelligent auditory—discourses not thrown off in haste—the mere skimming of a superficial and presumptuous mind, but the careful result of thought and toil, then no one who has the least idea of what intellectual labour is but will admit that in this work the best part of a man's weekly hours and energies must be exhausted. It is, of course, quite possible, without much time or trouble, to preach in a sort of way; to come, for instance, to the pulpit with a hastily concocted piece of talk; to fill up two half-hours on the Sunday with a weary, vapid repetition of the same threadbare thoughts and illustrations; to take refuge in the same well-worn stock ideas and phrases of systematic theology which everybody has heard again and again, till they have become meaningless to the ear, and rouse the mind as little as the ceaseless murmurings of a stream or revolutions of a wheel. If a religious instructor can satisfy himself with serving up this sort of spiritual fare to his people, he may leave himself plenty of time—well-nigh his whole time—for other avocations. But it will be at a sad expense to the interests of his people. That which ought to be a weekly feast of intellectual and spiritual nutriment, they will speedily detect to be but a serving up of viands, poor, shabby, ill-cooked, and ill-dressed at the first, and certainly not improved by age and keeping. Even the simplest of the people will nauseate such wretched fare, and turn away from it.

This conception of *the intellectual side* of ministerial work will no doubt be controverted, and facts innumerable may be quoted to disprove it. In many cases "poor, shabby, and ill-cooked viands" are, unfortunately, not nauseated but relished. Popularity of a sort may be acquired and kept without any great depth of mental and spiritual insight. How frequently do we hear sermons greatly admired which cannot honestly be said to have been produced "with brains, Sir." Nay, is it not more commonly found that men of the keenest intellectual force are not the most widely appreciated, and that the tyranny of public opinion hinders them from putting forth their full strength?

And had not Mr. Caird possessed oratorical gifts of a very high order, his preaching would never have been, in the sense that it now is, popular. And yet we hold that his judgment is right. Commonplace, hastily-prepared sermons are given "at a sad expense to the interests of the people," and a *faithful* man will prefer to neglect the momentary pleasure of the flock rather than imperil their real and abiding good.

With such views of the ministerial office, we cannot be surprised that Dr. Caird found the duties of an Edinburgh Church too severe a strain on his energies, and that he longed for more time for quiet contemplation and study than he could there secure. He had the courage, even at a great cost to himself, to yield to his sense of duty. He surrendered the evident advantages of his influential position and retired into comparative seclusion. In 1849 he removed to the small country parish of Errol, in Perthshire, where, alike as a student and minister, he "scorned delights and lived laborious days." He was not, however, lost in obscurity. His services were in more or less constant demand, and on Communion and other occasions he preached in the cities and large towns of Scotland, and once or twice, we believe, in London. It was while minister of Errol that he preached (in 1855) before Her Majesty at Balmoral his celebrated sermon on "Religion in Common Life." The impression which this sermon made on the Queen and the Prince Consort may be learned from her Majesty's reference to it in her "Diary in the Highlands." Dr. Caird was the first Scotch minister who had received a Royal command to publish his sermon, and, indeed, the late Bishop Wilberforce was the only other preacher who, at that time, had been so honoured. The circulation of the sermon was unprecedented. Upwards of a hundred thousand copies of it have been sold in Great Britain, and a considerably larger number in America. It was translated into German under the auspices of the late Chevalier Bunsen, who wrote for it a commendatory preface, and it was extensively read on the Continent. The intrinsic merits of the sermon are great, but the circumstances under which it was published lent it an additional splendour, and drew to it an amount of attention which it could not otherwise have attracted. It was now that the great preacher's reputation extended beyond the limits within which it had previously been confined, and that he acquired a recognized place among the foremost pulpit orators of the day, to whatever Church or nation they belonged. He continued, however, to labour at Errol for some time after this, resisting many tempting offers, until at length he accepted, in 1857 or 1858, the pulpit of the beautiful and commodious church then newly built near the West End Park at Glasgow. This post was no sinecure. It was not only that the congregation had to be formed, in a quarter of the city where there were already able preachers, and in which the population was wealthy, but it was also certain that the preacher's reputation would attract the University men and distinguished strangers, and that he would invariably have to aim at the high standard to which he

was in a manner pledged. Apart from his hard and continuous work at Errol he could not have preached at Glasgow with such effect as he did, and even with that work as a foundation, his task could be no light one. It was shortly after he removed to Glasgow that he published the volume which bears the simple and unpretentious title "Sermons by the Rev. John Caird, D.D.," a volume which, in our own country, has passed through some fourteen editions, and sold largely in the United States. The Park Church was soon filled with an intelligent and enthusiastic congregation; and the crowds became so great that the managers had to furnish the seat-holders with tickets, and admit no others until within a few minutes of the time for the commencement of the service. This popularity showed no signs of decrease when in 1863 Dr. Caird was appointed Professor of Divinity in his own University. The appointment rests with the *Senatus*, and Dr. Caird, we have been told, was selected from some eight or nine candidates, all of whom could have filled the chair with honour. There were some who doubted whether the popular preacher could efficiently fulfil the duties of a professorial chair, whether the brilliant rhetorician would prove himself an equally acute and vigorous thinker. But their doubts were soon dispelled. The reception accorded to Dr. Caird on the day of his installation was enthusiastic in the highest degree. The Common Hall, in which the humanity class met, was crowded—principally by the eleven or twelve hundred students of the University, and by such others as were fortunate enough to secure admission, and the cheering which greeted the new professor displayed all the generous warmth and the sanguine expectancy of eager-hearted youths. The inaugural lecture was a discussion, as keen in its thought and as logical in its method as it was brilliant in style, of Sir William Hamilton's "Philosophy of the Unconditioned." That philosophy, though elaborated at Edinburgh, is not really of Scottish origin, nor has it ever taken root in Scotland. In the hands of the late Dean Mansel, it took a form which, while apparently strengthening, really takes away the grounds of our faith, and invalidates the very idea of theology, by denying the possibility of an accurate knowledge of God. Our knowledge is *regulative* only, and how far it corresponds with absolute truth is a question we cannot solve. Dr. Caird's exposure of this fallacious position was one of his greatest triumphs. It did not win to his side all—perhaps it did not win many—of the adherents of the opposite school, but every one felt that it was a masterly attempt to grapple with the question at issue, and that he who had made the attempt was one who could not fail to foster among his students habits of independent and vigorous as well as conscientious thought.

Into most of the classes at the University strangers might gain admission, but in Dr. Caird's class this was impossible, as they would soon have occupied the entire space, and he was, therefore, compelled rigorously to restrict the right of entrance to his students, and to this rule he made and allowed *no* exceptions. After his election to this chair, Dr. Caird was very rarely heard by the public. He would

occasionally assist at a Communion service, as for his friend Dr. Macleod; he might be appointed by the presbytery to take part in the induction of a minister—*e.g.*, at the Cathedral. But he apparently shunned popularity, and must have declined numerous invitations to preach. He gave himself unreservedly to his proper work, and had his reward in the intellectual progress of his students, in the extent to which he stimulated their mental activity, and in their loyal attachment to himself as their teacher and friend. He continued to hold his position as Professor of Divinity until, four years ago, he was elevated to a still higher post, and became Principal of the University of Glasgow.

The grounds of Dr. Caird's popularity as a preacher are easily understood. His printed sermons, in the volume to which we have already referred, and in *Good Words* for 1863, are largely a revelation of himself, and clearly indicate the main sources of his power. In his earlier ministry it was his rule to preach memoriter, but in later years he frequently, and without the slightest detriment to the general effect of his sermons, availed himself of the use of his manuscript. His manner of conducting the devotional part of the service is deeply impressive, but it does not bring into prominence any special sign of his eloquence. He never indeed shows himself impatient to get it over, or depreciates it as a mere "preliminary." But his oratory is restricted to his sermon, and for it he may so far be said to reserve his strength. He begins quietly, distinctly enunciating every word, and giving to it its due weight and emphasis. As he proceeds he becomes fervid and impassioned, his utterance becomes more rapid, and is charged with a subtle power. His voice now rises into its full volume of sound, and in its varied cadences and intonations it is like an instrument which sends forth strains of sweet and heart-thrilling music. We know no preacher who can so entirely hold his hearers spell-bound. We shall never forget the effect produced by the climax of the first division of his sermon entitled "Nature a Witness against the Sinner." The material world, he had stated, may bear witness against man *as containing the scenes of his guilt*, and this he illustrated from the law of association, and from Babbage's theory as to the impressibility of the material elements, in virtue of which they become a minute and faithful record of all the events of our life.

They present to the eye of Omniscience a vast book of remembrance, from whose unerring pages He can read forth the moral history of the human race, and of each individual man who has ever lived. And surely it is no fanciful or extravagant conception to suppose that a day may come when all this vast repository of moral impressions shall be unsealed. On the great day of account, when, before the eye of Infinite Justice, the guilty soul shall stand trembling and aghast, may it not well be that then and there, not only conscience within, but nature without, shall be called to bear witness against man, and that the very material elements shall at last render up that record which they contain of his moral history? Might we not conceive the silent air around the sinner becoming vocal, and ringing in his horrified ears the echo of all the vain or impure or blasphemous words he has spoken, and the light of heaven reproducing, as in a mirror, on the very face of the sky before him the reflection of this or the

other deed of iniquity and wrong which he would fain blot out from his sight and his memory for ever; and all nature, from her every region, in heaven above and earth beneath, rendering up again, as it were, the buried spectres of his sins? If any such process of material resurrection of the traces of bygone guilt be possible, would there not be contained in it a terrible explanation of that witness-bearing of nature against sinful man of which the Scriptures speak?

And for a peroration almost more impressive we may point to the conclusion of the sermon on "Self-Ignorance," which, according to the testimony of one who heard it, thrilled the congregation with a feeling of such profound and solemn awe that for some moments after its close every one seemed afraid to move.

But Dr. Caird's manner is not the only element of his power as a preacher. We may rightly give it the first place because without it he could not have acquired his reputation as an orator, nor have exerted so wonderful a control over an audience. We must not, however, overlook his beautiful and impressive style. He has a richly furnished vocabulary, from which he seems able to draw at will the most appropriate and forcible word. He has mastered our best literature and yielded himself to its plastic influence. He knows what our "deepest speculators have said and our sweetest poets have sung," and has derived from them a gracefulness and strength which give to his words a potent charm. It would no doubt be easy to find blemishes in his sermons. He is sometimes too ornate, there are various mannerisms which unpleasantly attract attention, and he occasionally uses words which are somewhat out of place in a sermon—*e.g.*, when he speaks of spiritual rest as *the rest not of immobility but of equipoise*, and in a number of phrases borrowed from the so-called higher religious philosophy. But such blemishes are rare, and do not stand forth prominently. Dr. Caird's command of language is moreover equalled by his power of illustration. He has a thoroughly Wordsworthian sympathy with Nature, and is singularly skilful in drawing analogies between the material and spiritual world. Nature is to him the revelation of the power and wisdom of God, and he sees in its varied phenomena types and resemblances of higher things. And to what noble uses he renders it subservient most of his sermons testify.

His general cast of thought may be described as of the philosophico-theological. He is not an expositor of Scripture, nor does he restrict himself to a proclamation of the fundamental truths of Christianity. He has, unless we are mistaken, made it his especial aim to address men of culture. He wishes to render his sermons worthy of the attention of thoughtful and educated men, and to reach them by the application of their own methods. He is familiar with their difficulties, he knows and sympathises with the grounds on which they object to much that passes current as religion, and he strives to remove their difficulties, and to present the Gospel in forms which will commend it alike to their reason and their conscience, and to a remarkable extent he has succeeded. Religion is with him a life, not merely a creed or

a system of church polity, but a life, *the life of God in the soul of man*, and all his preaching is based on this principle. His position is very clearly defined in his essay on the "Co-operation of the Laity in the Government and Work of the Church," in which he definitely abandons the *jus divinum* of presbytery and proclaims that all church organisations and arrangements are but means to an end. "The end for which all church ordinances and arrangements exist is, I repeat it, to Christianise the world, and the question as to the particular means and machinery by which this end is attained is altogether secondary. Whether by the highway of Prelacy, or the footpath of Presbytery, or the open common of Independency I reach the presence of my Saviour, it may cost me little thought if only I win Christ and be found in Him." And still more recently he has said in a University sermon:—

Yes, it is here, and nowhere else, that the essence of religion lies; not ecclesiastical order, not theological soundness, not even morality and purity of life, but love and loyalty to Christ. Theology is, indeed, the noblest of sciences. The human intellect has no higher employment than that of searching into its great problems, and trying to give clearness and systematic connection to our ideas of God and Divine things. But, perhaps, it is those who have studied and laboured most in this high province who are least disposed to exaggerate the religious importance of their work. Conscious of the immense difficulties that attend their inquiries at every step, knowing how hard it is for man's imperfect reason to grapple with them, how many are the causes of misapprehension and error, and how possible it is for the most conscientious inquirers to reach different conclusions—aware of all this, perhaps it is those who have thought most and deepest on such subjects who shrink most from dogmatism and assertion. Perhaps there are those who will sympathise with me when I say that, as life advances, a more modest, a calmer, sweeter, more tolerant spirit begins to infuse itself into a man's mind. He begins to attach less and less importance to the points which divide sects and Churches from each other, to think that few of them are worth a breach of charity—at any rate, to be convinced that it is not on these that the relation of the soul to God and eternity depends. Seeing in all Churches men whose sweet and saintly lives breathe the very spirit of Christ, and of whom it is impossible to doubt that to Christ they are dear—shall he refuse to recognise those whom his Lord has received, or turn away with unchristian hardness and exclusiveness from men whom he may soon have to meet in heaven? No! whenever in the heat of party feeling, amid the weary strifes and rivalries of sects and Churches, we are tempted to indulge the spirit of theological or ecclesiastical exclusiveness, or to feel for intellectual error the indignation and hostility that should be reserved for sin, there is one thought that may well bring us to a better mind. Let us recall to mind the good and holy men of different sects and Churches who once were with us and are now in the presence of Christ, and ask whether the points which divided them here, and about which, it may be, they contended and wrangled so hotly, can keep them asunder there, in that deeper, diviner life into which they have entered. Let us think, too, if it be ours to join one day their blissful society, whether we shall carry with us much of our ecclesiastical partisanships or our theological jealousies into the still, sweet rest of heaven. Travellers as we are amidst the mists and shadows of this life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that in its dim and deceptive light we should sometimes mistake a friend for a foe, or turn away from a brother as if he were a stranger and an alien. But "the night is far spent, the day is at hand;" not distant is the hour when the sun of our souls shall rise full-orbed on our waiting eyes, and the mists shall disperse, and the shadows flee away for ever; and then—then,

at last, if not now, we shall recognise in every soul that has ever loved and lived for Christ the face of a brother and a friend.

We have no wish to ignore the fact that there are in Dr. Caird's writings opinions with which we do not sympathise, and statements which come short of the full measure of Biblical truth, nor does he, in our estimation, give sufficient prominence to certain distinctive doctrines of Christianity. But it is a mistake to suppose that his theological teaching is destructive rather than constructive, and that his liberality of spirit is akin to indifferentism. His "Plea for a Scientific Theology," delivered as the opening address in the Faculty of Divinity in the new University buildings, administers a severe rebuke to the pseudo-Tennysonianism of our day, and condemns in no measured terms the sentimental glorification of doubt. The writer believes in the necessity of a clear and carefully formed creed, and in the duty of absolute loyalty to truth. And those who have come in contact with him, whether as students or as friends, testify to the transparent sincerity of his character, to the impartiality and thoroughness of his investigation, to his reverence for all that is holy and good, and to his devout and fervent love to Christ. He has told us, in one of his most beautiful sermons, that the student of Divine truth should "cultivate, by the discipline of a holy life, a truer than philosophic calmness and candour—the calmness of a spirit that dwells in habitual communion with God, the candour of a mind that has nothing to lose and everything to gain by truth." And such a student, we imagine, is Principal Caird himself.

Reminiscences of Birmingham.

No. II.

WE concluded our former paper with a sketch of a dame's school as it existed in Birmingham sixty years ago. When we were old enough to escape from that calamity, we were transferred to a "master's" school, which was little else than an exchange, in those days, of one house of bondage for another. The three masters under whose ferule we successively passed were probably of average goodness and ability; but they were far from inclined for making pleasant the road to knowledge, and, like most Dominies of that time, had some bodily defects—there being distributed among this trio, one blind eye and three cork hands. They were alike in the severity of their discipline, and the slowness with which they led us onward in the pathway of wisdom. A week was sometimes occupied in "doing a sum" in long division—three-

days being required to accomplish the calculation, and the like space of time to enter it in the "account-book." In one of the schoolrooms at Eton are, or were, inscribed the words, "*Disce aut discede; tertia pars manet, cædi*":—that is, "Learn, leave, or stay to be flogged." Neither of our three masters was probably able to translate the above sentence, but they all entered into the spirit of the last word, as their pupils were frequently and painfully made aware. Those who have worshipped in the chapel connected with the famous Bluecoat School, Newgate Street, London, remember the cherubs' heads and wings which adorn the organ there. These angelic effigies, Charles Lamb tells us, were the envy of all the youths, for these two reasons—that they had no backs to be beaten, and had wings with which to fly away.

The pupils of all schools sixty years ago quickly learnt the art of flogging, if they were slow in learning anything else. An illustrative example of a spelling exercise is vividly present to our minds. Some twenty of us stood in the presence of the master to spell the word "mayor," without the slightest intimation whether we were to spell the name of a female horse or that of a civic dignitary. Various and wild were the efforts to be right, and loud the resounding blow which fell upon the head of each defaulter in this ancient Spelling Bee; when at length, by sheer accident, we ourselves stammered out the right word, and instead of receiving a blow, as expected, received the captainship of the class. One of the three schools we speak of was a branch of the now famous Grammar School, and in it our religious training was attended to, "after a sort." During an hour each week we were initiated into the mysteries of the Church Catechism; and, though several of us were the children of Baptists, we had to declare that we had received our names from "our godfathers and our godmothers in our baptism, wherein we were made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of heaven." The master of this school had a thin vein of humour in his composition, which sometimes showed itself when he was in a good cue, to the great joy of his pupils—as, for example, when a boy inquired concerning the price of account-books, the reply was, "I usually charge two and sixpence, but as I know your father you may have one for half-a-crown." "*Tabulæ solvuntur risu*"—"Long continued and tumultuous applause." But these streaks of sunshine were few and far between, and as a rule deadly dull was the atmosphere of the primary schools of Birmingham fifty years ago.

We cannot speak from personal observation of the state of the Grammar School at this time, but, from what we have heard, it was quite ripe for the reforms it has since experienced. The head master was, we think, the Rev. Rann Kennedy, the rather eccentric bearer of a now honoured name among grammar school masters. Being incumbent of a church in the midst of a large burial-ground, he often had to perform the service for the dead, into which he sometimes

interpolated caustic and not over canonical remarks to the youthful spectators who pressed too near to the surplice and the sepulchre. As master of the Grammar School he once administered a sound flogging to a playmate of ours, and then gave him half-a-crown by way of peace-offering. His eccentricities arose in part from absence of mind, of which the following fact is a proof. Coming one Sunday morning into the vestry of his church, in rather heated condition, he drank off a glass of wine, as he supposed, but which proved to be a glass of red ink; whereupon the organist, who was present waiting for the tunes, took up a piece of blotting paper and said, "Swallow this, Mr. Kennedy, and all will be right." Since those days the school has given a bishop to the Church, has of late years been re-organised upon liberal principles, greatly increased in wealth, and, with its noble pile of buildings—one of the first works, we believe, of Sir Gilbert Scott—is an honour and a wide blessing to the town. Like many such schools it was established in the reign of Edward the Sixth; and, as tradition tells us, its first trustees had to choose whether the endowment of forty pounds a year should be in coin, or in land; they wisely preferred the latter, which, being situated in the middle of the town, now yields an ample rent. We are glad to learn from the newspapers that the governors are about to establish several scholarships for the benefit of the most promising pupils of the primary schools of the town, and thus clear their pathway to the attainment of the highest rewards which the great universities of the country can confer. May much success attend the scheme! In our early days the school buildings had rather a dull and monastic appearance, and moreover were considerably cast into the shade by the uprising of a great building nearly opposite, which, out of deference, we suppose, to the *genius loci*, rejoiced in the name of the "*Pantecna-theca*." To our youthful mind this name was an illustration of the proverb, "*Ignotum pro magnifico*;" but we lived long enough to smile at the jumble of number and gender which the monster word contained, and concerning which Dr. Parr truly said, "It's a barbarous attempt at Greek." If the Birmingham people fifty years ago made bad Greek, we are certain they made good guns, and they may now be congratulated upon the possession of some of the best educational machinery in the land. As Dissenters, we are glad to remind our readers that a short time since a son of Mr. Dale, and a son of the lamented Charles Vince, were publicly thanked by the head-master of the Grammar School for the high moral tone they had diffused and sustained among their fellow-pupils, and we heartily trust that their future career may be worthy of so auspicious a beginning. As everybody knows, our native town has attracted the attention of England by its robust struggles in connection with educational affairs, amidst the applause of some, and the sharp censure of others; but the following quotation incontestably proves that the inhabitants are intensely in earnest, and also very successful in their efforts to redeem England from the reproach of being one of the least educated nations upon the face of the globe.

Our readers will remember that some time ago Mr. Chamberlain resigned his position as chairman of the Birmingham School Board, to devote himself to the, perhaps, not more important duties of a member of Parliament; and the following are some of his parting words, as reported in the *Times* :—

“Summing up the result of the past six years’ working of the Birmingham School Board, yesterday week, Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., drew a glowing picture of the work accomplished. The Board had provided accommodation for 2,000 children in excess of the number for which it was originally supposed they would have to provide. The total number in attendance during the past week was 40,500, equal to an increase of 150 per cent. over the original figures. The Board had brought under education in new schools 14,500 children, and had filled all the vacant seats previously existing in denominational schools. There was now accommodation for 47,000 children, and the greatest number present at one time had been 42,500. The average of those who had passed the three standards in Birmingham had been seventy per cent., as compared with an average of sixty per cent. throughout the country.” All honour to the patriotic men who, “through evil report and good,” have produced such results!

Mechanics’ institutes are now a recognised portion of the educational appliances of the country, thanks to the active philanthropy of Mr. Birkbeck and Lord Brougham. They were in their infancy in our youthful days, fifty years since. Birmingham was not backward to adopt them, but it was then a day of small things with them.

The members then met for their nightly studies in the somewhat dingy schoolrooms connected with the Unitarian Chapel, Old Meeting Street. This chapel deserves a passing notice as the place in which Dr. Priestley was accustomed to preach before he was driven to America by the riots of 1791; and in this same place of worship Robert Robinson, the famous predecessor of Robert Hall at Cambridge, preached his last sermon, and died during the same night. He was the author of the beautiful hymn beginning,

Come, Thou fount of every blessing,

and of several works full of strong thought and undoubted genius; though here and there betraying signs of that free-thinking which led him very near to Socinianism in his last days. In connection with the Mechanics’ Institute, courses of lectures were delivered in the large schoolroom belonging to the chapel of the Rev. Timothy East, in Steelhouse Lane. Two lecturers from London proved to us there that no steam-vessel could cross the Atlantic, and that railways would be a practical failure. Sometimes a public discussion varied the programme, in which many social and political theories were ventilated. At one of these discussions, we “greenhorns” proved to our own satisfaction that machinery was an unmitigated evil to mankind; and the chief points of the discussion were summed up by one of our presidents, the father of Sir Rowland Hill of Post-office fame, who gave reasons to show that our views concerning machinery were utterly wrong, and men-

tioned two or three valuable books the perusal of which corrected and enlarged our political knowledge. The Mechanics' Institute has gradually expanded with the increase of the population and prosperity of the town, and is now famous as "The Midland Institute." Its local habitation is in a pile of almost palatial buildings, the foundation-stone of which the late Prince Albert laid, and which contain an affluence of modern appliances for literary and scientific studies. A noble reading-room is there, and, as becomes the county in which Shakespeare was born, there is also an apartment the walls of which are covered with books having reference only to the immortal bard. We lately read of a man who ordered to be inscribed on his tombstone that "he was one of the pall-bearers at Shakespeare's funeral," and, like him, the Birmingham people are pardonably proud of their proximity to Stratford-on-Avon. This Midland Institute, at the annual meetings of which some of the most gifted Englishmen preside, is a truly noble outgrowth of very humble beginnings, and probably by the time it numbers a hundred years of age will have become a great University, endowed with revenues worthy of the enterprise and wealth with which the town and neighbourhood abound.

In speaking of the education of the people the subject of Sunday-schools cannot and ought not to be overlooked. It is generally supposed that Robert Raikes established the first Sunday-schools, but this is not strictly correct. A school, which is now in existence, was formed as early as 1769, at High Wycombe, Bucks; and one in Yorkshire at even an earlier date. The fact that there were reformers before the Reformation does not, however, detract from the merits of Martin Luther; and in like manner the existence of a Sunday-school here and there in the country does not cast into the shade much of the fair fame of Robert Raikes, whose disinterested labours made them universally prevalent. Like all good movements, Sunday-schools were at first frowned upon even by many pious people. The annals of the Baptist Missionary Society tell us that the "London ministers" met together to consider William Carey's scheme for the conversion of the heathen, and came to the conclusion that they could not prudently sanction it. So, when Rowland Hill established the first Sunday-school in London, he was as much opposed in his pious efforts to instruct the young as he was in his patriotic endeavours to spread the blessings of vaccination. We ourselves well knew an estimable man who was a youth in those times, and wished to become a Sabbath-school teacher; but before engaging in the work he consulted his minister, who advised him to keep clear of the new-fangled scheme as it would be sure to prove detrimental to his piety. As in London, so in Birmingham and elsewhere, Sunday-schools were established partly with the approval and partly under the censure of Christian people; they have gradually taken their place among the permanent institutions of the country, and are now as little likely to be abolished as Magna Charta, or the House of Commons; having proved themselves almost as prolific for good as the pulpit itself.

Our native town has long been blessed with numerous Sunday-schools of the most efficient type, and there are thousands of people in all parts of the globe who obtained much intellectual, moral, and spiritual good therein. We ourselves look back with gratitude upon happy years spent as scholar and teacher in the school connected with Bond Street Chapel, and are glad now to have a public opportunity of thankfully referring to the fact. We honour the name of Mr. George Edmonds, who, by his artistic style of reading, taught us the value of the books we read, and the name of Mr. Henry McEvoy, who induced us to dive into the mysteries of the Latin grammar. We write the name of Mr. Isaac Hadley with feelings of especial affectionate reverence, who, as superintendent of the school, gained the hearts of scholars and teachers alike by the display of moral and spiritual qualities which only piety of the purest kind could possibly have called into exercise. "He being dead yet speaketh."

It is generally supposed that "Ragged schools" are an institution of very modern date, but the supposition is somewhat incorrect, at least as far as Birmingham is concerned, for one of them existed there half a century since, under the name of "The Good Samaritan School," in which we sometimes taught. It was situated in a wretchedly low part of the town, and the *morale* of the scholars may be judged of from the following incident. Seated in the midst of our pupils, one of them, producing a gaudy coloured *mouchoir*, addressed us thus—"Tacher, you see this here ankercher; our Bill sent it us from Botany Bay." Doubtless the school prevented the necessity of some of "Bill's" compeers travelling, "for their country's good," to that once famous penal settlement; certainly several of the scholars became members of Christian churches, and we remember the name of one who afterwards became a Baptist minister. We think the school was established mainly through the pious efforts of Mr. Francis Deakin, a very useful member and officer of Bond Street Baptist Church, and one whose name we have pleasure in transcribing in remembrance of many acts of kindness received from him. We have the strongest possible conviction that to the existence of Sunday-schools the country is indebted for much intellectual, moral, and spiritual good. Thomas Carlyle thinks that the literary labours of Dr. Samuel Johnson were England's main defence against the frightful excesses of the first French Revolution; and the historian of the present century will not forget to credit the labours of Robert Raikes with the production of many of the national blessings which the present generation happily enjoys. The mention of the "Bull ring" will remind our Birmingham readers of the brutal sports in which their ancestors indulged under the very walls of the parish church; and in our early youth bull-baits, dog-fights, cock-fights, and duck-hunts were the brutalising amusements of hundreds of men and women, even on the Sabbath-day; but Sabbath-schools have now rendered such scenes an impossibility. Our respected brother Chown once told us that, during the time of the cotton famine, an unexpected supply of material for the mills occurred;

and that the operatives went forth to give the bales of cotton a warm welcome, and returned with them, singing—

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Sunday-schools are to be credited at least in part with that pleasant fact. Those who are familiar with the North of England are aware that the Sunday-schools there are attended by scholars eighteen or twenty years of age, and even by married couples; which would not be the case unless the schools had a strong and beneficial hold upon the masses of the people. When we remember the exemplary conduct of the Northern population during the time just referred to, and call to mind the fact that Earl Derby mentioned it in the House of Lords as a proof that the people were deserving of the large Reform Bill which his Government gave to the nation, we cannot but bless God for the existence of Sunday-schools, and earnestly pray that the circle of their influence may be continually enlarged, until it becomes as wide as the world. In this age of "priestism" and clerical assumption, it will be well to bear in mind that Robert Raikes was a layman, and that lay agency is the backbone of Sabbath-schools, as well as of a multitude of good institutions besides. From what we know of Christian ministers of all denominations, we are warranted in saying that Sabbath-school teachers are highly esteemed by them for their work's sake; even as lay helpers were honoured in those times when St. Paul wrote concerning them, "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord."

Selections from the Letters of the late Rev. William Best, B.A.

THE following "Selections" tell so well their own tale that only a few sentences relative to Mr. Best's life are necessary by way of introduction.

William Best was born at Liverpool, March 6th, 1826. His father, who was a man of decided literary taste, was taken from him at an early age. His mother married again when William was about six years old; and for his second father he acquired and cherished a sincere filial affection. The family was associated with the Wesleyan Methodists, and the home life was both cheerful and devout. While still a youth, he gathered around him a circle of companions well fitted to stimulate his natural gifts. A tendency towards quiet and literary pursuits, which early showed itself, was increased by delicate

health, the result of a mistaken attempt to benefit the sight of the right eye. A period of intense suffering, and a disfigurement which was a life-long cross, followed this unhappy effort.

Mr. Best early manifested an aptitude for putting his thoughts into verse, and a number of sonnets and other forms of poetry remain to prove that he possessed both poetic sympathies and power of versification to an unusual degree.

The following sonnet, written when he was eighteen years old, shows his consciousness of the quickening influence which the works of Wordsworth had exercised upon his mind:—

Wordsworth! I once was ignorant and blind,
 Unconscious of the length, depth, breadth, and height
 Of that felicity and full delight
 For which I had capacity. My mind
 Has learned deep truths Divine, oh bard! from thee,
 Of powers and agencies in nature's frame,
 And of the scope of her majestic aim
 Upon the soul of man, and now, I see
 Glory and might and loveliness Divine,
 Of which my heart did never dream before.
 A flower, a breeze, the sun, the ocean's roar,
 Stars in the intense blue depths of heaven that shine,
 All things are full of majesty and power,
 Yea! e'en the lowliest have a heavenly dower.

27th November, 1844.

About this time he made frequent visits to the English Lake district for relaxation. During one of his excursions he was introduced to Wordsworth and also to Hartley Coleridge. A second visit was paid to Wordsworth; and after some hours of intercourse, Mr. Best left Rydal Mount with an increased reverence for his host's character and gifts, which matured judgment only confirmed.

I.—PREVIOUS TO ENTERING COLLEGE.

Mr. Best's school life, which was marked by many successes, was followed by several years in an accountant's office in Liverpool. After a few months' preparatory study, he entered Stepney College in 1853.

To Mr. Wilson, one of the circle of early and dearly-loved friends.

November 12th, 1850.

. . . . I used to write verse, and, apart from other considerations, it is a most excellent method of acquiring control and mastery over the language. I have always read poetry, and have just commenced the perusal of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." It is a poem of profoundest pathos. To know how such an event as that over which "Jesus wept" affects the loftiest minds of our race, and in what manner it touches the purer and more refined sensibilities of the heart, is a matter of deepest interest. The death of a friend is a subject of universal concernment. Few are capable of watching the phases of grief, fewer still of expressing, in lofty and beautiful verse, the results of such a process. In most hearts grief is a tumult—a chaotic confusion of thought and feeling which resolves itself speedily into the ordinary forms of life. In other cases it throws the mind back upon itself, and gives rise to frequent and impassioned questionings. The great dark enigmas of existence are investigated

with impulsive but irregular energy. But who can unriddle them. Then follows the hallowed calm, when the soul passes under review her powers, faculties, and feelings, and ascertains her loss or gain in the sad conflict she has had to endure. Love still endures, purified and exalted, with the arms of faith firmly clasped about her, and the eyes of faith look up to the source of the day-spring from on high. Death, which is the darkest, the most problematic, the most inscrutable of all human events, has the singular effect of creating or evolving in the mind an assurance of immortality which is near akin to certainty. Tennyson has taken the loss of his friend, and, from the first feeling of incredulous grief down to the fortified belief in eternal life of which I speak, develops the processes of sorrow—sometimes uttering his heart in simplicity that reminds of Scripture, at other times sweeping his harp with lyrical grandeur, and again at other times putting into “Orphic verse” the profoundest philosophy. I feel myself better as I read that book.

November 27th, 1851.

I am seeking church membership, and have had an interview with Mr. Birrell. The privilege of church membership I seek, as you know, as a duty—as a privilege. I should like to hear that you were doing the same. Let us be as actively useful as God gives us opportunity, and seek more of the spirit of the Redeemer.

January 16th, 1852.

. . . . And so the brevity of human life fills you with melancholy and unfits you for action. Should it not rather be a summons to redoubled activity? How much it is possible to crowd into a few years. Some men seem to establish a claim to eternity by making time image it.

“And panting time toils after them in vain.”

Your letter made me get up a whole hour earlier the next morning. I feel that sloth in this direction is sin against God. I must not indulge.

Oh, the responsibility of intelligence—of thought, of capability for action! *What must I do?*

I am determined not to withhold myself from the service of the truth. A little while, and that which is now internal will claim for itself outwardness—a shape, a name. It cannot remain a feeling or a thought—naked, indeterminate, inorganic, inoperative, barren.

I have come to a resolution on the subject of baptism. I will be immersed. This is the result of careful examination of the Scripture record, and I think I see the reasonableness, propriety, significance, and beauty of the rite as administered by the Lord and His disciples to adult believers. In taking this step I have not relied upon myself. I have sought guidance, and to the same guidance I endeavour to commit all my ways. I submit in faith and in love. It is best what He chooses. If I remain connected with merchandise and commerce it will not be in consequence of stifling my aspirations and desires for other spheres and modes of usefulness, or through neglecting to avail myself of such openings as may occur—as may present themselves. I say as “may present themselves.” Am I wrong in giving objective reality and activity to circumstances? Is there not a spirit living under them mightier than they, mightier than we—the might and wisdom of the universe?

I have just finished Alton Locke, and have much to say about it, but not now. I have been consulting Mill's Political Economy on the probable future of the working classes and on partnership, both which chapters are profoundly interesting. In reading I keep by me some biography of eminent Christians to turn to at intervals. Pray get hold of John Foster's life for that purpose.

March, 1852.

My soul rests in the broad stillness of devout gratitude. I have received the truth that is unpurchasable and beyond price, trusting in one that is all

worthy. I was a week to-night received by Mr. Birrell's church, and on Sunday evening last had the rite of Christian baptism administered to me. "Thou art a watered garden," was the appropriate text of a most impressive discourse. . . . I am a member of a church. How responsible this position, and what is the future to which I look? My outlook is veiled and obscure. Am I to battle in the world? "Be thou a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ," was the monitory text pronounced by my pastor as he raised me from the waters of baptism. "Lord, what would'st Thou have me to do?" is my heart's deep response. I don't want a prominent place, but the question is of duty, not desire. I would willingly sit among the least observed at the table of the Lord, but is this a place I can occupy without sin? Your prayer is daily mine. Direction and tractable obedience are what we need, and doubtless we shall have them.

. . . . Write soon again. Expostulate, reprove, warn, advise. I want shepherding. You gratify me by your account of your speech-making. Activity is happiness. Don't mope. Difficulty, sadness, depression are all incentives to prayer. "Action without prayer is atheism; prayer without action, hypocrisy," said Mr. Birrell. Let them go together, and plenty of both.

September 10th, 1852.

I have taken the first step towards offering myself for the Christian ministry. I have seen Mr. Birrell. My interview lasted, I suppose, an hour, and took place yesterday. The result stands briefly thus:—There is no obstruction in my age or measure of education, or in the nature of my abilities, to my seeking the office of the ministry. He will not advise either way; that would be contrary to his convictions and practice. He concluded the interview by a most beautiful and touching prayer. I shall endeavour earnestly, as in the presence of my God and Saviour, to know and obey His will in this matter. I know you will not neglect prayer for me. What a crisis in my life is this! On the whole, this business has made me more deeply feel my own weakness and the poverty of all external resource, and consequently has acted as a strong constraining influence to necessitate me to seek God in Christ and the aid of His spirit—

"Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need."

November 2nd, 1852.

. . . . If I am to be a minister, I must be a minister of Jesus to His people and the world, not a denominational or sectarian teacher. I must speak from the Bible and my own soul, not from the soul of John Calvin. My opinion is that we have too much that is cut and dried, too little of what is fresh with the dew upon it; too much system, too little living truth; too much of Wesley and his four volumes of sermons—altogether too much of *other* men. The Bible and the gracious assistance of God's Holy Spirit will, I am sure, lead a humble and teachable soul to the most perfect views of truth that such a soul is capable of receiving. There is my reliance. In much weakness, compassed about with infirmity and sinfulness, often ready to droop and faint, but with sincere faith in my Lord, and trusting to Divine guidance and direction, I am anxious to be employed in ministerial service. . . . Christian ministers have to deal with active, energetic, thinking, mercantile men; on the other hand, they must meet frankly, fairly, and with charity the power embodied in the lives and writings of such men as Carlyle, Newman, Martineau, Strauss, and the subtle, permeating influence of Gœthe ramifying through those I have named, and others, such as Emerson, many of whom, it must be confessed, are among the master-minds of our times. . . . Soul must speak to soul, having had previous converse with the Father. . . . I am reading "Arnold's Life," Fitch's "Destination of Man," Carlyle's "Past and Present" and "Latter Day Pamphlets," and THE BOOK,

especially "John's Gospel" and "Ecclesiastes;" besides which, I yesterday purchased "Gibbon." Plenty of work, you see.

To his Mother.

Liverpool, March 3rd, 1853.

I received Fanny's letter this morning, and, along with the rest, was much gratified by the announcement that she is "decidedly better." What an occasion for deep and hearty gratitude when she quite recovers! We look forward with the liveliest anticipation to the sunny months that are coming, not without the continual conviction that sunshine and shower and breeze and health and sickness are in a sovereign and beneficent Hand. . . . I received a week or two since a message from Mr. Birrell that he wished again to see me with regard to the ministry. I took the earliest opportunity of waiting on him, and we had a free conversation for the best part of an hour. You observe the interview was brought about at his instance, not mine. The college training would extend over some four years. What money I have would suffice to meet expenses, without help from any other source. He recommended me to decide promptly, and in case my decision were to enter the ministry, at once to give up my situation, and, in order to enter one of the "best" colleges of the denomination, to give six months to preparatory study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. Here the matter rests for the present. I want your advice. Next to pleasing the Great Father, I desire most of all to please you and father and the family. As to the sacrifice of so much time as four years at my age, it is a matter for consideration. If I were necessary to your support I should indeed pause. I think my faculties, such as they are, are by no means best of all adapted to business, and I have a strong feeling that my usefulness and general efficiency in the world and the church would be greatly increased by taking the contemplated step. I shall look for your reply with great anxiety. It will probably be the most important letter I have ever received. You and Fanny talk it over as disciples of Christ, and write as soon as may be.

To Mr. Wilson.

March 15th, 1853.

I have just notified my intention to leave Mr. ———'s employment, and the whole familiar aspect of the place is changed. You know what this announcement means! God help me! I have determined to prepare for His ministry, and now, in full view of the startling fact, I feel, oh! how weak. Is there any of the stuff of which martyrs and confessors are made in me? Could I, would I say with Thomas, "Let us also go that we may die with Him"? Otherwise I am unfit for this office and function. It is always a hard thing to speak the truth, frequently dangerous, sometimes deadly. I sometimes fear that my life, myself, is far too dear to me, that the burden of the cross would crush me. And am I not parting for ever with my old life, and for ever leaving the track that my feet have worn for many months and many years? Do these sensibilities denote a weak nature, incapable of the arduous duties to which I look forward as my portion? Have I capabilities, have I energies, am I not making a huge mistake, am I deluded by vanity, seduced by intellectual predilections, impelled by distaste to business? Is it indeed that my soul adores the Redeemer and sympathizes in His purposes that I yearn over a world dark and deluded, and would spend myself in obscurity and poverty for His sake? Questions are continually startling me; springing up suddenly, now here, now there, restless as sea foam. But withal my determination is taken, and, unless in God's providence some insuperable barrier be thrown up against me, my life-business hereafter will be the ministry of the Word. I pray my Heavenly Father, whatever else may be my portion, that I may be useful—a teacher to lead men's minds into the truth. And to this end may the Divine Spirit lead me into all truth, and accompany me in my labours.

March 21st, 1853.

Your letter, so full of deep sympathy, came to the heart that needed it, and was as a cordial. . . . I write under the very saddest feelings, for I have just heard to my inexpressible sorrow that T. H.* is dead. A nobler heart does not beat. My *soul's* brother! Our long intercourse of intimate affection has never been broken by the slightest misunderstanding. He had the tenderness of a woman and the inflexible heroism of a martyr. So retiring and modest a nature could be known but to few. Few, perhaps, knew so well as I how he was distinguished by the absence of all selfishness. I am overwhelmed when I think of this noble nature, so rarely endowed, perishing miserably among navvies and employed at the work of a navy. Who knows of what he was capable? "The world knoweth its own;" our consolation must be that the Lord knoweth *His* own. I feel crushed by the intelligence. He will not return to me, but I shall go to him. I used to think "How pleased Tom will be to learn that I am going to study for the ministry." But his ear is cold and the soul that lighted his eye has returned to the Father. God, who comforteth them that are cast down, remember all that feel or are to feel this blow.

On his probable admission to Stepney.

April 25th, 1853.

Whatever I could do, preach, teach, speechify, hear, sing, without interfering with necessary studies, I would do. But study, study, study—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, mathematics, German, and, above all and as the centre of all, the Great Book, this must and shall be my main occupation. To show the age that Christ is not *dead*, not obsolete, but a living presence. What an object! My soul dilates to contemplate it. I leave ledgers on Saturday; my work in future is to mould lives.

II.—COLLEGE DAYS.

Mr. Best entered college in the autumn of 1853, graduated at the London University in 1856, and began his first pastorate at Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, January, 1857.

It may not be out of place here to quote the words of a friend to whom many of these letters were addressed:—"If you include only such letters or parts of letters in your selection as refer to Mr. Best's public work, they will present but an incomplete view of a life so full of life. How often have I seen him keep a company in roars of laughter. Many of his letters to me are full of humour, worthy of Charles Lamb."

Again:—"For above twenty-five years I have intensely admired and loved him. No one can fill for me the place he has left vacant. I cherish his memory and thank God for his gifts."

To Mr. Wilson.

November 17th, 1853.

The Turks have whacked the Russians. Oh, laws! There's news! Three cheers for the Crescent and the successor of Mahomet! The mischief is that with the fall of the Russians is associated the rise of tallow; and there I feel touched in a sensitive part. Strange that the whirl of these great wheels should interfere with the movements of such a little obscure one as mine, and that the wind of their rapid rotation should have a tendency to blow out my

* A young surgeon, generally on duty on board ship, but who died during a visit to the gold diggings, Australia, when the "gold fever" was at its height.

study-lamp. Sixpence per hundredweight is laid on tallow. I must, according to calculations carried on (*De Morgante probante*), scientifically "squelch my 'glim'" five minutes earlier every evening, meantime grimly desiring that the candle may lose nothing by sweating, and watching any unfortunate symptoms with soul as earnest as Carlyle. "Oh, laws! the Turks have whacked the Russians!" wherein lieth a classical pun, to which I gently draw your attention, with a faint hope that it may find more favour in your eyes than a certain unfortunate classical epistle which I laboriously composed and complacently posted five weeks ago, little dreaming that the receiving-box would prove to be the jaws of oblivion and the bowels of night—" *Jam te premet nos fabulæ que Manes, et domus exilis Plutonia.*" I think I see you sitting in your professorial chair, glowering through spectacles at that unlucky missive. I think I can—yes, almost I can—fancy its ignominious destination; and yet it were best to draw the veil. (The veil is drawn . . .)

I saw — on Sunday. . . Is he not a distinguished mathematician? I think I have heard you say so. Poor fellow! These studies seem to dry up all flesh-and-blood sympathies, and to cover you up with a damp, unpleasant blanket, or, Q. E. D., make mummies of you. I have got over 13 propositions, and already feel fully one degree more stupid. I have noticed that Euclid gives a fishy appearance to the eyes. He gives me a tremendous apprehension of universal stagnation. Sometimes I am reminded of chips, sometimes of baked bones, sometimes of sawdust bread, sometimes of grit, of sharpening a saw, of digesting oyster-shells, of leather pudding. If I had Euclid here, I would—I would, aye, that I would—I would torture him. I'd pull his nose; I'd tickle him with red-hot skewers; I'd pull out his teeth, and run lead in the cavities, and say, "See his gumboils!" I'd make him eat roasted nails, with oil of vitriol for gravy, and wash it down with molten quicksilver. In fact, he's a fool, with his A. B., B. A., and Q. E. D. Nevertheless, I shall master him out of spite, and when I meet him I'll grin defiance in the teeth of his skull! Now, my dear Wilson, let's hear from you, and don't be so exacting as to require in addition to a Latin letter one in the vernacular.

Stepney College, January 12th, 1854.

My dear Professor,—*Here!* Some people talk of my redundancy of expression, but there's a sentence worthy of his grace the late F. M. the Duke of Wellington. I might have amplified and told you in a roundabout style of my journey—how I arrived at Wolverhampton—what kind of company I found in my carriage—of the drunken man with us who would talk of a railway "o'er the say" from Holyhead to Nineveh, which would cost £17,000,000, he said, a large amount which the Jews, the Roman Catholics, the Church of England, and the Dissenters were quarrelling about as to who should defray it, with other particulars in the same strain; or I might tell you of the song he sang about Queen Victoria and three other queens sitting down to meat with red-hot knives and forks, and having snowball puddings to eat at, also the lamentable failure that ensued when they attempted to cut said puddings with red-hot knives and forks aforesaid. But such incoherent stuff would be very far from suiting the mathematical of professorial brains. Further, I might have told you that when I arrived at Wolverhampton, I determined, as I sat in my slippers before the snug fire, to put off my journey to London for another day, or rather, to express the matter more nicely and exactly, I resolved not to leave Wolverhampton for that period. Also I might have told you all my feelings and thoughts, the changes in the weather, state of the country passed through, the general redness that characterised nasal prominences, how often you passed through my mind, but I'm not a pump nor a teapot, nor a house-side and have no spout; and therefore—without a word on these manifold and tempting subjects, or in regard to my cordial reception here—and it was *most* cordial—I have written at 5 minutes to 11 p.m., *i.e.*, 2½ hours after my arrival, a succinct, emphatic, concise, expressive, unmistakeable, and clear announcement of that arrival, in the monosyllabic quadrilateral word **HERE**.

To a Friend, on the loss of his Father.

Jan. 19th, 1854.

I deeply sympathise with you in your sorrow. Such a loss is not to be measured. What a cloud will hang over the house at B—; how empty it will appear and feel. Your mother will have to sustain the greatest burden of the affliction. Both you and she will need other help than words can afford. It is at such times that we realise the power and consolation of the truth in Christ, for at such times all things else are found to be hollow and unsubstantial—vapours that shift their place and change their form, and as we look at them, disappear. You and I* and our families have been crushed and overwhelmed by terrible bereavements, and the sense of desolation, as with me, so no doubt with you, gathers about the heart like an Arctic winter. We have to learn the meaning of these things, and to be initiated into the wisdom and mystery of life. We shall take a permanent colouring from the events of the last month. Through an atmosphere made still and awful by the presence of death, how the accents of the Saviour thrill—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." They have a majesty and power we have not hitherto perceived, and He who utters them is revealed to our hearts in augmented glory. He who is gone, and she who went before, lived and died so as to leave to us who stayed behind for a little time all the fountains of consolation full and flowing. Our grief is not for them, but for ourselves, and our very grief, like all that pertains to us, is evanescent. But though our tears dry, and the strong agitation subsides, it is not because we forget. Their memory and spiritual presence will ever remain with us the most treasured and beloved possessions of our souls.

To Mr. Wilson.

January 26th, 1854.

I have felt for some little time back like something out of date and forgotten; it seems a century since I received a letter from anybody (this is written yesterday for to-day, and about five minutes' since I received two letters), and I have all the sensation of something mouldy, mossy, grey, worm-eaten, mouldering, sunk into desuetude and ruin, with the wind blowing and howling through my desolation. In fact, this letter, or this part of it, may be regarded as the crepitation of the breezes knocking their noses against the damp, dull, miserable, and uncared-for angles of the forlorn and forsaken wretched old ruin! . . . When H. wrote to me he spoke of his thoughts being directed to the work of a Wesleyan local preacher. . . . Even better than preaching I would like to hear of his conquering some study. An achievement of that kind would give him an immense purchase throughout life.

March 10th, 1854.

Since you say you would regard my "silence as a penalty," I feel at liberty to assume that my letters meet with your approbation. Is it so? I generally read them over before I despatch them, and I am surprised at their uniform quality; they are not grave, they are not for the most part didactic; in short, they are highly unsatisfactory. I could if I would, but I won't, defend myself, and prove that this is as it should be, at least with you. To you I need not vindicate myself, for you look deeper than the surface, and know that the mere curling and crimpling of a wave is not necessarily a mark of shallowness. If I thought I should be at all misunderstood, and that any levity of mine in look or word should throw the least shade of suspicion on the reality and depth of my religious feelings, and so impair in ever so inconsiderable a degree the silent influence of my character, I should feel the keenest pangs. I avail myself of

* Alluding to the recent death of the invalid sister to whom allusion is made in one of the foregoing letters.

the letter as a means of relaxation, a vent for feelings that during my absence from home must necessarily be under restraint.

I was very glad to learn that you had begun Greek. Don't be dismayed at the constructional difficulties that will meet you. You will find them one by one vanish, and, if I mistake not, will find the opinion justified that Greek is less difficult than Latin after the preliminary bugbears have been sturdily put to flight.

I'm becoming more attached to mathematical studies—in fact, I relish them. Euclid is well read to the 34th Prop.

By the way, I gaped so naturally this morning at Classical Lecture as to surprise Dr. Gray into a human laugh. I apologised on the ground of having this morning established an alarum in my bedroom, which tickled the old gentleman still further. The real reason was the disgust I felt at old Socrates' metaphysics. I grow quite an adept at sneezing and gaping. There are some whom I can at any time sneeze into a laugh, which shows how our emotions are linked together in beautiful fraternity.

(*To be continued.*)

Some General Remarks on Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL.

WHETHER this discourse was actually spoken at one time, or whether it is a collection of extracts from several others preached by our Lord, and here brought together by Matthew in a collected form, is a question which has been much discussed. This latter opinion is strongly contended for, on the ground that there is no connected train of thought running through it, and that it has no very distinct object and purpose.

On the other hand, there are many eminent writers who maintain that it was delivered at one time—that there is a distinct purpose steadily kept in view throughout—and that a careful examination of its contents will make this plain. So far from its being made up of quotations from other discourses, we may more reasonably conclude that those precepts and doctrines we meet with in other places in the gospels, which are similar to those we find here, are quotations from *this* discourse. The frequent repetition of doctrines, precepts, and rules of conduct, is what we might expect, when we consider that our Lord's ministry extended over all Palestine, and even beyond the Jordan—that He addressed various audiences, composed of persons very different in character and condition, and that they all as much needed as we do now, "line upon line, and precept upon precept."

This discourse is universally admitted, by all who have carefully studied it, to be a masterpiece of ethical wisdom. There is nothing in the Bible more generally admired. It places before us our Lord's

ideal of the Christian life—an ideal so beautiful as to attract all devout minds—and many, who reject the Gospel as a revelation from heaven, confess that this sermon is the most perfect and sublime that ever fell from the lips of man.

It may be divided into three parts. The *first*, which is introductory, proclaims the great fact that to be holy is to be happy. The *second* describes the holiness which Christ expects His disciples to cultivate, as contrasted with that set forth by the Jewish teachers—expounds the law in its true character, as opposed to those perversions of it by which they had made it of none effect—enforces an unostentatious reality in all religious exercises, instead of the formalism of the Pharisees, the cultivation of simplicity and heavenly-mindedness in all our pursuits, and of charity and wisdom in our judgment and treatment of others, as alike opposed to censoriousness and laxity. The *third* is made up of various encouragements to enter upon, and steadily to pursue, the arduous course of the Christian life; and of solemn warnings designed to deter men from unbelief and indulgence in sin—for the end of the one is life eternal, and of the other, endless misery and ruin. This sermon is not, then, made up of fragments taken from others spoken at different times, and in different places, without any specific purpose or aim, but a connected whole, the parts being held together by a consecutive train of thought, and having an important end in view.

The circumstances under which it was delivered are deeply interesting. Our Lord had finished a tour of the villages of Galilee; and, as His custom was on solemn and important occasions, He went up into the secluded and silent recesses of a mountain for meditation and prayer. He was about to set apart the twelve apostles—men who, in the future, were to be *always* with Him, and who, by this act, would not only be separated from the world, but from the mass of His disciples. The mountain was distant a few miles from the lake of Gennesaret, rising to an elevation of a thousand feet, having two remarkable peaks which crown its summit. Between these there was an open space, a sort of amphitheatre, in which a great multitude might assemble, and yet be within the reach of a single voice. To this place a vast company had come, and, followed by His disciples, our Lord came down from the peak on which He had stood, to the place where the people were seated on the grass. It would appear that He retreated a few steps upwards, and then sat down, after the manner of one about to teach. He lifted up His eyes to heaven, and opened His mouth—phrases which denote the solemnity of the occasion, and the authority with which He spoke.

The illustrations so freely used would indicate the time to be the full spring of the year, for “the sermon dates itself.” When enforcing the great lesson of trust in God, He pointed the multitude to the lilies which covered the field, and clothed it in a splendour more glorious than the regal magnificence of Solomon; and to the birds which filled the air with their melodies as they flew by. These

were signs of the beginning of summer; and we may conclude that nature was arrayed in her robes of richest beauty when our Lord preached this unrivalled discourse. After He had begun His ministry in Galilee, He spent nearly a year in Jerusalem; but we are told very little of His work there. We know, however, that it occasioned an open rupture with the Jews; for as soon as they found out the real design of His mission, they persecuted Jesus, and sought to slay Him. Rejected in Judea, He returned to Galilee.

Here were passed His youthful days, having for companions boatmen and peasants, whose kindly regard was won by His deportment, and who, when He entered on His great public work, followed Him from place to place. *The common people heard Him gladly.* Tidings of this movement among the people reached the rulers at Jerusalem, who at once sent down doctors to collect if possible materials for a charge against Him, and to concert measures with the Pharisees, living in the district, to damage His reputation and lessen His influence. Thus hunted and opposed, our Lord proceeded to organise His kingdom—to bind to His service men who were ready to risk all for His sake—and to give to the rapidly-increasing numbers of the disciples, efficient leaders and guides. He, therefore, publicly proclaimed the laws of His kingdom, showed what manner of men they must become if they would be His disciples, and how pure and heavenly must be their spirit if they would enter the kingdom of God.

In common with their whole race, and indeed the whole world, as then known, these multitudes were expecting a Teacher and a Deliverer who would set up a kingdom on earth, and restore them to their former political power. Even many of those who were ready to follow Him, had a lingering notion that they would secure great temporal advantage in His service. The mother of Zebedee's sons asked that they might sit, the one on His right and the other on His left hand, in the kingdom; and the disciples wanted to know whether our Lord would restore the kingdom to Israel. What they, therefore, most needed was instruction as to the nature of the Messiah's kingdom—to be undeceived, and stripped of these false ideas and hopes.

They had been taught by their Rabbis that when the Messiah came their country would be enriched with the spoils of other nations; that they would no longer have to toil for their daily bread, but live in mirth and luxury; that they would have their revenge on their enemies, and that, instead of paying tribute to Cæsar, they would be delivered from bondage, and led on to victory.

How strikingly do these "beatitudes" correct their mistakes. There is set over against their expectation of unbounded wealth,—a blessing on poverty; and poverty of spirit,—against their hope of sensual mirth and pleasure, a blessing on those who mourn,—against their thirst for vengeance and revenge; a blessing on the meek,—against their lust of splendour and conquest; a blessing on righteousness and equity,—against their spirit of unrelenting cruelty; a blessing on the merciful

and compassionate,—against their hope of an unbridled indulgence of the lusts of the flesh ; a blessing on purity of heart,—against their eager anticipation of successful revolt ; a blessing on the lovers and makers of peace,—and against their disposition to pursue their enemies to the uttermost ; a blessing on those who patiently endured persecution and calmly suffered loss.* In this way our blessed Lord corrected their mistakes, shewed them the groundlessness of their expectations, and the delusiveness of their hopes.

This sermon is, moreover, a formal public utterance of the truths He came to teach. And first, the setting up of a new spiritual kingdom. There was one already in the world. He had, therefore, to show in what respects the New was related to the Old, and that it was better than the one which it was to set aside. The Mosaic law revealed the righteousness of God to induce men to strive to make it their own. But Christ reveals a righteousness to which we must submit, instead of seeking to establish our own righteousness, even that of which Paul speaks, as coming to us by faith. And this consists not in supremacy, but in love ; not in power, but in wisdom ; not in wisdom only, but in moral goodness ; not in returning evil for evil, but in overcoming evil with good ; not in inflicting pain, but in bearing it ; not in ruling, but in serving ; not in offering sacrifices and paying tithes, but in obedience to the Divine law ; not in outward and numerous ceremonies, but in faith which worketh by love, which love is the end of the commandment, and the fulfilment of the law. His disciples must therefore exhibit a righteousness far higher and nobler than that of the Scribes and Pharisees.

The common notion that each beatitude describes a separate class of persons is, I think, a mistake. Every disciple of Christ should be distinguished for *all* these virtues. Every disciple will not exhibit them all equally. Some will be eminent for one, and some for another—for there are not only diversities of gifts among Christians, but diversities of virtues also ; hence the possession of only one of these virtues here enumerated would ill qualify a person for the duties and trials of the Christian life. Sooner or later they will *all* be found necessary to that life, as it grows and develops. Occasions will arise when each of these virtues will be required. In the same degree as we cultivate all, will be the closeness of our resemblance to Christ Himself. We shall thus understand the full meaning of His solemn words:—"Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

May all who read and ponder this unrivalled sermon, and who see in it their Lord's ideal of the Christian character and life, be fired with a holy ambition to realize it. Is the standard raised so high that we cannot reach it ? Considering our own weakness, and that we are still prone to wander from God, it is no marvel that such a feeling

* *Expositor*, January, 1875.

should be prevalent. But is that a valid reason why we should abandon every attempt to reach this standard? Let us rather rejoice that every temptation resisted, every holy desire cherished, every vain thought suppressed, every effort put forth to save souls, every good deed done to any one of His disciples in His name and for His sake, and every sacrifice and attempt made to extend His kingdom in the world, is a step towards it. Are we weak? Yes, truly. But we "can do all things through Christ who strengthens us." And has He not promised to give the Holy Spirit? Do we believe that promise? In fact, do we believe *in* the Holy Ghost at all? Then if we earnestly ask for the gift, we shall surely have the gift—not a mere passing influence, not a mere temporary bestowment, but to dwell in us, and abide with us for ever! He will help us to rise higher and higher in the Divine life, and we shall really be what our Lord would have us be—"the salt of the earth, and the light of the world."

Easter.

L EARNED men are not agreed as to the literal meaning of the above well-known word. Two probable derivations have been put forth. Venerable Bede, who lived in the eighth century, derives the word from *Ostra*, or *Ostern*, which, he says, is the name of the Goddess of Light or Spring, in honour of whom a festival was anciently observed in the month of April by our Saxon ancestors. Others have affirmed that the word Easter, in its root-meaning, is the same as *yeast* and *yeasty*, conveying the idea of wind and storm, and therefore that this season is so called because of the rough weather which is apt to prevail at the time. In this sense Shakespeare speaks of

——— the yeasty winds
Which fight against the churches.

Webster gives* the former meaning, the "Penny Cyclopædia" the latter; but of course we cannot presume to say positively which is the more correct. We, however, lean towards the former view, and our reasons are as follow. First, it is tolerably certain that our pagan Saxon forefathers called the month of April *Ostarmanoth*, which seems to have been in honour of the goddess Ostar. In confirmation of this meaning, we may mention the undisputed fact that the religious teachers of our ancestors, in putting away pagan festivals, made it a rule, as far as possible, to put Christian ones in their place. But, whatever the literal meaning of the word Easter, there can be no doubt of the importance and sublimity of the spiritual truths which this well-known season of the year is intended to teach.

The word Easter occurs but once in Sacred Scripture, and would not have appeared at all but for the pedantic interference of James I., who ordered that word, the word "bishop," and two or three others, to be retained in the Authorised Version made in his reign; and which order of the "British Solomon" the translators were mean-minded enough to obey. The passage to which we allude is Acts xii. 4; it refers to the persecution of the Apostle Peter by King Herod, and says that it was the intention of the tyrant to bring the apostle forth to the people "after Easter." There can be no doubt, however, that the word Easter ought to be obliterated from the translation, and the word Passover put in its place. According to popular opinion, the season of Easter seems to refer especially and almost exclusively to the great fact of the resurrection from the dead of the Divine Redeemer of mankind; but it is more consonant with Scriptural teaching to consider Easter time as answering to the season of the Jewish Passover, and therefore as the anniversary of the Saviour's last sufferings, as well as of His burial and His triumphant resurrection from the tomb. This sacred season is therefore the Paschal Feast of the Church, in the fulness of the sense of the apostle's words (1 Cor. v. 7):—"For our Passover also hath been sacrificed, even Christ." The word Passover is a correct and literal translation of the Hebrew and Greek words, by which the feast is designated in the Old and New Testaments. Some of the early Christian writers derived the name from the Greek word *πάσχω*, which means "I suffer;" and hence the use of the word *passio* (passion) to signify the last sufferings of Christ. But there can be no doubt that the Greek word *πάσχα* is the Aramean word *Pascha*, and that it means "passage" or "passing over"—an allusion certainly to the fact that the destroying angel passed harmlessly over the houses of the Israelites, when he smote with death the firstborn of the Egyptians, both man and beast. Josephus says, *Antiq.*, lib. ii., cap. 14:—"But when God had signified that with one more plague He would compel the Egyptians to let the Hebrews go, He commanded Moses to tell the people that they should have a sacrifice ready, and that they should prepare themselves on the tenth day of the month Xanthicus against the fourteenth (which month is called by the Egyptians Pharmuth, and Nisan by the Hebrews; but the Macedonians call it Xanthicus), and that He should carry away the Hebrews with all they had. Accordingly, He having got the Hebrews ready for their departure, and having sorted the people into tribes, He kept them together in one place. But when the fourteenth day was come, and all were ready to depart, they offered the sacrifice, and purified their houses with the blood, using bunches of hyssop for that purpose; and when they had supped, they burnt the remainder of the flesh, as just ready to depart. Whence it is that we do still offer this sacrifice in like manner to this day, and call this festival *Pascha*, which signifies *the Feast of the Passover*; because on that day God passed us over, and sent the plague upon the Egyptians."

We may now proceed to speak of the chief elements of this great feast, viewing them as emblems of the person and work of our Saviour Christ. The Passover victim was to be the most innocent of all creatures—a *lamb*. This was the Divine command to Moses (Exod. xii. 3):—"Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house." Thus we are symbolically reminded of the atoning sacrifice of Christ, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The Paschal lamb was to be *without blemish*, to show forth the perfect sinlessness of the Saviour. Before His birth it was said by an angel to His virgin mother, "That Holy Child which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Standing in the presence of His acutest and bitterest foes, He could triumphantly ask, "Which of you convicteth Me of sin?" Even demons were constrained to confess, "We know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God." Truly "He was harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." How blessedly and sublimely true the words of Peter, writing them with his mind full of thoughts derived from the Paschal Feast:—"We are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot!" The Paschal victim was ordered to be kept *apart* four days before it was slain. Some commentators see in this fact two emblematic references to Christ—His designation, "according to the foreknowledge of God," to the duties of His redemptive work; and also that during the last four days of His life He was judicially examined at different tribunals, by which His innocence was clearly attested, and thus His fitness clearly proved to be an atonement for human guilt. The Paschal lamb was to be *slain*—a type of Him who was "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." "He died for our sins according to the Scriptures." As the steps lead to the altar, every portion of Christ's life—His miracles, His discourses, His spotless sanctity—points to and prepares for "the decease He was to accomplish at Jerusalem." The Cross was the climax of His redemptive career. The Paschal lamb was to be *eaten*—was the food of the sacred feast; and we know who said, "My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed." "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life abiding in you." The lamb of the Passover was to be eaten with *unleavened bread* and *bitter herbs*, to remind the disciples of Christ of the sinlessness to which they are continually aspiring, and of the sometimes bitter discipline by which they are prepared for the perfect purity of the best world. The *blood* of the Paschal lamb was to be sprinkled upon "the lintels and doorposts" of the Jewish dwellings—an expressive symbol of the operation of faith in Christ, and the grand results to which it leads. To a soul, sprinkled by faith with the blood of Jesus Christ, no angel of evil can do any real harm. Another Divine command in reference

to the Paschal lamb is in the following words:—"Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire" (Exod. xii. 9). Most commentators see in this command a type of the sacrificial sufferings of Christ; that, just as in the case of Elijah's offering upon Mount Carmel, the heaven-sent fire "consumed the sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench;" so the fire of the Divine wrath which fell upon Calvary consumed the life of Him who is our Passover, "slain for us." The learned Dr. Gill has some curious remarks upon the manner of preparing the Paschal lamb, which are worth quoting, even though we may not see all the symbolical meaning in it which he was able to perceive:—"The manner of roasting (the lamb), according to the Jewish canons, was this:—They bring a spit made of the wood of the pomegranate, and thrust it into its mouth, quite through it; they do not roast the Passover lamb on an iron spit or an iron grate. Maimonides is a little more particular and exact in his account. In answer to the question, 'How do they roast it?' he replies, 'They transfix it through the middle of the mouth to its extremities with a wooden spit, and then hang it in the midst of the furnace with the fire below.' Thus, then, it was not turned on a spit, according to our mode of roasting, but was suspended on a hook and roasted by the fire beneath; and so was the more exact figure of Christ suspended on the cross, and enduring the fire of Divine wrath. And Justin Martyr is still more particular, who was a native of Samaria, and well versed in Jewish affairs. He, even in conversing with Trypho the Jew, who could have contradicted him had he said what was wrong, says the lamb was roasted in the form of a cross. One spit, he says, went through the lower parts of the head, and again another across the shoulders, to which the hands (or rather forelegs) of the lamb were fastened or hanged, and so was a very lively emblem of Christ crucified."

The following remarkable command was also given concerning the Paschal lamb:—"In one house shall it be eaten; thou shalt not carry forth aught of the flesh abroad out of the house; neither shall ye break a bone thereof." This also typically pointed to the scenes of Calvary; for when the legs of the two fellow-sufferers of Christ were broken to expedite their death, the limbs of the Saviour were left unutilated, because He had already expired; and the evangelist who records the facts, writes—"For these things were done, that the Scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of Him shall not be broken." It is a saying of St. Augustine that "The New Testament is concealed in the Old, and the Old Testament is revealed in the New;" so also St. Paul distinctly declares that, "The law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." Unless, therefore, we are prepared to deny all evangelical meaning to the Jewish economy, and to assert a complete isolation between Moses and the Messiah, we must see in the history of the Paschal lamb, a series of suggestive typical predictions concerning the person and work of the incarnate Redeemer of mankind.

We may now appropriately make a few remarks in reference to the connection between the Paschal Feast and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. If we are not warranted in saying that the latter is to the Christian Church what the former was to the Jewish, we are doubtless to recognise a close and an interesting relationship between the two. For example, the Eucharist was established by Christ at His last celebration of the Paschal Feast. Very striking were the Master's words as He seated Himself with His disciples at the sacred table—"With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer: for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God" (Luke xxii. 15, 16). Dr. Doddridge thus correctly paraphrases the solemn utterance, "He said to them, as they sat together before supper was brought in, I assure you that I have most earnestly desired to eat this Passover with you, though I know it will be the last I shall celebrate with you, and we shall rise from it but a few hours before I am to suffer from Mine enemies the most cruel insults and torments, which shall end in death; yet such is My love to My people, and such My desire to glorify My heavenly Father, that no Passover was ever so welcome to Me as this. For I now see the days of My humiliation almost finished; and I say unto you, that after this I will not celebrate any other Passover with you, nor eat of it any more, till it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God; or till the institutions of the Gospel shall have perfected those of the law, and the ordinances of both are superseded by the more perfect enjoyments of the heavenly world." There can be no doubt that these striking words indicate the Saviour's intense consciousness of the importance of His mediatorial work, both as it respects the sufferings it involved, and the sublime results which were for ever to accrue—having the same meaning as that other expressive utterance, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" We are, probably, also right in supposing that the Redeemer's earnest wish to partake of His last Passover connects itself with the establishment of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper as the Paschal Feast of the Christian Church through all time, and an emblem of the blessedness arising from His presence and friendship eternally in heaven. This much is certain, that there is a close historical connection between the last Passover and the origin of the Eucharistic feast. The same hour witnessed the celebration of the one and the establishment of the other; while the Paschal bread and wine became the simple, but suggestive, elements of the Sacramental feast; and the Hebrew psalms which were sung by the Saviour and His disciples are our warranty for the utterance of hymns of praise amidst those solemn scenes by which we "shew the Lord's death till He come." The several names of this sacred feast are a sign of its importance among "the means of grace." We term it "The Ordinance," intimating thereby that it is of Divine appointment—emanating from the authority of Him who said, "Do this in remembrance of Me;" we term it "The Supper," thus indi-

cating that it was established on the night "in which He was betrayed;" we term it "The Eucharist," which means the feast of thanksgiving; and we name it "The Sacrament," which signifies the feast of the oath—the word *sacramentum* being the Latin word for the military oath taken on entering the Roman army. It is sad to think that widely different views should be entertained concerning it by different sections of the Christian Church. "The Papists," says Coleridge, "have condensed it into an idol, the Dissenters have evaporated it into a metaphor;" and, of course, he thought that the Church of England "goes safely in the middle path" of consubstantiation. As passages of Scripture may be quoted apparently in favour of each of the three classes of opinion, it seems likely that the controversy will remain unsettled until the art of Scriptural interpretation become a settled science, and the prejudices engendered by ages of ignorance have passed away.

We have said that the season of Easter was especially established for the celebration of the fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ; and it is, indeed, a great fact—one of the greatest facts within the wide circle of Christian truth, one of the strong pillars which sustain the fabric of the Faith; and in proportion to its importance is the abundance of the evidence on which our credence is claimed. Jesus was Himself the frequent prophet of His resurrection, thus staking His credit, if we may so say, as a Divine Mediator upon the fact of His conquest of death and the grave. "Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." "He spake of the temple of His body." Often did similar language concerning the same sublime subject fall from the Saviour's lips. The four Gospels must be to us "cunningly-devised fables," before we can reject their repeated testimony to the rising of Christ from the dead. Nine times at least they tell of the appearance of the risen Lord to His wondering disciples before the fulfilment of His striking words to Mary Magdalene, in sight of His empty tomb: "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended to My Father: but go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and to your God." That is—Do not attempt to retain Me now; touch not, as you once might have done, this body, which is now glorified by its conquest over death; for with this body I ascend to the Father.

Nothing is more certain than this, that wherever the apostles proclaimed the Gospel, they preached the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, feeling precisely as Paul did when he wrote to the Corinthians, "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, . . . that Christ rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures;"—and surely they were men whose testimony ought readily and thoroughly to be received. Undoubtedly they were *competent* witnesses. The apostles, as a rule, were not learned men, but they were at least men of common sense; and, as such, they were able to tell whether or not their dead Master had been restored to life. They were *unprejudiced* witnesses. They had no preconceived theory to

serve in the matter; the resurrection was to them an utterly unexpected event; they refused for some time to believe it, sharing in the incredulity of one of their number, who said, "I will not believe." They were also *disinterested* witnesses. In a temporal sense, they were great losers by their proclamation of the fact. They were not only scoffed at as "babblers," treated as "the off-scouring of all things," but at last laid down their lives in confirmation of the truth they preached. If, therefore, any assertion is to be received as true upon the words of competent, unprejudiced, disinterested men, we must give credence to the assertion of the apostles—"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep."

Intercessory Prayer: "Pray for one another" (JAS. v. 16)

INTERCESSORY PRAYER! What Christian man appreciates to the full the dignity of his position as an intercessor with God for others? None of us have yet risen to the height of this great argument. Our notions of the grandeur and excellence of *Prayer for others* fall far short of the reality. Yet it is God's will that we should "Pray for one another," and that, "First of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings be made for all men" (1 Tim. ii. 1). The Scriptures abound with testimonies to the excellence and power of INTERCESSORY PRAYER, and urge us by manifold motives to its presentation.

I.

Intercessory Prayer most assimilates us to God.

Prayer for others is the most divine form of prayer. The whole life of Jehovah is spent in blessing others. HE cares for the entire creation; HE openeth His hand, and satisfieth the wants of every living thing. Thus, when seeking blessings for others, we are most like HIM who is always giving, never receiving; we then most nearly approximate to HIS sublime, disinterested benevolence.

The moral law is not a mere arbitrary expression of the Divine will; it is a reflection of the very nature of God; hence agreement with the moral law is agreement with HIM who gave that law. Now, the law bids us love our neighbour as ourselves. When, therefore, on our knees we make our neighbour's case our own, and plead for him as earnestly as we do for ourselves, our prayers are in harmony with God's law, and, consequently, with God Himself. That is the most Godlike kind of prayer which is most *unselfish*; and of all prayers Intercessory Prayer has least of self in it.

II.

Intercessory Prayer is most like the praying of Christ in Heaven.

When on earth, our Lord prayed for Himself as well as for others. He needed to do so, for had He not to grapple with temptation and trial as we have? But now He prays only for others. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." He represents the whole Church before the throne. As Aaron had the names of the twelve tribes on his breastplate near his heart, and on his shoulder-pieces, to symbolise his complete representation of one and all, so the Saviour in glory appears there for the whole Church. If any man sin we have HIM as an advocate with the Father. There is but one Mediator between God and man—the Man Christ Jesus. The seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel gives us an idea of the scope and purpose of our Lord's intercession in heaven. He prays that the Church may be one; that its members may be sanctified and kept from evil; and that, at last, they may all behold His glory. He prays, too, that the Comforter may perpetually abide with us to enlighten saints and to convince the world. What an office! How majestic and how onerous!

And our prayers appear most in unison with that mighty pleading: the incense of the prayers of all saints seems most readily to blend with that which streams from HIS priestly censor, when we approach our Father in heaven to plead for a sin-stricken world and for a toiling, struggling Church. Then, in our humble measure, we are intercessors as He is, and our prayers come up before the Eternal One in unison with His Son's, and laden with an acceptable fragrance! We pray most like Jesus when we pray for others.

III.

Intercessory Prayer is the very mind of the Spirit.

The Holy Spirit maketh intercession in us according to the will of God; and He does this when He prompts us to make intercession for others. When the ever-blessed God hears such prayer coming from fully-charged hearts, He recognises in it at once "the mind of the Spirit." He knows that such pleading must have been prompted by His own gracious and loving Spirit.

When our Lord taught His disciples how to pray He put intercessory prayer first, before even the prayer for our daily bread, the forgiveness of our sins, and our own deliverance from evil. "Hallowed be Thy Name! Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven!" are the first three petitions put into our lips by the Great Teacher. How this order rebukes the selfishness of the closet! But surely the Son of God knew the mind of the Spirit!

When we most agonise in supplication for the conversion of the world and for the purity and prosperity of the Church, our prayers are most informed with the gracious influences of the Spirit of Love.

Never do we pray so thoroughly "according to the will of God" as then.

IV.

Intercessory Prayer has mighty power with God.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Like Jacob's, "It has power with God."

Modern infidelity denies this, and laughs at prayer as fanatical and out of date. But we say, that it is far more *reasonable* to believe in the power of such prayer as we are here describing with the one living and true God, than to deny it. Let the reader consider that *God is love*; and when a loving, gracious soul weeps and wrestles at His feet for a ruined world, is it likely that HE can be unmoved?

A man may lose himself in profitless discussions about unchangeable decrees and purposes, and may argue himself into believing in a God without a heart; but, while "*God is love*," no intercessor can plead with Him in faith and fervour for the communication of good to the needy in vain.

Let the reader consider, too, what such prayer as we have described is, and he cannot doubt that it *must* have power with *such* a God! Such prayer is in harmony with the very heart and nature of Him to whom it is presented. It is in sympathy with the intercession of the Son within the vail, and the Eternal Spirit of grace prompts it. Such prayer must lay hold of the very strength of God. It has no power, truly, to change HIS fixed and irrevocable purposes; nor need it have such a power to be efficacious, for one of the fixed and irrevocable purposes of God is that such prayer shall have power with HIM. The universe is governed by a dispensation of means, and among the mightiest of these means is fervent, trustful, intercessory prayer.

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

This explanation will satisfy the yearnings of every gracious soul. In spite of the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, we shall still intercede for men, in the belief that such prayer has power with God.

V.

Intercessory Prayer brings rich blessings to him who offers it.

Job's own captivity was turned when he prayed, not for himself but for his three friends. Abraham had the longest and most confidential visit from the Angel of the Covenant when he pleaded for Sodom. It was after his noble and self-sacrificing prayer for Israel that Moses had that wonderful vision in which the Lord God passed before him, and proclaimed His whole name.

Daniel was honoured with the despatch of Gabriel from heaven to announce the acceptance of his protracted intercession for his nation.

The prophet's chamber was lighted-up with celestial radiance after a day's wrestling with God for the chosen tribes, and heaven drew near to earth to tell him he had prevailed.

Paul, the Apostle, had been praying for those who sailed with him, when an angel of God stood by him to assure him that not a soul on board should perish in the storm.

And thus it has ever been. Praying for others always brings a blessing into our own souls. "He that watereth others shall be watered himself" is an inspired proverb, as applicable to prayer as to any other department of Christian effort. We never realise our own adoption with more clearness and confidence than we do when we find our hearts touched with a divine compassion for the ignorant and perishing, for then we are likest God, and are best able to call Him Father! Then we feel our oneness with Him who sweat as it were great drops of blood for the redemption of a world lying in the wicked one. The doubters and grumbletonians in Andrew Fuller's Church ceased to doubt and grumble when they began to work and pray earnestly for the Foreign Mission. The secret of being blessed oneself is to live to make others blessed.

VI.

Intercessory Prayer has ever been honoured of God in the blessing of others.

God was angry with Job's three friends, but He made known the way in which that anger might be appeased: Job must act the part of intercessor for the offenders. There was a cloud upon Jehovah's face, but the patriarch's pleading dispersed it.

Abraham obtained this for the guilty cities of the plain: that, if ten righteous persons had been found in them, they would have been spared; and who can tell but that he might have prevailed had he still further pleaded? This we know: he was successful so far as he had faith to go.

Moses, by his prayer, saved a whole people from being blotted out of the book of the living.

Daniel's intercession obtained the restoration of Israel and the rebuilding of the temple of Jehovah; and Paul's companions in voyage were all given to him in answer to his supplications.

We bless others by remembering them at the throne. This is what the Churches need to recollect and to believe. "Have faith in God" is an admonition which requires to be sounded through the length and breadth of Christendom. If we had more loving trust in Jehovah as the ready "hearer and answerer of prayer," we should not approach His throne, as we do, with hesitation and doubt when we draw nigh to ask Him to give the kingdom to His Son and the uttermost parts of the earth to HIM for His possession.

The excellence of Intercessory Prayer appears in this, then: that

wherever God has power (and HE is omnipotent everywhere) it may, and will secure a blessing for all whom we remember in our earnest and believing supplications. Like the benevolence of the Great Supreme, it has no limit.

VII.

Intercessory Prayer is the most nearly allied to the worship of Heaven.

Some men who are wise above what is written would have us believe that there is no such thing as prayer in heaven. We know that there is at least ONE petitioner there—our Lord Himself. Before He left us for His throne of glory He said, “I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.” The Father thus speaks to Him amid the splendours of the excellent glory: “Ask of ME, and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance.” “He ever liveth to make intercession for us.” And what is His intercession but the blood of sprinkling finding a voice in His unceasing prayer for us? Jesus prays in heaven, and prays “always” and “without ceasing.” And is our enthroned Redeemer the only suppliant in glory? If so, He will cease to be an example to His Church. But that cannot be. In Him we are to share both His throne and intercession. In the Apocalypse we have glimpses of the heavenly state, which lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the intercession of the Church will not cease until the Divine purposes of mercy are all fulfilled, and the last enemy is swallowed-up in the completeness of Immanuel’s crowning triumph. The prayer of heaven is for the subjugation of the world to God—that the Saviour will take unto Himself His great power, and reign; and when that prayer is answered, there will be heard rolling through the celestial world the majestic pæan, “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.” Disembodied saints are praying that the last enemy may fall, so that the entire Church may be clothed in the resurrection and spiritual body, of which the body of our Lord’s glory is the model.

Cannot we imagine the joy with which the ransomed hosts will muster round the standard of Immanuel when HE shall descend at the last day to swallow-up death and the grave in victory; to gather together living saints with those who have fallen asleep; to raise the universal Church to a perfect conformity to Himself; and to consign all the enemies of His benign reign to a hopeless imprisonment, which shall render them thenceforth and for ever powerless for mischief in any other portion of God’s universe? For this consummation the saved in glory are longing, watching, and pleading; but this is all they can do. It is our privilege that we can WORK for its advent as well. When, therefore, we toil with self-denying devotedness, and pray with seraphic fervour, for the completion of Immanuel’s triumphs, our worship on earth is most akin to that of heaven, and we seem to come nearest to the spirits of just men made

perfect—to the Martyns, and Careys, and Marshmans, and Knibbs, and Williamsons, who preceded us in labour and have entered into rest. Another crown of glory this on the head of Intercessory Prayer!

VIII.

Intercessory Prayer is what the Church of God most needs.

If ever ministers needed the prayers of their people, they do so now. Surrounded as they are with an atmosphere which is heavily laden with the miasma of scepticism, they need much grace to be kept strong in the faith. Exposed as they are to the carnalising influences of this money-getting, materialistic age, they need special help from God, that they may not become worldly too. Discouraged as they often are by prevalent disregard to their message, they are in great peril of throwing all up, and, in hopeless despair of winning souls, once again returning to secular pursuits. From every minister's study there comes at this moment a sigh of anguish, which articulates itself in the pathetic appeal, "BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US!" Our deacons too, (often the best abused men under the sun, but the flower and glory of our Churches), put in a plea for the same remembrance.

And as to our missionaries, no language can exaggerate the earnestness with which they appeal to us for remembrance, where remembrance most avails. With a fervour which amounts to an agony, they ask us to remember them when we make our supplications to God. When we are on our knees some missionary may be traversing a jungle, the atmosphere of which is weighted with the poison of death; another may be down with fever, raving in delirium, and apparently drawing nigh to his end; another may be in peril amid barbarous and hostile tribes, who are thirsting for his blood; another may be sighing out in the bitterness of his soul, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" and may be sorely tempted of the devil to give up his work as hopeless; another may be conscious that the horrible pollutions by which he is surrounded, and from contact with which he cannot escape, are undermining his own keen sense of right and wrong, and lowering his own moral and spiritual tone, so that, in terror at the discovery, he is crying out, "Lord, save, or I perish with the heathen around me!" And shall we not remember these when we draw nigh to God?

Our annual missionary gatherings are at hand. Their chief power will lie, not in the wit or eloquence of the speeches delivered; not in the "loud laughter" or "loud applause" with which the orators will be greeted; not in the numbers that attend them; but in the self-sacrifice that they will represent, and the inward groanings which cannot be formulated in speech that will ascend from them to the eternal throne for the rescue of a polluted and benighted world from the grasp of the destroyer. This will be the measure of their power with God, and, consequently, of their power with men.

May every Baptist brother and sister lay these things to heart, and when we come together to estimate our resources and arrange our plans for another year, may there be much prayer among us. May we all appear clad in the robes of a priesthood which is the common function of *all* the saints, and with faith and fervour wrestle with HIM as INTERCESSORS FOR A WORLD WHICH LIETH IN THE WICKED ONE.

It was after the Tishbite had poured out his whole soul in the majestic intercessory prayer—"Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel. . . . Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their heart back again"—that the fire of the Lord fell.

May we all thus plead, and may answering signs from heaven follow!

Huddersfield.

JOHN STOCK.

Are Baptists Increasing Numerically as a Christian Denomination?

BY THE REV. E. MACLEAN, GREENOCK.

THE question with which this paper is headed has been forced upon the writer's mind again and again, in face of the present life and history of our churches generally. Have we been during the past few years growing in numbers corresponding to the growth of population and Christian intelligence and activity round about us? To the question thus asked it would not, I think, be easy to return an emphatic or enthusiastic affirmative. It is not a sufficient answer to point to the prosperity of a few churches, nor to the greater efficiency in the working of our different organisations; for, after all, the question will still return—Underneath all this are we growing numerically in the country? Statistics may tell us much, but not all the considerations which have to be taken into account in this matter. I am not to be turned aside here from the point in hand by those who are apt to say that numbers do not mean prosperity. We do work for increase in numbers, we pray for it, it is an element in our prosperity which we cannot overlook. Now without going minutely into statistics, which anyone with the "Handbook" may do, I would ask my readers who may have had somewhat of an intimate and lengthened knowledge of our churches in different districts, if there has not sometimes been a sense of wonder and discouragement that those principles which we hold so

dearly and believe to be founded on the Word of God, and which appear to us so simple and imperative, do not commend themselves to the judgment and obedience of Christian men around us. There are two aspects in which I regard this—one full of discouragement, another full of cheerfulness and hope. To start with, then, I hesitate not to say that, taking all things into account, we have made during recent years but little numerical progress.

The "all things" which I take into account are—1. The greatly improved means of acquiring accurate statistics. Our churches are now better known in the denomination itself, and small and obscure causes are getting more and more absorbed by district associations, so that their numbers become tabulated and help to increase the body at large. In making such a calculation as this, a very large discount from the apparent increase would require to be made, for this reason. 2. In our large towns and cities where chiefly increase has to be recorded, it must be remembered that country churches have, in a great many cases, been lessened to swell that increase, while in the cities themselves the changes from place to place on the part of members, churches becoming extinct or existing churches dividing, are apt to mislead as to actual growth unless the whole numbers be taken and compared together. There are, I suppose, many instances of churches in large towns where the increase of members has been largely caused in one church by an influx from another; instances might be named of places where twelve or fifteen years ago two churches had an equal number of members with one in which they are now merged, or where a church has been divided without a corresponding double increase. 3. Among the elements which go to help us in forming a judgment on this matter, I would further point to the vast increase on every hand of places of worship, churches, congregations, mission agencies, &c. The different Christian denominations in the land have all been wonderfully active of late years, and have grown in numbers. During the religious movement of the last two or three years, in which most, if not all, of our churches shared, it will, I believe, be confessed, that the additions to our membership were almost entirely drawn from a circle already gathered round the churches composed of the young who were all but declared Baptists. So far too as I have seen or known, there have not been, to any noteworthy extent of late, additions to our ranks of the more intelligent, experienced, or influential from among the other Christian communities. There are men in these bodies—we all know them and meet them every day—who, on account of their godliness or zeal or influence or wealth, would be a great gain, but they do not come over to us. This is a fact which cannot but be a subject of surprise to any one reflecting upon it. The adoption of Baptist sentiments plainly and openly, by men whose name and position would do much towards awakening inquiry or allaying prejudice, is a sight comparatively rare. Even amongst ministers, students of the Word of God, candid and conscientious many of them

unquestionably are yet a Baptist Noel is a phenomenon in a generation. 4. The fourth thing to be taken into account is the great increase in all kinds of religious literature, and the consequent breaking down of the ignorance if not of the prejudice formerly existing against those who bore the Baptist name. Spurgeon, Maclaren, Culross, and others whose names might be given, are known over the length and breadth of the land—known to be Baptists. For simplicity, directness, and power on the side of evangelical truth, it would be readily acknowledged by others that we take a foremost rank; and yet there cannot be said to be a corresponding increase to our numbers. I have glanced but very briefly at some of the elements which fall to be reckoned in answering the question with which we started—"Are Baptists increasing numerically as a Christian denomination?" Looked at comprehensively, and considering the increase in population, in general Christian activity, in denominational organisation, in the spread of intelligence among the people, I am compelled to say that so far as I can see we are *not* making a proportionate or adequate numerical advancement. We are like travellers on a road which sometimes widens and sometimes contracts, but which has been arranged to measure so many square yards, width at one point with a set-off of narrowness at another, like an army here gaining, there losing, but not materially advancing all along the line. In the northern and southern portions of the kingdom we are surrounded, I might say hemmed in, by great ecclesiastical bodies on which we seem to make but little advance—I mean but little advance when you take into consideration all that I have already said.

There is another side of the question, however, which is full of cheerfulness and encouragement and hope. If we have not grown numerically to any great extent our sentiments have become far more widely diffused during recent years than ever perhaps before in our history. The views which we hold are better known and more respected than ever they were, and there is a wide and growing sympathy with them. The way in which we have been accustomed to look at church membership and order, at the very nature and meaning of a Church of Christ, is being more and more felt to be the right way. The Scriptures are being searched more diligently, and it is becoming thus more apparent that we are nearer the Word of God in our spirit and practice than the great ecclesiastico-political bodies around us. Earnest and philanthropic Christian men find in facing the social evils and sins and needs of our great populations that the Baptist position, so far as church life and effort are concerned, is the right one. All this seems to point in one direction, and, looking towards that, we can afford calmly to bide our time and wait the issue. We shall find, and that it seems to me at no very distant day, that our maintenance of unpopular but eternal principles has not been in vain. Our Baptist ranks, however, will not be materially increased by the twos or threes here and there who may from out the great mass join us from time to time. I do not know

that we are likely to gain much from going over the old arguments about the meaning of Greek words, or conjuring up formidable lists of authorities on our side of which people have heard again and again and have grown weary of them, and will neither patiently listen to them nor read and compare them. Our hope lies in the life which is in these bodies rising up and attesting the truth of those principles for which we have so long contended. Looked at thus our numerical increase may be small, and if we measured our progress by that alone we should have reason to feel dispirited, but, on the other side, our increase in moral power, in sympathy with us felt by earnest, Christian men, in ripening convictions which are all but declared, is greater far than it is possible for us to reckon. When the change comes a nation will be born in a day. Let us but keep our lamps burning, and, although we be few among the thousands round about us, when the light flames forth the victory will arise not merely nor alone from our scattered lamps or broken pitchers, but from and in the midst of the other camps.

Reviews.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, B.A. By Rev. L. Tyerman. In 2 vols. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE appearance of these volumes is in every way opportune. Whitefield's name is "a household word" both in Great Britain and America, and there is in all classes of society a general idea of the remarkable work which he and his coadjutors accomplished during the course of the last century; but the idea is far too general, and even in well-informed circles it would be difficult to find many who are accurately acquainted with the elements of Whitefield's power. The story of his life has been frequently told—there are some five or six biographies, more or less complete; but no writer has bestowed upon the work so much care and labour as Mr. Tyerman. He has made himself master of his sub-

ject, has acquired command of a large amount of biographical material, of which other writers seem to have been ignorant, and has fulfilled his task with an evident sense of "delight and liberty." This is unquestionably *the* life of the great evangelist, and that by which in future generations his work will be most widely known. It is the complement of Mr. Tyerman's "Life of Wesley" and of his "Oxford Methodists," and, in conjunction with them, gives a full and detailed account of the condition of morals and religion during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, of the manner in which these powerful revivalists began and prosecuted their mission, and of the marvellous results which, under God, they were enabled to achieve. The story of Whitefield's conversion and religious experience, of his apostolic labours in the Old World and in the New, has for us an interest deeper than that

of any romance; and we have read Mr. Tyerman's biography with a sensation of the keenest pleasure. Since the era of Whitefield's labours there has been a marked progress in the education and religion of the people, and few contrasts are more striking in this respect than the England of to-day and the England of a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. But we have not yet reached the goal, and in every direction "there remains much land to be conquered." We are still continually discussing the question, How can we effectually reach and evangelise the masses? how can we counteract the effects of Rationalism and unbelief? how give full expression to the now latent power of the Church? Our candid and deep-rooted conviction is that the best and most satisfactory answer to these and similar queries will be found on the lines laid down by the reformers of the last century. Faithful, earnest proclamation of the Gospel by men who themselves feel its power, and who are thoroughly fired by its spirit—this is what we most need, and without which all other agencies will be vain. We hope before long to direct attention to some of the more important lessons of Whitefield's life, as they may be gathered from these volumes. For the present we must be content with introducing to the notice of our readers the volumes themselves. They will, in truth, find in them all that they can desire. The narrative portion of the work is as graphic as it is exact. Mr. Tyerman has shown great wisdom in using, wherever possible, Whitefield's own letters and journals, as well as in quoting so largely from his contemporaries. His own style is terse and lively, and, as a history of the times, his work is entitled to a high rank. He enables us to see, as it were, for ourselves the stirring scenes in which

Whitefield and his co-workers lived—the immense and motley multitudes held spell-bound by the power of the preacher, trembling under deep convictions of sin, awed at the thought of judgment and eternity, and subdued to penitence by the presentation of the love of Christ. So, again, we may understand better from these volumes than from almost any other, the nature and extent of the clerical opposition to Whitefield's work, and the reproach to which he was so unjustly subjected. The author's judgment is, as a rule, singularly fair and trustworthy. He plainly strives to be impartial, and has, for the most part, succeeded. He is no mere hero-worshipper, and makes no attempt to conceal Whitefield's failings. His Wesleyan and Arminian proclivities do occasionally bias his judgment, and we cannot unreservedly endorse his estimate as to the relative greatness of Wesley and Whitefield; nor do we think that in the dispute in which they were at one time unhappily engaged the former carried off the palm. But, this notwithstanding, we can heartily testify to the honesty of the biographer's purpose, to the minute and conscientious accuracy of his representations of Whitefield's beliefs and actions, and to his thorough competence for the important task to which he has so enthusiastically addressed himself. This is one of a series of works by which he has rendered the entire Christian Church his debtor. Our Wesleyan friends will here learn (as the biographer himself suggests) that Whitefield's services to Methodism were far greater than they have yet acknowledged. Nonconformists will find that their churches also were quickened and elevated by his mission; and the Church of England, bitterly as it opposed him, is under lasting obligations to him in this respect. In America his influence was unrivalled,

and produced comparatively greater results than in England. His relations to the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, to the Countess of Huntingdon's Society, to the Secession Church and other Presbyterians in Scotland, are all powerfully portrayed; and numerous specimens are given of his preaching. Whitefield was a born orator, with a voice of marvellous compass, which could be heard at a distance of two miles, and with varied intonations and all the force of impassioned music. He had a definite and a loving heart, and a fervour which must have seemed to many akin to prophetic inspiration. He was not a profound or careful thinker; and, from an intellectual standpoint, his reputation has no doubt suffered by the publication of his sermons. He was not a scholar, he was not an organizer, or an ecclesiastical statesman; but he was emphatically a preacher—a herald of the glad tidings of the Gospel; and, apart from the apostolic age, perhaps the greatest preacher the world has seen.

We should sincerely rejoice if Mr. Tyerman's biography of this unrivalled evangelist could be read by every minister and every ministerial student—nay, by every professed Christian in the kingdom; and we earnestly urge our readers not to be content until they at least have perused it, and laid its lessons to heart.

JUBILEE OF SOUTH PARADE CHAPEL, LEEDS, WITH MEMORIALS OF THE CHURCH AND ITS WORK FROM THE BEGINNING. Edited by John W. Ashworth. Leeds: F. R. Spark. 1877.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MYRTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL, MANUAL, 1877.

BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL YEAR BOOK, 1877.

PUBLICATIONS of this kind have a

value far beyond that which is indicated by their dimensions, their cost, or the reception they meet with at the time of their appearance. To the congregations with which they are specially identified they are eminently valuable as preserving the record of Christian work, and thus furnishing a standard by which the progress or decline of the Church may be estimated years after the period of publication. In the area of the community for whose advantage they are chiefly intended, they keep before the attention of all concerned the various operations in which the Church is employed, and thus stimulate the liberality and the zeal of the whole number. When they travel beyond the sphere of their origination, other communities derive similar benefit from their influence. In reference to the three publications now under notice, it would be an unquestionable advantage if they could be circulated throughout all the churches of the land. To the future historian of our denomination these records of church life will be of as much service as the small quartos of the seventeenth century were to Macaulay when he was labouring over his immortal work. Mr. Ashworth, who is the successor of our friend Mr. Chown at Bradford, has wrought a labour of love in preparing the interesting though condensed history of the church at South Parade, Leeds. Mr. Ashworth was trained in the Sunday school of that Church, and joined its membership. Among the pleasing incidents connected with the jubilee services of the Leeds Chapel is the fact that the venerable Dr. Acworth who entered on the pastorate of the Church fifty-four years since, was spared to take part in the proceedings. South Parade Church has been blessed with a goodly succession of pastors and deacons, and from its member-

ship many well-known godly ministers and laymen have gone forth to distribute far and wide the blessed influences of which it is the centre. From a foot-note we gather that the Congregational subscriptions and collections for the year 1875, amounted to £3,866 2s. 7d. May the successors of Langdon, Acworth, Giles, Stalker, Bailhache, Edwards, Brewer, and Best, see even greater things than the fifty years commemorated in this little book have produced of spiritual prosperity and consecrated Christian enterprise.

The Manual of the Myrtle Street Church, Liverpool, partakes more of the nature of a private than a public document, though we are comfortably sure that no breach of confidence is involved in transferring to our pages the following statistics. The register of the Church contains the names of 827 members in actual attendance. Its Sunday schools number nearly 2,000 children, 41 of whom were added to the Church in 1876. The numerous mission stations, cottage meetings, Sunday schools, and the branch churches maintained by the parent community at Myrtle Street, bear testimony to the active zeal and liberality of the Church under Mr. H. Stowell Brown's able superintendence. Besides the two mission stations at Mill Street and Solway Street, there are affiliated churches at St. Helens, Warrington, Widnes, and Earlstown, with 75, 44, 41, 30 members each. It would be well for our denomination and its pastors if all existing churches having a membership of less than one hundred each could be thus strengthened by identification with a larger church. The Myrtle Street Manual contains no cash accounts, but it is well-known to be amongst the foremost of our churches in the large amount of its pecuniary contributions.

The Bloomsbury Chapel Year

Book for 1877 is another most gratifying record of labour for the Lord. In one of our latest conversations with our dear friend Dr. Brock, we expressed the fear that his retirement from Bloomsbury Chapel would be seriously felt in consequence of the loss of his admirable faculty for organization and the management of the efficient agencies of that Church. "Bless you," was his reply, "that is just the weakest part of my character. It has all been done by others. I never knew where to find my own boots or a postage-stamp without asking the dear wife." It is pleasant to find Mr. Chown reporting that the increase to the membership is proceeding at even a higher rate than in the past; and that all the varied organizations of the Church have been sustained in continued and even increasing efficiency. The Chapel income for 1876 was £1,373 17s. 11d., and its charitable contributions amounted to the large sum of £2,015 16s. 1d. We believe that five other churches of our denomination in the Metropolis presented an equally flourishing report for the past year, but we hope to place these statistics before our readers in a future number of the Magazine.

LANGE'S COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Vol. XIII. of the Old Testament, containing Ezekiel and Daniel. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

It is impossible, in the course of a few lines, to give an adequate idea of the contents of a double-columned royal octavo of 765 pages, especially when much of the matter relates to principles and details of interpretation which have been keenly disputed. The volume has, however, all the well-known characteristics of the Lange series,

and will, unless we are greatly mistaken, be generally pronounced one of the ablest and best. The Commentary on Ezekiel is from the German of the late Mr. Schröder, a preacher and theologian of considerable eminence, a sound Hebrew scholar, and an expositor of more than ordinary insight. The work of translation and editing was undertaken by the late Principal Fairbairn, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, who himself wrote our best English commentary on Ezekiel; and the present edition, though he did not live to see it completed, is enriched by many valuable quotations from his work. Dr. Fairbairn's writings are invaluable to the theological student, and invariably display the fruits of mature scholarship, sound judgment, and fervent Evangelical faith; and Mr. Schröder's comments have in the English translation gained greatly in worth by these additions from the Scotch expositor. The section on Daniel is from the pen of Dr. Otto Zöckler, who has already furnished contributions to the Lange series on the Books of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. It is translated, edited, and enlarged by Dr. Strong, of Madison, New Jersey. Zöckler's views are generally trustworthy. He is of the liberal-evangelical school, and, while he conducts his investigations with the fearlessness of one who is resolutely bent on the discovery of the truth, he rarely forgets the reverence and humility by which all such investigations should be guided. Occasionally he concedes more than is necessary to the demands of Rationalistic criticism; and we are glad that his editor has delicately, but firmly, combated his position as to *ex eventu* interpolations in ch. x.—xii., and more particularly in xi. 5—39. On the general question of the integrity of the Book of Daniel,

Zöckler's arguments are valid, and, in view of such attacks as have recently been made on it, *e.g.*, by Dean Stanley, in his third series of lectures on the Jewish Church, it has great value. The assignment of the book to the age of the Maccabees is the result of a predetermined rejection of the supernatural; and, apart from that unscientific prejudice, we should hear little of the difficulties which arise from peculiarities of language and style, from the Greek names of musical instruments, &c. Zöckler's work is a real addition to our critical and hermeneutical literature; and an ordinary student will require no further help than he can here find. There is certainly no other commentary which presents so many and such varied excellences as this, and it ought to have a place in every theological library in the kingdom.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LOVING WORDS
OF OUR LOVING LORD AND SAVIOUR.
By James Grant, author of "Our
Heavenly Home," &c. London:
W. H. Guest, 29, Paternoster
Row.

AMONGST the numerous valuable contributions to Christian instruction and edification our friend Mr. Grant has made, we estimate none at a higher rate than this charming little volume. It is just such a work as every Christian will delight in for private perusal. Mr. Grant's comments are devout, impressive, and suggestive; they do not profess to be exhaustive, nor do they burden the reader's mind with either diffusive or recondite speculations. They have been written, and we believe will be read, under the influence of the memorable utterance, "The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life."

PULPIT AND PEW: Sketches of Popular Preachers of the Period. By An Anglican Layman. London: William Tagg & Co., Pancras Lane, Cheapside. 1877.

THE "Anglican Layman" has made himself acquainted with most of the popular preachers of the day, and endeavoured, often with considerable success, to describe the main characteristics of their style. There are about fifty sketches, brief and suggestive, the subjects of which are selected from all sections of the Christian Church, the writer having aimed at strict impartiality. His volume is a useful one, and introduces us to men whom it is a pleasure to know. His standpoint is not ours, and he does not seem to us to have formed in all cases a fair and unprejudiced estimate of the men whom he places in the balance. His sympathies strongly incline to the Broad Church party, and he is certainly not, in the commonly understood sense of the word, an Evangelical; neither is he free from prejudice against Dissent. He knows it tolerably well. Are we wrong in thinking that he himself once had a place in its ranks, and that he cherishes for it "the affection of a deserter"? To many of his sketches we can take little exception; others are decidedly partial. Restricting our remarks to sketches of Nonconformist ministers, those of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Hall, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Dykes, Mr. Mursell, Mr. Maclaren, Mr. Dale, and Dr. Donald Fraser are (considering the author's standpoint) good; those on Dr. Landels and Mr. Stowell Brown are conspicuously unfair. Dr. Landels is anything but "a political parson," and does not unduly introduce politics into the pulpit, and we imagine the writer has confused his platform and pulpit utterances; besides which Dr. Landels is intellectually a stronger man than this sketch would suggest. Neither is Mr. Stowell Brown a man of "coarse wit." He did not, even on the occasion referred to, indulge in "bitter and ignorant denunciation of a body of gentlemen," &c., nor is he fond of giving the rein to his enmity. The writer could not have written in this

strain if he had read Mr. Brown's "Quarter of a Century in the Nonconformist Ministry," or if he heard him "constantly" in his own chapel. There are other instances of an unfair judgment in reference both to Churchmen and Dissenters, and we regret them the more because the writer has in this way marred an otherwise capital book.

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UGHT PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS TO CIRCULATE ROMISH VERSIONS OF THE WORD OF GOD? By the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A. London: Trinitarian Bible Society, 96, Newgate Street, E.C. 1877.

MR. GRANT'S essay obtained the first prize, as awarded by the Trinitarian Bible Society, for the best work on "The Origin, Growth, and Effects of the Circulation of Romish and other Corrupted Versions of the Holy Scriptures in Foreign Countries; and on the Best Means of putting an End to the Pernicious Practice." We have never been among the most ardent admirers of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and consider that its action in relation to the labours of our missionaries in India is strangely out of harmony with its professed object; while the adoption of Roman Catholic versions, acknowledged to be corrupt, is no less anomalous. Our ministerial readers will have received a copy of Mr. Grant's essay, as well as of Mr. Froggatt's (the second-prize essay), and we trust they will read both, and find in them an incentive to aid the circulation of such versions only as are accurate and faithful.

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THE MARTYR GRAVES OF SCOTLAND. Second Series. By the Rev. J. H. Thomson, Eaglesham. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

WE are glad to find that the former volume by this modern "Old Mortality" has met with a large sale. Mr. Thomson has completed his work with great care, and it will be treasured in ages to come even more highly than now. "For the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Intelligence.

RECENT DEATH.

MRS. GEORGE.

On February 20th, Mrs. George, widow of the Rev. Jonathan George, formerly pastor of the Church at Arthur-street Chapel, Camberwell Gate, departed this life for the better, at the ripe age of eighty-one.

Her life was one of child-like trust in her Redeemer, and deep interest in His cause. As a prudent wife, an excellent mother, and a helper in good, her memory is endeared to many. Confined to home long before her death, she there served the Lord in suffering, as before in action; and she was at length permitted literally to "fall asleep" in her old arm-chair. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

The funeral, conducted by her pastor, took place on the 27th February, at Nunhead Cemetery; and on Lord's Day morning, March 4th, her death was improved from the words "A mother in Israel."

She has left behind two sons to mourn their great loss and rejoice in her gain. We magnify the grace of God in her. S. C.

News of the Churches.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Finch, T. C. (Tiverton, Somersetshire), Penknapp, Wilts.
 Foston, T. (Hemel Hempstead), Shipley, Yorkshire.
 Hobling, W. B. (Gold Hill, Bucks), South Street, Hull.
 Speed, E. (Bedford), Milnsbridge, Yorkshire.
 Tarbox, W. (Regent's Park College), Addlestone.
 Williams, J. (Aberdare), Derby.
 Williams, J. (Abergavenny), Hereford.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bangor, Rev. T. P. Davies, February 20th.
 Bath, Rev. J. Baillie, February 28th.
 Paisley, Rev. J. C. Thompson, March 11th.

BESIGNATIONS.

Backhouse, Rev. S., Every Street, Manchester.
 Chenery, Rev. E., Moss Side, Manchester.

DEATH.

Williams, Rev. J. R., Rhondda Valley, February 12th.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

V.

THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D.

THE addresses delivered by Dr. Landels from the Chair of the Baptist Union, raised a needlessly long and angry controversy, in the course of which he was subjected to criticism as unjust as it was ungenerous. He has not, however, lost the esteem of those who know him best, either in our own or in other churches; on the contrary, he is, as many who cannot unreservedly assent to his main position will testify, more widely "honoured for his brave words," while the wise administrative power, the unwearied diligence, and the evident self-sacrifice with which he has fulfilled the duties of the Chair, have met with a cordial appreciation, and will long form one of the brightest chapters in the history of our denomination. It is not, however, on this account that we include the name of Dr. Landels in the present series of articles. Apart from his recent prominence as the representative of the Baptist Union, he would have claimed our attention as one of the best-known and most influential preachers in the metropolis, and an acquaintance with his honourable and successful career should supply an incentive to ministers and students to "stir up the gift that is in them," and to aim at the highest measure of power within their reach.

Like his predecessor in the Chair of the Baptist Union, Dr. Landels is a Scotchman. He was born at Eyemouth, a small fishing village, not far from Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1823. His parents were members of one of the Presbyterian churches, and duly instructed their children in the doctrines of the Westminster "Shorter Catechism" and "Confession of Faith"—those ancient and venerated "Standards"

from which, in Presbyterian families, and in Presbyterian churches and Church Courts, there is supposed to be no appeal. Our friend, however, was, even in his early years, too thoughtful and self-reliant blindly to accept the teachings of even the most august "assembly of divines," and fearlessly made his appeal to the one "law and testimony" on which all churches must ultimately rest: and the result of this appeal was that he became a member of the Morisonian or Evangelical Union Church—a church which may be briefly, and with sufficient accuracy, described as Congregational in polity, and Arminian in doctrine, and for whose separate existence there would have been no scope if a spirit of larger and wiser tolerance had animated the religious communities of the North.

It was natural that a young man who was distinguished among his companions both by strength of intellect and devoutness of spirit should turn his thoughts to the Christian ministry. Mr. Landels' first efforts at preaching were, we have been told, among the Wesleyans, "before he was well out of his teens." He afterwards entered the Evangelical Union College at Glasgow, but the curriculum in those days was not so long as it has since become. His first church was in a village in Ayrshire, but he did not retain it long, for his study of the Scriptures engendered in his mind doubts as to the lawfulness of infant baptism. The subject was investigated with that thoroughness and impartiality which have always been so conspicuous a feature of his character; his convictions underwent a change; he abandoned his connection with the denomination in which he was rapidly rising to distinction, and avowed himself a Baptist. After some time he accepted an invitation to the church at Cupar-Fife, where he laboured in a manner which gave unmistakable signs of his future eminence. The Baptists in Scotland were at that time much more "isolated" than—thanks to their old "Association" and more recent "Union"—they are now; and the young minister of Cupar was one of a small band who strove earnestly to remove this reproach, and to bring the churches into closer sympathy and connection. He also devoted himself, in company with several other ministers, to Evangelistic labours in districts where the Baptists were unrepresented, and where, indeed, there was a crying need for help.

Had he remained much longer in Scotland, he would soon have become the most popular minister in the denomination; but he was strongly recommended to the Church which met in the Circus Chapel, Birmingham. The recommendation was more than justified, and the acceptance of the offered pastorate formed its natural and appropriate sequel. Even in a town where John Angell James was at the height of his popularity—where George Dawson was attracting general attention—Mr. Landels was welcomed by the Nonconformist churches as a valuable ally and recognised as one of their leaders. The congregations of the thinly-attended chapel rapidly in-

creased, the fame of the preacher extended, and, greatly to the regret of his friends in Birmingham, he was, at the expiration of five years, induced to yield to the more urgent claims of the metropolis. In 1855 Sir Morton Peto purchased the Diorama in Regent's Park, and refitted it as a chapel for the use of the Baptist denomination. The neighbourhood, notwithstanding its importance—cynical critics would say *because* of its importance—was one in which we had been practically unrepresented, and to form in it a really prosperous church it was requisite to secure a minister of more than ordinary power both as a preacher and organiser. To find such a man willing to accept the post was no light task. The selection was honourable to all concerned in it, and the results to which it has led can be regarded with but one feeling of grateful delight.

Dr. Landels' career in London is too well known to require any detailed account. As was anticipated, his chapel soon became crowded, the congregations containing a large number of those whom we are all anxious to see—intelligent young men, with a fair sprinkling of students from our own and other colleges. To say that the church has on its roll upwards of 600 members, and that there are in the school upwards of 1,000 scholars, is to give a very inadequate idea of the work which has been accomplished. Regent's Park is not a mere "preaching station," nor a centre of "social respectability." It is a Christian church, whose members seek to live in Christian fellowship, and to exert on the surrounding population a Christian influence. Though no mention is made of the fact in the "Baptist Handbook," we believe that several mission-rooms are occupied by members of the Church, and that strenuous efforts are made for the evangelisation of the most needy districts in the neighbourhood. Our denominational institutions—the Foreign and Home Missions—as well as general charities, are liberally supported, and in a church so well organised, we should not be surprised to know that those who lack the spirit of Christian generosity, if such there be in it, deem themselves, as their minister recently affirmed, "well fleeced." It should also be remembered that the 600 members now on the roll of Regent's Park are but a part of those who have been attracted by Dr. Landels' ministry, and that several other flourishing churches have been supplied with a nucleus from his congregation.

Nor is his popularity restricted to his own congregation or neighbourhood. His services have been in frequent request by Young Men's Christian Associations, both in London and the provinces. Not a few of the most eloquent Exeter Hall lectures—"The Haldanes," "Popular Fallacies," "Lessons of the Street," "Edward Irving," "Business," &c.—have been delivered by him; and in Scotland he attracts audiences such as few others can secure. He is a conscientious and resolute Liberationist, and has taken a prominent part in the discussion of the great ecclesiastical question of the day. His speeches on it take the very highest rank.

How faithfully and well he has served the Baptist denomination we need not at length relate. There are those among us who remember the suspicion with which he was for some time regarded in London on account of his supposed heterodoxy. His trumpet (we heard it said by one who soon came to hold him in the highest esteem) "gave an uncertain sound," and he was in consequence "discountenanced." We do not know how far this enforced "aloofness" was a source of trouble to Dr. Landels, but we do know that throughout it he acted a manly and straightforward part, forming his opinions and beliefs, not at the bidding or according to the authority of men, but by earnest and prayerful study of the Word of God, and boldly speaking out the thing that was in him, whether men would hear or or forbear. And amid the adverse criticisms which have been excited by his so-called "excessive denominationalism," it ought not to be forgotten that, when his sense of duty required it, he was no less unflinching in the pursuit of a course which estranged him from the sympathy of those who should have been his most trusted friends, and whose co-operation would have been on every ground desirable. Any path that Dr. Landels pursues has been decided on after careful thought. He would scorn to be false either to himself or to others, and there are few men of whom it may be more truly affirmed that they have "the courage of their convictions." The suspicion with which he was once regarded is now, happily, a memory of the past, and has given way to the fullest, frankest confidence.

Some of Dr. Landels' opinions have possibly undergone modification, but we imagine that they are for the most part now what they have always been (we are speaking of his ministry in London). The change in his relations with others has been effected, not by the abandonment of his conscientious creed, but by his frank and fearless honesty and his hearty concession to others of the liberty he claims for himself. We have, indeed, occasionally thought that he might, without any sacrifice of the manliness we all so highly respect, have adopted a more conciliatory tone towards his opponents, and have combined more effectively the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. Clear-headedness, keen logic, and the power of forcible speech, invaluable as they are, may yet be dangerous enemies to human friendship. The stronger our confidence in the validity of our cause, the more cautious and forbearing we need to be. Dr. Landels has, we imagine, in some cases given offence quite unintentionally by his "strong way of putting things." He is possibly not sufficiently considerate of what he may deem the prejudices and conceits of others; and though we are sure he would not wield his rare powers of sarcasm unkindly, he may unwittingly have inflicted a wound. The following sentence from the preface to one of his earlier publications should not, in our opinion, have been allowed to remain:—"Should the critic be offended with the structure of his sentences, he is sincerely sorry—though more for the critic's sake than his own." The sorrow might not be unreasonable, but we would not have given the mistaken or ill-

natured critic a provocation. These, however, are but superficial faults in a really noble character, and we have referred to them only for the sake of saying that of that character they form but an infinitesimal part.

For many years Dr. Landels has occupied the post of a leader in the denomination. In conjunction with Dr. Brock, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Spurgeon, he took an active part in the formation of the London Association, and was its second president. He has delivered some of the most effective missionary speeches to which we have ever listened, and his paper on "Ministerial Failures," read at the Autumnal Session of the Union at Bristol in 1868, and his Nottingham speech on "Ritualism" in 1873, are not likely to be forgotten by any who heard them. The Nottingham speech was unquestionably a triumph of oratory, although, in general estimation, it was equalled by a speech on "Revivals" delivered at Newcastle in 1874.

How ably he has occupied the chair of the Baptist Union, to which he succeeded in 1876 our readers scarcely need to be informed. Nor are they slow to appreciate the worth of two such addresses as those on "Our Denominational Position," and "The Weapons of Our Warfare," so broad in their grasp of spiritual truth, so subtle in argumentative power, so fearlessly honest and so intensely loyal to Christ. But perhaps few of them are aware of the extent to which Dr. Landels has devoted himself to the promotion of our denominational interests in other ways. He has worked assiduously on the Union Committee, and laboured "night and day" on behalf of the Annuity Fund. We do not know the exact proportion of the work which has fallen to him, but aided by Mr. Maclaren, Mr. Charles Williams, and other gentlemen, he has visited town after town and village after village in nearly every county in England, and before this article appears in print, he will have announced the accomplishment of the purpose on which he set his heart, and to which he has devoted his energies during his chairmanship of the Union—the raising of at least £50,000 as a Guarantee Fund to enable the Committee to increase the annuity of a minister (£15) and of his widow (£10) to £45 and £30 respectively. The Baptist Union can no longer be reproached as "a wandering voice." Various causes have co-operated to render it a power in our denominational life, but our obligations to Mr. Birrell, Mr. Maclaren, Mr. Williams, and Dr. Landels cannot be over-estimated. Mr. Maclaren's Plymouth address created the sentiment which necessitated the formation of the Annuity Fund. After listening to his powerful appeal, the assembly would brook no delay but insisted with irresistible earnestness on immediate action. That address was, moreover, but one expression of a purpose, which Mr. Maclaren was in various other ways endeavouring to effect, and during his year of office he admirably prepared the way for his successor, who has no less admirably carried on the work to its conclusion. We have heard in different parts of the country of Dr. Landels' eagerness "to spend and be spent" in the service of his brethren. He has attended meetings of all kinds—meetings of ministers and deacons, drawing-room meetings, public and semi

public meetings. He has advised local committees, called on influential men who could not be otherwise reached, and spared himself no toil which could further the end in view. And now that the £50,000 has been realised (*i.e.*, in promises) he is, we believe, not unwilling to continue this "labour of love" until an additional £30,000 has been secured. This extra sum will certainly be required to enable the Committee to fulfil the expectations their scheme has raised, and considering the churches and districts yet unvisited we can see no reason why it should not, during the next twelve months, be obtained. Will our readers show their hearty appreciation of our ex-chairman's noble and self-denying zeal by still further aiding his design, and may we venture to say to him in their name "There remaineth yet much land to be possessed"? No one, we feel sure, is more capable of acquiring it than he.

Our article is concerned with Dr. Landels in his public capacity alone. But it cannot be inappropriate to remark that the interest he has shown in the Annuity Fund is the indication of a kindness and generosity of nature with which all who know him intimately are familiar. Many of the companions of his youth still remain in their native village "obscure and unknown." They have not, however, to ask doubtfully, "Does my old friend remember me?" His hearty greeting assures them that he does. There are, moreover, ministers in our denomination who owe more than they can well express to his wise counsels and invaluable help, and we have heard not a few of them speak of him with feelings akin to chivalrous devotion. The highest honour which the Baptist denomination could confer upon him was worthily bestowed, and his successor in the chair receives "the laurel greener from his brow."

Dr. Landels is not only an eloquent preacher and an indefatigable worker, he is likewise a voluminous author. The list of his works comprises some sixteen or seventeen volumes. Among them are—"Seed for Spring Time," "The Gospel in Various Aspects," "The Unseen," "Everyday Religion," "The Great Cloud of Witnesses," "True Manhood," "The Young Man in the Battle of Life," "The True Glory of Woman," &c. They are, for the most part, sermons and lectures, which, carefully prepared at first, have been no less carefully revised for the press. In view of their conspicuous merits, we are not surprised that they have commanded an extensive circulation, and that in one or two instances they have reached their "seventh edition." They deserve to be still more widely-known, and for young men especially we can name no more valuable works than those which Dr. Landels has addressed to them.

An "Anglican" critic has discovered that there is "a lack of culture" about Dr. Landels. Of *Anglican* culture there perhaps is, but who will deplore the lack? We can also conceive that the apostle of "sweetness and light" would see little to admire in the minister of Regent's Park. But of culture, in the true sense of the word, he is certainly not destitute. We do not claim that he is—

technically speaking—a scholar. Many inferior men are far better versed in the classics and in the abstract sciences. He is, however, more than a scholar. He is a close and vigorous thinker, endowed with fine natural powers, which have been strengthened by careful and rigid discipline. His mind has been cast in the argumentative mould; he is an acute reasoner and invariably pursues his way to its legitimate end. He has a keen logical faculty, an opulent imagination, a sound judgment, and the power of expressing his thoughts in language which it is difficult to misunderstand. He has a large fund of general information from which he can draw at will. The great masters of English literature—in history, philosophy, and poetry—must have been his constant companions, and their influence on the general style of his thought and expression can be easily traced. He has doubtless made his studies bear as directly as possible on his many-sided work. He has wisely urged that the students in our colleges should give their time and strength mainly to “the acquisition of a better acquaintance with our own language and a greater power to use it.” He does not depreciate the classics and other secular studies, he desires a knowledge of systematic theology, of ecclesiastical history and scriptural exegesis, but in addition he pleads for

An acquaintance with human nature, and of the best methods of reaching and moving it, greater prominence being given to the art of preaching and to the study of the best models, while composition and reading aloud, and speaking with a view to facility and excellence in every variety of eloquence. . . . It is surely a proof of mistaken views on these matters that the study of elocution is thought to be somewhat derogatory to the earnestness and spiritual status of the minister of Christ; and that our ministers can talk of not reading sermons as if abstention from such literature were a proof of their superiority to the need of such hints as good sermons might supply. The students of no other art are foolish enough to neglect the study of their models, or the means by which the masters attained to their eminence and fame.

From this same paper on “Ministerial Failures,” we may also extract the following, both for its intrinsic value and for the light it throws on Dr. Landels’ own ministry:—

Probably a still more frequent cause of failure is *indolence*. We cannot conceive of any Christian minister deliberately neglecting his duty, but it is not impossible that some may inadvertently fall into the habit of performing it in a perfunctory manner. Without any great amount of effort they are capable of producing weekly two or three respectable sermons. Their facility of composition and power of utterance render but little study requisite. Hence their sermons are always respectable and seldom anything more. Their fatal facility proves their greatest snare. Content with what they easily produce, they never toil and agonize at their work as men of greatly inferior talents have done often with good result, and no intense or overpowering impression is produced by their ministry; for this is only done by sweat of heart and brain. They never rise above, as they never fall below, a respectable mediocrity, and not by that are men greatly moved. He who is to succeed must not be content to preach well, coming constantly short of his own best; he must be ever stretching himself to the utmost, and striving to outstrip himself, aspiring after increasing excellence, and straining every nerve with

that intent like the runners and wrestlers in the ancient Grecian games. Preaching must be a passion with him, excellence therein the object of an intense longing which nothing can satisfy. Brooding over his theme until his soul is set on fire with it, catching in the process an inspiration which elevates his conceptions and intensifies his utterances, he must go into the pulpit bearing his whole man with him, every faculty strung up into its best and loftiest state. This should be the aim, so far as human nature can bear it, of every preacher of the Cross. The most gifted men, without it, will not be greatly successful. He who has ten talents, and is content to take only one into the pulpit, or who suffers them to lie in disuse the greater part of the week, is, notwithstanding his ability, very likely to fail.

There is in Dr. Landels' "True Manhood" a chapter on the cultivation of individuality, in which he has unquestionably depicted his own character, and in this light the whole of it is worth reading. He claims for all men the right of giving fair and reasonable scope to their natural peculiarities, and among other valuable things, says :—

Those who would be men must dare to be themselves—to think their own thoughts, and to speak out the thing that is in them. They may possibly make mistakes—very likely will, all men are liable to that—but better be mistaken occasionally than not think at all. Better advance, though at the risk of making a false motion, than stand for ever still. Better through many blunders attain to the right and the true than remain always where and what you are. Prudence may be a very profitable virtue, but it is none of the most admirable even in its best estate, and it is capable of being carried to such an extent as to become a positive vice, and one of the meanest of the vices withal. I cannot, for the life of me, admire the man who never goes wrong because he stands still; and if there be one whom I detest more than another, who is more than another the object of my intensest scorn, it is he who waits to know how the wind of public opinion blows before he dare give utterance to his own thoughts, and refuses to stir a step until it has become so popular that he can do so with perfect safety to his reputation or his purse.

The substance of Dr. Landels' preaching is unquestionably "the truth as it is in Jesus." On grounds which satisfy the demands of his reason and conscience, he accepts the Bible as the Word of God, and yields an implicit assent to its testimony. The proclamation of God's great love in Jesus Christ; the necessity for and the sufficiency of Our Lord's atonement for sin; the duty of exercising repentance and faith; the need of inward renewal, of assimilation to the image of Christ; the certainty and glory of our final blessedness—these are the themes on which he delights to dwell. His religion is thoroughly practical—occupied with matters of "every-day," and touching the interests and duties of all classes alike. He does *so far* touch on current questions and events, but never does he bring them into undue prominence, or act in a manner that justifies the assertion that he is "essentially a political person"—an assertion which could not well be wider of the mark. Dr. Landels is conversant with every aspect of Scripture, and in spirit his preaching is eminently Biblical. His sermons on connected parts of the Divine Word—*e.g.*, John xvii.; —the incidents of the Crucifixion—the Resurrection of our Lord—Heb. xi.; &c.—are among the happiest of his efforts. He teaches largely by

example and illustration, and there are few more valuable works in our language on the heroes of faith than his "Great Cloud of Witnesses." As samples of a popular and effective ministry, in which there is, at the same time, a quiet thoughtfulness and profound spirituality of tone, these sermons are admirable.

Reminiscences of Birmingham.

No. III.

WE concluded our second paper by a reference to the praiseworthy efforts of the Sabbath-school teachers of the town and neighbourhood. Nor is Sabbath-school tuition the only way in which lay agency successfully exerts itself there, as well as elsewhere. In the days of our youth, "village preachers," more or less numerous, were connected with all the evangelical Dissenting churches of the town, and doubtless accomplished much and varied good.

As a near relative of our own was one of these local preachers, and as in our early days we often walked with him on Sunday mornings, several miles into the country, to attend the services which he conducted, we have a lively recollection of many of the circumstances and details of these home missionary efforts. To us dwellers in a dingy town, a country walk was in itself a pleasurable sensation; then came the somewhat novel sight of men in white "smock frocks," and of their wives in scarlet cloaks; and the climax of the sensuous part of the pleasures of the day was reached when, after the morning service, we took our dinner in a real farm-house, with a duck-pond at the front door, a large garden at the back, and with right pleasant bucolic scenes and sounds all around us. The meeting-houses in these villages were, fifty years since, very small, their architectural features very unpretentious, and the general appliances of the service, like the congregations, of a decidedly primitive character. The "service of song" was, artistically considered, utterly void of science and good taste. Haydn, the great composer, confessed to receiving "a new sensation" when he first heard the Old Hundredth Psalm sung by the charity children under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; but what his sensations would have been in listening to a band of twenty instruments (including kettle-drums), and about twenty vocal performers, "giving" the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel, in a chapel holding a hundred people, we would rather not attempt to define. It is true, this musical explosion of the "thundering legion" occurred in connection with anniversary services; but it was merely the expansion, on a

grand scale, of the usual musical style prevalent in these village chapels when George the Fourth was king.

It would be scarcely reverent to criticise with much strictness the sermons which were delivered in these rustic sanctuaries. Probably the theology of the preachers was often very crude, their elocution by no means correct; and, like a certain Hibernian we lately heard of, they made fewer "invidious distinctions" in grammar than Murray would approve of; yet, doubtless, they often preached the blessings of the Great Salvation with fervour and success. We have a grateful recollection of one of these sermons, to which we listened soon after we began to take a personal interest in spiritual truth. The discourse was founded, or professed to be, upon the well-known words of the prophet Malachi: "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another," &c. Logically considered, the treatment of the text was doubtless very defective, about nine-tenths of the sermon being occupied with a tenth part of the text; but it was a rich spiritual treat to us, nevertheless. We have since listened to some of the greatest preachers whom Britain has produced, but without feeling a deeper spiritual joy than we realised in listening to the words of that humble village teacher. Nor is the reason far to seek. Our newly-awakened mind was thoroughly in accord with Scriptural truth; we were "hungering and thirsting after righteousness;" whereas in after years some degree of satiety had dulled the mental appetite; and thus we proved the truthfulness of the inspired words: "The full soul loatheth the honeycomb, but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet."

In after years we ourselves were occasionally privileged to occupy some of these rustic pulpits, and to hold Christian fellowship with some of our hearers, of one of whom we still retain a lively recollection—belonging to the fair sex. We only knew her by the familiar designation of "Old Betty." She earned her bread by nail-making, as many of her neighbours did; and when at work in her humble shop, with no superabundance of vesture, the copious perspiration falling and hissing upon the heated iron which her brawny and busy arm was beating into shape, she was certainly a subject more fit for the canvas of Teniers than that of Sir Thomas Lawrence; but the rough casket contained a real gem, for she was one of those "of whom the world was not worthy." In part, probably, out of respect to our relative, she seemed to take an interest in our youthful attempts at preaching, and, with a smile, emphatically nodded her head at the utterance of what appeared to her somewhat worthy of commendation. Old Betty did not make a public profession of religion until she was a little "stricken in years;" and the friend who administered the ordinance of baptism found the manual labour no light one, for her bodily girth bore a closer resemblance to that of Charles James Fox than that of William Pitt. After the service we took dinner with her at the hospitable table of our kind minister, the Rev. Thomas Morgan. During the repast her *naive* deportment made her "the observed of all observers;" for when she drank, the goblet

was placed on the carpet at her side, and when the repast was concluded she employed the table-cloth as a substitute for a table-napkin. She has long since gone to her rest; and, perchance, upon the site of her humble cottage and dingy forge, there now stands a "respectable" villa, unfamiliar with the sights and sounds of fifty years ago, possibly occupied by some of her own descendants; and our earnest wish is that they, with increased prosperity, may be sharers in the moral worth and piety of "Old Betty" the nailer.

It would be easy for us to give many similar illustrations of the spiritual good accomplished by the local preachers and Sabbath-school teachers in the various villages near Birmingham half a century ago, and we are pleased to believe that the number and efficiency of these worthy persons have increased with the larger population and intellectual culture of the town.

It would be a decided treat to us to meet with some of the descendants, for example, of good farmer Wakeman, of Beech Lanes, and to converse with them about "Auld lang syne." We have not forgotten his quiet kindness to us in the days of our youth, nor the pleasant talks we held with him upon "things in general," when we had reached the years of early manhood. He took, we remember, rather sombre views of the state of national affairs—being one of the *Laudatores temporis acti*; showed little favour to new-fangled notions of farming, and had a decided shake of the head against railways—then a new thing in the land. Nevertheless, he was a true-hearted man, and had he lived two centuries before would probably have been numbered among Cromwell's Ironsides, or, at least, in full accord with the farmers who rode behind John Hampden to London to protest against the tyranny of Charles I. We are pleased to add, that though he indulged a little in grumbling—as became an English farmer—he gradually prospered; and at length, notwithstanding a very large family, he saved sufficient cash (so we heard) to purchase the freehold of the land which for so many years he had industriously and honourably tilled. May such men never grow fewer among us!

We should be doing injustice to the inhabitants of Birmingham if we did not make honourable mention of their liberal and zealous efforts for the benefit of the heathen nations of the world. As Baptists we are glad to remember that our denomination was one of the earliest labourers in the field of foreign missions, and that the Baptists of Birmingham have ever rendered the most ready and efficient aid. The name of Samuel Pearce is an honoured one among those of "the fathers and founders" of the Baptist Missionary Society. As is well known, he was among its earliest members, and, inspired by the friendship of Carey and Fuller, resolved to dedicate himself personally to mission work. Providence ordered it otherwise; but it has been often told that whereas the first mission collection amounted to only the modest sum of £13 2s. 6d., the next collection reached the noble sum of £70, raised by Mr. Pearce among the Baptists of Birmingham. We have often heard our elders speak in

terms of the warmest commendation concerning this eminently good man. We knew a lady who, nearly fifty years after his decease, told us with evident emotion, of his last words to her in his dying hours; and we knew another member of his church who was so affected by his death that for months she could not bear to pass in sight of the house in which he breathed his last.

We have a vivid recollection of the contemporary portrait of the good pastor, from which the later engraved likenesses were taken, the features of which, suffused with a glow of heavenly brightness, warranted the enviable title given to him of the "Seraphic Pearce," and which led Mr. Jay, of Bath, to say that "he seemed more to resemble the Lord Jesus Christ than any man of whom he had ever heard." Such a man could not fail to be a very useful Christian preacher and pastor, and hence the fact that the Baptist Church meeting in Cannon Street has for many years past been regarded with especial affection and reverence. The increasing prosperity of the town, operating with other causes, has, however, impaired its strength, and the following short report of proceedings in the Court of Chancery will be read with feelings of sombre interest:—

"Ex-parte the trustees of the Cannon Street Baptist Chapel, Birmingham.

"The Particular Baptists have for about 200 years possessed a chapel and other buildings and burial ground in Cannon Street, Birmingham. These premises have been taken by the Birmingham School Board at the price of £26,500, and the purchase money paid into Court. The trustees petitioned that the money might be paid out to them, and be held on trust to be declared by a deed to be executed by them for the purpose of providing and assisting in providing chapels, lecture rooms, schools, and other buildings to be used for religious purposes by congregations of Particular Baptists within a radius of four miles from Cannon Street. There was evidence that the burial ground had not been used for 18 years, and that there were public cemeteries used by the Baptists of Birmingham, and no burial ground was wanted, and also that the neighbourhood of the site of the old building was occupied entirely for business purposes and was almost deserted on Sundays."

Thousands of Baptists, and many who are not so, will regret the approaching extinction of the Cannon Street Church; but as Mr. Pearce took unusual interest in the education of the young, and his successors zealously carried on the good work, there is much propriety in selling the chapel property to the Birmingham School Board, if sold it must be, and we trust that the large sum of money which the trustees have received may, for years to come, be successfully employed in diffusing the blessings of that Gospel which Samuel Pearce so fervently loved and preached.

After the passage of many years we still retain a lively recollection of the interesting annual missionary meetings which we attended in our native town. The first we recollect was in connection with the

Wesleyan body, held in Cherry Street Chapel, before the stately Town-hall sprung into being. We were then not more than seven years of age, but the prospect of seeing and hearing a "live" Member of Parliament in the chair aroused our enthusiasm and made two or three miles of journey seem the road to Paradise. A few years passed on, and then came the mighty anti-slavery struggle, in which the Baptist missionaries were destined to take so prominent a part—a struggle which stirred the nation to its very centre, which ended in a sublime conquest of right over wrong, and conferred untold blessings upon millions of down-trodden human beings in almost every part of the world. The Birmingham people threw themselves into the midst of the contest with characteristic ardour, and our younger readers, though they have just witnessed the indignant excitement of England in connection with the Bulgarian atrocities, can form but a faint idea of the storm of indignation which swept over the land half a century ago in opposition to negro slavery. The "lion-hearted" William Knibb came among us, and fearing lest some timid officials in London would be satisfied with half measures, thundered forth, "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*," and set Birmingham in a blaze. The now venerable Mursell of Leicester denounced the same timid counsels, comparing them, we remember, to the tempter in Paradise.

"Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,"

the honoured veteran, Charles Stovel, poured courage into the ranks by his weird-like and electric eloquence: and at their side stood the gentle but courageous Eustace Carey, with many other noble men, both clerical and lay, who rested not till the victory was won and the negro set free. We once heard Lord Brougham say that the Whig Cabinet, of which he was Lord Chancellor, in discussing the proposed Emancipation Act, at first decided to lend the planters ten millions of pounds by way of compensation, but afterwards decided to change the loan into a gift of twenty millions. A distinction not without a difference certainly, yet the country willingly expended even that vast sum in so good a cause, and history smiles approval of the philanthropic deed.

We have mentioned the name of Eustace Carey as that of a welcome and useful missionary deputation in our youthful days. In after times, circumstances brought us now and then into familiar contact with him, and we cannot well refrain from jotting down a few recollections of him. He was, as our older readers are aware, a nephew of the great and good Dr. Carey, and was set apart to mission work in India in the year 1814. His designation was signalled by the delivery to him of an address, which worthily takes its place among the most successful mental efforts of that very gifted preacher, the Rev. Robert Hall. After some years of labour in southern India, the health of Mr. Carey broke down, and he was compelled to return to his native land. We heard him preach soon after his return, and, of course, listened with wrapt attention to one whose countenance was

bronzed by an Eastern sun, who bore the honoured name of Carey, and who seemed weak and thin enough to step from the pulpit to the grave. His best style of speaking was of an interesting and a superior sort, but the necessities of his position as a constant speaker caused his style sometimes to degenerate into something too like verbosity to be always welcome to judicious hearers, as the following exordium of one of his speeches will testify :—" To enunciate a proposition is easy, dear Mr. Chairman ; but to concatenate one's thoughts, and collocate one's words, that is the difficult thing—that is the labour, dear Mr. Chairman." Lord Brougham tells us of a speaker who found the use of adjectives so easy, that he could drive "a substantive and six"—a kind of conveyance with which good Mr. Carey was not unfamiliar. We remember once travelling with him, to hold the first missionary meeting, in a village of East Anglia, in which the enterprising editor of the *Christian World* was born. On our journey thither, we took the liberty of suggesting to him that as the people were not deep in their knowledge of missions, he would do well to be as simple as possible in his style of speaking. The hint was bold, and apparently not very palatable to the orator ; but it took effect in the production of an exceedingly beautiful and pathetic speech, which received the tribute of many tears. For the rest, he carried a strong mind and a bold heart under the mingled manners of a Brahmin and an English lady. He allowed his goods to be distrained by the "dear Vicar" of Hemel Hempstead for the payment of church rates ; and spent hours under our own roof in trying to prove that Daniel O'Connell was one of the greatest and best of men. The good missionary has long since gone to his rest, leaving behind him a character worthy of the honoured name he bore. About ninety years ago his uncle visited Birmingham as a "supply" for the pulpit of Cannon Street Chapel, leaving with him a manuscript Essay upon Christian Missions, in which he so excited the interest of his host, good Dr. Potts, that the latter undertook to bear the expense of printing it. Thus, in some sense, Birmingham may cherish the honour of being one of the founders of the great missionary enterprise ; and, we are glad to add, acts in a way worthy of the honour ; for, calculating according to the number of church members, the contributions to the Mission treasury by the town and neighbourhood are the largest in the whole denomination.

Selections from the Letters of the late Rev. William Best, B.A.

(Continued from page 167.)

To Mr. Bickersteth.

Stepney College, 20th June, 1854.

What a neglectful fellow I shall seem, and what a wretched opinion you will be forming of me! But the truth is I never was so much in want of time as now. If I could work twenty-four hours a day, I might hope to get in advance of my arrears; as it is, sometimes I am fairly in despair. And then, botheration to letter-writing—it is a poor substitute for lip, and eye, and features, and the whole speaking presence of a man. I am as long writing a poor cold word as I could give the meaning of twenty or a score of twenties if I had you by the hand. In another fortnight I shall be among you, and then, Hip—Hip—Hip Hurrah! we'll fun, and pun, and joke, and talk, and make old times come back again. I hope the spirit of of Paranomasia may be upon you as in the “Noctes Ambrosianæ,” of Oxford-street. Euclid has sent all that sort of thing out of my head, and gradually I am getting seasoned to a very edifying degree of parsonic dryness. I can't tell when I have stumbled upon a pun. I am too proud to prig from *Punch*, besides which, I am troubled with examination horrors: all this week, no, I should say only the last three days, we have been undergoing our annual College examination. We have given in our Logic, Greek, and Mathematical papers, and to-night at six o'clock we take up our Latin subject. Our Doctor called me in this morning to say my papers had been “exceedingly satisfactory,” so I begin to look forward to the tug at the University with some hope.

To Mr. Wilson.

Stepney College, 2nd Dec., 1854.

I shall do the job you wot of with a most exceeding and unspeakable delight, and I declare it will be the most valuable gift I ever had the opportunity of presenting to anyone. You must call at Lime Street and get from mother my white waistcoats, that I may make a becoming appearance on the occasion. Don't omit this, or I shall be as wretched as a girl defrauded of a ribbon. Bring both, that I may enjoy the relish of selection. You understand; make a memorandum of this, *knot your pocket-handkerchief*, put a piece of red tape round your finger, tell your sister to remind you. The harmony and beauty of the whole affair, its æsthetic propriety, all depend upon this. If you forget, it will be an irretrievably false step. But I know you won't, you can't. *Two* white waistcoats. By the way, an inscrutable shadow of misgiving arises in my mind. The transaction won't compromise my Baptist principles, will it? You see I don't understand these matters, but you must bear in mind that I'm a strong immersionist. Shall I have to kiss the bride? I hope the weather will be fine, and pretty warm—that is, warm for the season. I should not like to shiver at the altar, nor to see others doing so. Between you and me, *inter nos*, *entre nous*, I think you have made an excellent selection both in bride and the *locum tenens patris*. In especial I think the latter will do his duty, whatsoever it be, as Britons only know how. Look at Inkerman and Alma, and don't be afraid of me! You may put the fullest confidence in my courage and devoted-

ness. I suppose I shall have to carry you out. I have always been able to carry anything out that I have yet undertaken, so it is all right. Set your mind perfectly at rest. I wonder if I shall ever attain the like felicity.

March 2nd, 1855.

On my way down to Wellington I entered into a very interesting conversation with a Puseyite clergyman belonging to Manchester Cathedral. With this gentleman, indeed, I got quite friendly, and we became highly intercommunicative. When he learnt my position he very winningly asked "why I did not think of the ministry in the Establishment." Just think of your humble me—a Puseyite parson. There could be nothing wonderful after that. The world would be empty to the imagination. W. B. in a surplice preaching baptismal regeneration! Dreadful!

To his Parents.

2nd April.

I have not overweening faith in any mere political reform for bringing about the elevation of the people. It must be something better than this—something that can penetrate the heart, the citadel of the spiritual life. I suppose we are doomed to see our most cherished visions, when they seem approaching to a realisation, melt away; and by such successive shocks of disappointment, perhaps, we are gradually to be awakened to higher thoughts and purposes. We don't seem to have arrived at such a point that we can say the fabric of our institutions is approaching its finish and completeness. Recent events declare too plainly that there is rottenness where we thought all was sound, and God is chastening our national haughtiness and self-sufficiency. Nations, like men, must work out their salvation with fear and trembling. You see I'm not one of those parsons who eschew newspapers. They are wonderfully, fearfully instructive, if read aright, and I try to read and understand them as a Christian.

To Mr. Bickersteth.

18th June, 1855.

The perusal of your letter has afforded me very great pain. . . . Some are led by painful guidance into a higher knowledge of men and things. You are winning a costly experience, and the prize you are acquiring is to be gained only through a life-struggle, through pain, and patience, and suffering. One of our great writers, speaking of himself and others, described them as "Cradled into poetry by wrong," and added, "They learned in suffering what they taught in song," and a higher authority speaks of the Divine Man who wore the crown of thorns and patiently suffered himself to be spit upon and buffeted, as "made perfect through suffering."

Is it not strange, with the multifarious experience of life, that the Christian doctrine most controverted should be that of the rottenness and fallen condition of our nature? There is not an institution in society that does not bear its trace. And every man's life would, if forced, yield like yours its more or less of testimony. You are of a foreboding and careful disposition, and too apt I think to see all the black and none of the streaks and tinges of light that everywhere mix themselves up for our comfort and exhilaration. Let the storms brace you. You are not short of what Tennyson calls "The wrestling thews that throw the world." Above all, remember God dwells behind the cloud.

To his Parents.

5th September, 1855.

That church would just have suited me I think, but I think, further, there is not any, the slightest, possibility of my having it, and for many reasons; that I have only been two years in College is the principal one.

My preaching perhaps would not suit them. It might be too simple, or too

elaborate; too intellectual, or not sufficiently so; too highly Calvinistic, not doctrinal enough; the tie of my cravat might not suit their taste, or the fashion of my whiskers. I might not be tall enough. Churches are very funny sometimes.

26th November.

I don't want a church for a few months yet, and our Doctor would *look* at me if I did. But I feel encouraged, and there is something like the assurance that when the time comes I need have no doubt of being led to a right place. I find great kindness shown me wherever I go. But it is in some respects a mistaken kindness. A lady, one week night, asked me before service to take wine; I declined, and said I was "teetotal." On coming away she actually pressed me to take a glass of brandy. I went from thence to another place to supper, and of course there was more drink. And so it is everywhere. I should find it the easiest thing in the world to get "muzzy," in consequence of this foolish-wicked—almost, hospitality.

Dec. 5.

I shall be in Liverpool sometime before the end of the year, as near Christmas as my engagements will allow. Of course I should be very unfaithful to my position if I refused my proper work on the ground that I wanted to pay a visit at home. But as soon as liberated from ministerial duty I shall be with you. This is especially for my mother.

November 8th, 1855.

. . . . Surely I expressed more than I intended or than was necessary in the letter I wrote to you. I am not melancholy, nor desponding, nor on the whole in a low key. There are times when the clouds gather, and I have, like others, my own seasons of gloom; but I think few have greater reason for what Wordsworth calls, "cheerful godliness" than I. I meet with kindness on all hands, and sometimes so much of it that I wonder why it should be so, or what there is on my part that should call it out.

To his Sister.

11th December, 1855.

It would have been a great pleasure to have met at Cheltenham, and have had a ramble together in that part of the country. I look forward, some time or other, to show you over some district that you don't know, and that I do. Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, Devonshire, are all very beautiful. Had we met at Cheltenham, we might have gone thence to Ebley. You might then have seen the golden valley of the Stroud water, with the glorious Severn winding away in the distance, and beyond it the Welsh and English hills. Summer, though, is the time; and let us hope for a golden day or two, or three or four, or five or six, when we may have a peep at these prospects, and, perhaps, jaunt away up the Wye to Tintern. The East of England is very flat and uninteresting—miles and miles and miles of plain country as level as the crown of your hat—a plain that stretches from Warwickshire to the German Ocean, and, that intervening, away over the Netherlands, and Prussia, and Russia, into Siberia, to the far end of Asia. The very thought is killing—not a wart of land to break the weary uniformity, and the rivers there are turbid and sluggish, too lazy to "move on." I don't like the east a bit, but—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west."

So Burns sang, and so sing I.

To his Parents.

March, 1856.

I thank you very sincerely for your birthday congratulations, and hope your good wishes may be realised. I feel no doubt as to the future. If I am

faithful, He who leads me will lead me well. My prayer, therefore, is not for prosperity or happiness, but for fidelity.

To Mr. Wilson.

Stepney Green, July 24th, 1856.

I can't give you much of a letter. I have just eaten a "heavy" dinner, and my faculties are flaccid. I had salmon, and red currant (mixed with strawberries) pie. Forgive the allusion. I feel ashamed to have penned it; and yet I know there are states of *your* mental consciousness when such references have a certain pleasant influence of stimulation. As the poet says, "To eat is human, to digest divine." All last week—you will scarcely credit it—all last week I was deprived of the potato(e?). What! not one? Not one, not one, not one. I have scarcely yet recovered equilibrium. The divine root! Such is the power of circumstances over us. I was tripping it up the Wye, in capital company to be sure—Hood, &c., first-rate—and all this was a kind of compensation; I say a kind of compensation—for, though such company is transcendently more precious than the root in all its mealiest attractions, yet the two gratifications—the one rising from the heart and its affections, the other depending on the root and its concomitants—are so distinct, that the loss of the one is by no means made up by the presence of the other; just as, at Christmas, you might sigh for mustard, though you smelt plum-pudding on the way.

To Mr. Bickersteth.

Does — continue to think of the ministry? Is he taking any steps, and what? If he be a right sort of man—I mean a manly, hard-working, earnest, and faithful fellow—I hope he may be secured. The great want is such labourers. The fields are white. On the other hand, the mere gentleman—the mere scholar or *litterateur*—the mere pietist, is worse than useless. We want in the pulpit men whose hearts beat with the heart of Christ, and sympathise with the heart of humanity; but I suppose he is under Mr. Birrell's guidance, and he is a wise man.

To his Parents.

14th August, 1856.

Last Sunday I preached at Ramsey [again]. The people there say I must go and settle over them, and that in any other case there will be a split. I told them if I came I should not probably remain more than three or four years. On this condition they are quite ready to take me. I feel much inclined to go. I should have a good church, a cordial and kind-hearted people, not deficient in intelligence, a fair salary, and a quiet home for study.

I am very anxious to come to a right and godly decision, and to be in the way of the Divine leading. I know human nature is very apt to please itself, and think that is the way of pleasing God. I don't think it would be very wise to look for a church in a bustling busy town at first, as such an one would absorb all my time and energies. In a quiet country church, I might mature my studies, get my health confirmed, and so, as it were, while doing the work of the ministry, supplement and finish my college career. What think you?

He who knows best, and is the most loving of all Beings, has me, I hope, in His hands, and I can trust Him.

11th November, 1856.

I have determined to go to Ramsey, but have not settled *when* I shall go. Most likely I shall commence my work with them at the New Year.

I hope this degree of mine* has been a source of pleasure and satis-

* Referring to the B.A. degree taken a few days previously.

faction to you all. I am sure one of my chief pleasures in connection with it is the thought that mother and all will feel somewhat of pride and delight in its realisation. Idle people frown at these academical distinctions. So should I, if I thought they were only to be won at the expense of the Gospel; I mean, by the neglect of a minister's special function.

III. PASTORATES AT RAMSEY AND COLEFORD.

To Mr. Bickersteth.

Ramsey, Jan. 5, 1857.

I have not forgotten my promise to write to you, nor have I delayed it *willingly*. You can't conceive how busy I am in my new diocese. I preach about five times per week—regularly in my own chapel four times; and this entails no little labour in getting up sermons. Then, I've had to furnish my house, and this has brought with it a world of small trouble and anxiety, as well as, at the same time, introduced me to a wonderful amount of circumstantial acquaintance with pots and mugs, and floorcloths and blankets, and chairs and beds, and skewers and pitchers, *cum multis aliis*. I am very happy here: never more comfortable. The people pay me every regard and kindness; and, I must say, have quite proper ideas of the manner in which to treat a minister. They fairly deluge me with presents of eatables, and I am unquestionably plumper already. My parsonage is rather a pleasant residence. My window, as I write, looks out into a nice and tolerably large garden, or rather garden and orchard; and when spring and summer come, I shall be embowered in greenery and flowers.

To Mr. Bickersteth.

Ramsey, 13th April, 1857.

I am truly grieved to know that you and dear Mrs. B. are called upon to endure the pang of bereavement. I heartily sympathise with you. I am sure your hearts will feel the stroke. If I know you at all—and I think I do—I know you have tender and loving hearts, and that this stroke is in many respects peculiarly adapted to give exquisite pain. The little fellow was so quiet, so affectionate, so winning in his simple piety, and, I may add, so afflicted—and his affliction, long and painful, and borne with the serenity of a saint, must itself have elicited such a singular tenderness on your parts towards him that I think you will deeply feel his departure. You cannot, however, murmur. Indeed I regard your faith in God as too strong for that under circumstances of a more crushing nature. I fancy you as you sit together, without restraining a natural and holy sorrow, but indulging it—at the same time feeling a calm and loving assurance that our great Father has not been unkind. Poor little fellow! he is no cripple now—he is no longer a helpless invalid, a hopeless one. God has taken him from a world that deals mercilessly with the weak, and doles out to the cripple and the suffering a miserable pittance of pity or of help, to His own habitation. If he *were* a cripple in heaven the angels would love him no less, nor would the eye of Jesus beam less lovingly upon him. But in the place he has gone to there are no cripples, no sick ones—frailty and weakness are unknown. How solacing to know that what earthly skill could not achieve, a word, a look from the Great Physician has sufficed to accomplish. As for us who are still in the dark roads, among thorns and intricate jungles, it is well if we can look forward to a share of the felicities the departed little one enjoys.

I hope, my dear Bickersteth, brother in Christ—may I not call you so? the loftiest as well as the tenderest of all appellatives—I hope that the life of Christ in you is a growing principle, and that it becomes more and more your stay and solace and glory. I have often and often thought of you in respect

of religion, and often prayed for you, and always with hope—belief, I may almost say—that your faith in Christ was “unto salvation.” Faith in Him I know you have. May God strengthen it!

On June 16th, 1857, Mr. Best married Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, Gloucestershire.

Ramsey, 3rd August, 1857.

My dear Wilson,—Hot! hot!! hot!!! hotter than codlins all hot! hotter than the tail of a comet. If I had to hang myself, and the rope were put into my hands—nay, round my neck—I could not finish the *hoperation*! No! I should say, not till the temperature is more favourable. As far as the hot weather permits me to feel or to know anything, or distinctly to affirm of anything, I think I may say that I am very well, and that my wife is very well. If this is incorrect, write and let me know, and I'll return a veracious bulletin per next post, if the cooler weather has by that time set in. Oh! for thunder! Oh! that I were a fish! Oh! for an ocean of iced pop! It would be a relief if the pump water—which I am sure is at 212° Fah.—would make T (I am too lazy to spell T E A). But no! we must have a fire, and even tea is scarcely a refreshment. It seems to be made out of melted metal, and to roll down the throat like lava. As I write, a bluebottle has entered. Oh! my irritable and murderous scul; and yet I have not power to kill him! Out! vain buzzer! Oh! Wilson, Wilson! good-bye! I'm melting into imbecility!

To Mr. Wilson.

Ramsey, 17th May, 1859.

I have been in a very thundery humour for the last month. Politics have not agreed with me. I have been full well-nigh to bursting with indignation. The election has returned two Tories of the effete school for the county, the squire being one. Oh! Wilson, I'm heartsick. Whig or Tory is of secondary importance. Franchise or no franchise perhaps the same; but to have the franchise legally, and to have no power to exercise it except as per dictation, this is a debauchery of the political conscience, of the human conscience, that no true heart can witness without bitterness and sorrow. Out of some three hundred voters in our parish, not fifty DARE vote otherwise than as the squire bids. Nor is it enough that they vote for him; they must give their second vote as he commands. I have been amazed, confounded by what has come under my notice. The avowed, wholesale, matter-of-course compulsion exercised by the large landowner, and cheerfully, as a matter of course, submitted to by tenants worth their thousand a year, seems even yet more of a dream than a thing of actual occurrence. But I've seen it, and have learned to thank God with a deeper gratitude than ever for our great towns. They were at the first the cradles of liberty, and are now her home and fortress.

To Mrs. B., on the death of her brother, one of the circle of early friends.

November 11th, 1859.

I sit down with very deep grief to acknowledge your letter. I did not know a word about his being ill, and the announcement of his death completely astounded me. I say to myself, “He is dead”; but I don't find that I am able to lay hold of the fact. It is so short a time since I saw him in all the promise of an extended and useful life—and now I find that at that time I was looking upon him for the last time. Oh! it is so sad! so very, very sad! How I wish I could have seen him, and have felt the touch of his living hand once more. I seem so much to upbraid myself with my silence. I might have written, though, indeed, I am exceedingly occupied. I would have written again and again had I known of this fearful sequel. My poor, dear brother!

I know that his removal must *seem* to you as the shivering of a main beam. And has he really gone? How empty and hollow the world seems to grow; and ah! what a different world in half a score of years. That which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away. We live among appearances and vanishings; our life is a vapour. We are shadowy. How unreal, and ghost-like, and impalpable are the men and things that we look upon and account to be substantial. They shall perish, but THOU remainest. They shall all wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed, but *Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.* Oh! in the darkness of this visitation, when we cannot understand the wisdom or the love of God in it, how unspeakably blessed is it to be able to trust in the Unchanging One, and to wait, though it be with tears, the unveiling of His wonderful counsels. Thank God! thanks be to the Holy Saviour!—Harry stood upon the *Rock*. He trusted in Jesus, and in Jesus he is safe for eternity. Is not this solace to us all? The God of all consolation visit the widow and the fatherless—poor bereaved ones! And may you all be sustained. My most loving sympathies, my most earnest prayers are with and for each and all of you. Say so, please, to your dear mother and sisters.

To Mrs. B. a month after the previous letter.

December 19th, 1859.

Don't, I pray, imagine me to be dull and unimpressed by your—our—great grief. I have had so many engagements at home, and from home, that I have had no spare time at all—hence I have not written as I wished to do days ago. There is one peculiar feature in this affliction—that though very great it has fallen upon Christians—upon those, therefore, that have the promise, and the possession, too, of more than the strength of mere nature. Our Harry, too, was a true, and earnest, and loving child of God. If we are to have the rod, and if the strokes are to be felt, and if without sufferings we cannot be made perfect, and if such dealings are the very proof of God's fatherhood to us, why, let us gratefully acknowledge the consolation wherewith we are comforted of God in this case. The affliction is, indeed, of the heaviest; but are not the assuagements of grief unusually great? For myself, personally, I feel it an infinite relief that I was strengthened to speak to our ever dear departed brother of personal religion. I have the strongest assurance that my friendship with him was blessed and sanctified. It seems a poor thing to reciprocate what the world calls friendship, acts of social kindness, pleasant talk, business, help now and then. All this, good enough in its way, is so superficial. More and more I become aware of the infrequency of really valuable friendship and friends, and feel more and more a desire to cling to and clasp those already mine. Harry's death is to me, in this sense, a loss never to be repaired. I shall find no other, as long as this life lasts, to take his place. Valued friendships I shall doubtless form, but none like his—none with the peculiar fragrantcy of his. We had known one another long. We knew one another while yet boys, for I was only a boy when our acquaintance began, and he was several years younger than I; and, more than all, we had peculiar spiritual ties. The Lord gave, and I thank Him; the Lord has taken, and I must thank Him. He is the same Father in the one act as in the other.

To his Parents.

Ramsey, 28th August, 1860.

You know already that for some time past I have been considering an invitation that has come to me from Coleford, Forest of Dean. I have at length decided to go thither, and I think I see my way very clearly in the step I am taking. It has cost me very, very much prayerful thought and earnest deliberation before I could make up my mind; and, having done so, I feel

lightened and full of hope. The people here are of course sorry that I am going, but I don't think any of them suppose I am acting against the indications of Providence. The best feeling prevails both among themselves and towards me. I could not have left them hitherto with anything like the same degree of satisfaction in regard to their present state and future prospects.

To Mr. Wilson.

Coleford, 20th November, 1860.

I am getting a little bit settled down in my new home. We find it very comfortable. The house is roomy and snug. I catch a glimpse of the beauty of the hills from my study window; I seem to drink in the loveliness of the land, like a thirsty man. I begin to like my position exceedingly. One thing is deficient. At present there is no book society or library; in this respect I am as badly off as at Ramsey. The world wags, and bravely, too; but the echoes of its great movements reach me in quite a muffled and imperfect manner.

To his Parents.

30th April, 1860.

Willy* grows very intelligent. For a time he was most irreligious in his behaviour during "grace" at meals. Then he became self-righteous, saying, at the close, "Amen. Good boy." Now he betrays impatience, like many who complain about long sermons, and energetically calls out, "Amen! Amen! Amen!" when I have only half done.

18th December, 1861.

Our little ones [twin girls, born June, 1860] continue to make nice progress. It is very pretty to see them shuffling across the floor after some toy. Anna looks healthier than she did, and Tiny is lively and bright.

To Mr. Wilson.

Coleford, 1862.

Your handwriting was very welcome—is always so. I believe I am not forgotten when the post fails for a length of time to give pen and ink information of the fact. I am, like you, obliged to remember my friend (which I do continually) rather than correspond. Perhaps we may mend; who can tell? but "old boys," such as we are growing to be, don't often do much in that way. We are what we shall continue to be. There may be more of an unveiling to others and to ourselves as circumstances "draw us out." But, alas! bother to it, I'll not believe it, anyhow. We SHALL grow; we are not fossils yet, but plants with sap in our veins. I'm working all ways and any way I can, hoping to serve Christ in doing so. Study I never neglect, though sometimes I am interrupted in the regularity of my work. I am called out a good deal. . . . When I speak, I try, if for nothing more, at any rate, to speak in a human dialect to be *real*. A few simple things so uttered make the man who says them of value to the poor hearts of men, his hearers. This is all, I fancy, that brings me solicitations to go here and there; but, eh! man, it eats away the time.

On Sunday I preached about Lancashire distress. We had collections, and I sent off £25—a small sum in a Liverpudlian's eyes; but this is a little town of less than 3,000 people, mostly of the working class, and I thought it was a very fair effort. The *Times* and the *Saturday Review* and other papers have a bitter *animus* against the North; Lancashire and Yorkshire are hateful to them. You have too much individualism, too much common sense, too little factitious culture. You are not sufficiently aware that you are not "educated" and "gentlemen," and you are infinitely careless of the respect

* The eldest boy, born June, 1858.

due to those who are. Go to. Don't you perceive you are a stench in the educated nostrils of the university prigs who conduct some of these papers? I believe Lancashire has done nobly. I know it has the spirit of a princely, a regal generosity. It will, and it can, and it does. And I am sure it has not fallen below itself in the present necessity.

I think it is pretty certain I shall go to Leeds. I have consulted many ministers and others, and all say, "Go." At any rate, I mean to pay them a second visit. I have arranged to preach for them the 14th and the 21st.

It will be seen that Mr. Best's pastorate at Coleford continued for two and a half years only; but it will ever be marked in the memory of those who enjoyed his ministry there—by the gallery full of intelligent working-men whom it was his privilege to draw to God's house on the Sunday evenings, and by the band of young men whom it was his pleasant duty to admit to church membership.

The Locusts of Joel.

THE book of Joel has evident marks of a superior order of culture, the figures employed are chaste and unmingled, and the imagery is well sustained. There is a completeness and a beauty which make it a literary gem, even amongst the brilliant writings of the renowned "Hebrew sixteen," of which, with the exception of Jonah, Joel was probably the earliest. The book commences with the prophecy of a devastating plague of locusts, which, for poetic force and beauty, has rarely been equalled; such passages as

Before it, a fire devouring;
 Behind it, a flame consuming;
 Like the Garden of Eden is the land before it;
 Behind it, an astonished desert—

reveal a singular amount of poetic grace. The question is one of deep interest. To what does this remarkable prediction refer?

We lay aside the opinion of those who regard it as the description of a calamity which had taken place, and but consider the views of those who recognise prophetic insight in the passage. They may be divided into two classes—those who consider that there is here foretold an actual plague of locusts, and those who believe the reference to be to the invasion of hostile armies. For the former view there is much to be said. Considering the terrible effects of an inundation of locusts, it can hardly be considered an unworthy subject of prophetic threatening for disobedience. In the descriptions given it has been well noted that there is no mention of the destruction of cities, the slaughter of men, and ill-treatment of women, but

chiefly the loss of the product of the fields, and such calamity as would result from an invasion of insects rather than of men. The harvest perishes, and the trees are dried up. Husbandmen and vine-dressers are astonished and alarmed, and the meat and drink offerings are withheld from the Temple. The cattle are distressed for want of pasture, not driven away to other lands. The promises on repentance are really of the recovery of verdure. The plague, when removed, is to be driven to arid and waste lands where it shall pass away by putrefaction. All this seems at first glance to point to a literal fulfilment of the prophecy, and may have foretold the calamity which the next writer, Amos, described.

It should not be forgotten that Joel was a writer of unusual elegance. That canon of taste, that figures should not be mixed, which in modern time finds universal acceptance, is not ever observed by the Hebrew writers of old. Here, however, the figure is remarkably pure and sustained. It may be that Joel, having selected the imagery of a locust scourge, kept to it throughout, and allowed the drapery chosen for his prediction to cover every part, so making the parable complete. The book of Joel consists of three distinct prophecies. The first is that of the locust invasion (chap. i. 1, to chap. ii. 27). The second is that of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, occupying the remainder of the 2nd chapter. The third is of the restoration of the Jews, and the gathering of the nations at the Day of the Lord. The third of these predictions undoubtedly has reference to events which have not yet transpired; fulfilment is the true key of prophecy; we do not profess to "open the book and unloose the seals thereof" if the reference be clearly to the future. Of the second of these predictions, the records of the Day of Pentecost leave little room for doubt as to its meaning.

Two views may thus be entertained of the prophecies of this book. First, that its predictions relate to

1. A transitory plague of locusts;
2. The Day of Pentecost;
3. The Day of the Lord;

or, second—That there is here an inspired Apocalypse, briefly sketching the future history of time, so far as the chosen people are concerned, and that its three predictions are

1. The calamities of the Jews before Christ;
2. The dispensation of the Spirit commencing at Pentecost;
3. The Day of the Lord.

Jerome states that it was the opinion of the Jews in his time that this first prediction of Joel referred to the four great Powers which in succession held in bondage the holy city, viz., the Babylonian, the Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman empires. The same as the four metals of the great image, and the four sea-born beasts of Daniel.

The creatures spoken of in the 4th verse of the 1st chapter were probably all locusts, the different terms given being but different

names applied to this devastating insect—the Devourer, the Swarmer, the Licker, and the Stripper. It would require some amount of fancy to recognise in these names any suggestion of the peculiarities of the four empires such as may be imagined in the four beasts and also in the four metals of Daniel, even if we could obtain a satisfactory translation of the words used. There is, however, a very remarkable correspondence between these Hebrew terms and the duration of the power of these empires, which is assuredly worthy of note.

The Rabbinical writers have a method of exegesis called “Gamatria,” which has never received much attention from Christian expositors. The letters of the alphabet being used in Hebrew to denote figures, each word may be regarded as having a numerical value; this is the sum of the figures represented by its letters. This was the ground of an opinion that certain words were used by inspired writers because of their numerical value, so concealing dates from the casual reader, to be discovered by the diligent student. The extent to which this prevails amongst Hebrew expositors is very considerable, and is often the occasion of the display of much ingenuity. In the Revelation of St. John the Divine, there is given six hundred and sixty six as the number of the beast, for those who have “understanding to count.” This has given rise to a Christian “Gamatria,” which, however, as yet, has neither found nor perhaps deserved much favour with judicious students. But there is a peculiarity in the names of these devastating creatures, whatever they may be, mentioned by Joel, which is worthy of consideration; although, perhaps, it is not entitled to take higher rank than that of a remarkable coincidence.

The first term, בַּיָּאֵר , the Devourer, brought to its numerical value, is $3+7+40=50$. Turning to a Bible with marginal references, we find that to the narrative of the taking of Jerusalem, recorded in the 25th chapter of the Second Book of Kings, the date affixed is B.C. 588; and to that of the death of Belshazzar, related in the 5th chapter of the Book of Daniel, is the date B.C. 538. This gives fifty years as the duration of the Babylonian possession of the city of Jerusalem. The captivity of the people lasted seventy years; but the city was not taken until eighteen years after the carrying away began, and the Medes and Persians took the kingdom about two years before their return.

The second word used, הַרְבֵּה , the Swarmer, considered the same way, gives $1+200+2+5=208$. This brings us beyond the historical accounts of the Old Testament. Turning to Prideaux, we find that the date given for the subdual of Media and the adjoining countries by Alexander is B.C. 330. Thus, the second great empire lasted 208 years.

The word לִיקֵץ , the Licker, the third term used, gives $10+30+100=140$. The Battle of Magnesia, by which Antiochus was defeated by the Roman Consul Scipio, was in the year B.C. 190. Thus the power of the third great empire lasted 140 years.

Although, by that battle, the power of Greece was broken, yet

Jerusalem did not at once become subject to the Roman empire, "dreadful, terrible, and strong exceedingly." The city of Jerusalem came under that power in the year B.C. 38, when Herod, after a severe siege, took it by force of arms, and assumed the regal dignity in subjection to Cæsar. The fourth great empire had possession until the city was destroyed by Titus, A.D. 70, which was 108 years after. This is the numerical value of the fourth term given, חֲמִשָּׁה, the Stripper— $8 + 60 + 10 + 30 = 108$.

Thus, then, without drawing the conclusion that it was so intended by the Holy Spirit, the author of inspiration, we direct attention to this curious observation. Joel mentions four pests that should, in succession, "lay the vine waste and bark the fig tree." These are considered by many interpreters, both Jewish and Christian, to represent those four great nations of antiquity that held the Jewish people in subjection, and were the subjects of prophecy by Daniel. The name of the first, translated in the English version, "palmer worm," is a word the numerical power of whose letters in the Hebrew is 50; Jerusalem was in subjection to the Babylonish rule from B.C. 588 to B.C. 538, just 50 years. The name of the second, translated "locust," gives the number 208; the Medo-Persian power held the city from B.C. 538 to B.C. 330, just 208 years. The name of the third, translated "canker worm," gives the number 140; and the Grecian power lasted from B.C. 330 to B.C. 190, just 140 years. The name of the fourth, translated "caterpillar," gives the number 108; and Rome held Jerusalem in subjection from B.C. 38 to A.D. 70.

If but one of these coincidences were correct, it would be worthy of note by a careful unprejudiced observer. The probability against such a correspondence in two cases without intention is very great. But the probability against all four coming correct by mere accident is immense, and the result most mysterious.

It should be stated in conclusion, to avoid mistake, that it is not intended to lay down a theory, but to state a fact. It is the practice of scientific men to make a note of anything unusual and curious, and often an observation apparently trivial has been found to suggest discovery of important information. It will be well for the interpretation of Scripture when the same careful unprejudiced observation, which is now being applied to the volume of nature, shall be applied to the volume of inspiration. Both are the work of the same author, and both have depths as yet unpenetrated.

J. H. COOKE.

The Members of the Council of Nice.

THIS famous Synod, or Assembly of Divines, was held at Nicæa, in Bithynia, in the year 325. This district of Asia Minor is noteworthy to us as the abode of those first Christians to whom the Apostle Peter addressed his first epistle, and concerning whom Pliny the Younger wrote his famous letter to the Emperor Trajan. The place is now called Isnick, which is probably a corruption of the words inscribed upon the ancient milestones, *Ἐἰς Νίκαιαν*—"To Nicæa." A similar kind of derivation accounts for Stamboul, the Turkish name of Constantinople. The ancient sign-posts, as we call them, had on them *Ἐἰς τὴν πόλιν*, which means, "To the city," and which at length settled into the modern Stamboul. Fifteen hundred years ago, Nicæa was one of the centres of civilisation, but is now, like too many portions of the Turkish Empire, "a desolation and a heap." It was there that the first "General Council" was held, followed by eighteen others; the last of which, located in the Vatican at Rome, assembled only a few years since, under the direction of Pius the Ninth, and which proclaimed the infallibility of all past, present, and future Popes. As we propose in a subsequent paper to sum up the results of the Council of Nice, we confine ourselves in this to a glance at the reverend fathers who composed it.

The whole number present at the Council, including presbyters and attendants, appears to have been about two thousand; but the number of the bishops,—that is those who alone possessed the power of voting,—is usually reckoned at 318. These latter figures were afterwards invested with a sacred and mystical importance,—some divines having found the type of them in the 318 slaves of the Patriarch Abraham! In the numerals of the Greek language, 318 is represented by *Τ Ι Η*, and, therefore, some saw in the *Τ* the symbol of the Cross, and in the *Ι Η*, a part of the sacred name of (*Ἰησους*) Jesus. Three at least of the members of the Council have attained imperishable names in the history of the Church. First in rank was the princely convener, Constantine the Great, called, or mis-called, the first Christian Emperor. It is a strange fact that Constantine, at the time of the Council, was an unbaptized person, and probably half a pagan, for his coins bore the impress of the Cross on one side, and the likeness of Apollo on the other; but such was the gladness of the bishops in having an emperor on their side, that they hailed this semi-pagan as "the Lord's anointed," and were almost ready to render divine worship to him. As the clergy would not have dared to assemble in council without the permission of their prince, so he deemed it his duty to preside at the opening of their deliberations. For this purpose he came to Nicæa, and was saddened by finding that

the bishops were much embittered against each other by personal and private feuds, as well as by theological differences. He had no sooner taken up his quarters in the palace at Nicæa, than he found showered in upon him a number of parchment rolls or letters containing complaints and petitions against each other from the assembled bishops. We cannot ascertain with certainty whether they were collected in a single day, or went on accumulating day after day. It was a poor omen for the unanimity which he had so much at heart. Some excuses, however, may be made for them. We may remember how, even in prison, the English Reformers maintained an unceasing strife with each other on the dark points of Calvinism. We are expressly told, both by Eusebius and Sozomen, that one motive which had drawn many to the Council was the hope of settling their own private concerns, and promoting their own private interests. It was the practice to seize the opportunity of solemn processions of the sovereigns to temples, and afterwards to churches, as even now of the Sultans to Mosques, in order to lay wait with petitions as the only means of catching their attention. There, too, were the pent-up grudges and quarrels of years, which now, for the first time, had an opportunity of making themselves heard. Never before had these remote, often obscure, ministers of a persecuted sect, come within the range of Imperial power. Still, after all due allowance, it is impossible not to share in the Emperor's astonishment that this should have been the first act of the first Œcumenical Assembly of the Christian Church. It is probably this scene which led one of the Reformers to describe the Nicene fathers as "a set of demoniacs, driven by evil furies and malignant passions." When the time had come for the public deliberations of the Council to take place, the Emperor provided accommodation for the assembly by placing at their disposal the largest apartment which his own palace contained. The palace is now in ruins, but tradition points to a large plane tree as growing upon the spot where the Emperor's presidential chair was placed. The fathers assembled, and fixed their reverential gaze upon that chair or throne. Dr. Stanley thus vividly describes the scene:—"The long-sustained disputations, the eager recriminations, were at last hushed into a deep silence. Not a voice broke the stillness of that expectation which precedes the coming of a long looked-for, unknown spectacle, the onward march of a distant procession. Presently a stir was heard—first one, then another, and then a third of the officers of the court dropped in. Then the column widened. But still the wonted array of shields and spears was absent. The heathen guards were not to enter the great Christian assembly which had, as it were, consecrated the place where it sat. Only those courtiers who were converted to the Christian faith were allowed to herald the approach of their master. At last a signal from without—probably a torch raised by the 'cursor' or avant courier—announced that the Emperor was close at hand. The whole assembly rose and stood on their feet; and then, for the first time, set their admiring gaze on

Constantine, the Conqueror, the August, the Great. He entered. His towering stature, his strong-built frame, his broad shoulders, his handsome features, were worthy of his great position. There was a brightness in his look, and a mingled expression of fierceness and gentleness in his lion-like eye, which well became one who, as Augustus before him, had fancied, and perhaps still fancied, himself to be the favourite of the Sun-god Apollo. The bishops were further struck by the dazzling, perhaps barbaric, magnificence of his dress. Always careful of his appearance, he was so on this occasion in an eminent degree. His long hair, false or real, was crowned with the imperial diadem of pearls. His purple or scarlet robe blazed with precious stones and gold embroidery. He was shod, no doubt, in the scarlet shoes then confined to the Emperors, now perpetuated in the Pope and the cardinals. Many of the bishops had probably never seen any greater functionary than a remote provincial magistrate; and, gazing at his splendid figure as he passed up the hall between their ranks—remembering, too, what he had done for their faith and for their Church—we may well believe that the simple and the worldly both looked upon him as though he were an angel of God descended straight from heaven!”

Such was the august President of the first Œcumenical Council of the Church—half Pagan, half Christian, sincerely trying to be a believer, yet so ill-taught in scriptural truth as to put off his baptism till within a few days of his death, for the avowed reason that he could then, at once, wash away the sins of his earthly life, and pass from the laver of regeneration to the purity of the heavenly state. Our readers will probably peruse with some interest the opening speech of this strange chairman. It was spoken in Latin, the Imperial language; was translated by an interpreter into Greek (with which most of the members of the Council were familiar), and has been handed down to us in the following form:—“It has been, my friends, the object of my highest wishes to enjoy your sacred company; and, having obtained this, I confess my thankfulness to the King of all that, in addition to my other blessings, He has granted to me this greatest of all—I mean, to receive you all assembled together, and to see one common harmonious opinion of all. Let, then, no envious enemy injure our happiness; and, after the destruction of the impious power of the tyrants, by the might of God our Saviour, let not the spirit of evil overwhelm the Divine law with blasphemies, for to me far worse than any war or battle is the civil war of the Church of God—yes, far more painful than the wars which have raged without. As, then, by the assent and co-operation of a higher power, I have gained my victories over my enemies, I thought that nothing remained but to give God thanks, and to rejoice with those who have been delivered by us. But since I learned of your divisions, contrary to all expectations, I gave the report my first consideration, and, praying that this also might be healed through my assistance, I called you all together without delay. I rejoice at the mere sight of your assembly;

but the moment that I shall consider the chief fulfilment of my prayers will be when I see you all joined together in heart and soul, and determining on one peaceful harmony for all, which it should well become you who are consecrated to God to preach to others. Do not, then, delay, my friends; do not delay, ministers of God and good servants of our common Lord and Saviour, to remove all ground of difference, and to wind up by the laws of peace every link of controversy. Thus will you have done what is most pleasing to the God who is over all, and you will render the greatest boon to me, your fellow servant."

The Council was then formally opened, the Prince retired, and the Controversialists came to the front. Among these, the most famous champion of the orthodox is Athanasius. At the time of the Council this afterwards famous man was hardly twenty-five years of age, and was not even in "full orders," being deacon to the Bishop or "Pope" of Alexandria. Yet even then he attracted the attention and respect of the assembly by the vigour of his intellect and the vehemence of his oratory; thus giving promise, at that early age, of the prominence to which he attained among the early fathers of the Church, and the fame of which (like his name) is *Athanasius*, or immortal. "In some of the conventional pictures of the assembly his humble rank as a deacon does not allow of his appearance. But his activity behind the scenes made enemies for him there who will never leave him through life. Anyone who has read his passionate invectives afterwards may form some notion of what he was in the thick of his youthful battles." Next in fame, or notoriety, is Arius, the leader of the heretics. Like Athanasius, he is from Alexandria, being what we should now term the rector of the chief parish church of that then wealthy and learned city. "In appearance he is the very opposite of Athanasius. He is sixty years of age, very tall and thin, and apparently unable to support his stature; he has an odd way of contorting and twisting himself which his enemies compare to the wriggings of a snake. He would be handsome but for the emaciation and deadly pallor of his face, and a downcast look, imparted by weakness of the eyesight. At times his veins throb and swell and his limbs tremble, as if suffering from some violent internal complaint—the same, perhaps, that will terminate in his sudden and dreadful death. There is a wild look about him which, at first sight, is startling. His dress and demeanour are those of a rigid ascetic. He wears a long cloak with short sleeves, and a scarf of only half size, such as was the mark of an austere life; and his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. He is usually silent, but at times breaks out into furious excitement, such as will give the impression of a madman. Yet with all this there is sweetness in his voice, and a winning, earnest manner which fascinates those who come across him. Among the religious ladies of Alexandria he is said to have had from the first a following of not less than 700. This strange, captivating, moonstruck giant is the heretic Arius, or, as his adversaries called

him, the madman of Ares or Mars." Under the banner of these two notable leaders were less famous combatants, but yet worthy of a passing notice. Among these was Eusebius, the Bishop of Cæsarea. We honour him as the father of ecclesiastical history, as the chief depository of the traditions which connect the fourth with the first century. But in the Bishops of Nicæa his presence awakened feelings of a very different kind. He alone of the Eastern prelates could tell what was in the mind of the Emperor. He was the clerk of the Imperial closet; he was the interpreter, the chaplain, the confessor of the Emperor; yet he was an Arian, and lay under the imputation of having escaped death in times of persecution by sacrificing to idols. From the interior of Egypt came men the very opposite of the courtly and learned Eusebius. "They were illiterate monks, and fiercely orthodox, partly, doubtless, because of the cruel persecutions to which they had been exposed. They were not Greeks nor Grecised Egyptians, but genuine Copts, speaking the Greek language with difficulty or not at all; living half or the whole of their lives in the desert; their very names taken from the heathen gods of the time of the ancient Pharaohs. One was Potammon, from far up the Nile; the other Paphuntius, bishop of the Upper Thebaid. Both are famous for the austerity of their lives. Potammon—that is, 'dedicated to Ammon'—had himself visited the hermit Antony; Paphuntius—that is, 'dedicated to his God'—had been brought up in a hermitage. Both, too, had suffered in the persecutions. Each presented the frightful spectacle of the right eye dug out with the sword, and the empty sockets seared with a red-hot iron. Paphuntius, besides, came limping on one leg, his leg having been ham-strung." From the distant Euphrates came equally strange men—Bishop Paul, and Jacob, Bishop of Nisibis. The former, like Potammon, had severely suffered in the persecutions, his hands being paralysed by the scorching of all the fingers with red-hot irons. With him came the "Moses of Mesopotamia," James, Bishop of Nisibis. He had lived for years as a hermit on the mountains; 'in the forests during the summer, browsing on roots and leaves like a wild beast, and, like a wild beast, clothed in a rough goat's-hair cloak. His dress and manner of life, even after he became a bishop, he never laid aside; and the mysterious awe which his presence inspired was increased by the stories of miraculous power which we are told he exercised in a manner as humane and playful as it was grotesque: as when he turned the washerwoman's hair white, detected the impostor who pretended to be dead, and raised an army of gnats against the Persians.

An equally strange member of the Council was the shepherd, Spyridion, Bishop of Cyprus, a shepherd both before and after his elevation to the episcopate. Tradition credits him with the power of working miracles. At any rate, he was not deficient in common sense, as the following incidents will show. A celebrated preacher of his diocese having used the word "couch" instead of "bed" in a

quotation from the Gospels, the bishop said: "What! are you better than Christ, that you are ashamed to use his words?" A hungry traveller coming to him in Leut, Spyridion, finding no other food in the house, presented him with salted pork; and when the stranger declined, saying that he could not as a Christian break his fast, the saint replied, "So much the less reason have you for scruple; to the pure all things are pure." Many more stories might be told of him, but (to use words of an ancient writer who has related some of them), "From the claws you can make out the lion!" Of all the Nicene fathers, it may yet be said that, in a certain curious sense, he is the only one who has survived the decay of time. After resting for many years in his native Cyprus, his body was transferred to Constantinople, where it remained till a short time before the fall of the Empire. It was thence conveyed to Corfu, where it is still preserved. Hence, by a strange resuscitation of fame, he has become the patron saint (one might almost say the Divinity) of the Ionian Islands. Twice a year in solemn procession he is carried round the streets of Corfu. Hundreds of Corfiotes bear his name, now abridged into the familiar diminutive of "Spiro." The superstitious veneration entertained for the old saint is a constant source of quarrel between the English residents and the native Ionians. But the historian may be pardoned for gazing with a momentary interest on the dead hands, now black and withered, that subscribed the Creed of Nicæa.

Faith stimulating to Duty.

I WISH especially to have your attention for a little time to this matter, for this is a part of my subject which, I think, is very often overlooked—which is being very much, I think overlooked in the present day in the representations made by Christian men whom we all must respect and admire and love. They represent this faith in Christ as being the sum of all Christian duty. Everything that is required of us may be summed up in this one need, the surrender of ourselves by faith to God and Christ. We have nothing to do but to trust; we have not to trouble ourselves about work, and difficulties, and temptations in the future; we have but to trust, and be at rest, be at peace, be happy. We have to believe, only to believe. We are to leave everything in the hands of Christ, to leave it all with Jesus. We are to have done with ourselves altogether; we are to have done with our own will, and to give ourselves up to the will of Christ; we are to have faith, that is the sum

of of all that we have to do ; we are to have faith, and then leave all the rest to Christ—to have faith and be peaceful, be restful, be happy, having faith. Now this has been uttered by really devout Christian disciples, and there is a great deal of it in print. And I can safely say, concerning that language, with the deepest respect for those who use it, I say it is true, and I say that it is not true. It is quite true that we are to have done with ourselves in the sense of having any confidence in ourselves. It is not true that we are to have done with ourselves in the sense that we are no longer, because we trust in Christ, to take heed to ourselves, to watch and pray and labour for our moral and spiritual welfare and progress. That is not true ; and it is not safe, I think, for any man to go about in this world believing that that is true ; that he is, in that sense, to have done with himself. It is true that we are not,—we Christian men, who give ourselves up to Christ,—it is true that we are not to have any longer any will of our own ; that we are to give up our will to Christ. It is true in the sense that we are not to have any will that is contrary to the will of Christ ; it is true in the sense that our will is to be the same, in its judgments and decisions, as the will of Christ. But it is not true that we are to have no will at all. That is quite impossible. If it were possible, it would be to reduce us to mere machines, it would be to de-humanise us. It is not true that we are not to have our own will, and that we are not to use our own will, because we have surrendered ourselves to Christ. Our will we must have, we must use, we always shall be using. It is of the very essence of our personality, of the very essence of our agency as men, that we should have a will and use it. We cease to be men when we cease to have a will of our own in that sense, as we cease to be Christian men when we cease to use that will in harmony with Christ's own will.

Again, it is true that we should give ourselves up to Christ's care ; it is true that we should "leave all with Jesus," as the language, so often employed, is ; but not "leave all with Jesus," so as not to care about our responsibilities to Him, about the service which He requires from us—as not to care for prayer, and vigilance, and Christian volition.

It is all in His hands, and He must do it all ; but He does it all in and through our desires and aspirations and volitions and prayers and activities. It is all with Him ; but He carries it all on in us, and through us, without destroying our personality, without subverting our agency. It is true that we are to have faith in Christ ; but it is not true that, after we have had that faith, and feel very peaceful and very restful, there is nothing more to do but trust again, and be happy and blessed for evermore. That is not true. The true faith in Jesus Christ, whilst it gives peace and confidence, does also deepen the sense of responsibility to Christ. It does not release us from any obligation whatever to our duties under which we were lying before ; it only deepens these very obligations. The true faith

in Christ, when it acts according to its real nature, quickens us to what we have to do, makes us more eager than we ever were to do it, and makes us stronger than we ever were to do it. So far from its being true that we have to trust only, to leave all in the hands of Jesus, so as not to be attempting anything ourselves, we should, having left it in the hands of Jesus, having committed ourselves to Him, having put our faith in Him, we should now care more for His commandments than ever; we should feel more responsible than ever; we should feel that our obligations are heavier; and that, more than ever we should be giving ourselves to the great work involved in the duties of the Christian life.

Take one or two human analogies, which, I think, aptly illustrate the case.

A sick man calls in a physician, in whom he has the most entire confidence. He believes that the physician can heal him: he commits himself into his hands. He tells him, "I leave it all with you; I am leaving it all with you." Well, is that all the sick man does? Does he, because he has left it all with the physician, does he do nothing more? Does not he listen to what the physician prescribes? Does not he take heed to follow the prescriptions? Does not he, just because he has such faith in the physician, does he not take care what he does? is he not careful about the medicines? is he not careful about the food he takes? is he not careful about the exercise prescribed to him? is he not more careful than ever he was, just because he has such a very strong faith in this physician? If he were to say, "Now, I couldn't cure myself. I have tried many, and they couldn't cure me; and here is a physician at last who inspires me with entire confidence. He can, and will, cure me. I will give myself up to him; I will leave myself altogether with this physician, and do nothing at all," he could never get well—never, of course. But he never would do that. The more he trusted the physician the more attentive he would be to his prescriptions, the more careful he would be in his application, the more he would do, just because he had such a strong trust.

Or, a soldier is in a battle-field, and on the eve of battle, and his commander passes him by, and tells him to be of good courage and to trust in him, and he will go with and before him; he will carry him safely through, and give him the victory. And his words fire the soldier. He is full of confidence, cool and courageous in the front of the battle, because of his faith in the commander. But does that faith preclude his doing anything more? Should he not do all the more because he trusts the commander? Does he not fight the more strenuously? Does he not go now as if everything depended on him, just because of the faith he has in his commander?

Christ is the Healer of our diseases; and when we give our souls to His care and keeping, and "leave it all with Jesus," that faith should lead us to be careful that we watch the directions which He gives, take the spiritual medicine, eat of the spiritual food, go into

the healthy moral atmosphere, take the right moral exercise. Just the measure of our faith in this great spiritual Physician should be the measure of what we do in conformity to His will and direction.

Or, He is the Captain of our salvation, leading us to the battle, saying: "Follow Me, fight with Me; I will carry you safely through the strife, and make you conquerors;"—and you trust Him. Ah, if you trust Him, you surely must follow Him; you surely must fight with Him; not say, "I trust Thee, will leave all the battle with Thee, and just be peaceful and happy." This is His voice throughout the Bible. Read Christ's own words. He tells men to come to Him, and to trust Him, to put entire faith in Him; and we see men going to Him, and trusting Him—Peter, James, and John; and the eleven, putting themselves completely in His power, putting an entire faith in Him. But does He tell them to trust, and nothing else? Does He say that all duty is comprehended in trusting Him? Does He tell them, "You leave it all with Me?" No. He does not tell them that. He tells Peter and James and John that they must watch; that they must pray; that they must be occupied with their work; that they must take care what use they make of their talents; that they must lay up for themselves treasures in heaven. This is what He says. They must continue in His words. He says they must keep His commandments; He says, "He that *endureth* to the end shall be saved." This is what I find all through the Apostolic writings: they inculcate faith, the most entire confidence in Christ; but never say *this* all through their writings, that the believers whom they are addressing have nothing to do but to trust, and be happy and peaceful. They never say that they have nothing at all to do with a view to their personal security and salvation; that they have nothing to do but to put faith in Christ. They are ever exhorting men to the duties of the Christian life; parents, children, masters, servants, husbands, wives—all have their common duties urged upon them, and their special duties arising out of their special relations. The Apostles never say, "Trust, and all else will come as a matter of course;" "Leave yourselves in the hands of Christ, and He will set you right about your duties." That is not the way. But they repeat the duties, and they urge men to study them, and to give themselves to the discharge of them, to be earnest in their Christian work. They tell men that God is working in them to will and to do; but they do not say, "Just rejoice in that, and be happy." No; they say, "Because God is working in you—work out—*work out your own* salvation with fear and trembling."

DAVID THOMAS.

Extracts.

COMMON SENSE.

The story goes that when a Scottish farmer went to his pastor to consult him as to sending his son to college with a view to his becoming a minister, the good man sought to dissuade him from his purpose, and on being asked for the reason, said, "I tell you, man, he wants common sense. Now if a man want wealth he may get that; if he wants learning, he may get that; if he want the grace of God, he may get that; but if he want common sense, he'll never get that." This witness is true; albeit, the youth concerning whom these words were said, was very far indeed from having no common sense, for he was none other than George Lawson, who afterwards became distinguished as a professor of theology, and was known over all the country as a Christian Socrates. Still it is true, that common sense cannot be acquired. Yet in those who have it, it may be cultivated and increased; and presuming that you already possess it, let me urge you to give good heed to its suggestions.

THE RIGHT USE OF ILLUSTRATION IN PREACHING.

Spending a few days, some years ago, in the quiet little English town of Lutterworth, where I was refreshing my spirit with the memories of Wycliffe, I went into the shop of a cabinet-maker, where I saw a magnificent book-case which had just been finished for one of the gentry of the neighbourhood. I was at once attracted by it, and began to examine it minutely. Then I ventured rashly to criticise it, and even suggested something which I thought would be an improvement. But the intelligent workman said, "I could not do that, sir, for it would be contrary to one great rule in art." "What rule," I asked. "This rule," replied he, "that we must never construct ornament, but only ornament construction." It was quaintly spoken, but it was to me a word in season. I saw in a moment that this principle held as truly in the architecture of a sermon as in that of a cathedral—in the construction of a discourse as in that of a book-case; and often since, when I have caught myself making ornament for its own sake, I have destroyed what I had written, and I have done so simply from the recollection of that artisan's reproof.

A WORD IN SEASON.

I was one evening driven home from a farmer's house, a distance of some six or seven miles, by a frank young boy, who at once got into conversation with me. He talked about the farm, the horses and the

dog, and then by some subtle link of association the subject was changed to that of the school. I soon discovered that his favourite study was arithmetic, and asked him what he was doing in it: "O," he replied, "I am in profit and loss." "Can you do all the examples in it?" "Yes, some of them very were hard, but I have done them all; I did the last to-day." "I think I could give you one in that rule that you could not do." I doubt it; let me hear it." "It is this: 'What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Could you work that out?" "No," said he, as a thoughtful expression came over his countenance; "that's beyond me, I admit." Thus, having won his confidence and affection, it was easy for me to speak with him in such a way that his whole nature was aroused, and by and by he gave himself to the Lord.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Choose the simplest and most familiar terms, and if at any time a word should recommend itself to you because of its novelty or its rarity, draw your pen through it, and put it in its place the plainest substitute you can command. Never say "hebdomadal" when you mean "weekly," and do not lament that men have "perverse proclivities to prevarication," when you might express the same thought in Falstaff's words, "Lord how this world is given to lying." Abjure all technical terms which, however familiar they may be to you, are utterly unknown to those who shall be your hearers. If you wish to remind men that conscience is God's voice within the soul do not say as I heard a young preacher say last year, that "conscience has its roots in the soil of the absolute." All these modes of expression look very learned, but they are in reality only ridiculous. The end of communicating our thoughts to others is, that they may be moved thereby to purer and nobler lives; but, to secure that end, they must understand our words. And "I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

ADAPTATION IN PRAYER.

Dr. James Hamilton says:—I have heard of a godly couple whose child was sick and at the point of death. It was unusual to pray together, except at the hour of "exercise;" however, in her distress, the mother prevailed on her husband to kneel down at the bedside and "offer a word of prayer." The good man's prayers were chiefly taken from that best of liturgies, the Book of Psalms; and after a long and reverential introduction from the 90th Psalm and elsewhere, he proceeded; "Lord, turn again the captivity of Zion; then shall our mouths be filled with laughter and our tongue with singing;" and as he was proceeding in that strain, the poor, agonised mother interrupted him, saying: "Eh! man, you're aye drawn out for thae Jews, but it's

our bairn that's deein'," at the same time clasping her hands and crying, "Lord, help us! oh, give us back our darling, if it be Thy holy holy will; and if he is to be taken, oh, take him to Thyself." Now, every one must see how the reality of that woman's distress brushed away all mannerism from her prayer, and she told the Lord just what she wanted.

SELF-RENUNCIATION IS THE ROOT OF EXCELLENCE.

It is told of Pousa, the Chinese potter, that, being ordered to produce some great work for the emperor, he tried long to make it, but in vain. At length, driven to despair, he threw himself into the furnace, and the effect of his self-immolation on the ware, which was then in the fire, was such that it came out the most beautiful piece of porcelain ever known. So in the Christian ministry, it is self-sacrifice that gives real excellence and glory to our work. When self in us disappears, and only Christ is seen, then will be our highest success alike in our own lives and in the moving of our fellow-men. We get near to the secret of Paul's greatness, when we hear him say, "According to my earnest expectation and my hope that Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death;" and in the measure in which we imbibe his spirit, we shall rise to his efficiency. The worker, equally with the work, must be offered up in sacrifice to Christ, if at least the work is to be worthy of Him and of His cause.—"*Ministry of the Word*," by Dr. W. M. Taylor, New York. T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

Reviews.

THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE; or, Passages out of the Gospels exhibiting the Twelve Disciples under discipline for the Apostleship. Second Edition. Revised and enlarged by ALEX. BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D., Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Glasgow. T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street, Edinburgh. 1877.

It was by the first edition of this invaluable work that Dr. Bruce became known to English students as a theological writer. Since its pub-

lication, six years ago, he has delivered a series of Cunningham lectures on the *Humiliation of Christ*, and been appointed to the divinity chair in the Free Church College, Glasgow. We heartily welcome this second edition, and anticipate for it now that the author is more widely known, a greatly augmented circulation. The idea of the book—the special training of the Twelve Apostles for their work as witness-bearers of Christ, as preachers of a spiritual religion designed for all places and all ages, and as founders of the

Christian Church—is admirably worked out. The passages selected are in all cases apposite, and serve to illustrate the special theme. So wide a purpose would in many hands lead to discursiveness, but Dr. Bruce has avoided the danger, and kept his end steadily in view. While the work remains the same in plan, it has been to a large extent rewritten; there are several important additions, and not the least valuable feature is a series of foot notes referring to the principal works on the Gospel History which have appeared during the last few years. Dr. Bruce is one of the few men who have made a substantial addition to our theological literature. He is *par excellence* a theologian. He has undergone the *specific* training required for his task, is conversant with all the great writers of our own and of previous ages, and able to present the results of his investigations and his own profound thought in a clear and intelligible style. The book will certainly be prized by scholars, and be no less acceptable to the general public. It is at once an exposition and a defence. Every thoughtful reader will rise from its perusal with a better apprehension of our Lord's purpose in founding the Apostolate, of the character of the men who composed it, of their manifold diversities, and of the essential unity which yet underlay these diversities. The estimates of Peter and John are admirable, and the chapter on Judas Iscariot is specially worthy of note. Its main position harmonizes not less with the every-day experience of moral life than with the plain statements of Scripture. There are, too, innumerable side-lights, which will instruct and gratify every intelligent student. A more wise, scholarly, more helpful book has not been published for many years past.

TRUTH ELICITED, in a Conversation between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant. Being a brief inquiry into the History and Doctrinal Teaching of Romanism adopted to the requirements of the Times. By E. STEPHENS, Author of "Modern Infidelity Disarmed." London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE reviewed some three months ago a very able work by Mr. E. Stephens in reply to Renan and other representatives of modern scepticism, and we have now the pleasure of introducing to the notice of our readers an equally valuable discussion of the mischievous errors of the Papacy. The spread of Roman Catholicism in Great Britain is a more significant and alarming fact than many of us are aware of (Mr. Froude's recent essay on the "Revival of Romanism," in his third series of "Short Studies," written from a totally different standpoint from ours may perhaps awaken many whom we cannot reach) and our efforts to stem the tide cannot be too vigorous or determined. Popery is essentially the same in all ages. It is now what it was in the days of Hildebrand. The claims of Pio Nono, in his infallible chair, would lead to the repetition of such scenes as were enacted in the times of "bloody Mary." Papal supremacy means the extinction of civil and religious liberty, the overthrow of all that we hold most precious and sacred, a return to spiritual vassalry. And yet this pernicious system is spreading on every hand—its agents and institutions are multiplying, its pretensions are urged in the most open and shameless manner. We have no wish to witness an outbreak of superficial enthusiasm. A merely fanatical cry of "No Popery" can accomplish no good, but the great masses of the people should

be instructed in the subject. The claims of Protestantism, the true nature and design of Romanism, its injurious effects on civilization and religion, its intolerance and tyranny, should be inhibited, and in this and other ways should we seek to stay the progress we deplore.

On this ground we cordially recommend Mr. Stephens' "Truth Elicited." It is a capital summary of the principal points in dispute, it embodies in short compass a large amount of valuable information, its arguments are fearless and trenchant, and for popular use it will prove exceedingly effective.

SERMONS ON GOSPEL THEMES. By Rev. CHARLES G. FINNEY. Late President of Oberlin College. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street, 1877.

PRESIDENT FINNEY'S is a name that needs no introduction to the bulk of our readers. He was one of the keenest and most logical thinkers our age has produced; we know none more incisive. He has often been described as a metaphysical theologian, and those who are enamoured with laxity of belief and dread anything like definition of statement, have charged him with dwelling too much on *the philosophy* of the Gospel. For ourselves we prefer clearness both of thought and expression, and do not think that Mr. Finney philosophised too much. He might occasionally be too hard and dogmatic in his utterances, but we forget that in the general excellence of his sermons. The editor of this volume says that "few preachers in any age have surpassed him in clear and well-defined views of conscience and of man's moral convictions; few have been more fully at home in the domain of law and government; few have learnt more

of the spiritual life from observation and experience; not many have discriminated the true from the false more clearly, or have been more skilful in putting their points clearly and pungently." This witness is true, and the volume itself is the best proof of its accuracy. There is an intense earnestness in the sermons, a tender persuasiveness which is quite as conspicuous as the close reasoning. The sermons are, indeed, "quick and powerful;" they thoroughly search and sift our nature, and constrain us to know ourselves. The sophistries of sin have rarely been exposed with greater force, and we do not envy those who could listen to such preaching as this without asking in the keenest anxiety, "What must I do to be saved?" In these days of latitudinarian indifferentism we need more preaching of Professor Finney's stamp, and the study of his sermons may prove of incalculable good.

CHRIST'S FAREWELL CHARGE, commonly called the Commission, as recorded in the Four Gospels. A Hand-Book, for Young Church Members. By FRANCIS JOHNSTONE, Edinburgh. London: Elliot Stock, 1877.

OUR brother, Mr. Johnstone, has often proved himself a valiant champion of our denominational principles, and carried away the palm in many a sturdy conflict. No Pædobaptists would willingly come into collision with him; and though he has never himself set the example, we believe he has more than once seen his opponents beat a retreat. His present publication is timely. It deals, not only with the question of baptism, but with the general nature of the Gospel, and the nature of the Church, and is intended to give a succinct exhibition of "that

kind of Christianity which was instituted by Christ Himself, and propagated by His inspired apostles," and the work is thoroughly popular in style, and reads pleasantly. Mr. Johnstone has, in a manner, made this whole subject his own; he has read widely both in classical, theological, and ecclesiastical literature, and his reading has been provocative of independent thought. As a manual for young church members the book will be of evident value, and we commend as a sincere and able endeavour to explain and enforce those truths which are most surely believed among us.

THE ILLUSTRATED POLYGLOT "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

It is impossible not to admire the object of Mr. West, by whom this volume has been published, which is to produce the immortal allegory in every language where there is a prevalent desire to become acquainted with the English tongue, in the hope that the spiritual as well as the intellectual culture of the reader may be promoted. In this series we have the English version on the left hand and the French on the right hand, the numerous illustrations with which the text is interspersed being identical on each page. The *fac-similes* of the bronze panel doors in front of Bunyan meeting, and the statue—all erected in the town of Bedford by the munificent Duke of Bedford—greatly enhance the value of the book. The principal defect we find in the performance is the incompleteness and inaccuracy of the French version; this applies, not only to Bunyan's forcible idioms, where it was to be expected, but to many parts of the work where the translator had only plain sailing before him. Let our readers judge for themselves. The last sentence in the book—"Then I saw that there was a way to hell even

from the Gates of Heaven as well as from the City of Destruction"—is rendered, "J'ai vis par là qu'il y a plus d'une manière d'aller en enfer." "Pope" and "Pagan" are both of them altogether omitted from the French version. Only under the eye of a judicious teacher can this work be available to the young aspirant after either language, but it will be really helpful to teachers who are thoroughly acquainted with both of them. We believe that an exact rendering of "Pilgrim's Progress" into French is still a *desideratum*.

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT. Briefly Considered. By Rev. John Henry Rowlatt, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1877.

MR. ROWLATT does not seem to us to have advanced the question to which his pamphlet is devoted, nor is it very easy accurately to define his position. He does not reject the doctrine of the eternity of future punishments as the teaching of Scripture, but retains it, with various modifications, however. We share his abhorrence of many popular representations of this subject, and have no sympathy with "the malevolent doctors." The spirit of the essay is devout and charitable, and the author proceeds with wise caution.

THE PARTING MESSAGE OF MOORE SYKES. An Address to Young Men. By J. O. Bairstow, Huddersfield. London: Elliot Stock.

MR. BAIRSTOW acted on good advice when he resolved to print this admirable address, based on the message of a true-hearted Christian man who was early called to rest—the message being, "Tell the young men of my class to give their hearts to God." Mr. Sykes, who was a member of the Wesleyan community, was evidently an intelligent and self-denying Christian, and is one of those "who being dead yet speaketh."

PERSONAL VISITS TO THE GRAVES OF EMINENT MEN. By Rev. James Bardsley, M.A., Rector of St. Ann's, Manchester, and Hon. Canon. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.

A SERIES of short and pithy sketches of a number of the religious leaders of England, including the Venerable Bede, Wycliffe, Cranmer, John Bradford, Bishop Jewell, Hooker, Bishop Hall, George Herbert, James Hervey, and some four or five others. Mr. Bardsley has collected and arranged his facts with great care, and given a fair view of the character and work of the men whose lives he has portrayed. The papers were originally published in a periodical, and appeal to a class which can command neither the time nor the means for extensive research. They are written in an agreeable style, and display good taste, combined with warm and appreciative feeling. Their great defect is inseparable from their original design. Those in the earlier part of the book are too brief; but this is a defect which will be, in most instances, commended.

THOUGHTS ON CHURCH ORDERS AND GOVERNMENT: Historically, Ecclesiastically and Scripturally Considered. By Frederick Newman, D.D., Incumbent of Christ Church, Free Church of England, Willesborough. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.

WITH the greater part of this pamphlet we cordially agree. Its conception of the nature and composition of the Christian Church, and of the functions of its officers, accords with our own. It proves quite conclusively that the terms bishop and elder or presbyter are synonymous, and indicate one office, and refutes the Roman and Anglican position on this point. Dr. Newman thinks a kind of episcopacy expedient; but it is a kind to which even Nonconformists and Congregationalists can take no exception, unless it be on the ground of expe-

diency. The pamphlet has probably been delivered as a lecture. It is gracefully written, and is well worthy of an extensive circulation.

THE EXPOSITOR. January—March, 1877. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE fifth volume of the "Expositor"—three numbers of which we have now before us—amply sustains the high reputation acquired in previous years. Mr. Cox's "Commentary on the Book of Job" is equal to anything he has written; Professor Bruce's "Notes on Matthew xi." are worthy of the author of the "Training of the Twelve;" and not less valuable are the articles by Dr. Farrar and the translation of Godet's essay on the "Resurrection of Jesus Christ." There is no other periodical which uniformly reaches so high a standard as *The Expositor*.

A BIBLE DICTIONARY OF THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE HEBREWS AND NEIGHBOURING NATIONS. By Rev. J. Bastow. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Fourth Edition.

THE fourth edition of a work of this class is a good certificate of its intrinsic worth. We are, however, glad to bear testimony to the care with which it has been compiled, and to commend it to those who are not fortunate enough to possess the larger works of Drs. Kitto and W. Smith.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH. No. 1. Price 1d. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THE aim of the conductors of this periodical is to confute the Secularists, and to expose their inconsistencies and contradictions. There need be no lack of material for the columns of our contemporary. We commend it to the attention of young men.

THE PREACHER'S BUDGET for 1876.
London: R. D. Dickinson, Far-
ringdon Street.

THIS is a very different work from *The Expositor*, and is, in fact, a collection of the ablest articles from the American magazines, reviews, &c. When we apprise our readers that it contains Dr. W. Throw's work on the "Catacombs of Rome," Dr. Taylor's Yale lectures on "The Ministry of the Word," Professor Hoppin's "Theory and Methods of Preaching," Professor Bartlett's "Life and Death Eternal," with a host of miscellaneous articles, they will need no further guarantee of its worth.

DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS FOR CHILDREN. By Isaac Watts, D.D.
London Religious Tract Society.

WE hope that none of the numerous modern claimants for the attention of the young will be allowed to displace this invaluable old friend and favourite. The sight of the old illustrations is very refreshing.

THE TOY BOOK OF BIRDS AND BEASTS. Twenty-four Coloured Engravings. London: Religious Tract Society.

A PORTABLE Zoological Garden for every nursery in the land, in which the animals not only appear in living

likeness, but are very intelligibly discoursed upon and described.

SEA BIRDS AND THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES. By Elizabeth Surr. London: T. Nelson & Sons. Price 2s. 6d.

WE would not give much for a boy who does not love guillemots, gannets, dabchick, and company; but as all real little men do, they will be glad to meet their friends in these pages.

THE CHILDREN'S WREATH; A PICTURE STORY BOOK. London; T. Nelson & Sons. Price 2s. 6d.

Is a gay quarto, bravely illustrated.

THE COTTAGER AND ARTIZAN. 1876.
Price 1s. 6d.

THE SCRIPTURE POCKET BOOK. 1877. Price 2s.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S POCKET BOOK. 1877. Price 1s. 6d.

THE TRACT MAGAZINE. Price 1s. 6d

HOLLY BERRIES FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR; CHEERY CHIMES FOR NEW YEAR. (Illuminated Cards).

ALL these publications are admirable, and we regret that we have not space for a separate notice of each.

Intelligence.

RECENT DEATHS.

REV. JAMES MARTIN, OF MELBOURNE, VICTORIA; LATE OF NOTTINGHAM.

The paragraph which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on Saturday was the first intimation the public received of the illness of the Rev. James Martin, the pastor of the Collins Street Baptist Church, and the news occasioned great surprise. To-day we regret to have to announce the decease of the rev. gentlemen. Though Mr. Martin had not been many years in Melbourne, the sad event will leave one of those great blanks which attend the removal of a minister who makes himself memorable, not by the duration of his ministry, but the earnestness of his life, and whose friendship has to be estimated by its sincerity, and not by time. During the few years he has been the pastor of the church which has been so unexpectedly deprived of its minister, he secured for himself a stronger hold upon the affections and esteem of the members of his church than it would take some others a lifetime to obtain, and he will be missed and mourned, not as a comparatively new acquaintance of a little more than six years' standing, but as a spiritual adviser and friend who crowded the labour of a moderate ministerial lifetime into a few years. Had the deceased pastor died under what may be called ordinary circumstances—had Death given his friends some longer notice, and had he died fuller of years and in his own home—under these circumstances his death would have been an event in the history of the Church, but his unexpected and, in fact, sudden death, will make the stroke much heavier to bear, and tend to fix the memory of the deceased more indelibly and painfully on the minds and hearts of his congregation; and not of them only, but of the large number who, though they did not belong to his church, esteemed him as a friend, a scholar, and a sterling example of a Christian man.

The information which has been received in Melbourne respecting his illness and death is as yet very recent, but the following particulars of his departure from Melbourne and proceedings in Tasmania will be read with interest. Mr. Martin left Melbourne for Tasmania on Tuesday, the 9th January, in company with the Rev. C. Strong, Mr. J. C. Stewart, and Mr. Robert Morrison, for a month's holiday, and was to have returned by next Tuesday's steamer. The party, after spending ten days or a fortnight in Hobart Town, left for Launceston, and reached Avoca on their way. Mr. Strong being desirous of getting home a week earlier, left Mr. Martin in good health and spirits, at Avoca on the morning of Thursday, the 25th ult. Mr. Martin subsequently ascended Ben Lomond on a very hot day, and it was the over-exertion of that day which brought on the illness of which he died. From that time no information is to hand of his movements until he arrived on Friday evening, 26th January, at the house of Mr. William Gibson, of Perth. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Martin and family, who were staying at Brighton, were informed by telegram that he was taken seriously ill with pneumonia, and requesting Mrs. Martin to go over by first steamer, which she did on Tuesday last. On her arrival there she despatched the following telegram:—"Symptoms favourable, but not yet out of danger." Nothing further was heard, in consequence of an interruption in the line, till Friday evening, when she telegraphed to Mr. Blake." Mr. Martin rapidly sinking. Come with Alick (Mr. Martin's eldest son) to-day," They made preparations to leave by Saturday's boat, and did so, but before their departure a communication was received from Mr. Gibson to say that Mr. Martin died that morning, at a quarter past eight, without a struggle. The news soon spread, and in a short time the deacons and some leading members of the church met together, and arranged that Mr. Blake should proceed at once to Tasmania with Mr. Martin, jun., to bring back Mrs. Martin and the remains

of the reverend gentleman. A telegram was despatched to Mr. Gibson, requesting him to make all arrangements necessary. It is expected they will arrive in Melbourne early on Wednesday morning, and it is the intention of the deacons to have the funeral on the afternoon of the same day. A telegram is expected in the course of to-day from Mr. Blake as to any desire expressed by Mr. Martin with regard to the funeral, and a meeting will be held this evening to make final arrangements, the particulars of which will be given in to-morrow paper. The church was draped in black yesterday, and the services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Copeland, who announced to the bereaved church and congregation the loss they had sustained, and preached most appropriate sermons. On Saturday, the deacons, on behalf of the church, sent a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Martin.

At the time of his death, Mr. Martin was in his fifty-fourth year, having been born in London in the year 1823, and he had been a minister of the Baptist Church for a quarter of a century. His first charge was at Lymington, and after several changes, which included his removal to Edinburgh, where he ministered for seven years, he accepted a call to the Derby Road Church, Nottingham, in the year 1858. He continued the minister of that Church for eleven years, and severed his connection with it in 1869 to come to Melbourne and take charge of the Collins Street Baptist Church. On his departure from Nottingham the high esteem in which his congregation held him was manifested by a parting demonstration of the most marked character, the members of the church expressing in a farewell address the deep sorrow they felt, and the sense of the loss they sustained.

Mr. Martin, with his family, arrived in Melbourne in October, 1869, and on the 31st of that month he preached his first sermons in the Collins Street Church. The evening sermon was preached from 1 Kings xix. 11—"And behold the Lord passed by, and a great strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice." By this text, and the discourse founded on it, Mr. Martin gave his new charge a clear intimation of what manner of minister they had brought to preside over them, and the character of an earnest, "still small voice" minister of the Gospel, which he foreshadowed at the first, he maintained to the end. As a preacher, Mr. Martin ranked among the foremost ministers of the city, and the following description of his pulpit powers, written by the "Critic in Church" for the *Weekly Times*, in 1872, may be appropriately re-published now.

"Of the preacher's subject-matter it is mere justice to speak in the highest terms. Few men—nay none—put more thought, more earnestness into their sermons. They are free altogether from the 'waterishness' which is the radical defect of the sermons of the day. Behind all his verbiage there is the strong and the cultured intellect—one of those intellects which have taken a polish in proportion to their solidity. Mr. Martin's published works declare him a scholar familiar with the German theological literature of the day. He is enabled thereby, when occasion requires, to meet the rationalist on his own ground; to confute him as David slew Goliath—with his own sword. He seldom strays, however, into controversial paths. His labours are directed to making his hearers devout men rather than expert controversialists. His stronghold in the affection of his people is that no one 'preaches Christ' more, no one sets before a congregation more clearly and more persuasively the duties, the morals, the motives of the Gospel. He goes back to the fountain head, and is more a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth than of Saul of Tarsus. 'Paul,' he declared in a recent sermon, 'was a Christian before he knew the doctrines of the faith.' 'The mistake of Roman Catholics,' he said in the same discourse, 'is placing the crucifix in lieu of the cross; the error of the Protestant is substituting a creed for Christ.' On this basis does the preacher build. The religion he preaches is that of 'living soberly, righteously, and godly in the

world.' 'To do the Father's will,' that is the preacher's saving doctrine; that is the message he holds, was sent from heaven, and sealed on Calvary with blood. One of those men is he who object to 'dwell alone.' With a simple fervour which goes home, he invites 'members of other churches' to remain and join at the communion table. That branch of the Church Catholic whose ideal is Christian unity, which remembers how vital are the points on which Christians agree, how fleeting and trivial the subjects on which they differ, claims him as a member.

"Few voices are raised more loudly than this critical scholar's against the bigotry which condemns its brethren from the false exegesis of misappreciated texts. No one would shrink more from guarding a creed with terrors more consuming than the fires that burned on awful Sinai. "Purity in doctrine, but charity in the interpretation of doctrine," the motto of Lacordaire, might be taken for his. He is a preacher, also, who grows upon you. Respect for the man, and admiration of his abilities, increase as you become more familiar with his services. Above all, he conveys the impression of a minister who will last. Two massive sermons a week are a severe tax to any one, no matter how marvellous may be his affluence of thought, Paley saying emphatically on this point, 'If your situation requires a sermon every Sunday, make one and steal five; but Mr. Martin steals nothing, and yet he appears equal to the strain imposed upon him. His seems no fitful, flickering, feverish enthusiasm, but the tenacity and intentness of a man content to labour calmly on, with steady eye fixed upon the End.

"Such preaching as Mr. Martin's ought to be fruitful in results. There must be latent heat, of course, before a fire can be kindled. Gunpowder itself will produce no explosion if flung upon ice. But the fault is with the auditor; let him distrust his own heart if he leaves the Collins Street Baptist Chapel without carrying away some healing sting, some noble humiliation, some Divine impulse treading down despair. Nor does the labourer appear to be toiling in vain. It has been said that Mr. Martin has one of the largest congregations on the Eastern Hill. To this statement must be added that he has an unusually large proportion of communicants. Strange, indeed, will it be, and a sad day for religion, when a preacher of a strong intellect and a sanctified spirit ceases to meet with this substantial, this real, this abiding success. For, in the words of Timothy, this man has received 'not the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.'"

Such was Mr. Martin in the pulpit; but he will not be more remembered for the performance of his ministerial duties there than for the manner in which he discharged those of a pastor out of the pulpit. He was not addicted to visiting his people to gossip about the events of the day, but when affliction, or misfortune of other kinds overtook them, he quickly found his way to their homes, and he was one of those kind large-hearted men whose very presence ministers to a mind or body diseased. He will be missed most where he was least heard of. The young men of his church have sustained a special loss by his death. Soon after his arrival he established a Bible-class and a debating society for their benefit, and having assumed the presidency of both, he attended to his duty with characteristic regularity. The classes met on alternate weeks, and Mr. Martin was rarely absent from his post as president. Outside of the church there will be many mourning the loss of a sincere friend and a wise councillor. Whoever Mr. Martin once became interested in, his thoughtfulness of them knew no change, and whether he met them seldom or frequently; his solicitude about them was sure to overflow. As a minister with his church, and as a man amongst men, he was one of those living arguments against the scepticism to which the age is so prone, which cannot be answered—one of the breathing bulwarks of Christianity.—*Melbourne Daily Telegraph*.

MRS. BEILBY, BRIDLINGTON, YORKSHIRE.

This venerable Christian lady died on the 3rd of March, at the advanced age of 96 years. For nearly half a century the hospitalities of her generous and

cultured home have formed a valuable help to our denomination in the town in which she lived. Few of our ministers or missionaries who have visited East Yorkshire will fail to remember her home at Bridlington, and the pleasant family circle often met with there. To many such visitors the announcement of her death will be felt as the loss of a personal friend. Her conversation with those thus thrown into her society was more than usually interesting. A singularly retentive memory enabled her to turn to pleasant use the abundant reminiscences of her "many years" of life. Her natural abilities, her vivacity and love of society, were obviously brought into "subjection, unto obedience to Christ," so that few better specimens of the truly Christian lady could be found than in her. Soon after coming to reside at Bridlington (now about half a century since) she joined the Baptist Church. This step was the result of deep conviction. Her acquaintance with the Word of God was intimate and intelligent. As she read and understood it she obeyed it; nor failed to teach it to her household also. She made social considerations yield to strong religious convictions, and never swerved from her steadfast attachment to the "doctrine and fellowship" which she had adopted. Her first pastor, Mr. Harness, was a man of unusual conversational power wide scriptural knowledge and deep religious sensibility. These qualities led her to prize his friendship very highly, and probably his place to her has never been supplied. But she watched with eager sympathy all that concerned the welfare of the Baptist chapel in Bridlington; whether it was the little old building associated with so many of her happiest sacred memories, or the handsome new chapel which she helped to rear, although her growing infirmities never permitted her to worship in it.

Strong convictions were united in her with broad and generous sympathies. She had no trace of sectarian prejudice. It was given to her to witness as she approached mature life, the rise of several of those great modern societies in which all Evangelical Christians unite. To these she always gave cheerful support, and their advocates were cordially received into her house, where they seldom failed to feel they were bidden "God speed."

Till within a comparatively recent period her faculties remained wonderfully unimpaired by her great age. To the last they remained unusually vigorous, with the exception of her dimmed eyesight. This privation may have slightly checked the cheerfulness and vivacity so characteristic of her former social and Christian life. But she never failed to respond with hearty pleasure to any words of Christian comfort and hope which might be spoken to her in her last days. The prayers of her family and Christian friends were her great solace. Though she sometimes had a foreboding about death, she must be added to the long list of saints who prove how groundless such anticipations of trouble are. She literally "fell asleep" at last. Whether slumber or death had come was dubious. It proved to be "sleep in Jesus." With a sense of present loss, but with strong thankfulness and hope, her children and her very wide circle of friends write her now amongst those who "sleep in Jesus, and "whom God will bring with Him."

She was buried in the old churchyard at Bridlington, where forty-eight years before her husband had been interred. In the home committed to her sole guidance and care for so long a widowhood the strength of her Christian character was as distinctly recognised as in the wider associations of her life. "Her children arise up and call her blessed." The town in which she resided lost its "oldest inhabitant" by her death. She, however, was not simply "full of days," but by her lowly evangelical piety was full of "honour," "the honour which cometh from God only."

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Barmouth, N. Wales, April 1st.
 Hanley, Staffordshire, April 2nd.
 Hucknall Torkard, Nottingham, April 10th.
 Longton, Staffordshire, March 30th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Aldis, jun., Rev. J. (Hitchin), Canterbury.
 Edwards, Rev. E. J. (Redruth), Dover.
 Gardner, Rev. D. (Bristol College), Stantonbury, Buckinghamshire.
 Griffiths, Rev. R. F. (Tarporley), Nottingham.
 Hamilton, Rev. D. R. (Rawdon College), Sabden.
 Hider, Rev. G. (Stogumber), Beckington, Somersetshire.
 Lardner, Rev. T. (Ulverstone), Battersea.
 Lewis, Rev. W. M. (Bridgewater), Carmarthen.
 Nash, Rev. S. (Sarratt, Hertfordshire), Prickwillow, Ely.
 Sears, Rev. B. E. (Laxfield, Suffolk) Foot's Cray, Kent.
 Teall, Rev. J. (Woolwich), Soho, London.
 Turner, Rev. J. (Tunbridge), Woolwich.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Barnet, New, Rev. M. Cumming, March 27th.
 Elgin, N. B., Rev. A. Young, M.A., March 18th.
 Fakenham, Rev. D. Wilshere, March 14th.
 Leeds, South Parade, Rev. G. Hill, March 22nd.
 Shefford, Bedfordshire, Rev. T. H. Smith, March 29th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Davies, Rev. T., Dorking.
 Masters, Rev. F. G., Bradninch, Devonshire.

DEATHS.

Jeffery, Rev. W., Bexley Heath, March 24th.
 Macalpine, Rev. T. W., Paisley, March 14th.
 Owen, Rev. Dr. J. G., Haverfordwest, March 21st, aged 62.
 Ware, Rev. B., formerly of Potter's Bar, at Hampstead, April 15th, aged 71.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

VI.

MR. R. W. DALE, M.A.

THE metropolis of the Midlands is not more renowned for its pre-eminence in the "metallic arts" than for the almost unrivalled development of its political and religious life. It is difficult for us to conceive that two centuries ago its population did not amount to four thousand, and that the state of knowledge was so low that, in the language of Lord Macaulay, "the place whence, two generations later, the magnificent editions of Baskerville went forth to astonish all the librarians of Europe, did not contain a single regular shop where a Bible or an almanack could be bought. On market-days a bookseller, named Michael Johnson, the father of the great Samuel Johnson, came over from Lichfield and opened a stall during a few hours. This supply of literature was long found equal to the demand." Since that time a marvellous transformation has been witnessed. The population of Birmingham now numbers about 350,000; its wealth has increased at a corresponding rate, and its educational, charitable, and religious institutions have not lagged behind. The annals of the town have been rendered illustrious by the names of such men—to take examples of a very diverse order—as Dr. Priestley, Joseph Sturge, and John Angell James.

The fame which Birmingham achieved in the past and the preceding generations has in no sense diminished. Politically, it is the most influential of the provincial towns of England; the inaugurator of several movements which have given complexion to the legislation of recent years, while other measures, which its advanced leaders have

sketched must before very long be placed on our Statute Book. Connected with Birmingham are men whose names are "known everywhere." The great English statesman, who in a well-remembered crisis was honoured by the grateful and enthusiastic confidence which returned him as member for Birmingham, is not more distinguished in one direction of public life than is the gentleman of whom we now propose to write in another. Mr. R. W. Dale has won for himself a more than national reputation, and it is difficult to say whether he has attained greater distinction as a preacher, an author, or a political and ecclesiastical leader. It is, of course, mainly as a preacher that he will come before us here.

He was born in London in 1829, became a student of the Congregational College at Spring Hill, Birmingham, in 1847, and remained there for six years, taking his degree of M.A., at the University of London, in 1853. From his entrance into college as a youth of eighteen, Mr. Dale's life has been passed in Birmingham. We do not know whether in those early days he felt himself drawn "within a charmed circle," but it is certain that a number of the worthiest citizens felt in him a power which no other youth possessed, and were resolved that he should, if possible, be retained among them. So far as their esteem and affection were concerned, he could truthfully say of his first contact with the town in which he has since won his fame, *Veni, vidi, vici*. There is no more beautiful chapter in modern nonconformist history than that which narrates his relations with his illustrious colleague and predecessor, the Rev. John Angell James; and as that chapter is inseparably connected with Mr. Dale's ministerial life, and has had no small influence on his subsequent career, we need make no apology for a somewhat lengthened reference to it.

Mr. Dale has himself told us that, from the commencement of his studies at Spring Hill, Mr. James manifested towards him great kindness. In the course of a few months, reports reached the venerable preacher which made him fear that his young friend was in danger of drifting away from evangelical truth into scepticism or heresy; and these reports led—not to an angry remonstrance or a censorious condemnation, but to a frank and generous discussion, in which Mr. James pointed out, "with admirable patience and wisdom," what he believed to be "the spiritual and intellectual perils" of the young student, and displayed in regard to them a genuine and deep concern. The interview—so, at least, we infer—did not result in an immediate change of Mr. Dale's opinions, but it effected a complete revolution in his feelings towards Mr. James, the removal of all distrust, a veneration of his goodness, and an assurance that in any trouble he would be a most faithful friend, as, indeed, on more than one occasion and in many ways he proved.

At the close of the summer vacation in 1849, and before Mr. Dale had entered the theological class, he was greatly surprised by an invitation to preach at Carr's Lane, but nevertheless complied with it, spent two or three days in Mr. James's house, and received during

their conversation "many suggestions on the art of preaching, valuable for their good sense and practical wisdom." In the November of 1851, Mr. James proposed to Mr. Dale that, in the following session, he should render him occasional help in his ministerial duty, in the hope that, by the end of another year, he might, if he saw fit, be wholly an assistant to him. To this proposal Mr. Dale could not give an unhesitating assent. He could not, of course, be indifferent to the honour which it conferred on him, or to the advantages of which it was a pledge.

"But this settlement at Carr's-lane," he writes, "would cross some of my most cherished plans. It had been my intention to study in Germany for a few sessions after leaving Spring Hill; this would have to be abandoned. Like most students, I had my visions of the kind of congregation to which it was my ambition to minister, and those visions were very unlike the reality which now seemed inevitable. The movement to evangelise the irreligious masses of our manufacturing population was at that time gathering great strength; and, supposing my vocation lay in that direction, my scheme was to find a small congregation of poor people in the heart of a manufacturing district, and to make it the pivot and centre of an active system of evangelistic labour among the surrounding myriads of working people. This dream too had to be abandoned, and it was abandoned very reluctantly."

Mr. Dale, however, thought, after mature consideration, that no choice was left him, and it was accordingly arranged that he should preach for Mr. James on the first Sunday morning of every month, and occasionally at other times. This arrangement continued until the close of his college course, when the church was asked to sanction his appointment as assistant minister, which it did with the utmost cordiality and unanimity. At the close of the year's assistantship, Mr. James requested the church to "consider the expediency of inviting the assistant minister to the co-pastorate." The evening on which the meeting called for this purpose was held was "most unpropitious, as it poured with rain. But the enthusiasm of the church" (we quote from Mr. James's account) "was not to be extinguished by torrents; it was actuated by a love that many waters could not quench." When the resolution was put, "there flew up in an instant a little forest of hands and arms, for the brethren were not content with lifting up the former, but, to give emphatic expression to their suffrages, held up their arms, and seemed to me to give their hands a shake, as if to say, 'Let that be taken for the lifting-up of our hearts, our whole hearts.' Then came the call for the negative, if any. I looked round; not a hand was to be seen. . . . Never was there such a church meeting before. It was full to overflowing with holy joy and thanksgiving."

The existence of so hearty and unanimous an enthusiasm in a church which numbered upwards of a thousand members, and in which a minister of Mr. James's reputation and influence still laboured, was a fine testimony to Mr. Dale's power. When he entered on the co-pastorate he was but twenty-five years of age, and he was the colleague of one of the then greatest preachers in England.

And yet he was welcomed to the post with the sincerest confidence and delight. Nor was that confidence misplaced. The man to whom it was given was in every sense worthy of it, and every succeeding year of his life has strengthened and confirmed it. There was, indeed, at one time some little disquietude felt by many members of the church, in consequence of opinions which Mr. Dale had expressed on an important theological subject; but it was of short duration. These opinions were not substantially unlike those held by Mr. James himself, and the divergence was mainly in the modes of statement. It was well, however, for Mr. Dale, as it would be well for other young ministers in similar difficulties, that he had so wise a counsellor and so true a friend as his venerable colleague. "His conduct throughout that time of disquietude was singularly noble. Without compromising his own convictions, the whole of his personal influence was exerted to soothe and tranquillise the agitation and excitement." Respect for the judgment and authority of Mr. James, combined with a sense of Mr. Dale's transparent honesty and nobleness of character, speedily restored the confidence which had been for a moment interrupted, and the first love never waxed cold. Not on this ground only, but on various others, are we convinced that students from our colleges, after completing their ordinary curriculum, would derive incalculable gain from one or two years' association in practical pastoral work with the ministers of our larger churches. Notwithstanding the original strength of his mind, the thoroughness of his intellectual culture, and his glowing enthusiasm, Mr. Dale has been rendered a wiser, abler, and more useful preacher by the generous and helpful influence of his predecessor. The two worked together with the most perfect harmony, and their relations were never clouded even by a passing shadow of unkindness.

"In his heart of hearts, the aged minister loved and trusted his younger colleague; was his generous, unflinching champion against all suspicion and unjust censure; was ingenious in his devices to secure for him public respect and honour; was open and frank in the private discussion of questions on which they disagreed; never suggested, because he never supposed, that the authority of his own age, reputation, and experience could justify him in requiring the younger minister to sacrifice or trifle with his convictions of truth or duty. In one word, Mr. James had a noble, generous temper, and in all his conduct towards me there was never the faintest trace of suspicion or selfishness."

The position of an assistant minister is, of course, different from that of a co-pastor, and only in a few cases can the one relation pass into the other; but the same principles will regulate both, and the advantages to be derived from them are practically identical. Men of Mr. James's position and character can give to candidates for the ministry a kind of training which it is impossible for them to receive in college, but which we hold to be of the highest worth. The work of the college regarded either as a mental discipline or as furnishing stores of knowledge is, indeed, indispensable. Those who have availed themselves of its aid know that its importance cannot be over-estimated,

and it should not on any pretence whatever be neglected. But it is not everything, and its value would be indefinitely increased by the adoption of some such supplementary method as we here suggest.

After Mr. James's death, in the autumn of 1859, Mr. Dale became sole pastor of the Church in Carr's Lane. Since that time he has become much more widely known, and has attained a degree of popularity which greatly surpasses that of his predecessor. For many years he shared with one whom no reader of these pages can recall to mind without tender and regretful affection the religious leadership of the town. The friendship existing between Mr. Vince and Mr. Dale was of a kind to which we can unfortunately furnish but few parallels. To describe it as more than brotherly will give but a vague idea of its strength and fervour. These two men, each of them having a prominence in the pulpit and on the platform, which no other of their fellow townsmen had reached (unless indeed we except a well-known lecturer), not only carried on their work without the slightest trace of jealousy, but cherished for each other the heartiest affection, leaned each on the other's sympathy and help, and alike in religious, philanthropic, and political movements, continually stood side by side. The name of the one can scarcely even now be mentioned without recalling that of the other. Their friendship was an illustration of diversity of gifts, animated by the same spirit. Mr. Dale was superior to Mr. Vince in all that we technically describe as scholarship. He has a keener logical faculty, a more subtle power of discrimination, and a greater capability of reasoning. Mr. Vince, on the other hand, excelled in the simplicity and raciness of his style, in the wealth of his imagination, the breadth and copiousness of his humour, and above all in his unfailing powers of illustration. He rarely entered upon an elaborate argument. It was in the use of other methods that his forte lay. We know no man who had so keen and varied an interest in the many-sided aspects of human life as this "Christian Socrates," who could see "a glory and a freshness" in the commonest objects and events; who observed everything that transpired around him, and drew from it, whatever its nature, some lesson of wisdom, and some illustration by which he could simplify and carry home to the hearts of his fellow-men the message of the Divine love. His shrewd common sense, his geniality of spirit, and his touching pathos, gave to his eloquence an indescribable charm, and secured for him a position as a preacher which was peculiarly his own. Mr. Vince's removal awakened no more poignant sorrow than that which was felt by Mr. Dale. The Congregational Union was at the time holding its Autumnal Session at Huddersfield. Intelligence was received that the illness from which our brother had for some weeks suffered had increased in intensity, and that all hopes of his recovery had been abandoned. A message of loving sympathy was generously sent from the Assembly, but only those who witnessed it know of the deep emotion by which Mr. Dale was overpowered, and of the extent to which his strong and manly frame was shaken by the grief he could not speak. Among the memorial sermons preached in

the various chapels of Birmingham, Mr. Dale's "Good minister of Jesus Christ" claims the first place, and his relation with Charles Vince was a fitting sequel and crown to his prior relations with John Angell James. A closer, stronger companionship could not have been, and each would probably have said of the other—

He was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

It is not, however, in pulpit work alone that Mr. Dale has won his reputation. He has taken a prominent part in the great politico-ecclesiastical struggle of our day. The amount of public work which he seems to accomplish with ease will appear to a stranger incredible. He is an active member of the Birmingham School Board, and has done more, perhaps, than any other member to shape its policy. He is an eager and eloquent defender of the principles and policy of the National Education League, and is at the same time the ablest and most influential member of the Central Nonconformist Committee, which was, we believe, formed at his suggestion, and which has been the precursor of many similar associations throughout the country. The now celebrated Nonconformist Conference held six years ago, in Manchester, was brought about largely by his indomitable skill and energy. The historian of the Gladstone ministry, in enumerating the causes which led to its overthrow, will have to assign no secondary place to the powerful opposition of Mr. Dale. To the Educational policy of that ministry—especially as symbolized by the obnoxious "25th clause"—Mr. Dale offered the sternest resistance, and fired the ranks of the English Nonconformists with the same zeal. We are greatly indebted to him and his co-workers that the Bill of 1870 (as well as that of 1875) is not worse than it is; and had Mr. Gladstone been wisely advised, he would have given heed to the strong and conscientious objections of his most earnest and energetic supporters, rather than have bound himself to the judgment of one who, himself of Nonconformist descent, treated our scruples with contemptuous indifference, and whose main anxiety was to buy by compromise the favour of his hereditary foes. The "trimming policy" of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster—an instance of which he has recently furnished in his attitude on the Eastern question—created more dissatisfaction with Mr. Gladstone's ministry than all the opposition of the Church and the publicans; and had Mr. Gladstone disowned it he would have prevented the spread of a spirit whose extension could not but issue in his overthrow; and the Liberal party would have been saved from the utter disorganization and helplessness which has followed so quickly in the wake of its most brilliant triumphs. Every day deepens our regret that in a crisis so momentous as the present, Mr. Gladstone does not occupy his old post at the head of our affairs. It is lamentable to think that we are at the mercy of a man who is in no true sense a statesman, and whose levity and heartlessness, strenght-

ened by his Turkish proclivities, amply prove his incompetence to bring the momentous Eastern question to a safe and satisfactory issue. Mr. Gladstone's transcendent genius and noble-hearted sympathies would have been of priceless worth to England and to Europe in so grave and complicated a crisis. All the more, therefore, do we regret the blind and dogged obstinacy of the former Vice-President of the Council, while at the same time we feel that in view of the dilemma in which it placed us as advocates of National and unsectarian education, no other course was open to us than that which the Nonconformist Committee advised.

In what manner Mr. Dale has responded to the ex-Premier's challenge to Liberationists to educate the nation to the point of disestablishment, we need not here narrate. The campaign which, in conjunction with his friend, the Rev. J. G. Rogers, he has carried on during the past two years, is fresh in the memory of all. His speeches are worthy to rank with those of Cobden and Bright in the days of the Anti-Corn Law League. They lift the question high above the region of party strife, and display none of the narrowness of the sectarian. For a profound and masterly discussion of principles; for forcible argument, breadth of historical illustration, and a conclusive refutation of objections, they are unrivalled; and we do not wonder at the existence of a wide-spread feeling that, if Mr. Dale were in Parliament, he would not only become the leader of a party, but would give to our Nonconformity a more complete and powerful advocacy than it has yet received in that "august assembly." Mr. Dale is an eloquent and effective preacher. He might have attained equal distinction as a politician.

He was chairman of the Congregational Union in 1868-69, some time, therefore, before he had reached his fortieth year, by far the earliest age at which the honour has been conferred. Another honour, no less gratifying, has been bestowed upon him, in the invitation he has received from America to deliver the next series of Yale Lectures on Preaching—an invitation with which he is said to have complied.

A preacher so popular as Mr. Dale is sure to attract the attention of the more influential churches, and to receive numerous invitations to fill vacant pulpits. In 1857 he was invited to the pastorate of the church assembling in Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester; and, from a conviction that his usefulness there might be greater than in Birmingham, was not at first disinclined to accept it; but, ultimately, as the result of Mr. James's wise and generous counsel and of his own earnest thought, he decided to remain at Carr's-lane. Another and more memorable invitation was the one he received to occupy the pulpit of the new Congregational Chapel at Clapton, some five or six years ago. Mr. Dale could not lightly set it aside. Reluctant as he was to leave Birmingham, he felt that the public engagements from which he could not there be released were too severe a tax upon his time and strength; he was anxious too to

carry out under what seemed more favourable conditions his ideas of Christian fellowship, and he longed for leisure to devote himself more fully to literature. The matter had, therefore, his prolonged consideration. But he was not left to decide it for himself. The whole town was moved by the intelligence. The excitement was as intense as it was universal. This was the one absorbing topic, and there were meetings not only of Carr's Lane church and congregation, but of most of the other Free churches, to avert, if possible, so great a loss. Deputations, with addresses, from Congregational, Wesleyan, and Baptist ministers and office-bearers; from political and philanthropic associations, trades' unions, working men's clubs, and, if we are not mistaken, from the Town Council, waited upon Mr. Dale, entreating him to dismiss the invitation from Clapton, and to continue in his old sphere the services which they so highly appreciated. We question whether any minister, Conformist or Nonconformist, has ever received a grander tribute than this which was so eagerly paid to the minister of Carr's Lane. The prediction of such enthusiasm, even in the case of the most popular citizen, would have seemed inflated rhetoric; and not the least gratifying feature of the enthusiasm was the fact that it extended to Mr. Dale's political and ecclesiastical opponents no less than to his friends, and that all classes alike deprecated the idea of his removal. Under circumstances such as these, can we wonder that the most tempting offer should be declined? The decision, as Mr. Dale felt, was taken out of his own hands. Here, if anywhere, the *vox populi* might surely be regarded as the *vox Dei*, and the claims of Birmingham could not but prevail. Mr. Dale's decision was greeted with general delight—delight so disinterested that

Even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

Mr. Dale's contributions to literature are already considerable. First came the "Life and Letters of John Angell James," then "Sermons on Special Occasions," "The Jewish Temple and Christian Church," "Week Day Sermons," "The Ten Commandments," "The Atonement," and various smaller works. He is, in addition, the editor of our spirited contemporary, *The Congregationalist*, as well as its largest and ablest contributor.

All who come into contact with Mr. Dale recognise his capabilities for leadership. He has a vigorous and well-stored mind, familiar not only with the great classic and patristic writers, but equally well versed in philosophy and science, in history, poetry and fiction. He has studied the obscurest and most recondite books, and is as much at home in a mediæval theological treatise as in a modern dissertation on political economy. His vigorous thought is swayed by an earnest purpose. He has no sympathy with intellectual and moral indifference. "These are not times," he recently said, "when men should be recommended to suppress any truth of which they have a clear vision, and of which they feel the importance. Our political life is emascu-

lated through the want of definite convictions, and definite expression of convictions. Our controversy with unbelief is largely troubled by the same cause." Mr. Dale, at any rate, is free from this evil. He has strong convictions and is never afraid to express them. The cause which demands his co-operation obtains it. He is an assiduous worker, "his strength is as the strength of ten," and he inspires others to work. He has a fine presence, a voice strong and musical, and a power of interesting an audience in subjects which in most hands appear dry and abstruse. His style is stately and majestic, and if the rhetoric is occasionally too ornate, it is never vapid or common-place. His eloquence—the result, doubtless, of intense and careful study, and formed largely after the model of the great French preachers—has nothing in it artificial. It reveals none of "the tricks of the orator," and as we listen to it we forget the speaker, and are absorbed, as he himself is, in his theme. There is, perhaps, a lack of pathos in Mr. Dale's preaching. He addresses himself to the head rather than to the heart, and convinces by argument rather than subdues by feeling. His delivery is not only deliberate, but uniform, and a criticism which was passed on him in his college days is, to some extent, applicable still. "Your voice is musical, your flow of language easy and elegant, your style good; but both manner and matter a little too equable. It is the flow of a river, graceful and somewhat majestic; but it wants the occasional rush, rapid and cataract, more elevation occasionally, more impassioned intonation, more solemn point and appeal."

Mr. Dale's creed, on all essential points, is evangelical, although it has none of the narrowness which is unfortunately associated with the technical usage of that word, and contains elements of sweetness and light which are generally supposed to dwell exclusively in other regions of ecclesiastical life. His lectures on the Atonement are (along with Dr. Crawford's invaluable work) the finest contribution of our age to the study of this great doctrine. The fact of the Atonement is established on grounds which appear to us absolutely irrefragable. The testimony to it of Christ and His Apostles is unfolded with a freshness and a force which we can only describe as wonderful, and every re-perusal of the lectures deepens our admiration for the genius and learning of their author. The theory of the Atonement may not be dealt with quite so satisfactorily. The attempt to combine the realism of the Maurician school with a modified form of Calvinism is not thoroughly successful, but we have often thought, in reading the criticisms which have appeared on this section of the work, that it would have met with a much more cordial appreciation, and have evoked a more general assent, had there not been among the critics a foregone conclusion that a theory of the Atonement is *per se* impossible. We cannot, however, discuss the matter here. All we can do is to express our gratitude to Mr. Dale for one of the noblest volumes it has been our privilege to read, and our joy in the fact that it has already had a good effect in re-enforcing the truth which "modern thought" had endeavoured so sternly to obscure—that the Atonement

enters into the very essence of Christianity, and that the supreme power of the Gospel lies not so much in its disclosures of supernatural wisdom, in the perfection of its ethical code, or in its exhibition of a Divine Life, but in the death of Jesus Christ as the sacrifice for sin.

“The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church,” a series of popular discourses on the Epistle to the Hebrews, should be read as a companion volume to the lectures on the Atonement. It discusses very fully the various aspects of our Lord’s mediatorial work, especially as foreshadowed in the Mosaic economy. The sermons on the dignity of man, the sympathy of Christ, the priesthood of Christ, and the Jewish sacrifices, are among the most impressive utterances of the modern pulpit. We quote the conclusion of that on the priesthood (ch. v., 1—10), which has reference to the words, “Though He were a Son yet learned He obedience,” &c. :—

No, this old argument has not become obsolete; its form may have been determined by the intellectual and moral peculiarities of an age which has passed away, but its substance must be of infinite value to the human heart, so long as the world in which man lives is darkened with suffering, and man himself is conscious that the vision of this suffering is an agony and a terror. Would to God that I knew how to tell you all that these words seem to mean! but you will never find it out till the time comes when your soul is so lacerated by your own griefs, or by the physical tortures, and the moral anguish, and the comfortless desolation of myriads of mankind, that you are ready to think that God, in the height of His perfect and eternal blessedness, must be incapable of sympathising with the misery of the human race, or He would never have permitted such sorrows to come upon it; and then, when heart and flesh are failing—then, in the breaking-up of all faith in the Divine goodness, you will discover that there is here an immoveable rock on which you may stand firm when floods of great waters are heaving darkly and tumultuously around you. It is not merely the calm pity of the ever-blessed God, who has been surrounded through bright millenniums with the songs of angels crowned with everlasting light, and making sweet music with their harps of gold, that watches over the destinies of men; there is One at His side in yonder palace of eternal joy—the brightness of His glory, the express image of His person, who Himself once sank into a deeper darkness than ever made you tremble, and realised the awful weight and burden of human wretchedness as you have never realised it—One who, in a world of misery, stood alone in an awful supremacy of woe, as now, in a world of glory, He stands alone in a splendid supremacy of bliss; whose title was “The Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief”; whose symbol of dignity, the crown of thorns, marked him out as the very chief and king of a suffering race—One who, being Himself Divine, and having left heaven to accomplish a work which had been present to the Divine mind from eternity, and in which all the previous movements of the Divine government closed and culminated, shrank and shuddered in His weakness when the crisis drew near, and offered up prayers and supplications with strong cryings and tears unto Him that was able to deliver Him from death. In Him, in the pitifulness of His heart, in the fervour of His sympathy, who will not rest with unshaken and victorious confidence? Having passed through such a history, and risen at last to the perfection of power, of authority, and glory, He must be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and will confer eternal salvation on all that obey Him.

No estimate of Mr. Dale’s preaching would be complete which ignored the mystic or semi-mystic elements of his character. His strong

argumentative faculty is not more conspicuous than his high veneration. A subdued reverence illuminates all his words, and frequently gives to them a thrilling tenderness. Much as his thoughts are occupied with this busy, practical world, he is equally at home among the "transcendental realities," and dwells in a region of life whose source and aim are in his own belief supernatural and divine. He knows well the age in which he lives, but he realises his place in that kingdom which extends through all time, and, apart from men, has familiarised himself with the things which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." Not long ago he declared of himself: "In my youth I was not altogether insensible to the spell which the ancient and majestic Roman Church casts upon the imagination, and I have not been insensible to the quiet beauty and attractiveness of that type of religion presented by the Society of Friends." And this is exactly what we should have expected. In his college days, an engraving of our Lord, which hung over his mantelpiece and on which he often looked, called forth sentiments which would soon have become superstitious; but his strong reason controlled and suppressed them. How far this semi-mysticism has influenced the formation of his creed and the style of his preaching it is not for us to determine, but we ought, at least, to recognise its presence. Mr. Dale's conception of the nature and functions of the Christian Church, as set forth in his sermon on "The Communion of Saints," and in his essay on "The Idea of the Church," in the second series of *Ecclesia*, deserves closer attention than it has yet received, and points out the direction in which the spiritual life needs most of all to be developed. That old word "fellowship" is in danger of becoming obsolete; and if the Christian Church is ever to correspond with the New Testament ideal, and to be the power which Christ designs, this danger must be averted, and the word restored to its former honour. When Mr. Dale, two years ago, co-operated so heartily with the American evangelists, there was a general feeling of surprise. That co-operation was, however, in harmony with his long-cherished convictions, with his broad catholicity of spirit, and with work which he has constantly promoted; and the extract we have given in an earlier part of our article with reference to his plans when at college will, perhaps, afford an explanation of his earnest evangelism.

The only point on which Mr. Dale has departed from the common faith is in his adoption of the theory of which Mr. Edward White is the most prominent advocate and popularly known as "Life in Christ," but into the merits of this theory it is beyond our province to enter.

The ex-Chairman of the Baptist Union, in his address at Birmingham, spoke of Mr. Dale as one "who, to the work of a Nonconformist pastor, devotes talents which would have raised him to the foremost place in any profession or pursuit." In this estimate we all cordially concur, and trust that for many years to come he will be spared to serve the entire Church of Christ in her struggle with ignorance and unbelief, with sin and misery, injustice and oppression, by his robust

and manly eloquence, and his self-denying and heroic zeal. Among the great and honoured names of our own age, that of Robert William Dale must always occupy a conspicuous place.

Selections from the Letters of the late Rev. William Best, B.A.

(Continued from page 215.)

IV.—LEEDS.

MR. BEST commenced his pastorate at South Parade Chapel, Leeds, March, 1863, and remained there till April, 1875.

To his Father and Mother.

Coleford, 6th January, 1863.

I spent Sundays, the 14th and 21st December, at Leeds, and, since my return home, have finally decided to settle there. I sent to the church my acceptance of their invitation by yesterday's post. It is the most important step I have taken in public life, and sometimes I am ready to faint under the responsibilities I have incurred. I have endeavoured to act in the fear and love of God, and with a most anxious desire to obey His will, I put my trust in Him. It is a sad and a bitter, an overwhelming thing, at times, this parting with the people here, and the process is so protracted. I don't expect to go to Leeds before the middle of next month. If God prospers my labours I think the prospect before me is very animating, for success at South Parade, Leeds, means the building up of a leading church in the West Riding. I know we have your best wishes and prayers.

St. Mark's Buildings, Leeds, 12th May, 1863.

The aspect of affairs here is *very* encouraging. The people are kind, and seem to value my services. My congregations are perceptibly on the increase, and enquirers are coming forward. I am quite satisfied on all points in having made the change.

To Mr. Wilson.

9, Grosvenor Place, Leeds, 2nd May, 1864.

. . . Very much obliged to you for the *Inquirer*. I don't find much that is very fresh or quickening in it, though it shows no lack of fair literary skill. It is quite a study in one respect. It hates sects, and yet is intensely sectarian. It hates creeds, and yet is profoundly and nervously anxious to push "our denomination." At least, so it strikes me. I have long ago learnt to hold very cheap the scorn of creeds and dogmata. A man is, after all, what he believes. He is not the value of an old hat until he can say "Credo." The great epochs of human progress have been constituted by men who have worked or fought valiantly to the cry of "Credo." I am not now speaking of

the position that systems and formulized dogmata ought to hold in the church; that is another question. "Our denomination" will never do much unless it has a basis of positive teaching; and how this is to be reconciled with the denunciation of positive teaching, *i.e.*, dogmata, I can't tell. Free enquiry I can understand; but a church of free enquiry in the *Inquirer's* sense is a puzzle, *i.e.*, a church where nothing is fixed, where everything is equally an object to be doubted about. Free enquiry, in its absolute sense, is, as far as I can see, an impossibility. Free enquiry, in any possible sense, may lead men to believe in the Divinity of Christ and in the Trinity; but would free enquiry leading to this meet with the sanction of the *Inquirer*? Few or many, there must be some fixed points in our thinking, or all is the blind, chaotic confusion of Pyrrhonism. As far as there are fixed points freedom of enquiry ceases; as far as there are fixed points in religion there is a creed, there are dogmata. These are my views; do you differ?

I have read Canon Stanley's "Sinai" and "Jewish Church," and am just about reading his "Eastern Church." He is a noble fellow, reverential, free, honest. God bless him and keep him. I am just now giving myself to historical reading, especially looking at ecclesiastical development, institutions, and doctrines.

God keep you in the shadow of His wing!

To his Mother.

9, Grosvenor-place, Leeds, 14th May, 1864.

I write this to reach you on your birthday, and to convey to you my warmest love. Many happy returns of the day. I feel profoundly grateful that I have you to congratulate, and that your health is so vigorous and good. I wish I could express to you how continually and how deeply I feel all your kindness and love and self-sacrifice. We have all reason for devoutest gratitude for the grace that has been vouchsafed to you through so many years, and for the good hope you have for the future through the One All-perfect Saviour. Your path has not always been bright or smooth, or flowery, but there has always been *One* to guide and support and solace you through the most trying parts of it. It is surely a great satisfaction to think of those of your children that are gone, that there is not one of whom you need to doubt whether he or she is with the Saviour, and still more is it ground for thanksgiving that you may cherish good hopes of those that remain. I hope our family circle may be a complete one in the better world.

The letters and detached sentences which immediately follow allude to the terrible bereavements which shattered the family circle in the months of September and October, 1864. On September 27th the loved and loving wife died of scarlet fever, leaving a little daughter only six days old. On October 13th the eldest child, the only boy, was taken away by the same dreadful disease, the three little girls being dangerously ill at the same time.

3rd October, 1864.

Yesterday was a day of much darkness and sorrow, but I hope in His time to see light.

3rd October, 1864.

What with my necessary work, what with the children, and what with the calamity itself, I have enough to do to keep my head above the waves. I am a teacher of others, and God is teaching me. I hope I may prove a docile learner.

Margate, Nov. 8th.

I have heard again from home. The children were all doing well. So far things are cheering, but nothing can lift the weight that presses and oppresses

my life. I don't think that any change of scene or of outward circumstances is of avail. The weight is there, and—that's all.

Dec. 19th, 1864.

I am sure I am deeply grateful for all the kindness and sympathy expressed in father's note. For myself I am middling—not very bright certainly, but why tell you what you know—that my sorrow lies heavily upon me. It must be so, and it must continue to be so; but it is not for me to complain against God. Holy and wise and tender is the hand that has smitten me.

Upon the trouble of a dear friend.

15th February, 1865.

I can well imagine you to be looking into the future with a good deal of heaviness of heart. Before this, however, you have already graduated in the school of sorrow, and well know that "in this world we must have tribulation." I do not suppose that this lesson is hard to learn, it seems to be forced upon every one that has any sensitiveness, any remnant of true feeling left; but there is another lesson of which you are not ignorant, and that none can learn except they become as little children, and sit at the feet of Jesus. You know that it is possible, even while the tempest is at its height, and fragments of wreck are strewing the ground you occupy, that the heart may have rest: "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

May, 1865.

I am quite sure you must have a dull and heavy load to carry every day, all day long, and whenever you are awake. I wish it were otherwise. I wish I could do anything to make it otherwise. But when an evil is irreparable by anything we can do, and when it grows out of the conduct of others, and when we in the time and course of duty must needs suffer it, the only Christian thing left for us is silent suffering, and holy submission. God will not forsake you, and your case has too much of cross-bearing and crucifixion in it not to win the tenderest sympathy and help of the gracious Saviour.

It is hard to believe that all that seems to us so wrong, so inextricably wrong and evil, shall ever appear in result and final issue to be for good, but it must be so, and we must try to banish any doubt upon the point. It will greatly exalt our conceptions of the Lord we serve when we see, as we shall see, that His touch has been turning all sorrow, pain, suffering, into priceless blessings.

20th March, 1865.

In the midst of all that perplexes and disturbs and saddens I do not doubt the fatherly tenderness of God, and it is not for man to say, What doest Thou? When I read that it pleased the Lord to put *Him* to grief, and remember the nature and depth of His grief, I should ill deserve the name of Christian if I bore my burden with contumacy or upbraiding. "In all our afflictions He is afflicted. He was made in all points like His brethren, yet without sin." "He knoweth our frame." "He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The sufferings of Jesus make all we suffer to appear light, and the sympathy of Jesus is divinest strength and solace. My little ones are in very good health and in the best of spirits. The friends here are very kind, and all the affairs of the church move quietly and in order.

16th January, 1866.

I am glad to say all my children are well. They are very well, and I do not think it possible to find in all the West Riding a happier or merrier little group than they form.

28th April, 1866.

If a young man asked my advice about becoming a minister, I should say "Don't! except necessity is laid on you of God." What, then, ought I to say to one who has any thoughts of becoming a minister's wife. "Don't!" except you are prepared for the fret and stress of such a position." A minister's wife is not, cannot be, ought not to be dissociated from the life-work, brain-work, heart-work of her husband.

On May 2, 1866, Mr. Best was married to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. T. B. Trotter, Coleford, Gloucestershire.

To Mr. Wilson.

26th October, 1866.

I was very glad to see your handwriting, but should be a hundred times better pleased to see your face. It is so long since we met, and the last time "twas in a crowd," just a pressure of hand, a word and away, you into one great seething sea of human life and I another.

What think you of the "Signs of the Times"? Do we not live in searching, shaking times? God is over all, and He controls. What a monster is this Anglo-Catholicism, and how puny the evangelical party has become! Oh, for light, truth, love, conscience, strength.

10th November, 1866.

You and I differ in dogma, how far I don't know. It is now a long time since we compared notes. I would not have either of us different from what we are, unless the difference sprang from deep and divine conviction. I labour on in the best way I can without anything "sensational" attending my labours, and with a growing conviction that the age is demanding a resurrection of the Puritan "witnesses." I have read *Ecce Homo*. It is in itself a calm and scholarly and able performance. The writer has the power of saying what he wants to say in a very telling manner. This with a real freshness of life in the volume, and the peculiar circumstances of its issue, is sufficient, I think, to account for its extraordinary sale.

The religious atmosphere just now is electric. Have you seen "The Church and the World," edited by Orby Shipley—an *astounding* book! Oh, for the old Puritans of Elizabeth's and Oliver's days!

To his Wife.

6th July, 1867.

I have nothing very particular to communicate, for I have scarcely seen anybody since I wrote to you last. I am dwelling in a kind of mitigated, solitary, and silent confinement. I live in my study alone. I wish I could add that I was accomplishing a vast amount of labour. I have been reading Greek, and have found no little amusement in some of Herodotus's outrageously incredible stories so innocently told. But I shall be glad to put Herodotus aside for the sake of a little company. I shall be glad to hear the sound of your step, and the cry of "Nebuchadnezzar"* will be rather a relief than otherwise.

Believe me, I am growing very mouldy during your absence. You will find me older when you return, drier, and more good for nothing.

To his Brother.

Grosvenor Place, Leeds, 3rd Sept., 1867.

. . . I told you, did I not, that the judge had sent me a request that I would see him? Well, on the day after my return from Liverpool I did

* The humorous name he gave to his little son, William Vaughan, then five months old.

so, and he told me that he and Mr. Baron Pigott, who is going the circuit with him, were both at South Parade the Sunday before. He also said that Mr. Baron Pigott had never attended a Dissenting place of worship, until he had accompanied him, since they had been together, and that the preaching he had heard was quite like a "new life" to him. How old prejudices wear down. They do so *very* slowly, almost imperceptibly, but for all that the process goes on. A few years ago how impossible it would have been that two of Her Majesty's judges, whilst on circuit, should have found their way to a Baptist conventicle! Thank God for the passing away of prejudice and bigotry.

Hope on, bear up! Don't take your troubles to heart. Believe in God. Commit your way to Him. Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

To his Parents.

28th January, 1868.

I had a cold ride, but took no harm from it, and at the end of it comfort and cordiality made me soon forget the rigour of the weather.

. . . To help you all as far as my presence and word and deed might, would form a strong inducement to settle nearer to you if the opportunity came. I have heard all that the friends at — had to say, and have ascertained every point needed to be known in the forming of a decision on their invitation, and my preponderating feeling is that I must not take the step they wish. There is much about the people and the place that is genial and promising, but I do not feel the hand laid upon me that ought to guide, and that does guide where the heart is willing.

To his Wife.

28th July, 1868.

I have had the feeling this morning, "How much I receive, and how many far worthier receive immeasurably less." . . . If I am to change my scene of labour, it must come about step by step, as the day dawns. There must be nothing constrained. I must feel that I am being led. In God's hands—there let the matter lie. I feel somewhat sad in going among strangers, and with the possibility of a grave change in my position. However, I commit my way unto the Lord. I am willing to go, willing not to go. . . .

I am sorry we should have to hesitate about expenses. Our hesitation, however, is simply honesty and prudence, and not avarice.

God bless you all, and place His wings round about you.

To his Mother.

10th November, 1868.

My heart is full of thanksgiving and gratitude. We have another boy,* a very fine, plump, full-sized, healthy, promising fellow, and as he has come from the hand of God, I hope and pray he may always be His. If he live, I trust it will be to serve Him.

To Mr. Wilson.

December 18th, 1868.

. . . . I am deeply indebted to you for the "Antiphon." It is, in all senses, a beautiful book, and I prize it so much, for your sake and for its own, that, out of affection for you, and as a mark of the value I set upon the book, as well as out of love to my wife, I have asked her to let the book be regarded as hers, and so it is to be.

* The "Franky" of the letters dated January, 1871.

Dr. Bellows' sermon is very eloquent, and of great force. The leading position of the sermon I heartily accept; that God is *King* and *Father*, is a statement that more and more settles itself among my deepest convictions. And what of our Lord? He is Son of God; God is His Father. He is Son of Man; God is His King. He belongs to the Family, the eldest Brother. He is under the law. He obeyed, and suffered. He reveals the Father, He glorifies the King. On these topics Dr. Bellows is sadly silent. To preach law, government, the kingship of God, without a Saviour—an atonement, a propitiation—is, to my mind, to preach despair. It is Christ the Atonement, who is, for me, "the way" to the Father. First, I need reconciliation, and this I receive through Christ, who, as subject to the laws of God, the government of God, has magnified that law and that government in His obedience and death; through Christ I receive the reconciliation, through Christ I pass beyond the barrier of my transgressions and guilt, into the presence of the Father, who waits to be gracious. My indebtedness to my Lord is infinite; Christ is to me all in all.

Will you pardon my saying all this to you? The sermon you were good enough to send me must plead my apology. It is fine in its flow and force of rhetoric, and full of grand and awfully-impressive truth; but it leads one to a place where there is no hope, that I can see, and leaves one in the infinite darkness. That darkness Christ alone, the atoning sacrifice and Saviour, can dispel. He is the light of men.

I have thought of writing you long before this. I do not forget you when I fail to write. You are very dear to me. Old friends are very precious. God bless you and yours.

To Mrs. B., on the death of her Mother.

Leeds, 7th July, 1869.

I was not taken by surprise when I received the intelligence of your irreparable loss, for my sister had apprised me some little time since that my dear and valued old friend was suffering from serious if not fatal disease; but I could not receive the intelligence without sadness and emotion, nor could I think of you and the rest of the circle without tenderness and sympathy. My feelings, I confess, would have been incomparably more painful if it had not been that I was fully assured that she was a faithful servant of God and that she had fallen asleep in Jesus.

I had always a high regard, a high estimate, an affectionate esteem, for your dear mother. I held her as a sincere and faithful Christian—one who knew Jesus and had received of His Spirit. I shall ever cherish her memory as one who always bore herself towards me with cheerful and pleasant friendliness. I never knew her vary.

We shall see her no more, nor hear her voice again, nor receive any token from her until we have solved the dark mystery which she has now solved. . . . Other changes will take place, and one day the great change will come to us. May we then quietly pass into the Father's house and receive the greetings of those who may have gone before. "I," said our Lord, "am the Resurrection and the Life." "In My Father's house are many mansions." "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

To Mr. Wilson.

Leeds, December 27th, 1869.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year. God bless you and yours. I hope you are all well. "The Holy Grail" is to hand. Is not that a very prosaic nineteenth century, north-of-England-manufacturing-town sort of expression? Many thanks for the book. It is too kind of you to remember me so. I have not read the whole of the poems, but nearly so. I need not say they furnish a very pure and exquisite enjoyment. The delicacy and refine-

ment of Tennyson are unsurpassed. They almost remind one of what, I think, I have sometimes seen in some consumptive girl—attenuated, fragile, bright, bloomy, unearthly, sad. . . .

I have recently been digging into Hebrew, and have enjoyed it much. I have been tasking myself, and find it a good plan. What a year the last has been! and what a legacy of hard questions it leaves to the new decade! It is a strange sight to see poor old Pio Nono puffing at "the Revolution" and trying to lay fetters on the Samson of science and free thought. Will his temple be brought to the dust, think you? If so, Samson won't perish in its fall.

To his Sister.

Leeds, 20th January, 1870.

This Education business has kept me employed. Unintentionally and unexpectedly I have found myself in a somewhat prominent position on the question, and, though I do not covet a conspicuous position, I don't feel inclined to shrink from the duties that lie right before me. I don't think it a proper thing to be silent when there are symptoms that threaten the placing of the education of the poor in England under the clergy, and in Ireland under the priests. . . .

In all times of stress and difficulty 'tis best to look to God and ask for His help and solace, and to remember that nothing that now happens can depreciate the eternal inheritance, and that God will not leave nor forsake those that put their trust in Him. Christians have to suffer with Christ, some in one way, some in another, and if we suffer with Him we shall also be glorified with Him. Keep in good heart, and ever in good hope. Your way shall be made plain, at any rate as much of it as you have to traverse day by day. To-day's portion to-day, to-morrow when to-morrow comes.

To his Wife.

St. Ives, 22nd April, 1870.

I received your kind and most welcome letter on my arrival here this afternoon. I was very glad and thankful to learn there was no further cause for anxiety respecting the children. As to insurance, I feel with you and for you. I can but do the right thing, and avail myself of resources that come within my reach, and when I have done this "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help." It is, after all, better to trust in Him than to insurance offices or any other of our contrivances. To use *them* if we may; if we can't, we can't, but anyhow to trust Him.

23rd April.

This change is very pleasant, but would be far pleasanter if I had not the thought always with me that the children have not any share in the pleasure, and that you not only have not, but have all the monotony of the nursery and house instead. I hope the children continue well, and that after all you share among you *some* feeling of the beauty and sweetness of the sunshine, warmth, and fresh spring life the season is bringing with it.

I, trust the services of the house of prayer may be refreshing. I cannot tell you how far I feel they fall short of what they ought to be in quiet, vital, uplifting power, and how deeply I feel they would be higher and better if I were a partaker more than I am of Christ.

20th August, 1870.

This dreadful war hangs like a thunder-cloud upon my spirits. It seems impossible and even wrong to be light-hearted when such horrors are being perpetrated. When will God interpose?

To his Mother, on her Birthday.

14th May, 1870.

. . . I hope and pray that yet for years it may be my pleasure and privilege to send you letters like this. There lies, we know, somewhere in the future—may it be far distant for our sakes—a day when, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, you will enter the Father's house, where, thank God, a place is being prepared for you. How blessed! that the future opens out into visions of eternal blessedness and peace.

15th January, 1871.

Our dear little Franky is yet alive, but in so low a state that we may lose him any hour. He can't well be worse than he is. Thank God, his sufferings are not severe. He is perfectly conscious, knows us all, and at times notices what is going on; but he does not rally. It is one of the hardest and bitterest things in life to part with such a child. He was everybody's favourite—so bright, so genial, so full of promise; but God's will be done! If he is taken, he leaves a world that is full of disappointment, and, what is worse, that abounds in temptation, and, still worse, in cruelty and sin; and is removed to a world where all is pure and stainless for ever. Dear, dear child!—the darling of the family. It would be the agony of despair to see him die if we had no belief in God and none in Christ. To the Father we can give him up; we can commit him to the bosom of Jesus.

28th January, 1871.

We are very deeply obliged to you and to all of you for your expressions of kindest and tenderest sympathy; but not sympathy nor dwelling upon the great words of Divine comfort can remove the anguish of bereavement. We must wait—we must wait in patience and submission, until time and the continuous lapse of events shall wear down the keen edge of sorrow. You will not wonder you have not heard from us earlier when you learn that we have been to Coleford, and returned since Tuesday last. There our darling lies, in a very quiet and very beautiful resting-place, where no rattle and noise of a huge town penetrates, and where its smoke-cloud and grime are unknown.

The reader will have noticed that the character of the letters has somewhat changed. No longer his pastime, as cares accumulated and duties pressed more heavily, they were written in scraps of time snatched from sterner work, and the humour which marked the correspondence of college-days seemed to disappear. But it re-appeared in another form. The children had become old enough to enjoy their dear father's playfulness, so freely put forth for their pleasure; and in their presence Mr. Best made it a rule to throw off the burden of his responsibilities, painfully as they sometimes oppressed him; and meal-times were enlivened by absurd conundrums, quaint rhymes, comical questions, and original jokes. The insertion of letters to and about these dear ones but faintly shadows forth the character of his home-life; its brightness, its tenderness, and, above all, the intense anxiety that the children should grow up to be good men and good women, servants of the Master whose he was and whom he served.

To his Wife.

Edinburgh, 9th May, 1872.

I have passed a day of exceeding pleasure. This city is wondrously beautiful, out and out, and out and out, the most beautiful city I have ever

seen. My visit has given me a sensuous delight, delicious, approaching in its way to what a gourmand experiences in his happiest moments. One drawback I have known, I have not had you with me to share and to double my pleasure.

Newcastle, 11th.

L. saw me off about five hours ago. So ended my visit to Edinburgh, which will be ever memorable. Glorious Edinbro'—

Stately Edinbro' throned on crags"—

I shall always remember with great pleasure the objects of grace and beauty and grandeur I found there.

To his Parents.

20th February, 1872.

Since I returned home from the Manchester Conference I have been busy beyond, I think, former experience. Meeting, meeting, meeting—several in the day—until the soul gets as weary as the body. Twice this month I have had four services on the Sunday. On one occasion, two preaching services and two observances of the Lord's Supper; on the other, three preachings and one observance of the Supper. I resolve against accepting such excess of work, and somehow, against wish and judgment, I get sucked into the whirl. I name these things, that you may not suppose that when I am remiss in correspondence it is because I am forgetful, or careless, or cold, or anything of that kind; it is simply that I am over-wrought, and don't know how to get a few minutes; or, if I get a little leisure, I am so weary, I am obliged to rest, absolutely to do nothing.

To his Wife.

Leeds, 28th July, 1872.

Yesterday morning I preached but a very middling discourse from Ps. cxix. 32. In the evening I did much better—Heb. xiii. 13. I had a capital congregation, and the baptism service was very impressive. I never had candidates who behaved better during the ordinance.

There is work to be carried on in Leeds, and if I am chosen and appointed for the service, that of all things is what will give me most happiness in the doing. And then, Jehovah Jireh is one of the names of God, and He *will* provide.

Poor —! I very sincerely sympathise with her. A girl's heart turns to married life as naturally as birds build their nests in spring; and I have learnt to feel for disappointed desire and hope, though associated with folly and mistake.

I am glad —'s pluck gained the day for the Doctor. Nothing goes further than a Queen Elizabeth speech from a lady.

Reminiscences of Birmingham.

No. IV.

THE pages of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE are not the most suitable place in which to discuss political questions, especially those of a party complexion; but to attempt entirely to ignore them in our "Reminiscences" of the town, would be like discussing the book of Job without reference to the patriarch of Uz; speaking of Hamlet, with the Prince of Denmark omitted; or giving an analysis of sea water, and omitting mention of the salt. Birmingham is known through the world as the maker of guns and buttons, and it is certainly as well known throughout England as a place of very pronounced political opinions—those opinions, for the most part, having an evident leaning to the liberal or radical side of things. Its three members of Parliament now sit on the Opposition side of the House; and, as far as we know, its School Board is the only one in the island which has attempted to put into practice a system of secular education. Of course, we are not about to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of these matters; trusting we are too prudent to trespass upon "ground debateable," and having a salutary dread of a walk

"per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso;"

our object in this paper being merely to record a few personal recollections of the political state of Birmingham forty or fifty years ago.

Going back about a century in the political history of the town, its state at that time was such as would probably satisfy the most uncompromising Tories; and the Church and King riots of 1791 would convince even such men as Colonel Sibthorp that the people were then sound to the core. It is related of Edmund Burke that he concluded a great speech in Parliament against the horrors of the first French Revolution, by producing a dagger, which he averred had just been made in Birmingham, with which some Jacobin intended to stab priest or king, and many of which were being manufactured there for a similar use in England. We trust the sensational story is entirely mythical, like the order said to have been given to a Birmingham factor for a cask of Hindoo gods; but if the aforesaid dagger was made in the town, and for the aforesaid sanguinary purpose, the maker of it was certainly an exception in his political tendencies to the majority of his fellow-townsmen at the time of the Church-and-King riots. Our own earliest political recollections are connected with the struggles of the people for an increase of civil and religious liberty; which struggles some said would overturn the British Constitution, but have

ended in results which now even Conservatives consider equal in value to a second edition of Magna Charta. Our own first political act was the signing of a petition *against* the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. We were at school at the time, and of course considered it a noble thing to attach our signatures to a paper which was to travel all the way to London, and when there to be read by Lords and Commons, and, as we fondly thought, by royalty itself. We have somewhere read of an Indian official who was so fond of signing papers, even without reading them, that one day he signed his own death-warrant, and duly forwarded it for the inspection and approval of the authorities at home. This ready autographist merely retained, in the years of his manhood, the love of signing one's name, with which every schoolboy's heart is full. When we add that our master assured us that if we did not sign, the days of bloody Queen Mary might return, and we ourselves be burnt to ashes in the fires of martyrdom; our readers will readily understand that we *ex animo* signed the petition which might avert such calamitous results. Our signatures, however, did not much retard the onward march of events, and certainly did not prevent the passing of the Emancipation Act, in 1829, by the two leading Tories of the time, Sir Robert Peel and the hero of Waterloo. Physiologists tell us that in feeding horses a little chaff should be mixed with the food of the animals, lest the very goodness of the provender should prove injurious to the stomach of the beast. Probably the statesmen of 1829 bore that fact in mind; at any rate, to make emancipation more palatable to the Conservative digestion, they placed a clause in the Act, that no Jesuits should henceforth legally abide in the realm. The Act passed, no one in Parliament moves for its repeal, and the clause concerning the dreaded disciples of Loyola remains a dead letter.

The Emancipation Act had scarcely got into working gear before the exciting era of the Reform Bill agitation commenced its momentous career. Our younger readers can form but a faint idea of the political excitement of the time. To the quiet and conservative it was a time of darkness and distress—as if the “fountains of the great deep were broken up,” and a dreadful deluge was at hand. Certainly the whole nation was stirred to its centre, and all men took sides in the mighty battle. “The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,” were household words—a terror to many, words of hope to most. The Duke of Wellington said, “While I am minister there shall be no Reform,” and the hero of Waterloo was pelted by a London mob. After a vote adverse to it in Parliament, the late Earl Derby, then the liberal Lord Stanley, leaped upon a table at the Reform Club and moved, amidst aristocratic acclamations, “that no taxes be paid till the Bill be passed.” The poet Keble wrote a pamphlet against Reform, in which he clearly proved that it would work the destruction alike of Church and State; and poor Sir Walter Scott had just physical strength enough to stand upon a Tory platform, and warn his

countrymen of the "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," which he saw being written upon our palace walls. Yet Reform, like Cæsar, "came, saw, and conquered;" England still exists, and he is a bold man who would tell us that anything except nearly unmixed good is the result of the great Reform Bill. It is pleasant for a Birmingham man to recollect the prominent and noble part which his fellow townsmen took in the great struggle. We are old enough to remember the time when men were tried, convicted, and imprisoned for the use of "seditious" language, about half as violent as is used now by ex-Cabinet Ministers against their political opponents, amidst "loud cheers," in every session of Parliament. If Mr. George Edmonds was still living, he would be able to tell us that he spent months in Warwick gaol, "for bringing the Government into contempt," by saying that taxes were exorbitant, that rotten boroughs were a national nuisance, and that Birmingham ought to have representatives in Parliament. Such dark ages are far behind us now, thanks to the men of Birmingham for the fact.

Mr. Disraeli once taunted a member for the City of London, by saying, "Birmingham gave us Reform, Manchester Free Trade, but what have you ever given us?" Mr. Disraeli was right in mainly attributing the passing of the Reform Bill to the untiring energies of the men of Birmingham and the surrounding districts. The chief leaders in the struggle were famous enough at the time, though of course, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, their popularity has grown rather dim. Foremost in the fight was Mr. Thomas Atwood, a banker in the town, afterwards a member of Parliament for the borough. When the Reform victory had been gained, he wrote pamphlets and made speeches in favour of what the Americans call "soft money;" that is, an unlimited supply of paper money, irrespective of a metallic basis; but in this his second political crusade he was entirely unsuccessful, the antagonism of the late Sir Robert Peel being too much for him. Very likely there are soft money men in Birmingham still, who think that the issue now and then of fifty millions' worth of bank notes would abolish poverty, and, as Dr. Johnson puts it, "make men rich beyond the utmost bounds of avarice;" but the soft money men have the hard intellect of the nation against them, and their theories will have to wait their realisation, until the circle be squared, or the philosopher's stone discovered. It was fame enough for Mr. Atwood to have helped on the passing of the Reform Bill, and his statue in the centre of the town shows that the men of Birmingham are not unmindful of the great good he did for them and the nation at large. His partner in the bank was Mr. Richard Spooner, one of the members of Parliament for years of the county of Warwick, an uncompromising Tory; in appearance one of the plainest men in Europe, and a fierce foe of monks, nuns, priests, and all others who call the Pope their friend and father. A worthy coadjutor of Mr. Atwood in the work of political reform was Mr. Joshua Scholefield, a respectable banker or factor of the town. Our recollection of him is that of a rather short, mild-

mannered gentlemen; but, like Wellington, Wilberforce, Nelson, and Napoleon—none of them tall men—he had a good share of self-reliance and strong determination. After the Reform victory, he took his seat in the House of Commons as one of the representatives of his native town. Besides these two prominent politicians, there were others who acted as lieutenants, and as such did the people good service. We have only time to mention two of these latter—Mr. George Edmonds and the Rev. Mr. McDonnel. Mr. Edmonds was the son of a Baptist minister in the town, naturally a talented man, self-educated, and of considerable oratorical power. It was his fate to be imprisoned for his political opinions, which fact did not, of course, lessen his influence and popularity with the masses of the people. His good father, being fond of open-air preaching, his son George, in his early days, sometimes fulfilled the duties of precentor. One day the preacher, having stood upon a wooden bushel, by way of pulpit, the young clerk reminded his father of his non-resemblance that morning to St. Paul, inasmuch as he had “been exalted above measure.” The son, however, had great reverence for his father, and was fond of relating the following anecdote concerning him:—One day it happened that Master George had perpetrated some piece of mischief, and finding that his father was acquainted with the fact, and dreading corporal punishment, walked into an upper chamber to hide himself under the bed. Before long the footsteps of the father were heard in the room, and he quickly kneeled beside the bed, not indeed to punish the culprit, but to offer prayer;—his petitions having reference to a misunderstanding between himself and one of the members of his church. Some years after, the person who had been prayed for, complained to George of his father’s conduct towards him; whereupon the pastor’s son described the bedroom scene to the complainant, and described it so effectually, that the heart of the plaintiff was touched, and he reproached his pastor no more. In his later years, we enjoyed the friendship of Mr. George Edmonds, tried to profit by his remarkably sensible conversation, and are glad to add, that his fellow-townsmen proved their high appreciation of his political services to them, by making him Clerk of the Peace in connection with the borough. The other person above-named, the Rev. Mr. McDonnel, was a Catholic priest of the town. He was exceedingly zealous in the cause of Reform, and though not very eloquent, did good service to the cause. Dr. Johnson is credited with the assertion, that “he who makes a pun will pick a pocket;” and, if this saying is true, the *morale* of the priest must have been defective, for he was an inveterate punster. For example, we remember standing by his side at a great open-air meeting, at which the famous Daniel O’Connell was present and spoke. As a rule, the great “agitator” was a most effective speaker, full of pathos, satire, and fire; but as “Homer sometimes nods,” so O’Connell was sometimes a little dull—and was so on the present occasion. When, therefore, the speaker talked of making a “breach” in the citadel of Toryism, and

soon after of making a second breach, the priest critically remarked to those nearest to him, "In that case, there will be a pair of ——." With all his faults, however, he was very useful in the political struggles of the time; and we were very sorry to hear, some years since, that episcopal authority had removed him, in his old age, to some sequestered spot; probably for displaying in ecclesiastical affairs some of that Radicalism which he had successfully evinced as a pioneer in the pathway of Reform.

Beside the labours of these local celebrities, the people of Birmingham were favoured with the presence of famous strangers, whose speeches fanned the flame of political aspiration. At least once there came among us Sir Francis Burdett; and we have still a lively recollection of his gentlemanly bearing, his blue coat with brass buttons, faultless white waistcoat, and irreproachable cravat. We remembered that he had been imprisoned in the Tower for treason, and listened to him accordingly. As is well known, he afterwards subsided into "Liberal-Conservatism," or something of that sort; cut William Cobbett, to whom he lent money that was never repaid; sat in the House of Commons with his face opposite to his ancient friends; died very rich, and left behind him a worthy relative, who was not too much honoured by the Queen, when she was created Baroness Burdett-Coutts. As we have just said, the great Irish agitator, O'Connell, several times spoke in Birmingham, and with great effect. With all his mental and moral defects, he was undoubtedly a great orator, and master of almost every style of speech—being brimful of humour, and yet able to be so pathetic in his tones that he brought tears to our eyes by the tender manner in which he quoted St. Paul's words, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich." He seemed equally master of every sort of banter, satire, and denunciation; and after the lapse of more than forty years, we remember the withering scorn with which he denounced Lord Melbourne's ministry, as "base, brutal, and bloody Whigs." This, of course, was uttered after the Reform Bill had passed, but his general oratory partook of the qualities to which we have briefly alluded. Yet all the efforts of the greatest speakers would have been of none effect but for the political agitation of the minds of the great masses of the people, who were determined to obtain Reform, and secured it. The whole nation was almost frantic upon the matter, and in Birmingham tens of thousands of people covered "New Hall Hill" with their frequent meetings, and ceased not till "rotten boroughs" were abolished for ever, and the balance of the political power of England was wrested from the hands of the aristocracy, and given to the great mass of the middle class of the country.

In perusing the contents of this paper, some few of our readers will, perhaps, object to its political complexion; and if so, we can offer them scant apology. We have lived long enough to see much of the so-called "Radicalism" of our youth profitably adopted as the political creed of the majority of our countrymen; and we have no sympathy

with the small minority of Nonconformists who dread being termed "Political Dissenters," heartily agreeing, as we do, with the dictum of Dr. Thomas Arnold, that "the highest earthly wish of the ripened mind is the desire to take an active share in the great work of Government."

Whitsuntide.

THE above well-known word is the shortened form of Whitsunday-tide,—the time of or about Whitsunday. "Whit" is in all probability the word white, and its use in connection with this sacred season is accounted for thus:—As "the Baptism of the Holy Ghost" is one of the great events celebrated at Whitsuntide, it was the custom of the early Christian pastors, in honour of that event, to administer the ordinance of baptism about this time; and it was also the custom of the newly-baptized to wear for some length of time white garments, as an emblem of the purity and joy to be derived from the practice of that religion of which, by their baptism, they had made a public profession. Most of our readers are familiar with the phrase, "candidates for baptism," but many employ it without being aware of the figurative meaning of the word candidate, which signifies literally a person dressed in white. Among the Romans, persons who were aspiring to fill certain official stations were ordered to wear for a time white garments; probably to remind them of their duty to abstain from bribery in seeking office, and from all unrighteousness in performing its functions. Hence they were called "*candidati*," persons clothed in white; and hence, in modern times, aspirants to office are called candidates, without of course any reference to the colour of the garments with which they are clothed. Whether or not the phrase "*candidates*" for baptism merely means those who are about to be baptized, or whether it contains a reference to the symbolical meaning of the term, we cannot positively say; but certainly it becomes all baptized persons continually to remember that by their baptism they belong to a holy religion; that religion which teaches them "to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present evil world." Thus only can they prove themselves the children of a Holy Father, the disciples of a Holy Saviour, the partakers of the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the anticipators of that holy heaven, of whose inhabitants the King of the country said, "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

The miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost, soon after the ascension of Jesus Christ to heaven, is the great fact to commemorate which Whitsuntide was established; and as that important event took place at one of the great Jewish festivals, a few remarks upon the latter will not be out of place. As most of our readers are aware, the ancient Jews chiefly celebrated three sacred "feasts," or festivals. The first in order of time, and probably of chief national importance, was the feast of the Passover. This took place in the spring of the year, and perpetuated the memory of the Divine deliverance of the Hebrews from the slavery of Egypt, the commencement of their distinct national life, and the beginning of their long journeyings toward the promised land. The chief and most significant feature of this festival was the eating of the Paschal Lamb, with which all our readers are familiar, and which St. Paul tells us was a type of the great central truths of the Christian Faith—the person and sufferings of the Divine Redeemer:—"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." The second of the three great Jewish festivals was the feast of Pentecost, which is called by several names in the Old Testament Scriptures. For example, it is termed the *feast of weeks* (Exod. xxxiv. 22; Deut. xvi. 10, 16), because it was celebrated seven weeks, or a week of weeks, after the first day of unleavened bread; the *feast of harvest* (Exod. xxiii. 16); and also the *day of first-fruits* (Numb. xviii.), because on this day the Jews gave thanks to God for the bounties of harvest, and presented to him the first-fruits of the wheat-harvest, in bread baked with the new corn (Exod. xiii. 16; Deut. xvi. 5—10). At this time also was commemorated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai. The Greek word Pentecost (*πεντηκοστή*)—(Acts ii. 1; xx. 16) is given to the feast from the fact of its being kept on the *fiftieth* day after the first day of unleavened bread. The feast of tabernacles was the third of the great feasts of the Jews; like the second one continued for a week, and was held in our month of September. Its chief purpose was to keep in memory the journeyings of the Jews in the desert between Egypt and Canaan (Lev. xxiii. 34). Hence it is called by St. John, *Σκηνοπηγία* (*tent-fixing*, or feast of tents). It was also established to enable the people to return thanks for the fruits of the vine, as well as of other trees; hence it is termed the *feast of ingatherings* (Exod. xxiii. 16). Several interesting ceremonies were observed in the celebration of this feast. For example, during the whole time of it people were required to dwell in tents, which anciently were raised on the flat roofs of their houses (Neh. viii. 16). During the continuance of this feast the people carried in their hands branches of palm trees, olives, myrtles, and willows, chanting as they walked "*Hosanna, save I beseech thee*," in which song they prayed for the coming of the Messiah;—which practice will explain the joyful welcome given to Jesus Christ on His public entry into Jerusalem. To this ceremony also St. John perhaps alludes in Rev. vii. 9, 10, where the saints in heaven are said to be "*clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands*; and saying, *Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne*,

and unto the Lamb." Another interesting ceremony was the bringing of water in a golden pitcher from the fountain of Siloam, and pouring it forth upon the altar, in grateful memory of the miraculous supply of water to their ancestors during their desert journeyings. It was in the midst of the performance of this expressive rite, "On the last day, that great day of the feast, that Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." With these few introductory remarks, let us come to the consideration of the great facts which render the Feast of Pentecost ever memorable in the early history of the Christian Church, and to celebrate which Whitsuntide still exists among us.

One of these is *the miraculous outpouring of the Divine Spirit.*" The following is the simple narrative:—"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." The "all" referred to are the hundred and twenty apostles and disciples, mentioned in the previous chapter as abiding in the "upper room" at Jerusalem. The probability is that this chamber was a hired one, and occupied by the twelve apostles, like the Roman *coenacula*, which were often let to poor lodgers. That these rooms were sometimes of a considerable size is evident from Mark xiv. 15, "And he will show you a large upper room furnished;" "And there were many lights in the upper chamber" (Acts xx. 8). In this lodging of the apostles were gathered together with them the leading disciples at Jerusalem, amounting, as we have said, to a hundred and twenty persons. The mother of our Lord was with them; and we cannot pass on without making a remark concerning her. The inspired writer simply terms her "Mary the mother of Jesus;" and after this quiet reference she recedes henceforth from our view,—the so-called Assumption of the Virgin having no place in sacred history; and one cannot but contrast the simple words with which her history in Scripture concludes, with the all but divine honours which the Roman Church has lavished upon her. It was in the midst of this pious company that the miraculous descent of the Holy Spirit took place, "When the day of Pentecost was fully come." Devout men in former times were not unfamiliar with His gracious operations, realising the fulfilment of the divine promise, "I will put my Spirit within you;" and often praying penitentially, as David did, "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me." But the wonders of the day of Pentecost were connected with the first *miraculous* descent of the Spirit, at least after the visible commencement of the Christian Church. It was the saying of Lord Bacon that "The hope of the Jewish Church was the promise of the Messiah, the hope of the Christian Church was the promise of the Divine Spirit;" the former hope was accomplished at Bethlehem, the latter at Jerusalem, on the ever-memorable "day of Pentecost:" for then the ascended Saviour fulfilled His final promise—"Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

A threefold symbol was the sign of the Spirit's presence. "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind,

and it filled all the house where they were sitting." This "*mighty rushing wind*" was undoubtedly a symbol of that mental and spiritual power with which the disciples were then endowed, to carry on their great conquests through the world; being the fulfilment of their great Captain's promise, "Ye shall receive power by the Holy Spirit coming upon you: and ye shall be My witnesses, both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

The second symbol was that of *quenchless zeal*, and is thus described by the sacred writer:—"There appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." A few words of explanation are needful for the right understanding of the circumstances of this second symbol. The common opinion is, that the tongues mentioned here are called "cloven," because each one of them was divided at the tip, and thus formed into two points; but this fact would have required *σχιζόμεναι* to express it. The word really used (*διαμεριζόμεναι*) signifies "*distributed among them.*" Jerome saw the right meaning, and hence the Vulgate, which was mainly his work, has "*dispertita.*" Most of us are familiar with a bishop's mitre, and have noticed that its top has two points, which points are supposed to resemble the cloven tongues spoken of here; but as the word "*cloven*" is a mistranslation of the original, the Herald's Office will have sometime to alter the shape of the mitre, in order to make the symbol and the fact agree. Another common mistake needs correction. If the question be asked, Upon whose heads did the fiery tongues rest? some would probably reply, "Upon the heads of the twelve apostles." This answer, however, would be incorrect, for the narrative tells us that "it sat upon *each* of them"—meaning that a fiery tongue rested upon the head of each of the hundred and twenty disciples: no distinction being made between the men and the women, or between the apostles and the humblest of the assembled brethren. All felt the "*mighty rushing wind,*" and the heads of all were crowned with the miraculous tongue of fire.

The third symbol was that of the various tongues which the disciples miraculously spake. As soon as the "*mighty rushing wind*" filled the room, and the "*fiery tongues*" had appeared, the brethren began to express themselves in languages hitherto unknown to them. In the sixth verse of the second chapter of the Acts, we read, "Now when this was noised abroad." What was noised abroad? The question is capable of three answers. The words may mean, When the rumour of the miracle spread; or, When the sound of the rushing mighty wind was heard outside; or the phrase may refer to the utterance of the languages by the inspired disciples. The second meaning is probably the most correct, and is the one adopted by Dean Alford, who translates the verse thus:—"Now when this sound took place, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language." We take for granted that this gift of tongues was miraculously conferred upon the disciples, and therefore it would be a mere waste of time to notice the ways in which some commentators attempt to explain the fact, as of natural

occurrence. These favoured men were the chosen messengers of God's spiritual mercy to mankind, and at Pentecost they had given to them the capacity to speak to the nations concerning "*the wonderful works of God.*" The fifth verse of the chapter tells us that there were at this time visitors or residents at Jerusalem "out of every nation under heaven," and these, of course, were well able to test the nature and importance of this surprising gift of language. "The regions from which they principally came are specified, and these extend from the Euxine to the Indian Ocean, and from the Persian Gulf to the Tyrrhenian Sea, and the Coast of Africa." The names of these different countries are mentioned in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh verses of the chapter, and show to us over what a wide extent of the earth's surface the poor Jews had been scattered in the different periods of their eventful history. As they are at this hour, so they have been for at least two thousand five hundred years, a "peeled and scattered" people. Their history during that period has resembled the scroll mentioned in Ezekiel's vision, which was written within and without, and "full of grief, lamentation, and woe." The sad story begins with the captivity of the ten tribes, which was effected by Tiglath Pileser, by Shalmaneser, and by Esarhaddon, between the years 740 and 677 B.C. After the lapse of years, the captivity of Israel was followed by the carrying away of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. This is known in history as "the Babylonian captivity," and, like the former, took place at three different times, between the years 606 and 588, B.C. The next considerable captivity was caused by the Egyptians, under Ptolemy Lagus, 320, B.C.; then came the capture of Jerusalem by Antiochus, B.C. 168, and the massacre of tens of thousands of the ill-fated people. A hundred years later, the Roman "eagles" flocked to Judæa in search of their prey—and found it. Pompey captured the sacred city, 63, B.C., and carried multitudes into captivity; soon after, Crassus was equally rapacious; in the year 37, B.C., Herod and the Roman general, Sossius, played their cruel part; then came the seventh captivity, the sorrows of which abide to this day—the one foretold by Jesus Christ himself, effected by the Roman general, Titus, amidst circumstances of so much terror, as to render it one of the most tragic events in the history of the world.

The other great event which signalled the first Pentecost of the Church was the conversion in one day, by one sermon, of "*three thousand souls.*" The feeling which predominated among the witnesses of the miracle was one of utter amazement, but mingled with them were a few contemptuous doubters, who, "mocking, said, These men are full of new wine"—a company of intoxicated Galileans! An unpromising people, certainly, to set about the spiritual elevation and conquest of the world! "It is an excellent memorandum that Gregory hath left—'*Deus primo collegit indoctos; post modum philosophos; et non per oratores docuit piscatores, sed per piscatores subegit oratores.*'" The Divine Spirit inspired the Galileans on the day of Pentecost; their spokesman, Peter, stood forth—*Primus inter pares*—he preached

a simple Gospel sermon, and three thousand of the "captivity" became the willing captives of Christ. Thus has it ever been, and thus it will ever be, until the "truth as it is in Jesus" secures a universal triumph. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Holiness Everywhere.

In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses, "Holiness unto the Lord;" and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar.—*Zechariah* xiv. 20.

ZECHARIAH, like Jeremiah and Ezekiel, belonged to the priestly as well as the prophetic order, and in very early life he returned from Babylon with those of his countrymen who were restored from the captivity under the leadership of Zerubbabel and Joshua. He was a contemporary with Haggai, and with that prophet encouraged and stimulated the exertions of his countrymen in the work of re-building the Temple. Ezra tells us "they prospered through the prophesying of Haggai the prophet and Zechariah the son of Iddo."

The writings of this prophet-priest, next to those of Isaiah, have the most frequent references to the character and coming of the Lord. The history of the chosen people forms the centre of his predictions, and that history is set forth both in direct prophecy, and in symbolical acts and visions. The language employed by the prophet is not difficult of comprehension, though careful comparison with other parts of Sacred Scripture is indispensable to the clear discernment of his symbolism. His representations of the latter-day glory of the Church are exceedingly vivid. These, like similar portions of the Word of God, are interpreted literally or spiritually according to the bias of the reader's mind. This duality of interpretation is not so injurious as some think, and certainly it does not deprive us of the benefit to be derived from great principles and moral laws, which are of universal force and perpetual existence. The last of Zechariah's prophecies commences with the seventh verse of the thirteenth chapter, and its subjects are: The sufferings of the Saviour,—the punishment of His enemies,—the final glory of the Church. It is a wonderful picture which is presented to us by the words of the text, and eminently suggestive, not only of a final prevalence of religion, but also of the true ideal of the Christian life after which all are aiming, whose desire it is "that God in all things should be glorified through Jesus Christ."

I. *We have a representation of common things becoming sacred.*

II. *Of sacred things becoming more holy still.*

I. *Common things become sacred.*—"In that day there shall be on the bells (the bridles or trappings) of the horses Holiness unto the Lord." This was the inscription which by Divine command was engraved on the plate of pure gold affixed to the front of the mitre of the High Priest,—the bright memorial incessantly, though silently, proclaiming to the eye, to the heart, to the conscience, a holy God, a holy service, a holy minister, a holy people, a holy covenant. It was a symbolic teaching of the necessity of holiness in him who mediates between God and man.

The prophet represents this motto, not as worn by the servant of God in the presence of the people assembled to witness his entrance into the Holy of Holies, but as visible to every spectator in the streets, as distinct and of as common use as the metal trappings on the harness of horses.

His words indicate to us a condition of things in which there shall be a wonderful publicity given to Divine truth. The prophetic writings abound with similar representations of the extensive diffusion of sacred truth. They tell us, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" that "they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord;" that all obstacles to the diffusion of the knowledge of God amongst men shall be removed, and at length "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." We have already witnessed much in the direction which the prophets indicate. The facilities afforded for the multiplication of knowledge by means of the printing press have produced a state of society which is so different, as to make it impossible for us to understand the condition of men who lived in the previous ages. God said to the nations, "Let there be light" a second time, when He sent Guttenburg, and Faust, and Caxton to wake up the slumbering races of men. Great facility has been given to the work of enlightening the world by the improvements in modern locomotion. The statistics of Bible production are amongst the most surprising details of commercial industry, and are worthy of the attention of the merchant, but specially of the Christian. But the text seems to say, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." "The very horses as they go about the streets shall publish Divine truth."

I dare say most of us would be rather displeased than otherwise to see all the flaming theatrical advertisements on our walls supplanted to-morrow by portions of Scripture and invitations to prayer. We have sometimes felt a sense of incongruity and over-zeal, when good men have given rather more than usual publicity to religious services, and have wished that less obtrusive notification of such engagements had been made. The prophet indicates that this feeling of unusualness

shall give way, and at last every eye shall be accosted everywhere by the solemn utterances of the Word of God. In that day, the power of Divine grace will ensure that the universal prevalence of Divine truth does not cause it to degenerate in the esteem of men—that sacred things be not uttered by flippant tongues; and it will be well for us if the same grace preserves us from all that is irreverent in the treatment of holy subjects. In order that our agency sink not into routine, that our activities dwindle not into mere mechanism, and that our zeal be not eliminated of its knowledge, let Holiness to the Lord be the indenture on all our words, and works, and ways.

(2) *The words of the prophet suggest to us the undeveloped energies of Christian love.*—Some years ago, at the occurrence of an unusually high tide, an adventurous bill-sticker rowed his boat under one of the metropolitan bridges, and in the very crown of the central archway posted his announcement. He knew that for twelve months the waters would bear no one within reach of his handywork so as to be able to remove it, and there, sheltered from the weather, it remained a memorial of the ingenuity which can do common things in an uncommon way. To a devout Jew, when this prophet wrote, the thought of decorating a horse with the words borne by the High Priest would seem, not only incongruous, but almost blasphemous, and yet the very words themselves would preserve the right-minded from lack of devoutness—"Holiness unto the Lord." We have lived to witness the adoption of multiplied and various means of diffusing Divine truth. Agencies and modes of operation of which our fathers never dreamed, and which to them would have seemed questionable in propriety, have become familiar to us. In like manner, when we have ceased from our labours, Christian usefulness will develop itself in methods of which we are entirely ignorant. There is room enough in the service of God for all the faculties of invention with which men are endowed. Inclination, capacity, taste, may all come and be consecrated in the work of the sanctuary, and, as long as "Holiness unto the Lord" is stamped upon them, they will be capable of rendering good and faithful service. Who that is deeply interested in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ does not long for the age of invention to come, when new methods of approaching men shall be devised, or, better still, a new spirit within shall rescue all Christian labour from monotony and mediocrity? Such an idea of consecrated ingenuity seems to have pervaded the prophet's mind, for he gives us not only this representation of human ingenuity in the trappings of the horses bearing the sacred inscription, but the more impressive vision of Divine ingenuity, in which the olive-trees are seen to supply the golden lamps in the Temple. The powers of nature and of art blend together in the process, and the forest trees become Levites to feed the Temple lamps. He also discerns in the Divine operations an agency far more effective than that which is the result of human

effort. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, great mountain before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain, and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it?"

The prophet, moreover, discerns a condition of prevailing opinion in which nothing shall be called common or unclean. Nothing shall be trivial or of little esteem, and no duty shall lie outside the pale of Divine consecration.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily near to God.

This is the consecration which is required of all who are "made kings and priests unto God." Like as Aaron and his sons were touched with the blood "on the tip of the right ear, and on the thumb of the right hand, and upon the great toe of the right foot," so all the gateways of knowledge, and the intellectual powers, all the practical activities of life, its manufactures, manipulations, and diversities of handcraft, and all the personal movements, should acknowledge the dedicating power, "Holiness unto the Lord." "Business is one thing and religion is another," say the men of the world. No man in Christ dares say so, unless he is prepared for the condemnation, "Thou wicked and unfaithful servant." Better even than on the trappings of the horses will the inscription read on the bales of our merchandise, the scales of our shops, and the account books of all our commerce, "Holiness unto the Lord." Thus in all stations of life, in all society, in every occupation, the life of faith should bring everything into the Divine presence, and make them all reflect the relation of the individual man to God. Such life is not ascetic, as some have thought; indeed, it cannot be. Self-denial must have room to work; it cannot be morose, for faith worketh by love, and its diffusive fragrance, like the broken alabaster box, fills the house with its odour. Much need we have for prayer that we may thus glorify God, and constant necessity for holy vigilance, lest by inadvertence we suffer the loss of spiritual gain through the encroachments of a worldly spirit. "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

II. *The prophet represents sacred things as becoming more sacred.*—"The pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." The former of these were the cups and plates used by the priests for their own food in their various apartments in the precincts of the Temple. They were a part of the furniture of the house, and were not allowed to be removed or parted with, but handed down from one succession to another of the ministers of God. The latter—"the bowls before the altar"—were the solemnly consecrated vessels which

were only allowed to be used in the worship of God, for the blood, the incense, the salt, and the shew bread, and which were counted of all things most holy. Hence, their desecration in Babylon by Belshazzar and his infamous companions was an act of outrageous blasphemy, and became the signal for the intervention of God's judgment. "They brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the Temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, drank in them. . . . In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace." These were the vessels whose enumeration is so carefully given by Ezra in the commencement of his book, and whose exact weight was scrupulously recorded in the Temple archives. In the prophet's ascending scale of holiness he refers to each of these five thousand four hundred objects, as though they had all risen in importance and worth.

The design of the inscription upon Aaron's brow, we are told, was "It shall be upon Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things which the children of Israel shall hallow in all their holy gifts; and it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before the Lord." By this appointment men are reminded that their best performances, their most sacred observances, are not without sin. Our prayers are often narrow, selfish, unbelieving, wanting in fervour, or formal and vague. Our praises too often set forth our own voices rather than the goodness of God. Our worship is wanting in spirituality and vigour, even if not, alas! sometimes in sincerity. Although we should not be conscious of it, sin cleaves to us in all our holy services. We need forgiveness for this as much as for the most palpable transgressions of the Divine law.

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne,
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

There is one from whose brow the inscription is never removed, never defaced, "Holiness unto the Lord."

One evidence of increasing personal holiness in the Christian will be found in the increased power exercised by spiritual things over him, a clearer perception of their reality, a greater facility of converse with them, a more ready surrender of heart and thought to their influence, a preponderating estimation of them beyond the most vivid of temporal attractions.

Hatred of all sin, without compromise or exception, is, perhaps, the highest development of personal holiness with which we are acquainted on earth—the nearest approach to participation in the Divine nature. Only by much communion with God can we grow into this exaltation of character, and it will discover itself, not by self-

assertion, or arrogant pretension, or confident self-esteem, but by deepest humility.

The apostle would seem to have had his thoughts directed to these vessels of the Temple when he wrote the words, "In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth, and some to honour and some to dishonour. If a man therefore purge himself from these (*i.e.*, withdraw from the unruly and depart from iniquity), he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." There are, he says, differences and degrees of Christian character. Men may be real in their discipleship, and yet very imperfectly fitted for their Lord's service, and therefore preparation for this honour is to be the object of their prayer and effort. How sublime a description of character! Who would not covet it? "Prepared for every good work."
CREDO.

Flowers.

THE humblest flower is a poem by Him
Who dwells midst the blazing cherubim.

Read it well,

It has something to tell.

In rhythm of colour it will confess

God loveth beauty and gentleness :

Marvellous are all His works, and each

If you will but listen, some lesson will teach.

The lowliest life a poem may be

Pleasing to God by a soul that is free.

Child of light,

Be holy and bright,

That so by a noble life and true

You may be to God what a flower is to you :

A blossom of song for the garland sublime

He is gathering in from the garden of time.

J. HUNT COOKE.

The Philippians.

I.

THE city of Philippi belonged anciently to the country known as Thracia, and was then called Krenides—which word means Fountains, on account of the many springs which existed in the neighbourhood. In later times Philip, king of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, took possession of the place, fortified it, and gave to it his own name. The city afterwards fell into the hands of the Romans, and under their sway formed an important part of Proconsular Macedonia. About forty years before the birth of Christ the neighbourhood witnessed two great battles, which have rendered Philippi very famous in secular history. After the violent death of Julius Cæsar, Brutus, one of the leaders of the assassination, retired to Greece, and there, in company with his friend Cassius, gathered troops to make head against Octavius, the future Emperor, Augustus Cæsar. They met at Philippi; the battle was fiercely contested; but the exiles were defeated, and Cassius sought death by falling upon his own sword. In a second battle Brutus was again defeated, came to the same tragic end as his friend Cassius, and with him perished the remnants of the former freedom of the Roman world. Shakspeare has depicted these historic scenes in his “Julius Cæsar”; and the readers of the poet Horace remember his not heroic conduct in connection with them. While the youthful poet was a student at Athens, he joined the party of Brutus, and at the battle of Philippi turned coward:—his own words being,

“Relicta non bene parmula”;—
My shield being basely cast away.

Like the shield of Horace, the city of Philippi has long since ceased to be of use in the world, being now little more than “a desolation and a heap.” A modern traveller thus describes it:—“A steep track following the course of an ancient paved road leads to Philippi, the solitary pass being about 1,600 feet above the sea level. At this point the traveller arrives in little more than half-an-hour’s riding, and almost immediately begins to descend by a yet steeper path into the plain Two Turkish cemeteries are now passed, the grave-stones of which are all derived from the ruins of the ancient city. Near the second cemetery are more ruins on a slight eminence, and also a Khan, kept by a Greek family. Here is a large monumental block of marble, twelve feet high and seven feet square, apparently the pedestal of a statue, as on the top a hole exists which was obviously intended for its reception. This hole is pointed out by local tradition as the crib out of which Alexander’s horse, Bucephalus, was

accustomed to eat his oats. On two sides of the block is a mutilated Latin inscription, in which the names of Caius Vivius and Cornelius Quartus may be deciphered." Thus Philippi, like most of the once flourishing places in that part of the world, has fallen into deep decay, partly because the business of the world has travelled westward, and partly because of the desolating influences of the Turkish rule. In apostolic times Philippi was probably at the summit of its prosperity. In the Acts of the Apostles (xvi. 12), it is called "The chief city of that part of Macedonia and a colony." We have not space for a detailed description of a Roman "colony," but may say briefly, in the language of Adams—"colonies were cities, or lands which Roman citizens were sent to inhabit. The new colony marched to their destined place in the form of an army, with colours flying. The lands were marked round with a plough, and his own portion assigned to each one, all which was done after taking the auspices, and offering sacrifices." These colonies existed in most parts of the Roman world. Cologne in Germany was one; there were about thirty in Spain; Gibbon says there were nine in Britain, including London, Lincoln, Colchester, Gloucester, and Bath; and Philippi was colonized by some of the soldiers who overcame Brutus and Cassius there. The Latin word *colonus* is from *colo*, therefore means a tiller of the soil, and at last degenerated from meaning a Roman veteran using the spade to our contemptible word clown.—"Sic transit gloria mundi!" Although the secular fame of Philippi is considerable, it is eclipsed by the renown of the city derived from the facts of sacred history, of which it was the favoured scene. Prominent among these great events is the connection of the Apostle Paul with it. He visited the place at least three times, wrought a great spiritual work there, and cherished the kindest feelings of Christian affection toward the disciples there, down to the latest portion of his life. His first visit to the city was in company with Luke and Silas, about the year 54, during his second missionary journey. Under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, Paul came to Troas, on the confines of Asia Minor, which Troas is generally identified with the neighbourhood of the Troy, immortalized by Homer. "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us" (Acts xvi. 9). Mindful of the "heavenly vision," Paul passed over into Europe, and was the first Apostle, so far as we know, who preached the Gospel to the inhabitants of our quarter of the globe. It was at Philippi, therefore, that the Apostle made his first attack upon the pagan gods of Europe; it was there that he first preached the Gospel to our ancestors, which has never ceased since then to be proclaimed; there he held forth the lamp of life which is still bright among us; there he began to sow in Europe that "seed of the kingdom," which has been growing and increasing ever since,—that seed which is yet to be sown in all lands, and to make the wide world "a field which the Lord God hath blessed."

Let us now say a few words concerning the first Christian converts at Philippi. Whatever the relative proportion of Greeks and Romans at Philippi may have been, the number of Jews was probably small. The place therefore contained no synagogue; but only one of those buildings called *Proseuchae* (praying places), which were distinguished from the regular places of Jewish worship by being of a more slight and temporary build, and frequently open to the sky. In St. Luke (vi. 12) the interesting fact is recorded that our Saviour, previous to His selection of the Twelve Apostles, "Went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God," and it was probably in one of these *Proseuchae* that the Divine Master performed this notable act of devotion. The "praying place" at Philippi was situated outside the gate of the city, for the sake of greater quietness and freedom from interruption; and in order that the ablutions might be readily performed, which the Jews often blended with their devotions, it was placed "by a river side"—that is, on a bank of the small stream *Gangites*, or *Gangas*. To this humble place of devotion Paul and his companions went, on the first Sabbath after their arrival, and joined in the worship of the sparse congregation there assembled, which at that time was composed apparently of females only. It has often been noticed that the great missionary work of Paul in Europe was commenced at a prayer-meeting—the fact emphasising the inspired interrogation, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" When the devotions had ceased, the Apostle and his friends began to speak in a familiar way (*ἐλαλοῦμεν*) to the little assembly concerning the great truths of the Christian religion;—nor did they speak in vain. "And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, listened to us (*ἤκουεν*), whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." She was probably a Gentile by birth, had become a Jewish proselyte, and now became a disciple of Christ. She is called a "seller of purple," which may mean, either that she dyed clothes of that highly-prized colour, or sold clothes so dyed. And here we may direct attention to an instance of Luke's minute accuracy, in the fact that her native Thyatira was a place noted for its dyeing business. An inscription has been found there, which purports to have been originally set up by the guild of dyers (*βαφείδης*) in honour of . . . a distinguished man of the reign of Caracalla. It is less known that the city of Thyatira is still thus distinguished. But we are assured of this fact by Sir Emerson Tennent, who in his *Letters from the Aegean* says, "We learned, in answer to inquiries on the subject, that the cloths which are dyed scarlet here—the purple of Scripture was a kind of scarlet—are considered superior to any others furnished by Asia Minor, and that large quantities are sent weekly to Smyrna, for the purposes of commerce." Lydia was probably an unmarried woman, also in easy circumstances, having several servants with her; and these servants were in all probability converted to God at the time she herself received "the truth as it is in Jesus";—for we

read in the 15th verse, "When she was baptized and her household, she besought us, saying, if ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there. And she constrained us."

Thus the Gospel had obtained a home in Europe. It is true that the family with whom the Apostles lodged was Asiatic rather than European; and the direct influence of Lydia may be supposed to have contributed more to the establishment of the church of Thyatira, addressed by St. John, than to that of Philippi, which received the letter of St. Paul. But still the doctrine and practice of Christianity were established in Europe, and nothing could be more calm and tranquil than its first beginnings on the shores of that continent which it has long overspread. The scenes by the river side, and in the house of Lydia, are beautiful prophecies of the holy influence which women—elevated by Christianity to their true position, and enabled by divine grace to wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—have now for centuries exerted over domestic happiness and the growth of piety and peace. If we wish to see this in a forcible light, we may contrast the picture which is drawn for us by St. Luke with another representation of women in the same neighbourhood given by the heathen poets, who tell us of the frantic excitement of the Edonian matrons, wandering, under the name of religion, with dishevelled hair and violent cries on the banks of the Strymon.

These meetings for prayer at the river side were carried on for some time, and at length were forcibly discontinued by the occurrence of a strange event, upon which we must offer a few remarks. In the 16th verse we read, "And it came to pass as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying." The words "*spirit of divination*" mean literally "a spirit of Python"; and as Python was one of the names of Apollo—probably from the fact that he was a giver of oracles—this damsel was called a Pythoness, because she was able to tell fortunes and perform the other functions of "wise women," as such people are called in some parts of our own country. Dr. Kitto's remarks upon the matter are worth quoting:—"She was a slave, for it is stated that she 'brought her masters much gain by soothsaying.' Anciently, and indeed at present, in the countries where slavery exists, the money value of a slave was greatly affected by the profession or trade he had acquired, by the accomplishments he had been taught, or by his capacity in any way of earning money for his master. Some possessed such qualities when they fell into slavery (a large proportion of the slaves being prisoners of war), and some acquired them in slavery, the masters being watchful to cultivate for their own profit any special aptitudes their slaves manifested. Hence the ancient Greeks and Romans possessed slaves of all professions—not only men bred to the various mechanic arts, but philosophers, rhetoricians, grammarians, dramatists, physicians. Those also who made a trade of the arts of divination, were watchful after individuals who manifested qualities, aptitudes, or even infirmities,

which might prove advantageous to them in their business, and sought to obtain them by purchase or otherwise. Those who, like this damsel, possessed 'the spirit of divination,' were doubtless rare, and their value correspondingly high. The value of the girl to her owners seems to be shown by the fact that she had a plurality of 'masters'; because her price had been either too great to be advanced by a single person or such as no one person had cared to risk upon the uncertainty of her life." The inspired narrative, however, clearly intimates to us that the "soothsaying" of this damsel was not the mere result of her natural cleverness or acquired ability, as in most cases of ventriloquism and so-called clairvoyance; but that she was possessed with an evil spirit, under the dominion of which demon she performed the "lying wonders" which the credulous multitude attributed to the divine Apollo, and which well filled the purses of her possessors. But their profits soon came to nought. The indwelling demon, probably in order to retain his hold upon the victim, well knowing the power of the Apostles, tried to propitiate them by fair words:—causing the damsel to frequently follow the missionaries and to cry out, "These men are the servants of the most high God which shew unto us the way of salvation." After this gospel according to the devil had been preached by the damsel many days, Paul cast out the demon and sent him to his own place. The masters of the girl, whose value was now almost reduced to zero, seeing that the hope of their gains was gone, raised a popular tumult against the missionaries, brought them before the magistrates, and by accusations containing an artful blending of truth and falsehood, so strongly prejudiced the authorities against them that they were first severely scourged, then immured in the city prison. As the jailor received a command from his superiors to keep his prisoners "safely," he seemed to look upon them as madmen, or dangerous wild beasts, and treated them accordingly, thrusting them into the inner prison, and making their feet fast in the stocks." We know enough of ancient prisons to see that the sufferings of Paul and Silas, in the cruel hands of such a jailor, were extremely severe. Dungeons at this period usually consisted of three parts:—1. The *communiore*, where the prisoners had light and fresh air; 2. the *interiora*, shut off by iron gates with strong bars and locks; and, 3. the *Tullianum* or place of execution. These places of confinement, of course, were without any of those comforts which English jails contain; resembling rather the wretched hole referred to in Jeremiah, xxxviii. 6: "Then took they Jeremiah, and cast him into the dungeon of Malchiah, the son of Hammelech, which was in the court of the prison: and they let down Jeremiah with cords. And in the dungeon there was no water, but mire: so Jeremiah sunk in the mire." And in a later age Origen endured similar sufferings to those of the missionaries at Philippi, when an iron collar was fastened upon him, and he was cast into the deepest recesses of a prison; and for many days was "extended and stretched to the distance of four holes on the rack." The case of Paul and Silas now seemed very dark and hopeless; certainly there

was a strong contrast between the quiet and kindness of Lydia's home and the wretchedness of a dark dungeon—made darker, if possible, by the hard-heartedness and cruelty of their keeper. But they were not in "Giant Despair's castle." They were on the Lord's mission, and they realised richly His consoling mercy and sustaining might. Their prison was very dark, but they could see to remember that Joseph's feet, too, had been "hurt in the stocks," and he became a prince in Egypt; so they were comforted by the "Lord, our Maker, who *giveth songs in the night*";—they prayed and *sang hymns to God*." What hymns? When Martin Luther was in deep, dark, trouble, he sang in David's words—

"Ein fester Berg ist unser Gott; "

and the prisoners at Philippi would not do better than sing as he did "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! For He hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder."

Extracts.

DOUBTING NO PROOF OF MENTAL STRENGTH.

In dealing with his doubts a young man should also be careful, and not deem doubting the sign of a stronger intellect. It is far from that. Anybody can doubt. And a man who is floundering in a sea of doubts has no right to call out to others to come and see how brave and strong a swimmer he is. The strong and brave swimmer is he who gets through and gains the other shore, and stands firmly on the rock. He who can never quite make up his mind on any subject is not usually praised for vigour of intellect. The young man who begins a trade, a business, a profession, and then, speedily doubting his ability or taste for it, turns to another, only again to doubt his ability, is a young man who awakens only pity for his want of perception or of purpose. He who cannot make up his mind on any public question, who always doubts how to vote, gets no praise for manliness. Doubt and indecision are marks of weakness rather than strength, and this Book of the Proverbs breathes all through it a bracing atmosphere of faith in truth, in right, in manhood, and in God. It shows on every page the native nobility of the man who is strong alike in the integrity of his outward virtue and in his inward faith.

SCEPTICISM OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A young man has been tenderly and carefully trained. He has religious parents. He has every advantage of Sabbath-school and sanctuary. He hears indeed of objections to religion. But they are mainly answered in the books he reads, and in the family conversation to which he listens. He believes his Bible. The men about him who live it and strive to practise it, though imperfect men, are widely different from the noisy profane crowd that he occasionally encounters. He is a believer in religion. He holds fast to his Bible. But there comes a change. He feels the strength, the vigour, the impatience of authority, the natural independence, which is inevitable as the young man takes his place in life. He feels competent to undertake almost anything. He hears new objections to particular portions of the Bible. It occurs to him that a good deal of his faith in the Scriptures is the result of education. He has taken many things for granted. He is beginning to think that, had he been trained up a Turk, he might have been a Mohammedan; or educated a Hindoo, he might have revered the Shasta. This is all true enough; and it amounts simply to saying that if a man had been badly trained the results would be likely to be bad. As an argument against a correct religious belief, it is as poor as would be the argument against sound learning that bad text-books would tend to make poor scholars. Right views of scepticism and science are none the less correct because a man was trained up to know them. But our young man is independent, self-reliant, able now to investigate for himself. And he is tempted to think it only fair to do what sceptics assert is the mark of independence; that is, to let all *education in religion count for nothing*. And, afraid that he may be unduly balanced in favour of the Bible by his education, he leans the other way. Now, he harbours every difficulty. Early training must not solve it. He will meet these things himself. He falls in with some one who suggests that religion, especially as a father and mother believed in it, has had its day; that it is old, puritanic; that the march of mind has left it far in the rear; that it is independent and manly and strong-minded to doubt. Objections to this miracle, to that doctrine, and the other duty, get a good deal of force in this state of mind. And the way is prepared for listening to one of those oily-tongued men who affect to pity persons who still hold to the Bible, and still believe in Christianity. "They wish they could," so runs their conversation, "believe in the Bible with the simple faith they had in childhood; but they regret to say they cannot. They have very grave doubts; would like to have them solved; but have no hope that they ever will be." They tell the young man, "Ah! when you know more of philosophy, and of the progress of free-thought, you will feel differently about your Bible; and a young man of sense and spirit and originality like yourself will never be content to believe a thing is true because your mother told you so."

Now, in this state of things the appeals of religion are not felt.

The young man's faith is more thoroughly undermined than he himself suspects. He does not exactly disbelieve. But he does not feel sure. He asks himself whether there may not be some mistake; whether there may not be error in the Bible after all; whether it may not be true that religious men over-state Christian doctrine. At least, one must not be in haste to commit one's self for or against religion. And this is the point at which the scepticism of our day is all directed. It does not ask that a man be a disbeliever, but only an unbeliever; not that a man deny, but only that he should doubt. For if there be such objections to religion, such difficulties in the Bible that its truths are neutralized, it is all that scepticism can expect to gain in an age like this.—*A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible.* Hodder & Stoughton.

Reviews.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS :
Sermons preached in Frome. By
T. George Rooke. London :
Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

MR. ROOKE, who has recently succeeded Dr. Green as President of Rawdon College, dedicates this small volume of sermons to the members of the church and congregation at Frome, as a memorial of relationships extending over a period of fourteen years, "which have been mutually happy, and not without mutual profit." As will be inferred from the title—which in this case is appropriately descriptive—the sermons are intended to illustrate an analogy which has commended itself to the judgment of Christian thinkers from the earliest ages, and gathered around it many of the most hallowed and powerful associations of our spiritual life. The typical import of the history of Israel in the wilderness is too patent to require proof—its scenes and its incidents—alike on the Divine side and the human, foreshadowed "things to come," and a wise teacher will frequently avail himself of the help

which he may thus acquire in his efforts to instruct, to strengthen and to ennoble his hearers. Mr. Rooke's discourses—twenty in number—are a capital specimen of the best style of preaching. He has himself visited the localities described, and made himself familiar with the unvarying customs of the East, and so endeavoured to determine the force of the Scripture references to them; witness, *e.g.*, the discourse on Israel as a horse (Isaiah lxiii. 13). He does not restrict himself to texts from the Pentateuch, but singles out the allusions to the wilderness history, which are interwoven with the very texture of subsequent Scriptures. His interpretations are based on a sound exegesis, and he is free from all tendency to mysticism and exaggeration. Not in any instance is a text overstrained, or made to yield a meaning alien to its true spirit. Every page gives evidence of careful thought and accurate scholarship. The author's mind is well stored with knowledge; he has a fine spiritual intuition, and has gained many lessons of "sterling worth," which no wisdom of the schools, but

only "our own experience teaches." Beginners in the Christian life will find in this volume a valuable aid to their progress, and to the most advanced Christians it will recall bright and blessed memories, and suggest anticipations which will inspire them with profoundest delight. We congratulate the committee of Rawdon College on their success in securing the services of one who has already proved himself a wise teacher, and whose influence on the students must be spiritually as well as intellectually stimulating. Mr. Rooke is a worthy occupant of the position which has been so ably filled by Drs. Green, Acworth, and Steadman, and we augur for him a career no less honourable and distinguished than theirs.

DEUTERONOMY: The People's Book; its Origin and Nature. A Defence. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill. 1877:

THE denial of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is now regarded as a common-place of advanced criticism. The book of Deuteronomy, for reasons not difficult to see, is an object of special dislike, and we are told, in the boldest and most dogmatic manner, that it cannot have been written before the age of Josiah. Ewald and Kuenen are the two representative critics, whose utterances are here subjected to a thorough and impartial examination. The anonymous author, in issuing this work, has rendered a timely and valuable service to the cause of Biblical science, and made the whole church his debtor. He has a clear and masterly grasp of the questions at stake, has acquired thorough knowledge of all that the Rationalistic critics have advanced, sees the apparent strength and the real weakness of their position, and meets it with arguments which they will find it difficult and, we believe, impossible honestly to answer. In a

brief notice such as we can here give to the work, it is useless to attempt an outline of these arguments. We can, however, assure our readers that they will find in it an adequate discussion of the "programme" theory, as based on "the finding of the Book of the Law," recorded in Kings and Chronicles, which book is *supposed* to have been Deuteronomy; on the ignorance of its contents which evidently prevailed (to which several striking parallels are furnished from the history of the Christian Church); on the prophecy of a king which is thought to have been a record of history; on the Central Altar, or Sanctuary, of which nothing is supposed to have been known until the time of Hezekiah; on the three great festivals, and on the *differentia* in style. These points are all examined with a fulness of knowledge, a soundness of judgment, and a candour of spirit which leave nothing to be desired; and the author has given a proof as conclusive as this or any similar question admits, that Deuteronomy was the work of the great lawgiver of Israel, aided, possibly, by several under-helpers, who acted as reporters, amanuenses, &c., and that it was intended for a people's handbook of Hebrew law. The question of style is admirably dealt with, and the illustrations from Carlyle, Swift, &c., are sufficient to silence the strongest objections which have been raised on this score. The book is the production of a practised hand, and is at once popular and scholarly, expressing the profoundest philosophy and the most subtle criticism, in clear and simple terms. It is a book with which every theological student should be familiar, and which should secure an extensive circulation among intelligent young men. We heartily thank the author for the manly and successful stand he has taken against the false and pernicious criticism of the Rationalistic school.

SAINT AUGUSTINE. A Poem in Eight Books. By the late Henry Warwick Cole, Q.C. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street, 1877.

THE author of this poem devoted the greater part of his leisure to the study of the life of St. Augustine. His eminence at the Bar was well known in the profession, and he was distinguished not more by his sound judgment and discretion, than by his high moral principle and his unflinching rectitude. This work was evidently one in which he had a sincere delight, and it will take no mean place as a biography of the great African Father. It is based on a careful and comprehensive study of his life and writings. The amount of reading which it must have involved is enormous; and while it here and there shows a tendency to hero-worship, and accepts too unquestioningly Augustine's theological and ecclesiastical *dicta*, it gives on the whole a fair and accurate estimate of his character and work. The story not only of Augustine himself, but of Monica, of Alypius, of Ambrose, &c., in their relations with him, is charmingly narrated, and is well worthy of careful perusal even by those who are well acquainted with it. The view given in chapter vii. of the first book, of the mother of Adeodatus, is in our opinion unjust, and would not have been endorsed by Augustine himself. To insist on his separation from her was assuredly a false step on the part of Monica, and Augustine would have acted more nobly had he entered into a legal affiancement with her to whom his heart clave, and from whom he parted "racked, wounded and bleeding" (Confess. vi. 25).

There is much true poetry in the book, and the rhythm is as a rule graceful and flowing. Had the author lived to revise the work, he

would no doubt have greatly improved it by compression, which in several places it requires. But notwithstanding the drawbacks inseparable from a posthumous publication it is of great value, and will be highly appreciated by the admirers of the greatest patristic theologian. It will also form an admirable companion to the Augustine Series which Messrs. Clark are now issuing.

PETER THE APOSTLE. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. London: Sampson Low & Co., 188, Fleet Street. 1877.

THIS is the third volume of expository discourses which Dr. Taylor has published since his removal to America, and many of his friends in England will give to it a no less cordial welcome than its predecessors secured. The subject is not less attractive than "David" and "Elijah," and there is this additional advantage, that we have fewer books on the great Christian Apostle than we have on either of those Old Testament heroes. Dr. Green's small volume is by a long way the most valuable with which we are acquainted, and this of Dr. Taylor's will form an admirable supplement to it. Dr. Taylor is, *par excellence*, an expositor, and has shown, in the most practical and decisive manner, the worth of a method of preaching which in his recent *Yale Lectures* he so strongly commended. He is thoroughly *en rapport* with his subject, has studied with minute and loving care the various incidents in the career of this "warm-hearted, impulsive, and often blundering Apostle," exhibited impartially his weakness and his strength, and drawn from the record many suggestive and appropriate lessons. He traces the life of Peter as it is sketched for

us in the four Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the two Epistles. He does not enter formally into the controversy as to the Pauline, the Petrine and the Johannine sections in the Christian Church, but he adduces materials which will enable an intelligent reader to form his own judgment on the point; and he has certainly helped to give a clear and consistent view of the position held by Peter, and of the nature and limits of his influence. In doctrine devoutly evangelical, he is by no means indifferent to the just claims of "modern thought;" his style is good, and if he had compressed his lectures into somewhat smaller space, they would have been all that we could have wished.

IS THE BOOK WRONG? A Question for Sceptics. By Hely H. A. Smith, Rector of Tansley. London: Bemrose & Sons, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS is a very valuable attempt to expose some of the insolent assumptions of infidelity. It is high time that mistaken leaders in science should cease from giving out conclusions which, not being perfectly established, are yet extended by small fry of sceptical lecturers to audiences incapable of contradicting them. More mischief is done in this way than can be estimated. This pamphlet assails some of the most reputed positions of infidelity, and with much success. It would be well for anyone to have read these pages who is likely to have his faith questioned by an unbeliever, or to have his Bible criticised by a scoffer. Materialistic influences, aided by the apathy of professed Christians, are fast enervating the moral life of the country—we want more controversial books of this sort, and some detailed refutation of the whole series of scientific errors. Of course, this

is not necessary, but it is very desirable to fight science with its own weapons; and such small tracts as this under our notice are gratifying, as indicating a tendency to produce more systematic and extensive handling of the subject. For circulation gratis, a cheaper edition of this tract may be had, twelve copies being supplied for two shillings.

CLARA MAYNARD; or, the True and the False. A Tale of the Times. By W. H. G. Kingston. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

MR. KINGSTON'S field of operation is usually so very maritime, that we must confess to some surprise at meeting him in that department of literature to which this work belongs. In "Clara Maynard" the perils of the deep are those which rise from the depths of popish iniquity; the pirates are the ritualist parsons of the Anglican church, and the dreaded wreck is that of human happiness and usefulness in the unholy atrocities of conventual life. Mr. Kingston is too old a hand not to write effectively, but the dangers he deplores require more decisive treatment than any which he prescribes.

IS IT THE DUTY OF BELIEVERS IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST TO BE BAPTIZED INTO HIS NAME? By Ebenezer Maclean, Greenock. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

IN all our congregations there are to be found those whom Mr. Maclean calls "unbaptized Baptists"—i.e., those who are convinced of believers' baptism, but have not rendered practical obedience to the Saviour's command. We thank our brother for this excellent tract, which will be found very suitable for distribution amongst the class for whom it is intended.

**BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG:
RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.**

PAT RILEY'S FRIENDS is a pretty little story, illustrating the influence of Christian charity in lowly life. Our young friends could not find better employment for a sixpence than in its purchase. SUNBEAMS FOR DARK DAYS is a useful collection of hymns and passages of Scripture, adapted, as its title intimates, for times of trial. We cannot bestow greater praise upon THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW than to say it is one of Mrs. Prosser's best stories. The steps by which a hard, grasping, covetous woman is brought to a better state of mind are narrated

with vigorous and well-sustained interest, and the subordinate characters harmonise well with the plan of the authoress. RHODA LYLE is a girls' book by a writer who knows how to ingratiate the young readers, and to blend the grave and gay for their best interests. OSGOOD'S REBELLION; or, Days at Westbrook College, will undoubtedly prove to be, as it deserves, a great favourite with boys. Christian parents will do well to put it in the hands of boys at school who are deficient in what is now called "the courage of their opinions." Though only a shilling book, it is intrinsically invaluable. We also highly commend THE MIDDLETONS; or, the Events of a Year.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Cononley, Yorkshire, April 14th.

Tiverton, April 19th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Brown, Rev. G. A. (Philadelphia, U.S.A.), Lincoln.

Clark, Rev. J. P. (Bristol College), St. Andrews, N. B.

Howarth, Rev. B. (Manchester College), Heaton, Yorkshire.

James, Rev. J. S. (Pontypool College), Capel-y-Fin.

McMechan, Rev. W. H. (London), Windsor.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Barmouth, Rev. W. Rees, April 30th.

Batley, Yorkshire, Rev. J. H. Hardy, May 5th.

Birmingham, Rev. W. G. Hailstone, April 16th.

Carmarthen, Rev. W. M. Lewis, May 2nd.

Woolwich, Rev. J. Turner, May 1st.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

VII.

THE REV. FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR, D.D.

IT is only in rare cases that a man who has won for himself a brilliant reputation as a writer acquires equal distinction as a preacher. Our own generation, however, has furnished us with several examples, and of these Dr. Farrar is perhaps the most prominent. His "Life of Christ" is, without doubt, the most popular work which has been issued from the English press for many years, and its popularity has been obtained under circumstances somewhat remarkable. The subject is distinctly and emphatically religious; it has been discussed so incessantly and exhaustively that "no new thing" can, by any possibility, be said in regard to it. In addition to innumerable sermons, essays, and sketches—to say nothing of learned commentaries—whose aim it is to portray the character, expound the mission, and enforce the claims of our Lord, there are in existence not less than one hundred and fifty formal "Lives" of Him; and yet Canon Farrar's has excited a deeper and more general interest than any work which has appeared since Lord Macaulay's "History of England." It is published in two large volumes, at a price which to multitudes must have been absolutely prohibitory, and yet it has reached its twenty-first edition. In the cheaper form in which it is now being issued, it will probably secure a circulation such as popular novelists alone have been credited with the power to command. Into a criticism of the work we do not propose to enter—opinions differ as to its merits, and professed theologians may find other books which will be of greater service to them, but as a popular "Life of Christ," Dr. Farrar's is without a rival, and it has gained for him a reputation which would amply reward a long and laborious career.

This is not, however, the only laurel he has won in the arena of literature. He is the author of various other works—theological, scientific, and scholastic—which have all achieved a more than ordi-

nary success ; and there are few writers of our day who have so much reason to be gratified with the recognised results of their toil as the late Head-Master of Marlborough. He has published some three or four volumes of his sermons, all of which have passed through several editions, and as a preacher he is rapidly acquiring a popularity which will fully correspond with his fame as an author.

The outline of his life is soon told.* He was born in the Fort of Bombay, in the year 1831 ; his father, a clergyman of the Church of England, being at that time a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. At an early age he was sent to King William's College, Castletown, Isle of Man, and there strove bravely and successfully to reach the ideal of school life which he has so finely depicted in his Harrow and Marlborough sermons. He stood for two years at the head of the school—the foremost boy in honest work and honourable play. From this Manx school he was removed, at the age of sixteen, to King's College, London, and was thus brought into contact with such men as Dr. Jelf, Professor Plumptre, and the late Mr. Maurice, by all of whom his mind was profoundly influenced. His course in London was not less distinguished than it had been in the Isle of Man. He gained the Classical and Divinity Scholarships, as well as the Classical Exhibition at the University of London, in which University he afterwards, and while pursuing his studies at Cambridge, graduated as B.A., and gained the Senior Classical Scholarship—a fact which reflects the greatest honour both on his abilities and his diligence, and implies a vast amount of persistent and enthusiastic work.

Having remained four years in London, Mr. Farrar went, in 1851, to Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his degree as fourth junior Optime, and fourth in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1854. Honours again awaited him. In the mathematical department he had more than the average success ; in the classical he had few compeers. In addition to many College prizes, he gained the Chancellor's English Medal for the best English prize poem in 1852, the Le Bas prize, and the Morrisian prize. In 1856 he was elected a Fellow of Trinity.

Two years before his election to a fellowship he was invited by Dr. Cotton (best remembered as Bishop of Calcutta) to become an Assistant Master at Marlborough College. The reverence and affection in which Mr. Farrar held this "father and second founder of Marlborough" find frequent expression in his school sermons. The affection was mutual, and the good Bishop testified of Mr. Farrar, "I never knew any one who had a greater power of stimulating intellectual exertion and literary taste. The impulse which he imparted to my sixth form was quite extraordinary. When boys first joined it they seemed in a very short time to be imbued by him with a new intellectual life, and a real desire after knowledge and improvement for their own sake."

The Assistant-Mastership at Marlborough was closed in little more than a year by Mr. Farrar's acceptance of a similar position at Harrow, then under the direction of Dr. C. J. Vaughan, and here he remained

* See "*Men of Mark*," "*National Portrait Gallery*," &c.

for a period of fifteen years. The invitation to so important a position in this venerable institution was in itself a gratifying testimony to Mr. Farrar's power as a teacher. Dr. Vaughan, himself a favourite pupil of Arnold's, had rendered Harrow no less illustrious than Rugby, and he found in Mr. Farrar a man of congenial and sympathetic spirit, whose co-operation powerfully aided the accomplishment of his design. And when in 1871 the Assistant-Master of Harrow became the Head-Master of the College in which he began the work of his life, a testimonial was presented to him, and Dr. Vaughan thus referred to him:—"His character is most lovable. He wins to himself all who approach him. He would be, I am sure, the magnet of all that is noble and generous in the hearts of those whom he ruled; and it would be with no selfish motive, but with the single-minded desire to implant and to cherish in his pupils everything high-minded and religious and Christian, that he would put forth this singular power of attraction." This eulogy, from the lips of so discriminating and sincere a judge, is heartily endorsed by all who have come into contact with the man to whose work it is a tribute, and by none is it more enthusiastically re-echoed than by the "boys," who have had the best opportunity of testing its accuracy.

As we have already intimated, Mr. Farrar resigned his position at Harrow to return to Marlborough, to the head-mastership of which he was cordially appointed in 1871. Other honours also had during his life at Harrow fallen upon him. He took his M.A. degree at Cambridge in 1857, and was about the same time ordained priest by the Bishop of Ely. In 1858 he was made an Honorary Fellow of King's College, London; a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1864; Honorary Chaplain to the Queen in 1869, and Hulsean Lecturer in 1870. In 1872 he was appointed a Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; took his D.D. degree in 1874; and in 1876 became Canon of Westminster, and Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and there for the present the outline of his life pauses.

It does not fall within the scope of our article to pass under review Dr. Farrar's literary works. The briefest reference must suffice. His earliest efforts were in the realms of fiction. "Eric; or, Little by Little" (which has passed through nine editions); "Julian Home;" "St. Winifred's; or, the World of School," are the titles of books which have been read with eager delight by thousands of English school-boys, and which have, moreover, implanted in their minds lessons of highest worth, and stimulated them to aspire after a noble and heroic manhood. "Greek Grammar Rules" and "A Brief Greek Syntax," are works of another class, and, strange to say, have met with no less conspicuous success. The author's plan of illustrating classical idioms by parallels from modern literature, and especially from English literature, is now generally adopted; and his books are used in several of the great public schools. It is not only to the classics, however, that he has directed his attention. He is also a skilled philologist, and his "Origin of Language," "Chapters on Lan-

guage," and "Families of Speech" display an originality and strength of thought and a breadth of culture which have placed their author side by side with the most distinguished investigators in this department of science; and Professor Max Müller, the greatest living authority, was led by these works to speak of Dr. Farrar as one "whose name would add lustre to any school in England." Of his "Seekers after God," and his numerous contributions to Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," "The Bible Educator," "The Quarterly Review," "The Expositor," &c., we can only say that they are the work of a mind which is as painstaking and accurate as it is prolific.

Dr. Farrar's characteristics as a preacher may be gathered from his four volumes of School and University Sermons—"The Fall of Man," "The Witness of History to Christ," "The Silence and Voices of God," and "In the Days of Thy Youth." He has a good if not an imposing presence; his voice is sweet and musical; and if he betrays an occasional nervousness, it is a nervousness which arises from the intensity of his feeling, and increases rather than diminishes the effect of his speech.

One great charm of his sermons is their almost perfect beauty. He has a rare command of language, and in most cases uses not only an appropriate but the most appropriate word. He is, as might be expected, a brilliant rhetorician, and naturally casts his thought into an oratorical mould. There is not only fluency but gorgeousness in his style. His words are exquisitely coloured, and are rich in suggestiveness. But their brilliance never conceals their point or blunts the sharpness of their edge. No hearer of Dr. Farrar's could accuse him of "wrapping up his moral teaching in those vague, conventional euphemisms from which the consciences of men can escape." He would infinitely sooner lay aside all the advantages of his scholarship and eloquence than tone down his appeal to the conscience, or prophesy smooth things.

The beautiful language of Dr. Farrar's sermons is the vehicle of beautiful thought. The imagery which runs throughout them exercises over a cultured mind an irresistible fascination. Every paragraph contains a striking metaphor or illustration. Like most other great thinkers, Dr. Farrar is keen to detect the analogies and resemblances between the material and spiritual world, and instinctively seizes on the familiar facts of the former to bring within the range of the understanding and the heart the unfamiliar and too-often ignored facts and laws of the latter. He has the imagination of a poet, and his whole nature is thrilled by the glory of the vision which reveals to him the secrets of life and death. And this fine power has been strenuously disciplined. The Canon is one of the most extensive readers, both in ancient and modern literature, with whom we are acquainted, and he not only reads, but allows his mind to re-act on what he reads. He has studied with minute and loving care all the great writers of our own land. With Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Browning, for example, he is thoroughly at

home; and of these, perhaps no one has had a stronger influence on his style than Milton, whose words he often echoes, and in whose "mighty pages" he has often revelled. He has culled the choicest flowers in our English literature, and gazed upon them so intently, that they have made an indelible impress on his mind, and he is familiar with every line and curve in their form, and every shade in their colour. He does not hesitate to give occasional quotations from the works which have proved so stimulating and helpful to himself—quotations which are invariably short, pithy, and apposite, and which, in many instances, have been rescued from obscurity by the genius and diligence of the preacher. If there is any fault to be found with him on this score, it is that the same sentences are, in the course of his writings, quoted perhaps too frequently. In spoken addresses—especially when delivered to different audiences—the repetition is of no moment, but it is not well to let it stand in print. We could name a considerable number of extracts, both in poetry and in prose, which Dr. Farrar quotes some five or six times.

We should expect so devout a student of our great poets to be a lover of nature, and there are in his writings many indications that he is. We here recall to mind a paragraph which will illustrate this, and at the same time give us an idea of the surroundings of Marlborough.

"To me our mere physical surroundings are unspeakably dear. The river valley with its towers and trees; the forest with its mossy glades and primroses and waving boughs; the West Woods with their wild anemones and daffodils; the free fresh downs with the winds of heaven, that breathe health over them; the natural amphitheatre of Martinsell, and the glorious expanse from which we have gazed so often from its green and breezy summit: and how far, far more than these the nearer scenes so bright with their thousand imperishable memories: the terrace, the mound, the cricket-field, the wilderness, the roofs of the old house rising over the clipped yews, and between the groups of noble limes. And often, as on these gorgeous summer evenings the sunsets have rolled over us in their countless waves of crimson fire, I have sat in my own garden amid woodland sights and sounds that now seem doubly precious—the peace, the coolness, the song of birds, the quiet lapse of the river heard in the stillness, the air full of the odour of rose and jasmine—and then heard the chapel bell breaking the stillness and passed through the court with its groups of happy boys, and so into the beautiful reverence of this dear House of God with its 'solemn psalms and silver litanies,' I have thought that not often has God, our Heavenly Father, given better elements of happiness than His free grace has here vouchsafed to you and to me."

Dr. Farrar's sermons do not, as a rule, indicate a strong ecclesiastical bias, nor does he appear anxious to class himself among the champions of any of the three parties into which the Established Church is unhappily divided. We should say, as the result of a somewhat wide acquaintance with his writings, that he is nearer the Broad Church school than either of the other sections. He possesses a liberality and breadth of sympathy which we heartily admire, and is not so exclusive as either the High Churchman or the Low Churchman. But his breadth is of a very different type from Dean Stanley's or Professor Jowett's, and he combines with his liberality a reverence

and an earnestness in which many Broad Churchmen are lamentably deficient. In his ecclesiastical beliefs, as in other respects, Dr. Farrar presents a closer resemblance to his friend, Dr. Vaughan, than to any other representative of the Episcopal Church we can call to mind.

His theology is substantially evangelical, and is the result of a reverent and courageous endeavour to interpret the teaching of the Scriptures. He has in him nothing of the dry and abstruse scholastic; he is not the slave of a rigid and lifeless orthodoxy, and if he knows that wisdom did not perish with "the fathers" he does not delude himself into the idea that it was born with the sons. The authority of antiquity does not overawe, nor does the glare of novelty dazzle him. By the late Professor Maurice he was happily described as "well able to combine the culture of other days with the special wisdom of ours." This was largely the aim of Maurice's own life, but we venture to think that the pupil has herein excelled the master. Maurice was, doubtless, a greater man than Farrar, more profoundly original, with subtler powers of thought, and more capable of inspiring those who differed from him with a pure and noble enthusiasm. But his beliefs were often inconsistent with the plain teaching of Scripture, with the human consciousness to which he so frequently appealed, and scarcely less so with one another. His language, moreover, was often vague and cloudy (though no one could at times be plainer or more emphatic), and this arose from the cloudy character of his thoughts. In these respects, certainly, Dr. Farrar excels his illustrious teacher, and has thrown into a nobler form that which he received from him. Maurice was himself greatly influenced by Coleridge, as were most thoughtful minds of his day. And to the writings of this great philosopher Dr. Farrar makes various references, which prove how closely he has studied them, and how thoroughly he has imbibed their spirit.

But, after all, he accepts the aid of human teachers only so far as they enable him the better to understand and the more powerfully to enforce the lessons of the supreme authority of our faith. "Tell me not," he says in one of his sermons, "that to speak thus shows a want of *savoir faire*—tell me not that such a view of sin is unphilosophical, or that it is not in accordance with the view taken by sensible men of the world, or that men of genius have spoken otherwise. I speak not as a man of the world—not as would-be philosophers have spoken, or as men of genius have sung ere the day came which made them repent in dust and ashes; but I speak as that God hath spoken, whose minister I am, I speak as His Apostles and Prophets and martyrs have spoken; nay, I speak even as has been spoken by not a few of the best and wisest of the very heathen whose words might well call up a blush, were blushes possible, upon many a professing Christian's cheek."

Dr. Farrar has, in his "Life of Christ," and in some of his briefer essays, made larger concessions to rationalistic criticism than he need have made, and several narratives of Scripture he deprives of

historical accuracy and regards as "divine philosophemes." This we deeply regret, for he thereby weakens his own position, and confirms rather than destroys the unbelief of his opponents.

Where, however, his convictions lead him, he resolutely and unflinchingly goes. He certainly does not aim to "please men." His preaching is directed to their deepest needs, not to their intellectual or æsthetic tastes. His is no half-hearted loyalty to Christ. He acknowledges no such restrictions as are too commonly imposed by men.

He who would follow Christ must not only follow Him on the path of self-denial and of labour, but must follow Him also in the strength of *enthusiasm*, must be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. . . . And never was it more needed than now, for never more than now did the world hate enthusiasm, and never was it more certain that by a noble enthusiasm it can alone be saved. For it is an age of unbelief, of hollowness, of cynicism, and these are the inevitable symptoms of decay. And decaying times need no smooth and drowsy voices, no conventional remedies, no flattering words. They need the living zeal that cannot sleep and settle on its lees, but which reels and staggers as with an invincible exaltation. The Hebrew word for prophet comes from a root that means to bubble like water on a flame, and even the heathen imagined their seers as convulsed with the descending deity, and speaking only with frenzied lips the utterances that reached through innumerable years. All this is strange to us, but it was not strange to St. Paul, who was caught up to the third heaven, whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell. Nor have these records of overpowering religious emotion been strange to many of those who, as though heaven's own lightning had flashed upon their faces, have become fusile throughout their whole being with the spirit of their Lord. Upon these souls, so wild, disordered, and yet so full of heaven—these souls that yield themselves like the strings of a harp to unseen players—we look down with a superior pity. Let us spare our contemptuous pity; the icy, glassy surface of our religious life is in no sort of danger of being swept by such tornadoes of spiritual emotion. But, oh! better is the clearing hurricane than the brooding pestilence; better the rush of the resistless torrent than the stagnancy of the putrid marsh. And though "enthusiast" be now a term of ridicule; though men in general seem to have adopted the inscription which may be seen in one of our southern abbeys, "*Anyone who leaves the trodden path will be prosecuted*"; though it has been well described as the tendency of the day "to tame goodness and greatness out of their splendid passion, and to stamp virtue itself into coinage of convenience;" yet without enthusiasm the world would long ago have been that barren plain in which, if I may use the eloquent image of a modern statesman, "Every mole-hill is a mountain, and every thistle a forest tree." No deed of permanent greatness, no deed of regenerating force can be achieved without it.

These powerful words reveal, with sufficient clearness, the main source of Dr. Farrar's strength as a preacher. He is unreservedly in earnest. He believes, and therefore speaks. An all-absorbing purpose controls him, and thus, constrained by the love of Christ, kept to "the one thing" on which he has set his heart, he kindles in others the glow of a like enthusiasm. Such eloquence cannot easily be resisted, and we unfeignedly rejoice in the thought that he who wields it has so often occupied the vantage ground of an university preacher, and has in other respects a position of commanding influence.

Dr. Farrar's SCHOOL SERMONS must not be passed over in silence.

They are not, perhaps, equal to his University sermons in the sweep of their thought or the perfection of their style, although on this latter ground we see little to be desired. But as sermons to youths and young men, they are simply invaluable. They do not discuss, except in an incidental manner, the doctrines of Christianity, but they are everywhere pervaded by the spirit of Christ, and point to Him as the only Redeemer and Lord. In his valedictory sermon at Marlborough College he thus referred to the aim of his preaching—"Always when I have mounted the steps of this pulpit, the one sole desire of my heart has been to share with you those thoughts which are the bread of life; to speak to you so that the very youngest little boy might understand; to make every sermon an influence—infinitesimal it might be, yet real—against the power of temptation; a warning—ineffectual it might be, yet solemn—against those bad, base spirits which would have troubled our souls; a force, insignificant indeed and yet appreciable, on the side of God." No one can read the volume in which these words occur without feeling that they are true. The preacher is as a boy among boys. He has a deep insight into their nature—understands their peculiar temptations, and knows how most effectually to appeal to them. The subjects he discusses before them are selected with a view to their position and its requirements, and the youngest lad must have been led to see the meanness and guilt of falsehood, impurity, and injustice—of all words and thoughts of ill, and at the same time must have been quickened to aspire after virtue, holiness, and God. We know not where to find more searching and solemn warnings against youthful temptations, or more attractive representations of the beauty and peacefulness of the life to which we are called in Christ. Dr. Vaughan truthfully spoke of his friend's Harrow sermons "as having exercised a most powerful influence for good upon their hearers . . . not only in stimulating the conscience to a sense of duty but also in quickening the soul to aspirations after God."

As a Christian apologist, Dr. Farrar has already taken high rank. His Hulsean Lectures on "The Witness of History to Christ" are a powerful and convincing argument in favour of the Gospel and of the Deity of our Lord. They are, in some senses, the author's most scholarly and elaborate theological work, and show a complete mastery of the questions at issue, and a determination to face them bravely and honestly. They are also written in a most vigorous and fascinating style, and form an admirable companion volume to the "Life of Christ."

Dr. Farrar is still a comparatively young man, and we may, therefore, not unreasonably anticipate for him a long and honourable career. His influence in social, literary, and religious life will, we believe, be pure, healthful, and elevating; and the members not only of his own community but of every Christian Church in England will be benefited by his wise and eloquent words, his earnest philanthropy, and his manly and consistent life.

The Intermediate State.

BY THE REV. J. HUNT COOKE.

THE ripest result of the positive philosophy of the nineteenth century has just been published. In the first instalment of the long anticipated work, "The Principles of Sociology," by Mr. Herbert Spencer, we have the application to men and society of the notions of the Synthetic philosophy. It would be difficult to meet with a more painful book. The intellectual grasp is powerful, the learning extensive, and yet the darkness is terrible, dense-cold and Egyptian, a darkness that may be felt. Man is only a nobler form of beast, his observant powers have become more developed, he has noticed his shadow and listened to an echo, he has observed dreams and epileptic fits, and thence has been led to believe in a spiritual world and a future state, and has developed those views of God and Christ, and the moral law and eternity, which we are in the habit of calling sublime. It may be that Mr. Spencer, like some other philosophers, has two sets of opinions; the one which he really believes and which guide his life, and the other which are merely the logical outcome of his philosophy (as indeed is the case with many professors of Christianity); and thus the great lesson of the book is this:—Man by reason knows not God. We need the Gospel to bring life and immortality to light.

But even in the region of philosophy, apart from inspiration, nothing can be less satisfactory than that materialism which is so prevalent in our day. That man has a material being, akin in many respects to the beasts that perish, cannot well be questioned. His body is formed on the same plan as other vertebrate animals; he is nourished by similar food, may be poisoned in the same way, is liable to like accidents, develops by similar stages, and in time dies and passes away to corruption like the lower animals; all this is very evident. But there are faculties in man that reveal a nature not only different in degree but in kind. We are not concerned to draw the line between instinct and reason, but to assert that instinct and reason in human beings are in use for purposes so totally different as to reveal that they belong to a being of a nature wholly dissimilar. That beasts have memory, reason and hope, we question not; but the use of these is bounded by the time and place of their existence, it never transcends personal need, or the need of offspring. No one possesses any interest or care beyond its own material existence or the continuance of its species. With the lower creatures there is not a gleam of thought about time past before it began to live, about distant space, or about any other state

of existence. But with man, the present is but a fraction of his thought and care. He has a historic faculty, and wants to know about the past thousands of years before he came into existence. He is interested in other lands, and even thinks about other worlds. He has longings and strivings after immortality; ideas of God and law, of right and beauty, direct his actions. The development hypothesis with its correlative "survival of the fittest" fails utterly here; for in a hand to hand fight with a gorilla, or in avoiding a snake, better be a savage than a philosopher. Had I to get my living in the backwoods, I should prefer for tutor a red Indian to Mr. Herbert Spencer himself. Let one of the young of the noblest of the ape tribe be brought to England and carefully trained, and it will be found absolutely impossible ever to instil into its intellect any ideas of a spiritual world. It will never erect a tomb to the memory of a departed friend, it will never aspire after immortality; it can never be taught to regulate its actions by a sense of the true, the beautiful, and the good. But let a child from the most degraded tribe of mankind known, be taken and carefully educated, and at once a nature is revealed that is not limited by the time and space of its own existence. He may be taught to think back through historical, and even through geologic periods, he will believe in a world of ministering angels, will recognize an ever-present God and look forward to an eternal existence after death. Thus we conclude that human beings have a nature different to that of the beasts that perish, or rather something superadded, a twofold nature, one part being the same and another being different, a body and a spirit conjoined.

There are two great spheres of existence, the material and the spiritual. There may be more for aught we know, but there are these two. Stars and worlds, beasts and flowers belong to one. Angels of different ranks, cherubs, seraphs and demons belong to the other. God is a spirit. Human beings belong to both.

In our present state of existence, through the effects of sin, our spiritual nature has been jarred and shattered, "bruised and ruined by the fall:" not destroyed, but dead in trespasses and sins. By the vivifying power of the Holy Ghost in conversion, which is being born of the Spirit, this is quickened, and there is life in Christ.

At the death of the body the material nature is laid down, the spirit enters the region of spirits, whatever that may mean, but thenceforth its communications are all spiritual, like the condition of the angels. So it remains till Christ comes again, when, by a miracle, the material nature is restored, purified, and brought to its fullest perfection. Then, the spiritual thoroughly developed, and the material thoroughly developed as well, we shall be like Christ completely at home in either condition of existence and happy for evermore.

Such in brief has been the generally received opinion of the Church in all times; in its broader features common to Roman, Greek, and Protestant divines, and on which it is now proposed to offer a few

illustrations rather to suggest thought than to present a complete scheme.

Now, first of all, with regard to our present state, it may be asked: What do we know of the Spiritual? This may be answered by asking: What do we know of the Material? We have certain sensations which come and go; that there is a material without us we are assured, but how little we know of it. Nothing but what comes to us through our sensations. Lie down to sleep, weary with a long journey, by the side of the cataract of Niagara, and where is the wondrous waterfall to you? Marching over the edge of those lofty jagged rocks come the thundering legions of the waters, seeking their home in the distant seas, fighting, wrestling and waltzing in eddying joy in the pool below; some fly up in ecstasy in towering foam to meet the golden sunshine, whose rays come with kisses, as they blush and sparkle into rainbows: but you see it not, still it is there. You answer, How absurd to think of sleep at such a time! True; but, suppose half a grain of morphia had somehow or other fallen into your morning cup of coffee; you might hear some distant hum, you might dimly see some majestic cascade, but all would be indistinct and dim, and you would cry for sleep and for awaking with more vigorous powers. Somewhat such is our view of the spiritual world. There it is, sublime and dim. You know there is a moral law, you know there is such existence as beauty, and truth, and love. These press upon you as stern realities. Do you not feel at times, when you allow the spirit within you to put forth its energies, that Jesus Christ is more real to you than any human being,—that you could more easily conceive of all around you ceasing to exist, than that this love to Christ, and love of Christ to you should be a delusion? Indistinctly, it is admitted, through the opiate of sin, are these glories discerned. But of their existence we are assured. Some have argued that the material world about us has no existence, that it is all imagination, but still we know it does exist. So some would reason of the spiritual, but equally in vain—the heart answers, “I have felt.”

Admitting that in our present condition impressions from the material world are more definite and clear than those from the spiritual world, we ask: Is it difficult to conceive of a state where impressions from the spiritual may be more definite and clear than those from the material? We see many around us in whom the spirit seems wholly dormant whilst the body is active. May we not believe in a state of existence in which the body is wholly dormant whilst the spirit is active? Let us briefly inquire, What saith the scriptures?

When our Lord hung upon the cross, He gave to the dying malefactor by His side this promise: “Verily I say unto thee,—this day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.” Now the fact that Christ’s body hung on the cross till the close of the day and then was placed in the tomb, reveals, incontestably, that this referred to a disembodied state. It distinctly then teaches four things:—1st. Existence apart

from the body. 2nd. Consciousness in that state of existence. 3rd. Communion with Christ. 4th. Happiness. And we may infer a fifth, which is important, the carrying into that altered condition of something possessed whilst in the body, such as the memory of the circumstances and the new-born attachment to Christ. The dying words of our Lord, imitated by the martyr Stephen, present an undeniable evidence of a conscious state apart from the body. To the same purpose is Paul's statement to the Philippians: "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." Granting that this expression might have been used subjectively, the souls sleep being unconscious, the moment of death would be to him the moment of the resurrection, yet the following statement: "to abide in the flesh," undoubtedly suggests a thought of abiding not in the flesh.

It is not intended in this paper to examine the several passages generally adduced in support of this view, such as our Lord's parables and conversations with the Sadducees. His statement that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were then living should, even if alone, be sufficient. But there is a passage in the Epistle to the Thessalonians, which is the one generally adduced to support the doctrine of what is termed the sleep of the soul. When our Lord shall come again, we read, "The dead in Christ shall rise first." Archbishop Whately advances this as his foremost argument. Examined carefully, it is all the other way. The Apostle begins by telling us that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, and so on. Now, how can Christ be said to bring our friends with Him, and then that afterwards they shall rise from the dead? It is contradictory, save on the view that their material nature is dead, asleep in the grave, and their spiritual nature is alive, and comes with Christ to be united to their restored material nature once more.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord," says the inspired Apostle in that wonderful chapter, the fifth of the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians. This, especially when taken with what follows, "That whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him," assuredly suggests a conscious state of existence absent from the body. If the first sentence were subjective the second cannot be. In the verse which follows there comes a very remarkable revelation. The English version here somewhat fails to give the sense of the original text. It may be paraphrased thus:—For we must all be thoroughly manifested at the foot of the throne of Christ, that every one may carry away with him the results gained by his bodily life, for good or for ill. *Φανερωω* is not to put in an appearance, but to manifest openly what we are. And *κομιζω* is not to receive punishment, but to carry away what has been acquired. This indeed explains the whole passage.

The results of our actions, selfward, is really twofold,—all tend to the edification, well or ill, the building up with stone or stubble, of either our material or spiritual existence. To a very great extent with Christians, and almost entirely with the unconverted, the ten-

clency is material. The consumption of food, invigoration of the body, cultivation of sense perception, knowledge of birds, flowers, and stars, acquaintance with friends who can assist, or help sons and daughters to succeed in the world, refinement of taste in the fine arts, attainment of property, or whatever may have a money value; the culture of the ear, the eye and the touch; all these, whether good or bad, belong to the material nature, the seen and the temporal. But then there are other faculties and tendencies whose ultimate end is not material; there is the habit of trust in the invisible God, communion with an unseen Saviour, submission to a gentle striving Spirit; there is the constraint of the love of Christ, unselfish efforts for his glory, acts of secret self-denial, cultivation of friendships in the Lord, striving to live above the joys of sense, work done with reference to eternity, a joyful pursuit of truth wherever it may lead, sacrifice of material for spiritual good; these, whether good or bad, well or ill done, belong to another sphere of existence. Thus the Apostle had just said,—these momentary light afflictions are working out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; that is to say, the troubles and vexations of life weaken the material, but may strengthen the spiritual part of our nature; for, he adds, while, we must notice the condition under which afflictions become glorious, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, &c.

Then follows the conclusion, "For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle," &c. That is to say, when you shall lay down your material acquisition; that body you have fed, and clothed, and nurtured and trained with so much care; and your furniture, and your books, and your balance at the bankers, and your knowledge of scenery, and judgment of bricks and mortar, the fame of your good name, and all that is of earth, earthy, because you have no power to look after them any more; when your material organ, with its senses, has been put in the grave, and perhaps blossomed into a Latin epitaph; you are not done with. There are spiritual acquisitions; you are not altogether naked, though the tent has fallen down, and the robe of flesh been blown away in the wild storm of death. To say the least, there is a love of Christ which is imperishable and unseparable. Little as that love is, it is precious to Jesus, and He will not do without it. Hence the Apostle speaks about labouring to be accepted by Christ, and about the earnest of the Spirit.

But still comes the question, What is the "building of God" here promised? Does it refer to the New Jerusalem, when the material shall be raised again? If so, why is the present tense used? Does it refer to the righteousness of Christ? It certainly gives a meaning to the whole passage to so regard it. We are conscious our spiritual possessions are so very small, we groan for fear of being found naked, we earnestly desire that our souls should be robed with some faculties that should fit us for the abode of spirits. If we have Christ we cannot be found naked. As when we were born into this

world, we were naked and bare, and all our material powers undeveloped, but a mother's love awaited us, on her bosom we found nourishment, protection and development, she clothed us till we could help ourselves. "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee." So, when the children of God are born (by death) into the spiritual world, on the bosom of Christ we shall find the supply of every spiritual need and the development of all untrained powers, until in the manhood of spirit life we can take our part with the angels of God; then to dwell in intercourse with the noble and good who have gone before, in a condition "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." That is to say, with recognition of each other in some way compared with which sight is clumsy, in communications in some way much nobler than by the hearing of the ear; a condition of which we can no more form a conception now, than the deaf man can of the Hallelujah chorus, or the blind man of the scenery of the Rhine, or the bleating sheep of the love of a human heart. Amidst the fulness of joy, brightened by the certain hope of once more having a material existence, when the purified and perfected bodies shall rise from the dead, and man be happy and active in both the material and spiritual world.

That is to say, God's grand estate of creation is a park and a palace. The material universe is the outer park. We walk amidst its magnificence, but there is just now a blinding hailstorm driven by the winds of iniquity. Dimly seen amidst the waving trees, yet almost concealed by the gloom and wild violence of the storm, is the marble mansion of pure spiritual existence in which God dwells. But who without can conceive the magnificence within? It is but by entering that its extent and equipment can be known; but a very different attire will be needed. Here, without, the thick boot, the heavy cloak, the close fitting cap is prized. On entering they must be laid aside. The dear Master calls one after another to put away the soaking, mud-splashed dress, and come in. But in going in, they adopt a dress that unfits them for the present for going out. But in the evening, the storm will have passed, calm and glowing sunshine shall irradiate the scene, and then the happy guests shall be able to go out and in; following as the Lord may lead, either in the gardens of time and space, or the Father's house of eternal life.

Selections from the Letters of the late Rev. William Best, B.A.

(Concluded from page 260.)

V.—LEEDS.

To his eldest Daughter.

I hope you will be successful in your attempt to secure a prize for your essay, only try to learn and to do things well from a higher motive. Always try to do your best, and whether you get placed higher than others or not, will not greatly matter—you will have done as you ought, and that will bring you a sense of satisfaction better than any prize There is something better than to know many books and many things, and that is to love Jesus Christ our Lord, and to be like Him. This is what I most of all desire for you. God loves us, though we are not holy and perfect and good as we ought to be, and Christ has suffered for our sins that we might be spared and forgiven; and if we take Christ as our Saviour, and love Him and obey Him, we shall grow like Him, and God will forgive every sin and grant us His favour and blessing. God bless you, dear Fanny! I love you more than I can tell you, and I am always,
Your very affectionate Papa.

To his Mother, on her Death-bed.

19th April, 1873.

I hope I shall not seem troublesome in writing to you, but you fill all my heart, and I am most desirous, as long as it may be permitted me, to hold a little intercourse with you, even if it be only by this way of letter-writing. I have nothing new to tell you. I love you as dearly and as deeply as I am able, and I always have done so. That I think you know, and in this respect I am only like your other children. They are as I, and I am as they. I hope this is a comfort to you, but I know the great, the greatest of all comforts is yours. Yours is the love of Jesus Christ. Blessed Saviour! that helps us in the hour of pain and weakness; and blessed Saviour! that helps us to bear the sadness, the exceeding sorrow of parting. You will receive this. I hope, on the morning of the Sabbath. How sweet the Sabbath of eternity, and how sweet, after all your cares and anxieties and manifold sufferings, to enter upon the full strength of immortal youth, and to enjoy the Sabbath of God's presence!

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

"No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues."

I hope your peace and joy abound; I hope it is with you as the hymn says—

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His."

I wish I could be near you; I wish we might never have had to part, but that is not God's order; I wish even with painfulness of desire that there were some

way in which I could serve you and comfort you. I owe you so much—far more than I can tell, and I have done so little in the way of return. May God richly recompense you for all your goodness to me! We all unite in dearest, kindest, tenderest love, and in all earnest prayer on your behalf,

Ever and for ever,

Your very affectionate and loving—

Mr. Best always remembered the birthdays of the members of his family, and never failed to write the customary letter as the day came round.

A Year after the last Letter.

May 14th, 1874.

How often have I written on this day of the month to Liverpool! and now the birthday, the 15th of May, has to be remembered—in precious and sacred memory of the dead. She will not come to us, but I trust we shall all go to her, and be in company with her “for ever with the Lord.”

To Mr. Wilson.

1st May, 1873.

You are the only one of my friends who, up to this time, has dropped me a few lines of sympathy, and I cannot tell you how gratefully I received them. My dear mother had reached a ripe old age, and yet somehow I never seemed to regard her as an old woman. The fact is she was always of a vivacious temperament, her mind vivid and clear, and her disposition hopeful and sunny, and though she had suffered a failure of bodily strength, that was all. To the last she was herself. There was no hiding, no diminution of faculty; she retained the qualities of her nature unimpaired. Her death is to me a severe wrench. I feel it very much. She was a good mother, there never was a better, and she was a truly good and God-fearing soul. She loved and trusted her Saviour, and has gone to Him. Her quiet departure, which people take as a matter of course, (and how can I expect anything else?) has for me altered the aspect of the world. Life is different. My own position with regard to men and things, to time and eternity, seems to be changed. I am among the elders, I am now among those who are going down the hill. I have the smaller fragment of my life to live. A younger generation is pushing me aside. All this was true before the sad event, no doubt, but now it is realized. May I live the rest of my time in holiness of life, and ever in view of the great and all-receiving eternity! God bless you, dear Wilson, for your kindness.

To his Wife.

Liverpool, 19th August, 1873.

I arrived at Liverpool at about two o'clock, and what think you?—as I was emerging from the station, Father, in company with his nurse, was entering. He was *en route* for Wavertree, where there is a stone-laying to-day—a Methodist affair, of course. He looked feeble on his legs, but cheery and bright—a very nice-looking old gentleman, white hair, fresh complexion, bright eyes. I was quite pleased. I never thought to have seen him so far recovered.

To a Friend, under circumstances of great trial.

May, 1874.

We must not judge the Divine Being by what we see or feel during a few years. What is life to Eternity? and Eternity is ours. God will sustain you, do not doubt it, and we shall see the clear sky by-and-by. “Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.” “He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.”

One thing we can do: we can urge the whole case upon the notice and regard

of God, the most loving and powerful of all friends, and continue to urge it until His response of mercy is given. Be sure of this, that iniquity never prospers in the long run. . . . God reigns—He reigns to execute righteousness, and He will not fail in His own way and time to take up your cause.

You have a great load of sorrow and care resting upon you. But God can give a joy and a peace richer than the richest the world knows, and which no force of circumstances, however strong and cruel, can impair.

To his Wife.

St. Ives, 2nd June, 1874.

We had, on the whole, a pleasant journey. The country is beautiful, but pants for water. Last night we took a walk, and oh! how the larks were singing—quite a chorus of them. I am spending a quiet morning in study, and shall do the same to-morrow; I ought always to have quiet preparation before preaching, although I should preach old sermons. I am sorry to be away from you, sincerely and very much so; I do not like the thought of your remaining, to move wearily in the daily rut, while I have change. Perhaps I think more on this point than you are aware; I believe I may say I never leave you without a debate within myself, in which conscience and affection speak for you.

To his Father.

Leeds, 13th July, 1874.

My dear Father,—We are very much concerned to hear of the painful attacks with which during the past week you have been visited: I trust the symptoms will yield to medical treatment, and that you may be spared anything like acute suffering. You have long had the happiness of knowing and loving the Lord Jesus Christ, and they that know the Son know the Father. You will therefore feel that you are in the hands of the Father, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, His and ours. This is an inexpressible consolation, the sweetest and best of all. I trust you will feel in your times of pain and weakness

“Sweet pleasure mingles with the pains,
While His kind hand your head sustains.”

You are constantly in my love, and thought, and prayers. I cannot forget, I never can forget all your fatherly goodness and love. May God recompense you in His own kingdom of glory! I wish I knew how I could serve and help and comfort you. I hope to hear good news of you. Meanwhile accept my kindest, dearest, and most grateful love, in which Mary joins, and

Believe me, most affectionately yours

To his Wife.

Glasgow, 13th September, 1874.

. . . Glasgow is a very fine large city. Splendid streets, fine shops, great vivacity and bustle. I have seen perhaps but few of the lions, but the place utterly fails to strike me as old Edinburgh did. “As the poet says,” When in “Auld Reekie”

“Go where I would
I felt a thud.”

but here

“I feel no thrill
Go where I will.”

The fact is, Glasgow is Liverpool repeated, with a blending of Manchester, and just a flavour of Middlesburgh. Hence, it does not fall in very particularly with my present mood. I enjoy making my new acquaintance, but my historic-poetic soul is not stirred. One thing here moves me with astonishment. The lower women go about in all but an unbearable (it is a disgraceful) state of semi-nudity. No head-gear, no sleeves for their arms, no stockings, of course no shoes, and short petticoats. They seem wretchedly

degraded, and I have noticed some old things bearing crushing burdens. I could almost have wept for some of these poor sisters, and last night I saw one go in for a fight, with a shout and a whoop, and a fiery impetuosity that fairly astounded me. Poor things! In a Christian land, and a city of revival!

After repeated attacks of paralysis, Mr. Best's father died, Friday, October 16th, 1874.

To his Wife.

Liverpool, 14th of November, 1874.

The breaking up of the old home is sad work; but the world itself must come under a like process. As the home of our race it must be broken up, and meanwhile, change and dissolution is the law of all human things. Only God remains, and the things of God. What a joy to lay hold upon Him amid the whirl, decay, and confusion of things!

To his Brother.

24th December, 1874.

A merry Christmas to you all, and, for your own self, many happy returns of your birthday. These are the old homely and long-familiar greetings; but you know that they come to you charged with all sincere, deep, and abiding affection. S— and D— are with us. They are both very well, though, like the rest of us, in their physical selves, they seem to be quite aware that summer is over and gone, and that spring is as yet distant. Meanwhile, we have deep snow, frequent fogs, keen winds, strong frost, and all the *etceteras* of an honest winter that knows his work, and means to do it thoroughly. We are looking forward to the great day—to-morrow; and a great question is whether we are to have goose for dinner, or turkey, or whether indeed we shall have to fall back upon humble fare—say, liver and bacon. A goose is on its way from Coleford, but then it may not arrive in time. Nobody, as yet, has sent us a turkey, and if one does not come as a gift, we shall not purchase—still, there are a few hours remaining, during which the lordly bird may make his appearance. In any case we shall survive. If we fare well, we have podophyllin pills at hand, to prevent severe dyspepsia; if we fare meagrely, we shall doubtless have what is wholesome and enough of it. The juvenile mind is much agitated. For the rest we have such games as “snap,” “bell and hammer,” and “table-croquet,” and there is a general feeling among the children that Santa Claus is on his way, and will fill their stockings during the night.

On the death of a dear son, lost in the burning of the “Cospatrick,” shortly after she sailed from Liverpool.

To Mr. and Mrs. B.

9, Grosvenor Place, Leeds, 2nd January, 1875.

Only just now—almost this minute—have I learned how terribly your hearts have been wounded. I do from the depths of my heart sorrow with you I cannot express my grief—may God in His great mercy come to your help, and fulfil His own great promises! Whatever you do, do not distrust Him. Do not imagine that He has not full and perfect control of the elements. Do not even in thought dethrone Him. It is impossible to sound the abyss of His designs and methods. We cannot reconcile all things—infinite power—infinite love for instance, with such a disaster. Why did He not interpose? Why leave those hundreds of poor trembling, agonizing creatures to the fury of fire and of water? Great God! what a mystery, and how terrible are Thy works! Can you love Him now—can you trust Him still? This is the crucial test. We profess much—what is

then behind the profession? Bear this strain—be faithful and true under this dark and appalling infliction—and your spiritual strength and joy hereafter will gain beyond all measure. It must be so—it always has been. God will arise and bless you. He will come out of the cloud and out of the place of thunder. And He will—He will bless you. He must mean a wondrous blessing after this. This is the preparation. Bear it, and the grace, and the mercy, and the light, and the love will be given. How I wish I could comfort and strengthen you; but you are in His hands, and what am I? "*He spared not His own Son.*"

God bless you both and all.

To Mr. Wilson.

Leeds, 11th January, 1875.

I am delighted to hear that your health this winter has been thus far so much better than it was during that of last year. Take care of yourself—keep your throat well attended to. Wash it well in cold water every morning, and be sure it is well protected against the cold. Our collars and neckties are nothing of protection. They leave just the tenderest bit of all fully exposed. Note that, like a wise man, and then take care what you breathe. Birmingham is not noted for purity of air. The nose is a filter; but do you breathe through your nose? Do you keep your mouth shut as you walk? If not, a respirator is desirable, or the air passages will suffer, and they are dangerously near the lungs. There! what do you think of all that? Perhaps you will say what an old woman he is!

To Mr. Wilson.

25th January, 1875.

My dear old friend,—Let us cheer up and have faith in God. There is nothing like the old anchorage, God's faithfulness, and no haven so sweet and comforting as God's love. I am growing better and stronger. I have not ventured out of doors since Sunday, but have had no recurrence of pain, and am just suffering from weakness and want of tone. It was a *very* great disappointment that I could not visit Birmingham as I had proposed. I wanted to see you, hear Bright, and attend Moody and Sankey's meeting. But the thing was purely impossible.

I sincerely regret to find that you also had need of medicine and nursing on Sunday evening, or rather Monday morning. I hope your symptoms were not serious. My attack was spasms, and for a time I thought I must needs die, the agony was so great.

Many thanks for your kindness to my friend, and for the trouble you went to on my account. I should like to do something for you in return, but what. At any rate I hope I may be able to see you by and by. I almost see an opportunity for a pop visit. I am not sure, but if it comes I will seize it as a cat pounces on a mouse.

To his Wife.

January 17th, 1875.

I found Watford a much more important and dignified place than I expected, quite a limb of London . . .

I have preached my first sermon in Watford Chapel, I wonder if it is to be followed by many others, or whether this evening's will be the only one besides. Be this in the decision of God Himself! This is a delightful country and there are many things to attract in the position of minister here; but be the issue as it may, I am prepared to accept it.

Whether my preaching has "taken" with the people I have no means of judging, and in one sense I am very indifferent about it, I did my duty, and did not preach for show, and made no effort to win "suffrages," and all consequences are in better and wiser hands than mine or than those of the people.

I took a rambling walk on Saturday morning, and heard the lark singing, and found the country very sweet and every way pleasant.

Prayer is power with God. Mine is, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence."

To his Wife.

January 16th, 1875.

I have not received any letter this morning; I suppose therefore, you have not written, as I did not leave you my address, but I hope all is going on well, and that there is no special need to communicate with me. Still, a letter, as I need not tell you, would be *very* pleasant, and you may lay as many tons of emphasis upon the "very" as ever you like. For you see I am among strangers, and I think the older I grow, the more I shrink from going among strangers. I receive every kindness. If I were an old friend I could not receive more; but then I am not an old friend, and moreover, am here on inspection. I believe thoroughly in the right of a church to choose its Pastor, and I do not therefore complain of probationary visits. That's one thing; it would be quite another to relish them.

I wish you were with me, I wish we were all here, if it were not for the pain of parting with the Leeds friends. I can't tell you how tenderly my heart clings to them. I can hardly bear the thought of parting. But then, I need not as yet think the thought. Perhaps this one visit may be first and last. I hope in any case it may be service done for the Saviour, and that I may in all things be guided from above. May South Parade have a blessing to-morrow whoever preaches, and may South Parade have a glorious future in store.

To Dr. Angus.

9, Grosvenor Place, Leeds, 5th February, 1875.

Though possibly you have heard already that I am invited to Watford, I should like you to receive the intelligence direct from myself, and I should like to be the first to tell you that it is my intention to accept the call. Though my labour here has not been wholly in vain, I think I have done all that I can do, and that the time is ripe for my removal.

It is a heart-breaking thing to bid good-bye to a place and a people under my circumstances.

My friends have been and are very kind, and I have many associations throughout the county, the disruption of which will be extremely painful.

But I feel I could not possibly have been more lovingly dealt with. God is guiding me to a people who I feel are earnest, godly, and affectionate—to a prosperous church and congregation—to a town which, though comparatively small, is active and increasing.

I trust I may be faithful, and wise, and zealous, and that my labours may be especially blessed to the gathering-in of souls. I am sure you will pray for me. How much I need the prayers of those who have power in prayer!

I thank you with all my heart for all your goodness and help.

Southfield House, Watford, February 18th, 1875.

My very dear Vaughan,—All that your mamma says, I say: God bless you in every way; and I wish to tell you we mean that your birthday shall be kept, if not to-morrow, then by-and-by. Perhaps you know that the Queen, as often as not, keeps her birthday on some other day, and not the right one, and so this time you will do as the Queen does. Perhaps we may keep yours when we all reach this beautiful country, and will it not be nice if your birthday is the first that is kept in our new home, or if yours and mine are both kept together? Well, give my dear love to your sisters and to our dear little "Gotty," and I send a good deal for yourself, and am

Your very loving Pa.

For years Mr. Best had been longing and praying for signs of "movement" in his church and congregation. He worked with and for an attached people, and the church was entirely free from anything like disunion. Still this did not satisfy him, and his constant expression was "We have peace, but I want progress." In January, 1875, the "Church of England" held a mission of a fortnight's duration. Just at this time came the invitation to Watford, and the consequent resignation of the pastorate at Leeds, and then, after twelve years of watching and waiting, God gave him his harvest. The revival meetings stirred some hearts. The feeling that they were losing the minister they loved so well stirred others. Inquirers flocked in; seekers for membership came in groups. Five or six evenings in the week were employed in conversation with these friends, and with his own hand, in the space of about six weeks, he baptized eighty persons. During this period, when the day's labours were over and he was in the quiet of his home, he would mentally look around his congregation and would say "Such a one ought to join with the rest; he or she is a Christian, I know," and in a day or two this friend would come, probably bringing another, and thus not a single one upon whom he had set his heart, did God withhold from him.

To his Sister.

Leeds, 5th March, 1875.

My hands are very full, more than a hundred persons all seeking fellowship with us. This is a great and wondrous work, and, beyond all our expectations, God is moving in great power and grace. Last Sunday I baptized twenty, and yesterday evening twelve, and the others are following. You may judge how much and how entirely I am engaged, and the more so as my strength is not up to its maximum. As to Watford, I have not secured a house, and therefore can form no idea as to when our removal will take place. This is perplexing, but as there is so much work to be done here which must be done, and which I dare not leave, perhaps it is best as it is. On Monday next a tea meeting is to be held by way of bidding me farewell, and I believe it is likely to be an affair of some magnitude.

To Mr. Wilson.

194, High Street, Watford, 26th May, 1875.

My dear old friend,—Thanks for your kind letter. I wish very much to have a peep at you. I have tried to scheme it two or three times this year, but have failed hitherto to carry the point. Perhaps I may do it by-and-by. I have to preach for Stowell Brown on the 20th June, and I might look in upon you for an hour or two on my way down—only perhaps, but I'll try.

What splendid weather we are enjoying—sunshine and shower in such glorious alternation; it ought to do you good, and will.

As to myself and what concern me, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places." The sensation of existence in this air, and with these surrounding circumstances, is delicious. Watford has a sweet and charming neighbourhood. My friends here are as kind as they can be. We are all well. I do not know when I felt stronger or better. You see I have great reasons for gratitude.

I hope John will give you the pleasure which success in an examination of the kind will, I know, afford you, and that he will go on and on until he is somebody, and worth a good deal to many people. He will know that whatever we get to be, if we are not of service to others, our success only adds to our condemnation.

To Rev. J. Haslam.

Watford, 31st May, 1875.

Your geography is mediæval—Watford was, in far off historical times, what it is described to be by your author, but his description is now perfectly laughable—ha! ha! ha! It will, however, serve in a Yorkshire village! Since my arrival here, humble as the place is, honors have thronged upon me, and I have been asked to furnish my *carte de visite*, that my portrait may appear in a forthcoming group of “Eminent Baptist Ministers”!!!

Why, my dear Haslam, you do not know to whom you are writing when you address me as you do, and imagine me as a shelved minister, hidden away in a little one-streeted town among green fields and bucolics!

Joke apart—I am very happy here. For many things I love Yorkshire, but I did right to leave. Of that I have no doubt, nor do I doubt that I did right in coming here.

To the Church of Christ meeting in South Parade Chapel, Leeds.

Watford, June 1st, 1875.

Dear Brethren,—I address you with much tenderness of affection and with the prayer that God may continue to give you the light of His presence, the consolations of His love, and the guidance of His counsel. My special purpose in writing is to beg you to be kind enough to forward to the Church in this town, of which I am now the Pastor, a note of dismission on behalf of Mrs. Best and myself that may formally and in due order transfer us from your fellowship to theirs. I trust that the good work of the Lord continues among you, and that the ingathering which commenced just before my leaving your town is still in progress. I cannot tell you how my heart clings to you all, and especially to those who thronged to the baptismal waters during the last days of my pastoral sojourn among you, and who made my parting at once so joyous and so full of pain. Mrs. Best unites with me in every good, kind, and fervent wish, and in all prayer for your abundant happiness, your peace, and for great prosperity to attend you in all you do for the Lord.

I remain, with all faithfulness and affection,

Very sincerely yours in the life and love of Jesus,

Watford, 8th June, 1875.

My dear Mr. Gibson,—I give you my very cordial thanks for your kind invitation, which I gladly accept. I have now no longer a home in Liverpool, which is a thought that I cannot dwell upon without sadness.

But God is dealing very graciously with me and mine. I am as much a London minister as I desire, and I have many advantages which London cannot afford. I think a very fine and promising field of Christian labour spreads out before me in this place, and if God spares me and grants me His help, I may reap a plentiful harvest. I hope to reach your home some time on Friday, next week. If I come earlier I will let you know, and perhaps I may add that it is my intention, in returning home, to go round *viâ* Rawdon and attend the Committee of Examiners at the College on the Tuesday, and the Annual Meeting on the Wednesday. This will serve to indicate the length of stay at Liverpool. With this information you will, I doubt not, be prepared to let me into your revolutionary opinions as to the Dissenting College system.

To Mrs. Jas. Mursell,

Watford, 9th June.

My dear Mrs. Mursell,—Will you permit me as a favour to intrude upon you in your great sorrow? I dearly loved your husband, and perhaps it may be some consolation if I tell you this. Many far more worthy than I loved him quite as dearly, for his very presence kindled affection and confidence. But why say this to you who know it so well and so much better than any others?

If such as myself feel all their heart melted with tenderness and sorrow and painful yearning as they think how that great brotherly heart is still in death, and how that kind and gracious presence has faded into eternity, what must be the depth and painfulness of your grief? If the love of our Lord were not infinite, and if His consolations were not as large as His love, and if He did not Himself come to us and nurse and cherish us in our times of utter bereavement, who could express the sadness of your widowhood? Your dear husband was a faithful servant and friend of the Lord Jesus Christ, and if the Great Master has taken him away from you because He has higher work for him elsewhere, he will Himself make you the richest compensations of His own love. And to Him, we who gather round you, our own hearts smitten and wounded and bleeding, do most lovingly commend you—you and the fatherless children who are at once your burden and your comfort. There are thousands who would take some part of your pain away if they could, but this is not permitted. You weep and must weep. It is God that wipeth away tears from our eyes, and God will little by little soothe and strengthen you. I say so because I know it. I speak as knowing the Divine ways of sore bereavements and of gentle consolation. The wound remains, but the sting of its pain is removed. May God be very near to you and yours. My dear wife joins me in all loving sympathy.

I am, faithfully and affectionately yours.

The following letter was written to the Rev. George B. D. Thomas, in reference to the death of his only daughter (on May 13th, aged 15), which took place ten months after that of her mother.

Watford, June 16th, 1875.

My dear Friend,—I do with all my heart sympathize with you. Your loss is very painful. Mother and daughter are now in heaven. It is sweet to think of them as being there, and with the Lord, and for ever free from pain, and annoyance, and sin, and the bitter sorrows of life. But I think of you—wifeless—having to bear in your solitary and widowed condition this new affliction, and my heart is very sore for you. “Whom He loves, He chastens” You would not be without tokens of His love, would you? even though they cause the heart to bleed. And then, how rich and how *real* heaven becomes when beloved ones pass away! I do not believe that any one can have much more than a speculative belief in immortality, and the Father’s house, the home of heaven, and the actual gathering together of the redeemed in the un-*seen* and *sinless* world, until some dear one passes through the veil. Then, somehow, we *know* a good deal that was formerly opinion only—and among other things are quite certain that the veil is but a veil, and that it hides from us wonders of Divine love, and wisdom, and power far surpassing all that we can perceive on this side of it. May God uphold and comfort you and your dear boy! You have very sweet memories to cherish. Your jewels were very precious, and very beautiful, and your own. Very precious, and, “save to yourself, how little known!” Memory now is a source of exquisite pain, by-and-bye memory will furnish you with sweetest consolation. Memory and hope! These are yours, and by-and-bye hope will become a new fruition of realized bliss. God will place you yet again in the midst of your darlings. My wife joins me in tender and loving sympathy.

Ever affectionately yours,

To Mr. Wilson.

Watford, June 16th, 1875.

My dear old Friend,—After all I cannot manage the arrangement, I can’t leave before Friday, and then, if I even started very early in the morning, I should only secure a mere glimpse of you. I greatly regret my inability in this respect. It is a real disappointment; but I hope now that the restless months are upon us, that either you will come south or I go north, and that

in some case of the kind we shall have time enough at any rate, to pay a short visit,—you at Watford, or I at Birmingham.

I would arrange to return *via* Birmingham, but here again my way is shut up. I shall not return from Liverpool, but from Yorkshire. I have to attend meetings at Rawdon College on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday must hurry home to be in time for a “deacons’ meeting.” How little our own affairs are in our own hands. We have to steer among currents, and life is largely spent in dodging among them, avoiding this, and securing the propulsion of that, and dexterously reaching smooth water in some of the interspaces, and now and then almost miraculously touching some desired point. I fairly long to see you. Last time we met it was in an Isle of Man lodging-house—where next? I hope all things are mending with you, and that God is helping and comforting you all.

Ever very affectionately,

WILLIAM BEST.

The last letter is dated June 16th. Here the unconscious autobiography, covering nearly twenty-five years, ceases—for the life thus traced can now be reckoned by hours only. The afternoon of Thursday, June 17th, Mr. Best complained of his old spasm-pain. The usual remedies proving useless, and the agony being intense, at nine p.m. the nearest medical man was called in. For awhile the symptoms were slightly relieved, but only for a while. By the afternoon of Friday, June 18th, it became apparent that the end was near. The faith which had not failed amidst bitterest domestic bereavements, never wavered now that the dark mystery of eternity was about to be solved. Mr. Best testified, “I have loved the Saviour all my life: I love Him now. I have trusted Him all my life: I trust Him now. I am not afraid to die.” Adding

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh! my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide—
Oh! receive my soul at last.”

This entire absence of the fear of death kept his “heart at leisure from itself” to sympathise with those who were being bereaved. “I did not think to leave you like this—I do not like to leave you with all this burden.”

As the thought of how much he had hoped to do at Watford came over his mind, he said, “I am so sorry for the Church at Watford;” and his spiritual charge was linked with his children, as he exclaimed many times, “My boys and my girls, the Church and the inquirers—my boys and my girls, the Church and the inquirers.”

To the doctor, amidst the throes of pain, Mr. Best preached his last sermon. “Doctor, you have been very kind to me, and I wish to thank you, and to tell you I am quite satisfied with your skill; but I want to ask you a question: do you love the Saviour?” The doctor begged his patient to “be calm.” Mr. Best, raising his voice, repeated

—“ Doctor, my brain is as clear as ever it was in my life. I know I am a dying man; you have seen many sick beds, and many dying beds, and you will come to one yourself some day. I want to know if you are prepared to die. Do you love the Saviour?” And this solemn question became a bitter cry—over, and over, and over again, “ Doctor, do you love the Saviour?” The doctor afterwards declared, “ that he had never seen a death-bed like this.”

A London physician was called in in the evening, but there was nothing to be done, and no hope. At half-past eleven o'clock, the breath came and went for the last time, and the tender heart was stilled for ever.

Reminiscences of Birmingham.

No. V.

IN civic and state processions the most important personages appear last; and we have therefore reserved for this our last paper a few remarks upon the state of religion and religious ministrations in Birmingham about half a century since. As, in point of ecclesiastical antiquity, the Roman Catholics claim the precedence, let us speak of them first. If “ Mass House Lane ” is still one of the streets of the town, our readers will be reminded thereby of the somewhat contemptuous manner in which the Roman Catholic chapels and services were spoken of in England in post-Reformation times down to a period within our own recollection. No modern nomenclature of streets would include a “ Mass House Lane ”—certainly not in Birmingham. At the beginning of this century the “ Mass-house ” had disappeared from the aforesaid lane, and expanded into two chapels elsewhere; the one being in Broad-street, and the other in Bath-street, on the site of the present Roman Catholic cathedral. We forget the name of the priest who officiated in the former chapel at the opening of the century; but we have heard our relatives speak of him as a quiet, inoffensive man, and who did not think it wrong to spend his evenings—not excepting those of the Sabbaths—at a neighbouring public-house. Probably, however, general opinion did not very much censure him, for a similar practice was not unknown at that time among some of the Protestant clergymen of the town. Indeed, if history told everything, she could mention some tavern-parlours which have echoed with the discussions of Dissenting church-meetings, and could repeat the name of a venerable London Baptist minister, now living, who

found it difficult, in his first pastorate, to abolish the remnant of a too free and easy style of procedure—namely, the use of pipes and tobacco at the vestry church-meetings. The “former times” were certainly not better than these.

The officiating priest in Bath-street Chapel, in our youth, was Father Peach, of whom we may mention two anecdotes illustrative of the period. It was his custom to spend the Sabbath evenings in playing at whist, and thought he transformed the secular pastime into a sacred exercise by putting the winnings into the poor-box. As, however, there is indubitable evidence that the Dons of Oxford and Cambridge adopted at that time the same practice, neither Protestants nor Catholics can say much against each other in the matter. Father Peach was also an exorcist; for the house of one of his flock being haunted, he undertook to “lay the ghost,” and to his own satisfaction did it effectually. Having reduced the “perturbed spirit” to peace, or at least procured its eviction, by the canonical employment of “book, bell, and candle,” he published a pamphlet in which he detailed the modes of procedure by which the spectre had been subdued. There is no lack of Catholic priests in Birmingham now, and, as ghosts are very scarce, the former cannot repeat the victory said to have been gained by Father Peach fifty years since. We once heard Mr. Spurgeon attribute the present scarcity of spectres in England to the abundance of day and Sunday schools; and as the remark, of course, applies to Birmingham, we need not credit “bell, book and candle” with the fact of their disappearance. There are probably twenty times as many Catholics in the town now as there were fifty years ago. They are honoured with the presence among them of Dr. Newman, one of the acutest and most cultivated men in Europe; and the chapel in Bath-street has expanded into a capacious cathedral, plus a Bishop of Birmingham to officiate therein. In our youth, if we recollect rightly, Birmingham and London were part of one diocese, presided over by one Dr. Milner, who wrote a book in favour of his Church, called “The End of Controversy.” We read the book in our early days; but all we can remember of it now is that it contained a table of figures to prove that the increase of culprits at Newgate kept pace with the increase of the issue of copies of the Scriptures by the British and Foreign Bible Society. As, however, Dr. Newman, even since he has been a Roman Catholic, has published an eloquent eulogium upon the beauties of our English translation, we would fain hope that the views of Dr. Ullathorne upon the matter agree rather with those of Dr. Newman than with those of Dr. Milner. It certainly grates upon one’s mind to hear a Christian, of any denomination, assert that the way to fill our gaols with felons is to put the Bible in every English home. Dr. Newman assuredly would not say so. Beginning his spiritual life (as we have heard) among us Baptists; then passing through the Church of England, first as a Low Churchman, and then as founder of that remarkable school of High Churchmen, who ought to have been termed

Newmanites, and are miscalled Puseyites; he has found refuge, though not quietude, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. His career has been a strange one; he is now an aged man, and death cannot be far away—

Who holds the keys of all the creeds.

We consider Dr. Newman to be an eminently good as well as great man, and therefore we the more regret his departure from what we deem the more correct beliefs of his earlier years.

Next in order come the churches and ministers of the Established Church in Birmingham. The rector of the chief parish, in our early days, was named, we think, Dr. Spry. He was not an Evangelical clergyman, at least in the opinion of John Angell James; for when the latter was about to take to himself a wife, and in those days could not be married except at church, he elected to be "joined in holy matrimony" at St. Martin's, the place in which Dr. Spry officiated; but as Mr. James wished also to be married by an Evangelical clergyman, he asked the doctor to allow an episcopal friend of his own to perform the service. Dr. Spry consented, Mr. James was married, and when the fee was proffered to the rector, he replied, "Keep your cash; dog does not feed on dog." The friend who married Mr. James was the Reverend Edward Burns, for many years the popular and useful incumbent of St. Mary's Chapel. He belonged to the school of religious thought of which Romaine, Simeon, and Scott were the type and ornament. We recollect the good man in our childhood, dressed in the clerical garb of the time; that is to say, in silk stockings, buckled shoes, and, what in the locality was called, "a cock and pinch hat." He was tolerant of Dissenters; went to hear Robert Hall preach when that renowned orator visited Birmingham, and more than once took a pipe with him after the service. In one of their smoking bouts, the subject of the Millennium came upon the carpet, when Mr. Hall remarked to the incumbent, "The first puff of the Millennium will blow down all your church steeples, sir."

Another very good clergyman in Birmingham during our youthful time was Dr. Marsh. Those who remember his pure and almost seraphic face will scarcely wonder that his mother said concerning him, "My son William seems to have been born without the taint of original sin." To use a quaint phrase of Rowland Hill, Dr. Marsh "would certainly have made a bad devil." When he first came to reside in the town, the locality of his spiritual labours abounded with "baptized heathens." Some of these pagans welcomed the minister with practical jokes—by trying to put out the gas of the church, by introducing a flock of sparrows into the building, and by finishing off with a small display of fireworks. Mr. Marsh, however, like Virgil's *vir gravis pietate*, conquered the rioters by his kindness, and made them, ultimately, his fast friends. Mr. Marsh came to Birmingham, we think, from Colchester; in which town we heard two characteristic anecdotes

concerning him—the one showing his moral courage, and the other, his kindness of heart. When Queen Caroline died—we mean the not perfect wife of the very imperfect George the Fourth—her body was taken through Colchester for burial on the Continent. The funeral *cortège* tarried in the town for a night, and application was made to several clergymen to allow the body of the “murdered Queen of England” to rest in the chancel of a church; but they declined the honour. Whereupon Mr. Marsh (*fortiter in re*) offered his chancel, which was accepted. The other anecdote is as follows:—One day Mr. Marsh’s footman, seeing his master’s bed-room door half open, looked in, and catching sight of a decanter of wine, and not being able to resist temptation, determined to refresh himself with a draught. He accordingly filled a glass which stood near, and, before putting it to his lips, audibly drank the health of his good master and mistress by saying, “Well, here’s luck to William and Betsy.” Whereupon, there issued from amidst the bed-curtains a gentle voice, “Thank you Thomas,” from the lips of his amiable master. Exit Thomas more rapidly than he entered. Our readers are aware that the doctor lived on to a good old age, and died in perfect peace, in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace, which often reminded him of the brighter and better palace of the skies. At his funeral, while the mourners gathered around his honoured grave, a dove appeared, and, hovering for a moment or two over the sorrowful company, flew upwards bathed in a flood of light—a fit emblem of the pure life of the buried saint, and of the heavenly brightness to which his spirit had been privileged to attain.

Our friends the Independents, or Congregationalists as they prefer being called, were well represented at Birmingham, in our early days; the Rev. Timothy East and the Rev. John Angell James being then the leading ministers. The former preached in a locality with a thoroughly Birmingham name—Steel House Lane; the latter, in Carr’s Lane, a narrow street in the centre of the town. Mr. James used to say that the origin of the name, Carr’s Lane, had come down from Catholic times, from the fact that the car or cart used to be kept there, on which the priestly vestments and other paraphernalia were conveyed to the neighbouring parish church. The name of Mr. James is widely known in England and America as that of a gifted speaker and very useful minister. Competent critics would not reckon his intellect to have been of the first order, but his unusual oratorical powers, combined with elevated piety and thorough devotedness to his ministerial work, made him a great power for good during a long period of time. Having studied under Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, he entered upon his ministry in Birmingham at the beginning of this century. It is a curious sign of those times, that he was licensed by the public authorities as a Nonconformist minister; being required to make an affidavit of loyalty to George the Third, and of hatred to the “Popish doctrine of transubstantiation.”

His long life was one course of uninterrupted ministerial success.

As his mental qualities were somewhat unequal to his rhetorical power, his sermons often lacked the fascination and force of first-rate pulpit productions; yet, with every critical abatement, he must, undoubtedly, be pronounced a very gifted speaker. He, perhaps, lacked the moral courage of his talented successor, and hence inter-meddled but little with most of the "burning questions" of the day; yet we once remember him occupying a Christmas morning in the delivery, from his own pulpit, of a trenchant lecture upon the evils of a State Church which would have pleased the heart of Mr. Edward Miall. His vigorous condemnation of the theatre once brought him into public collision with the players of the town, headed by their manager, Mr. Bunn. The latter insinuated that Mr. James was defective in his moral character; whereupon the minister prosecuted the manager and obtained a verdict in his favour: the players afterwards taking their revenge by acting the comedy of "The Hypocrite"—Dr. Cantwell, originally intended for Mr. Whitfield, being put forth as a likeness of Mr. James. We have not space for further details of a truly gifted and useful man, but must content ourselves with the following words concerning him, written by us some ten years ago:—"He was no scholar in the collegiate sense of the word—his Greek criticism at the beginning of his 'Earnest Ministry' being what a late Lord Chancellor would have called '*nidus equinus*' a 'regular mare's nest.' He could no more construe Pindar than he could Chinese; he could not tell probably what number the word *βαθῆ* is, nor explain why Paul wrote good Greek when he termed Phœbe *diakanos* instead of *diakone*. Yet see the great things he accomplished. He went to a pastorate before he was twenty years of age, never had but one, and remained there more than fifty years, far more popular at the end of those fifty years than he was at the end of the first five. He found a church of forty members, and left one with twelve hundred; he began with a congregation of two hundred, and left one with two thousand; he became a great power in the Midland districts and throughout the land; he was one of the foremost Nonconformists of the time; he wrote a book which has been translated into almost every language under heaven; and received a funeral such as a king might envy." Concerning Mr. East, the contemporary of Mr. James, we have only space for a few words. He was a fellow-student of Mr. James at Gosport; and, if inferior to the latter in oratorical force, he was certainly not so in acuteness and strength of mind; the practical value of which, however, was sometimes marred by a sub-acidity of manner, from which Mr. James was free. His ministry was made useful to Mr. Williams, who laboured so successfully as a missionary for many years in the South Sea Islands, and the memory of whom we now reverence as the "Martyr of Erromanga."

Our last words have reference to the Baptist ministers of Birmingham. The most prominent among these, sixty years since, were the Rev. Isaiah Birt, the Rev. Edward Edmonds, and the Rev. Thomas Morgan. The first of these, while minister of

Plymouth, was made useful in the conversion of a gifted youth, who became afterwards the Rev. Samuel Pearce ; and hence it was that, some years after the death of Mr. Pearce, his former minister, Mr. Birt, was chosen as the pastor of Cannon Street Church. He was the father of two respectable Baptist ministers, and the father-in-law of a great man lately gone from among us, the Rev. Howard Hinton. Mr. Birt had a strong objection to co-pastorates, which he was accustomed to express by the *dictum*, "Two legs, two arms, but one head." We heard him preach, fifty-four years ago, one of the funeral sermons for the Rev. Edward Edmonds, of whom we wish to say a few words. Mr. Edmonds was originally an actor, we think in the line of low comedy, not disdaining sometimes even the part of a clown. We forget by what means he became a Christian, but he did become a very decided one, and was persuaded to join some academy with a view to enter upon the Christian ministry. He, however, soon left it, not being able to see "what *hic, hæc, hoc* had to do with saving souls." We have heard that the first scene of his ministerial labours was the theatre in which he formerly acted. After a time he became the pastor of a church formed by a secession from Cannon Street, and the record of their first church-meeting is somewhat curious. The first vote decided that Mr. Edmonds should be their pastor; the second vote decided that they would then take the Lord's Supper together; the third vote awarded the sacramental collection to the poorest member of the church; and by the fourth vote, the pastor was decided to be the poorest—to whom, therefore, the collection was handed over, amounting to half-a-crown. Mr. Edmonds' circumstances improved in after-life, but we remember that he lived and died in a very humble abode; and when his successor received £300 per annum, some of his members thought that the wealth of the Indies was being laid at his feet. Mr. Edmonds was a preacher of good natural parts, full of pathos and humour, mingled with occasional burlesque. He never preached without producing laughter, and very seldom without producing tears. For example, if he preached from the text, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," he would stop after announcing it, open his capacious jaws to their utmost stretch, and then say; "You have seen young birds do so, and that is the meaning of the text." Commenting upon the words of Job, xxiii. 8 9:—"Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him;" the preacher interposed the question: "Job, you fool, why did you not look *up*?" It is a settled opinion among Dissenters that chapel choirs are apt to prove unruly, and, therefore, a source of disquietude to the presiding powers. Such was the case in Mr. Edmonds' time, and he had a peculiar way of expressing his opinion of the occupants of the "singing seat." Not seldom, when he had brought his

discourse to a sudden close, he beckoned with his finger to the choir, and said :—

“Come, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds.”

By this mode of utterance he secured a threefold object at once—announcing thus that the end of his sermon was come, what the hymn was which he wished sung, and slyly hinting that he thought the singers “no better than they ought to be.” Like those of most witty men, his pleasantries sometimes hung fire a little. For example, in a sermon upon the Millennium, he told his people that at that good time the devil would be conquered and have his tail cut off. “Then,” said he, “then—then—then there will be a devil without a tail!” With all his oddities, however, Mr. Edmonds was a useful and respected minister of the Gospel; leaving to his successor, Mr. Morgan, a united and flourishing church. The latter indulged in none of the pulpit vagaries of his predecessor, but he was a very valuable minister nevertheless, having an unusual “gift in prayer,” and in his best sermons often reminding his intelligent hearers of the beauties so abundant in the sacred portions of “Addison’s Spectator.” He lived to a good old age, and the last time we saw him was at his own table, in company with that choice man, the beloved Charles Vince. Both are gone from us, having said and done much to leave the earth better than they found it. What a world they now dwell in, where they have attained to the full height of their mental, moral, and spiritual being! “There even those virtues that were but sparks on earth become great and glorious flames.”

The Philippians.

II.

THE end of our former paper saw Paul and Silas in “the innermost prison” at Philippi—their limbs having been lacerated by scourging, and “their feet made fast in the stocks,” yet so sustained by Divine sympathy and strength, that they could not only pray but *sing* “praises to God.” It was said of Julius Cæsar, that “*Quicquid vult valde vult*”—“Whatever he wills he wills with a will.” So we may say of the Apostle Paul. His whole heart was infused into the words he uttered and the actions he performed. As a persecutor, lion-like, “he breathed out threatenings and slaughter,” and as a Christian he was a veritable *Cœur-de-Lion*, shaking off all opposition

“Like dew-drops from the flowing mane.”

How grand his words concerning the trials and dangers in his onward path—"None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God!"

Such were his feelings and those of his courageous companion in the prison-house of Philippi. The wretched place became better to them than a palace of the Cæsars, and their inward light, peace, and joy caused them to feel as the patriarch did when he said, "This is the gate of heaven." Our English version says, "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them." But two of the words in the Greek Testament are much more expressive than in our translation. The word *ὑμνοῦν*, being in the imperfect tense, signifies that the apostles sang *several* hymns, or sang one several times over; and the term here translated, "The prisoners heard them," means that the prisoners long *listened* to them. The sacred historian intimates that his two friends spent a large part of the night in acts of prayer and praise, and that their fellow-captives were filled with abiding wonder at hearing such sounds in such a place. Marvels multiply; an earthquake took place; the foundations of the prison were shaken; the doors flew open; the shackles of all the prisoners fell off; the affrighted jailor, fearing that the prisoners had fled, drew his sword to commit self-slaughter—knowing that, by the Roman law, he was liable to undergo the same punishment which the malefactors who escaped by his negligence were to have suffered. The words of Paul saved him from a temporal and spiritual death. The Gospel was preached to him—and not in vain. He received "the truth as it is in Jesus," was baptized, and rejoiced, "believing in God with all his house."

"And now we have an instance of that sympathetic care, that interchange of temporal and spiritual service, which has ever attended the steps of true Christianity. As it was in the miracles of our Lord and Saviour, when the soul and the body were regarded together, so has it always been in His Church. 'In the same hour of the night' the jailor took the apostles to the well or fountain of water which was within or near the precincts of the prison, and there he washed their wounds, and there also he and his household were baptized. . . . The prisoners of the jailor were now become his guests. His cruelty was changed into hospitality and love. He took them up into his house, and placing them into a posture of repose, set food before them, and refreshed their exhausted strength. It was a night of happiness for all. They praised God that His power had been made effectual in their weakness; and the jailor's family had their first experience of that joy which is the fruit of believing in God."

As this narrative contains a reference to the ordinance of Christian baptism, and twice speaks of the baptism of "households," a remark or two upon the point may not be out of place. Our Pædobaptist friends often refer to the Scriptural mention of the baptism of house-

holds as one strong proof of the correctness of their views upon infant baptism, while we Baptists, of course, controvert the Scripturalness of their opinion. The *pros* and *cons* of the argument may be thus briefly stated:—There can be no doubt that many households, probably the majority, contain infants; and it is equally certain that the New Testament refers to the baptism of three households—the household of Lydia, Acts xvi. 15; the household of the Philippian jailor, ver. 33; and the household of Stephanas, 1 Cor. i. 16. Let us look at each of these in order. As no mention is made of the husband of Lydia, we are not warranted to conclude she had one; and it seems likely, therefore, that the members of her household who were baptized were not infants, but servants or attendants, who travelled with her as she journeyed through the country, as a “seller of purple.” The reference to the household of the jailor is in these words—verses 33-4—“And was baptized, he and all his, straightway, . . . and rejoiced, believing in God, with all his house.” As, of course, infants could not rejoice, we conclude that there were no infants in the house. We candidly admit that there is a slight ambiguity in the Greek text; but Dean Alford, a Pædobaptist and a first-rate Greek scholar, translates the words thus—“Rejoiced that he, with all his house, had been led to believe in God.” The third case is that of the household of Stephanas, referred to in these words by the Apostle Paul—“I baptized also the household of Stephanas.” This baptism took place about the year 50, and Paul, writing about six years after, speaks thus—“Ye know the house of Stephanas, that it is the first-fruits of Achaia, and that they have addicted themselves to the ministry (or benefit) of the saints.” These words were written by St. Paul, as we have said, only six or seven years after the baptism took place; therefore, if the “household” were infants when they were baptized, they were only seven or eight years old when they gave “themselves to the ministry of the saints”—which is an assertion too absurd to be received. The inevitable inference, therefore, is, that the members of the household of Stephanas were adults, or young people—who, as soon as they were baptized upon a profession of their faith in Jesus Christ, commenced a course of active Christian labour, and thus proved the sincerity and strength of their faith.

The ever-memorable night which Paul and Silas passed in the prison house at Philippi came to an end, and the next day witnessed their deliverance. The magistrates of the city changed their minds concerning them, and sent a message to the jailor, saying, “Let those men go;” or, as some translate the message, “Set those fellows free.” We are not told what produced the change in the mind of the magistrates towards their prisoners; it might have arisen from further and more sensible reflection upon the subject, or the report of the earthquake might have filled them with superstitious fear; but whatever caused the change, it resulted in the release of the Apostle and his companions Silas and Luke—yet not till Paul had practically administered a sharp rebuke to the unjust judges. He informed them

of the startling fact that he and his friends were Roman citizens. "Two Roman laws had been violated by the magistrates of the colony in the scourging inflicted the day before. And this, too, with signal aggravations. They were '*uncondemned*.' There had been no form of trial, without which, in the case of a citizen, even a slighter punishment would be illegal. And it had been done '*publicly*.' In the face of the colonial population, an outrage had been committed on the majesty of the name in which they boasted, and Rome had been insulted in her citizens. 'No,' said St. Paul; 'they have oppressed the innocent and violated the law. Do they seek to satisfy justice by conniving at a secret escape? Let them come themselves and take us out of prison. They have publicly treated us as guilty; let them publicly declare us innocent.'" This bold and sensible mode of procedure soon had its desired effect; the magistrates were brought to reason; "They came and besought the Apostles, and brought them out, and desired them to depart out of the city." Thus ended the memorable first visit of Paul and his fellow-Christian missionaries to Philippi.

The next six or seven years of the Apostle's eventful life were spent chiefly at Corinth and Ephesus, from which latter city he was driven by the riot excited against him by Demetrius, the "silversmith," and his guild; who, in answer to Paul's preaching, "all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.'" Whereupon Paul resolved to travel into Macedonia and seek a temporary rest among his attached friends at Philippi, of which we have a brief record in Acts xx. 1—6. While there the Apostle was afflicted with an attack of illness—perhaps mental depression—to which he alludes in 2 Cor. vii. 5—"For when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears." Some commentators suppose that the apostle's "Thorn in the flesh" was an attack of paralysis, which, being often attended with great depression of spirits, will account for his frequent reference to physical infirmities. Be this as it may, the thoughtful and loving attention of his kind friends at Philippi would do much to soothe his mind and promote his convalescence. If our readers will turn to the end of the I. and II. Epistles to the Corinthians, in the English Testament, they will observe a parenthesis which tells us that both of these letters were written at Philippi. As the parenthesis is not inspired, critics have doubted its correctness. If correct, the Philippian Church was favoured with a threefold honour—not only receiving an inspired epistle for themselves, but also having the honour to forward the two famous letters to the notable church at Corinth. A short time after the Apostle is supposed to have paid a third visit to his beloved Philippi, the duration and details of which are uncertain.

We now come to the last recorded incidents of the apostle's interesting connection with the Christians at Philippi. There can be no doubt that, as much as possible, they warmly reciprocated his

kindly feelings toward them. He was the founder of their church—their inspired teacher, in some sense the representative of their Divine Redeemer. Therefore, whom should they reverence and love, if they did not him? But they did love him, and practically proved it. When, therefore, in the year 62 or 63, the apostle was imprisoned at Rome, they kindly sent presents for his personal comfort by the hands of Epaphroditus, who remained in Rome to lighten, as far as he could, by daily companionship, the hardships of St. Paul's prison life. The Philippians did all in their power to help the illustrious sufferer, and, as a reward, they received from his inspired pen that beautiful epistle we know of, containing the ever-memorable words—"My God will supply all your need, according to His riches in glory, in Christ Jesus."

The following quotation contains one of the best descriptions we have seen of the style and contents of the apostle's very valuable letter to the Philippian Church:—

"Strangely full of joy and thanksgiving, amidst adversity, like the apostle's midnight hymn from the depth of his Philippian dungeon, this Epistle went forth from his prison at Rome. In most other Epistles he writes with a sustained effort to instruct, or with sorrow, or with indignation; he is striving to supply imperfect, or to correct erroneous teaching—to put down scandalous impurity, or to heal schism in the church which he addressed. But in this epistle, though he knew the Philippians intimately, and was not blind to the faults, and tendencies to faults, of some of them, yet he mentions no evil so characteristic of the whole church as to call for general censure on his part, or amendment on theirs. Of all his Epistles to Churches, none has so little of an official character as this. He withholds his title of 'apostle' in the inscription. We lose sight of his high authority, and of the subordinate position of the worshippers by the river side; and we are admitted to see the free action of a heart glowing with inspired Christian love, and to hear the utterance of the highest friendship addressed to equal friends, conscious of a connection which is not earthly and temporal, but in Christ, for eternity. Who that bears in mind the condition of St. Paul in his Roman prison, can read unmoved of his continual prayers for his distant friends—his constant sense of their fellowship with him, his joyful remembrance of their past Christian course, his confidence in their future, his tender yearning after them all in Christ, his eagerness to communicate to them his own circumstances and feelings, his carefulness to prepare them to repel any evil from within or from without, which might dim the brightness of their spiritual graces? Love, at once tender and watchful—that love which 'is of God'—is the key-note of this epistle: and in this epistle only we hear no undertone of any different feeling. Just enough, and no more, is shown of his own harassing trials to let us see how deep in his heart was the spring of that feeling, and how he was refreshed by its sweet and soothing flow."

No inspired account exists of the life of St. Paul subsequent to his first imprisonment at Rome. Tradition tells us that he was imprisoned a second time in the imperial city, and that he was beheaded there about the year 68. The present Pope believes that the bones of Peter and Paul repose under the high altar of one of his own churches, and he has lately allowed the lips of hundreds of pilgrims to touch the chain which is supposed to have bound the limbs of one of the apostles, or perhaps both. Concerning the genuineness of these relics, modern criticism, like Lord Eldon, says, "I doubt." They may be genuine, as Pio Nono asserts, but as there is no Scriptural proof of it, the assertion of the Pope must be taken for what it is worth. We have, however, one genuine relic of almost apostolic times, which is very interesting to students of history, because of its bearing upon the condition of the Philippian Church—we refer to the Epistle of St. Polycarp, addressed to the members of that church. Polycarp was probably born about the time of St. Paul's death—was a contemporary of St. John; was, in all probability, "the angel of the church at Smyrna," mentioned by St. John in the Book of Revelation, and suffered martyrdom when he was nearly a hundred years of age. His letter to the Philippians is comparatively short, and now chiefly valuable to us for the quotations it contains from several portions of the inspired Scriptures. Our readers will probably be glad to peruse a few extracts from this venerable relic of Christian antiquity.

Every one can see that Polycarp is quoting from our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, almost word for word, when he says in the 2nd chapter of his epistle, "But remembering what the Lord said, teaching, Judge not that ye be not judged: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven: be ye merciful that ye may obtain mercy: with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again; and, Blessed are the poor, and they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of God." So also in his 6th chapter, he writes: "Not severe in judgment, knowing that we are all debtors in point of sin: if, therefore, we pray the Lord, that He will forgive us, we ought also to forgive;" and in this passage also there is an evident reference to Christ's discourse. Polycarp also says concerning the Saviour, after His resurrection, "Whom God hath raised, having loosed the pains of Hades;" and he was certainly thinking of Peter's words, recorded in Acts ii. 24, "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death." To give only one other example. Polycarp says, in the 4th chapter of his letter:—"But the love of money is the beginning of all troubles. Knowing, therefore, that as we brought nothing into the world, so neither can we carry anything out." Here the writer, probably quoting from memory, transposes the order of the well-known words of St. Paul to Timothy: (1 Tim. vi. 7—10);—"For we brought nothing with us into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out. . . . For the love of money is the root of all evil." If any of our readers wish to see more quotations of a similar sort, they will find an abundance of them in the second volume of Dr. Lardner's "Credibility of Gospel History."

Eighteen centuries have passed away since the apostle paid his last visit to the famous city of Philippi. Since then the fate of the place has been dark and downward. It is now nothing but the mere skeleton and shadow of its former self. Its Roman rulers gave place to the Greek empire, the latter yielding at length to the bigoted and ferocious onslaughts of the followers of the false prophet. But change of rulers brought no improvement of condition to the inhabitants of the city of Philippi;—their last state being worse than their first. Their land having been long cursed with the worst of all tyrannies, seems likely ere long to be a witness of the terrible desolations of war. But there are worse things even than war; and a heavy price will willingly be paid by Europe for the final casting down of the monster iniquity called the Turkish Empire. Portions of the once burning and destructive lava of Mount Vesuvius have, in the course of time, become covered with flower-gardens and flourishing vineyards. May it be so with Turkey. May the Cross once again stand erect. May Philippi cease to be a ruin. May the blessings of the religion of Christ again abound there, as in the favoured days of St. Polycarp and St. Paul.

Effective Preaching.

EVERY sermon should have a distinct object in view. One must preach, not because the Sabbath has come round, and he has to occupy the time somehow, but rather because there is something pressing upon his mind and heart which he feels impelled to proclaim. Some doctrine has taken hold of him with peculiar power, and while he is under the spell of it, he seeks to expound it to his hearers. Some phrase of experience has come under his observation as he has been visiting from house to house, or has left its mark upon himself as he has been passing through it; and while yet the impression is distinct, he makes it the theme of public discourse. Some sin has broken out with more than usual virulence in his neighbourhood, and he sets the trumpet to his mouth that he may sound a timely alarm. Some department of Christian duty has been neglected by the members of his flock, and with all fidelity and tenderness he seeks to show them its importance, and to set before them the blessed results which would flow from their attention to it. And so as week after week revolves, each Lord's day's address has its distinct individuality since he has exerted himself in each to do one thing. This, as it seems to me, is the ideal of the ministry.

Ever, therefore, as you sit down to prepare your discourse, let your

question be, "What is my purpose in this sermon?" and do not move a step until you have shaped out before your mind a definite answer to that inquiry. This will save you from that vagueness which chloroforms so many sermons and sends so many hearers to sleep. Set up your goal, and keep it always in sight, so every step you take will bring you nearer to its attainment, and your audience will be at no loss to see what you are driving at. The way to walk in a straight line over a trackless field, is to fix the eye, and keep it fixed, on some object that is stationary and sufficiently elevated, and then to move towards that; and the great preventive of diffuseness and digression in discourse is to have, high above all other things in your mind, the perception of the purpose which your sermon is designed to fulfil.

But any purpose will not do. You must seek to have an aim whose importance will be sufficient to stimulate your own mind and to retain the attention of your hearers. Avoid all diminutive themes—such as may be discussed and settled in a few sentences; for if you try to make a whole sermon on one of these, you will be tempted to fill up the time with rapid declamation, and will continue to spin away with the wheel of verbal fluency long after the "tow" of thought has been exhausted. That was a wise advice of Dr. James W. Alexander, "Preach on great subjects." There is something in them to inspire the preacher and to subdue and impress the hearer. Leave the lesser topics for minor occasions—such as the chair of the prayer-meeting or the table of the lecture-room will supply. But let your sermons be elevated in their subjects, and they will be elevating in their influence.

Yet, when you are dealing with a great theme, do not aim at being exhaustive. Leave something for again. Try, rather, to be clear, simple, instructive. You are not writing a treatise which is to contain everything that can be said on every branch of your subject; you are going to address a company of fellow-men, to whom, in all likelihood, you will have many other opportunities of speaking, so let your endeavour be to give one distinct aspect of your theme, leaving other views of it for other occasions. I believe it is a common fault with young preachers to overweight their discourses with a superabundance of material. Their tendency is to put all they know on any subject into the discourse which is treating of that subject. So, in a very short time, they exhaust their own resources, and even before they have done that, they have exhausted the patience of their hearers. I well remember after I had preached my first sermon in a country church, there was reported to me a criticism which a plain, blunt man had made upon my discourse, which had a world of meaning in it in this connection. My text had been the first verse of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and I had dealt with justification, with faith, and with peace with God, as if I had resolved not to leave anything unsaid that could be said upon them.

On coming out of the church, one of my hearers being asked what he thought of the discourse, replied, "These young preachers are like young delvers, they take thundering big spadefuls!" That witness was true, in my case, and I tried ever afterwards to lighten my discourses. Next to the evil of having nothing in a sermon at all, is that of having too much in it; for in neither case does the hearer carry much away.

As another quality of an effective sermon I name precision of language. In a passage which I have already quoted it is said, "The preacher sought to find out acceptable words." He did not take the first which came, but he selected those which best expressed his meaning, and were most suited to the people whom he was addressing. The relation of style to thought is of the closest kind, and the aim of the preacher should be to get the clearest possible medium for the transmission of his thought. That is the best glass which most fully admits the light. The paintings which the artist produces are very excellent in themselves, but in a window they are out of place—if, that is, the end of the window is to let in the light. So, if the end of language is to transmit thought, then everything in it that withdraws attention from the thought to itself, or dims the lustre of the thought, is a blemish. Hence the preacher's study should be to have every sentence luminous with the thought which it is designed to express.

But how is that to be secured? Only, in my judgment, by the careful writing of every discourse. I have very strong convictions upon this point, and as a different opinion has been recently advanced by one whose views must be always received with deference and respect, you will forgive me if I seek, with some measure of fulness, to set forth my reasons for the advice which I have ventured to offer.

It seems to me that the importance of the work we are engaged in demands this exactness of written preparation at our hands. We are to speak to men about the most momentous matters that can occupy their attention, and a word thoughtlessly uttered may carry in it consequences of which at the moment we little dreamed. Nor is this an improbable contingency, for the right regulation of the tongue is the last attainment of Christian perfection. What says the apostle James? "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man," and it is surely significant that this assertion of his comes in immediate connection with the injunction, "Be not many masters;" *i.e.*, teachers.* He would dissuade his readers from the consuming ambition to become teachers, by setting before them the difficulty that must ever be felt in regulating the tongue, which is the great instrument which a teacher employs. He, in effect, says that the *διδάσκαλος* attempts to perform the most important function, namely, that of instruction, with the most-difficult-to-be-managed instrument, namely, the tongue. But this suggestion, which was meant to dis-

* The word in the original is *διδάσκαλοι*.

suade the incompetent from pushing themselves into the teacher's office, is valuable also to those already in it, or preparing for it, as indicating to them a danger to which they are peculiarly exposed. It means for you and me, that we should take every possible precaution to secure that our public utterances shall be neither hasty, nor unadvised, nor of such a sort as shall bring reproach on the Gospel whose ministers we are.

Now the surest means of guarding against this danger is the use of the pen. Even those who advocate careful premeditation of the line of thought which the preacher proposes to follow, while yet the language is left to the prompting of the moment, insist that the constant practice of written composition is essential to success. But what is a young minister to write, if he do not write his discourses? He has not, except in very rare instances, the *entrée* into the religious papers, much less into important magazines and reviews. The request to contribute to these publications is commonly the consequence of a success already achieved, and so there is little prospect that he will be able to find continuous employment for his pen in any such way. How, then, is he to obtain it? Every student knows that while the love of truth may stimulate him to investigation, the incentive of some sort of publication is required to urge him to composition. But what kind of publication has in it more of inspiration for a preacher than that of the pulpit? To say, therefore, that a young minister should refrain from writing his sermons, and yet give himself to other compositions, is to bid him abstain from that which will most effectually furnish him for his work, while you commend him to other pursuits less fitted to give him the discipline he needs. If he do not write his discourses, the result, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, will be that he will write nothing at all, and then his sermons will become like Gratiano's reasons, having about a grain of thought to the bushel of words.

Moreover, as the minister is to speak on special themes, it is in reference to these subjects that he particularly needs to cultivate precision of language. But how will the composition of a literary essay give him definiteness of terminology, say for a doctrinal sermon, or even for a discourse exposing some prevalent evil or enforcing some neglected duty? Facility in sketching is very good, but that alone will not make an architect. To become an adept in that profession, one must study mainly the art of construction. Similarly the practice of composition in other departments will not make a man produce good sermons; that has to be learnt by practice, and the thing to be practised is the making of sermons.

But there is another reason why a sermon should be written out with care. We are able to secure thereby that each portion of the discourse shall receive its due measure of attention. Even the most skilful extemporisers are in danger of enriching the earlier parts of their sermons at the expense of the later. They do not seem to have got quite above the fear that haunts the young orator, that he will never

find enough in his theme to fill out the time allotted for his address, so they put a great deal into the introduction and the sections which immediately follow, and when they come to the closing portions, where all their resources should be brought into operation, they have no time left for the effective presentation even of the thoughts which they have premeditated, and are obliged to hasten over them so rapidly that the hearers lose all sense of their importance.

Repeatedly, as we have listened to such a preacher, we have seemed to ourselves to be driven by him up a long and winding avenue toward a spacious and hospitable mansion. But he has been diverting our attention ever and anon to interesting objects that line the way; here was an umbrageous elm, whose luxuriant foliage carpeted the earth with shade; there was an opening through which a beautiful glimpse of a delightful lake was seen, and yonder was a view of the distant mountains smoking under the sunshine. At length we reach the door of the house, but before we enter we have to survey the entire panorama from the piazza, and even as we pass through the hall we must pause a moment to admire some wonderful picture that hangs there; then, just as we gain a vision of the banquet which is laid out for us in the dining-room, we discover that we have barely time to reach the station so as to obtain the train for our return journey, and we have to leave the good things largely unenjoyed.

In a sermon of an hour's length I have more than once heard an introduction occupying five and twenty minutes; and on one occasion the preacher, not content with one introduction, made another as long as the first. Now, I do not say that such serious offences against the rule of proportion could not be committed in a written discourse, but I do affirm that they would be discovered, and opportunity would be afforded for their removal before the preacher attempted to submit it to the attention of its auditors.

Again, it ought not to be overlooked, that those extemporisers, whose success is most frequently referred to as a reason why sermons should not be written, have generally had something which corresponded to sermon-writing after all. Thus in reference to Robert Hall, this testimony has been borne by Dr. Leifchild, who was his friend and neighbour in Bristol for some years:—"I learned from him that most of his great sermons were first worked out in thought, and inwardly elaborated in the very words in which they were delivered. They were thus held so tenaciously in the memory that he could repeat them verbatim at the distance of years. He ridiculed the delusion of those who supposed that the perorations of his sermons were delivered impromptu, observing that they were the most carefully studied parts of the whole discourse." Now this was composition of the most difficult kind, and was resorted to, we may believe, because the physical infirmity with which Hall was afflicted made it agony for him to use the pen.—*The Ministry of the Word*. By Dr. W. Taylor. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row.

Extracts.

WHAT IS GAINED BY UNBELIEF ?

Nothing, absolutely nothing, is given us in return if we surrender either our theoretic belief in Christianity or our practical obedience to it. What else can do anything for the deepest yearnings and largest wants of the soul? Giving up Christianity is giving up the thing that ought to be true, just as there ought to be light if there are eyes, and sounds if there are ears, and air if there are lungs. And as the bodily organs are furnished with that on which they can best thrive, so the faculties of mind and heart can best be developed by the religion of Him who came "that men might have life, and might have it more abundantly." For the deepest and most important intuitions man possesses are seized upon by religion and are made clear and influential. The germ of these truths is developed by the scriptural doctrine, and they are made potent for man's good. All the difficulties are at least as great without as with the Bible; as great in the germ-truth, as in its form of growth and bud and blossom. And then there is the added difficulty of accounting for this fact; how it is that if Christianity is false it can so singularly, powerfully, beautifully, take up and develop these germ-truths in the mind and these most blessed hopes in the heart, and thus purify, elevate, and ennoble the man who believes and practises it.

DISAGREEMENTS OF SCIENTISTS.

The science of geology is yet in its infancy. It is not a hundred years old. Instead of making the boldest assertions of any of the sciences, and so drawing down upon itself their condemnation, it should be modest. It is also to be remembered that geology has changed its fundamental theories again and again. A book that was an authority twenty years ago is no authority to-day in geology. The next twenty years may witness greater changes. New facts are discovered. But new theories are made even faster than new facts are obtained. Nearly every leading geologist has abandoned his own most startling theories, and some have gone through a dozen of them. Lyell has discarded his former views about the age of the world, and the time of man's appearance on it. Huxley, who had claimed millions of years for the earth, under the telling blows of Sir William Thompson, the first mathematician of Europe, has just been compelled to own that the claims of geologists about the tremendous age of the earth are not proved. It is the same with the age of man on the earth. Huxley thinks that as star dust is the material out of which the earth was formed, so there is a *physical basis* for all plant, animal, and human life. Agassiz denounces Darwin's theory of "natural

selection," and then, in turn, is denounced by the whole scientific world for insisting upon the *moral* unity of the race, and yet holding that man sprang not from one centre but from several centres—not from one human pair but from more than half a dozen human pairs. Herbert Spencer denounces all the rest of the scientists, deeming his theory about force sufficient to account for the world as it is, and for the origin of the human race; while Miller, Dana, and Guyot—names that equal any—hold most zealously to the theory of one human pair, and on scientific grounds indorse the Scripture statements as to the origin of the race. The scientists are not agreed in their theories. They agree only on some general facts.

"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO"?

And, further, to cast off Christ's religion would be to leave all the dearest hopes both of our personal advancement and of the world's moral progress. Intertwined with the facts of Christianity are our dearest affections. So that we must say with Paul, if the facts are not as presented in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, "we are of all men most miserable." We hear men sometimes with flippant tone announcing their belief that Christianity is false. But if that be so, say it sadly, and with tears, as you would tell a loving child of the death of the mother that bore it and nourished it and loved it. Say it as the most sorrowful thing that human lips can utter, that the credentials of Christ—his mighty deeds and more mighty words—are not enough, and so never can God give a proven revelation to man. Say it with mourning, that the perfect purity and elevation and stainlessness of Christ's character in the New Testament is all a mistake; that he did not live, or that if he did, his disciples devised his words and imagined his deeds, and that such deception has led the world's enlightenment, and so that we are all a duped race led by dupes, a race of maniacs led by fools and knaves; and yet that these fools and knaves have wondrously helped men to be better, and made men holier, and broadened their views, and informed their intellects, and enriched their moral natures, and made them to live nobler and more self-denying lives, and to die sweeter, holier, happier deaths, looking onward to a still holier state; and yet that all this is delusion, deception, mistake, imposture! In striking at Christianity with iconoclastic hand one strikes at humanity as well as its dearest hopes, its sweetest consolations, its best ideals, its strongest impulses, its most praiseworthy charities and moralities. If it must be said all, say it with bated breath, that Christianity is untrue; for if untrue, it is the most awful of untruths, and we ought at once to weed it out of human literature, out of common language and common life. We ought to begin with childhood, and stop it in its repetition of the Lord's Prayer, to forbid infant lips from ever again uttering the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" we ought to stop the rites of burial, and cast out of them the words, "I am the

resurrection and the life," to tell the mourner, though it will make him twice a mourner, that he has not only lost his friend but his Saviour; we ought to assure age, though it will tremble all the more to know it, that there is some mistake as to the Bible which has been the staff on which it leaned, and that the Heavenly Father did not say, "I will never leave nor forsake thee," nor Christ promise, "He that believeth in me shall never die."—*A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible.* Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

Reviews.

MOHAMMED, BUDDHA AND CHRIST.
Four lectures on Natural and Revealed Religion. By Marcus Dods, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1877.

THERE is a growing tendency in modern thought to place all religions on one level, and to regard their differences as differences of degree and not of kind. Christianity is allowed to be the *primus inter pares*, but it is, like other systems, the outgrowth of the religious faculty, the highest development of the spiritual consciousness, rather than a system essentially distinct and alone. This position is the basis of the most plausible arguments advanced by the rationalistic critics, and underlies the vague sentimental æstheticism which is now so much in vogue among the disciples of literature and culture. That there are points in the higher forms of natural religion which correspond with the teachings of Christ it would be both vain and suicidal to deny. But these correspondences can be explained apart from the theory to which we allude, while the peculiarities of the Christian system are such as could not have been evolved out of any other system with which history acquaints us. These elements in it which

have proved to be of greatest worth, and through which it has effected its noblest and most permanent results, afford a conclusive demonstration that it is *sui generis*—a specific and supernatural revelation of God. Such is the impression which a careful perusal of Dr. Dods' scholarly and able lectures will produce on any unprejudiced mind. He has described with fulness and accuracy the characteristic features of Mohammedanism, its indebtedness to Judaism and Christianity, its rejection of the highest spiritual conceptions, and the means whereby its success was secured. His estimate of the character of Mohammed is singularly candid and judicious. Buddhism, he has discussed with equal ability, and has shown how both systems pale before the perfect glory of Christ. There is in the volume a mass of information which is not generally accessible, and the arguments throughout evince competent knowledge, logical acumen, and a generous disposition to acknowledge good wherever it can by any possibility be found. The prominence of the Eastern question renders the appearance of this volume opportune and its intrinsic merits will give to it a permanent value.

LANGÉ'S COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Vol. VII. of the Old Testament, containing Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street.

MR. COX recently lamented that of good English commentaries on the historical books of Scripture we are strangely destitute. We do not know how far the present volume will realise his idea, or be regarded as supplying the acknowledged lack, but there can, we imagine, be little doubt that it is at least the best work of its class which we yet possess.

Dr. Zoekler, the author of the section on the Chronicles, belongs to the younger generation of German divines, and has acquired distinction both in classical and oriental philology, in, philosophy, and theology. He has written this work in view of the advanced state of Biblical knowledge, and of the most imperative demands of Biblical science. Ewald, Kuener, and writers of a similar school have dissected the Chronicles in a spirit of resolute and often merciless prejudice, and rendered the task of the Biblical apologist far more difficult than formerly it was. But Zoekler is equal to the new position, proves the invalidity of their fine-spun theories, and supplies ample critical and exegetical materials for the solution of the most pressing difficulties and the reconciliation of acknowledged discrepancies. To the theological and homiletical sections he has not devoted so much attention. The commentary is translated by Dr. Murphy of Belfast, one of the most learned Hebraists of the age, and the author of several well-known exegetical works. Dr. Murphy supplies a literal version of the text of the Chronicles, instead of giving the Authorized Version, and

he has enriched the work by occasional notes of his own.

The remaining books (on Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther) are the work of Dr. Schultz, Theological Professor in the University of Breslau. He is evidently a man of considerable attainments in historical and linguistic studies, and his work is the result of profound thought and laborious investigation. Every student of his commentary will acquire an enlarged idea of the men and the times of which he writes, and especially of the results of the Babylonian captivity on the progress of the Mosaic religion. But the learned doctor makes quite unnecessary concessions to the pretensions of the so-called "higher criticism and philosophy," and on this account has to be read with caution. The American editors, however—Dr. Biggs, Dr. Crosby, and Dr. Strong—have inserted frequent cautions, and the additions they have made to the work give to it a value it could not otherwise have possessed, and, besides supplying sound criticism, they have shown how rich these "dry historical books" may be made in moral and spiritual instruction.

REV. JOSEPH COOK'S MONDAY LECTURES. London: R. B. Dickinson, Farringdon-street. 1877.

A FEW months ago Mr. Cook's name had rarely been heard on this side the Atlantic, and only here and there was it known. Now we frequently meet with it in the various religious papers, hear it in conversation, and see his lectures on the tables of friends. In Boston, the centre of intellectual life in America, the stronghold of "the higher philosophy," proud of her theological heterodoxy, he has created an excitement which has few parallels. The spacious Tremont Temple is

every Monday crowded with an eager audience, in which the most remarkable feature is not its vastness, but the fact that it contains the very *élite* of the thought and culture of the city. Until we had carefully read the lectures we were at a loss to understand how this hitherto unknown man could establish a hold on the most opposite classes. After we had read them, one difficulty vanished. The questions he discusses, though he associates them with the names of such men as Emerson and Theodore Parker, are of world-wide and undying interest: Immortality, religion, the guilt of sin, the perfection of the Divine nature, the Trinity, &c. And he discusses them with an amplitude of knowledge, a keenness of dialectic, and a wealth of imaginative beauty which has certainly surprised us. He has a strongly-marked individuality, and in consequence adopts positions which we cannot occupy with him, but that he is rendering a noble and timely service to the truth of Christ and His Gospel is evident to all. The sturdiest and most accomplished sceptic will find in him "a foeman worthy of his steel." Some of his remarks are exceedingly beautiful. Take this in relation to Agnosticism:—"There is a feeling that we can know nothing of what we most desire to know. I hold to the truth that man may know, not everything, but enough for practical purposes. If I have a Father in heaven, if I am created by an intelligent and benevolent being, then it is worth while to ask the way out of these woods. I will not be a questionless, lost babe, for I believe there is a way, and that although we may not know the map of all the forest, we can find the path home." There is wit, too, as in the reference to our "superior" English censor, Matthew Arnold, whose "outlook on religious science

and philosophy is much like a woman's outlook on politics." We have only to add that, as the lectures are published at a remarkably low price (half-a-crown), they are within the reach of most who will care to have them.

THE PROBLEM OF PROBLEMS, and its various Solutions; or, Atheism, Darwinism, and Theism. By Clark Braden, President of Abingdon College, Illinois. Publishers: Chase & Hall, 180, Elm-street, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

THERE are some books which it is impossible adequately to review in the space at our command, and this is one of them. It contains four hundred and eighty pages of compact and well-considered argument on the most keenly-debated and momentous of all the problems which press for solution. Every page teems with the results of extensive research and earnest thought, and we are throughout in contact with a man who, by much toil and conflict, has made his ground sure, and whose vast knowledge and clear insight enable him to demonstrate with ease the invalidity and risks of his opponents' ground. The hours we have devoted to the study of the work have been pleasantly and profitably spent. If the reading is hard, it is instructive and invigorating, and will give to every man who patiently strives to grasp it as complete a mastery as he can desire of the questions at stake between Christian theism on the one hand, and Atheism, Agnosticism, and Evolutionism on the other.

A special interest attaches to the work from the fact that it has grown out of the intellectual struggles of its author. Mr. Braden was at one time entangled in the meshes of scepticism. His early faith was destroyed under the pressure of doubt,

and he became an advocate of an anti-Christian philosophy. Ultimately he regained his lost faith, and forthwith addressed himself to its defence and propagation, and in this volume we have the substance of the arguments which won his own assent, and by which he has been able to render most effective service in the great controversy of our day.

We have on our shelves various books which deal with the Evolution hypothesis, and each of them has a special value. But we have none so thorough and comprehensive as this, nor do we think any other exists. It is Mr. Braden's merit that he deals with every aspect of the question, and treats it exhaustively. He has a far deeper insight into its vast and complicated demands than any Agnostic writer with whom we are acquainted, and insists that it can never be solved except we submit to the guidance of the rational, the moral, and the religious elements of our nature—not one of which can, with impunity, be ignored. The atheistic, the fatalistic, the development, and other solutions are examined with great care; their inadequacy, as also their mischievous tendency, demonstrated. The theistic solution is then discussed, and while all its main bases are clearly exhibited, the argument from design is set forth with a force and skill which leave nothing to be desired; and the section in the appendix—"the application of the *reductio ad absurdum*—to the Teleological argument"—is one of the most incisive refutations of a false position which we know.

Many other topics are handled in a masterly manner—*e.g.*, the relations of Science and Religion, the permanence of Christianity, Huxley's pretended demonstration of the Evolution Hypothesis (in discussing which Mr. Braden gives us a magnificent piece of reasoning and finely-polished satire), a review of Dr. Carpenter's

"Fallacies of the Testimony for the Supernatural," "Materialism and Christianity Contrasted," &c. &c.

Without assenting to every statement in the book, we regard it as standing in the first rank. It is full of life and vigour, strictly scientific in its method, resting on the ground of solid fact, and reaching its conclusions by sound and, as it seems to us, irrefragible arguments. The language is pithy and forcible. There is no mysticism and no "striking the air." Every blow is well directed, and tells. For the student who wishes to possess in a compact form a discussion of this whole question, Mr. Braden's "Problem of Problems" is the book, and we hope it will meet with an appreciation on this side the Atlantic, as it has already secured on the other.

THE CHRISTIAN VOYAGE. By T. Campbell Finlayson. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

MR. FINLAYSON here gives to an old and familiar image a more careful and extended illustration than it has previously received. The table of contents affords a clear indication of the course of his thought—Setting Sail; Pilot, Compass, and Chart; Lighthouses and Beacons; Perils of the Deep; Becalmed; Anchoring in Perplexity; The Desired Haven. These points are all discussed with vigour and freshness. The author has a knowledge of the sea and of seafaring life, which would gratify the sturdiest "salt," and a knowledge of moral and spiritual life which renders him a wise companion and guide to all the young and inexperienced who must yet, in some way or other, sail o'er this "solemn main." His warnings and counsels are neither vague nor impracticable. He speaks with true feeling and

sound judgment, and we cordially commend his thoughtful and charming book to parents and teachers, as well as to young men and women. They who read it wisely will, without doubt, be "taught by the rudder"

what apart from the rudder they must be "taught by the rock," and instead of being wrecked and lost, they shall secure for themselves an abundant entrance into the desired haven.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Falmouth, May 16th.
 Glasgow, Bath-street, May 20th.
 Maze Pond, London, May 29th.
 Waterford, May 17th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Chapman, Rev. S. (Glasgow), Collins-street, Melbourne, Victoria.
 Doxter, Rev. W. K. (Meopham), Grundisburgh, Suffolk.
 Griffiths, Rev. R. F. (Tarporeley), Nottingham.
 Hancock, T. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Tunbridge.
 Ibberson, Rev. W. H. (Bradford), Hebden Bridge.
 Moore, Rev. H. (Stockton-on-Tees), Bridgewater.
 Preston, Rev. J. (Halifax), Tarporeley.
 Wainwright, G. (Aldershot), Waterbeach.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Addlestone, Rev. W. Tarbox, May 24th.
 Beckington, Somersetshire, Rev. G. Hider, May 31st.
 Brayford, Devonshire, Rev. A. Sprague, May 21st.
 Canterbury, Rev. J. Aldis, jun., June 7th.
 Peckham, Surrey, Rev. J. T. Briscoe, May 15th.
 Penge, Rev. G. Samuel, May 30th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Chambers, Rev. C., Aberdeen.
 Fifield, Rev. W. G., Goodshaw, Lancashire.
 Perkins, Rev. W. H., Bootle.
 Thomas, Rev. E. W., Chalk Farm-road, London.
 Brooks, Rev. Thomas, Wallingford.
 Fisk, Rev. E. E., Truro.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1877.

In Memoriam

JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN, C.S.I.

ON Sunday, July 8th, Mr. Marshman peacefully expired in the 83rd year of his age, and on the following Thursday his remains were interred in the Brompton Cemetery. The funeral service was conducted by the Editor of this *Magazine*. Amongst the numerous party of mourners, in addition to the son, and sons-in-law of our deceased friend, there were present Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., formerly Governor-General of India; Sir F. Halliday, K.C.S.I.; Sir Robert Montgomery, K.C.B., G.C.S.I.; Sir H. Havelock, Bart., M.P., V.C.; Sir S. M. Peto, Bart.; Rev. Dr. Forrest, Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington; Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser; Rev. J. Murray, M.A., Rector of Rugby; Dr. Underhill; and many other gentlemen distinguished in the Indian military and civil services, and in literary circles at home. After reading suitable portions of the Word of God, Mr. Lewis gave the following address:—

I should not have presumed to add to the solemn and precious utterances of the Sacred Scriptures which we have now heard, any words of my own on this mournful occasion, but for the sake of the loving ones at home, and numbers far away, precluded from sharing in these last offices of Christian affection, who will treasure a few words spoken at the grave of our departed friend.

A life of more than usual length was allotted by Divine Providence to Mr. Marshman, and he thoroughly enjoyed it; a course of excep-

tional usefulness was opened to him, and he fulfilled it with a fidelity which, we doubt not, has met the approval of his Lord and ours. In early childhood he accompanied his honoured parents to Serampore, and it was there that for more than fifty years he lived and laboured with indomitable zeal and untiring perseverance in the pursuit of the grand purposes to which his life was devoted: the diffusion of Christian truth amongst the millions of India; the infusion of Christian principles in the Government; and the furtherance of every project which aimed at the spiritual improvement and the social welfare of his fellow men.

Great indeed must have been the moral worth and the force of character which brought him, while as yet in mere boyhood, into the councils of the illustrious trio who were the pioneers of modern missionary enterprise to the heathen. He sat at their feet, imbibed their spirit, and threw his whole soul into their work. They discerned his worth and singular endowments, and raised him into a participation in all their schemes. There are few things more remarkable in the history of Christian missions. When about thirteen years of age, our departed friend was busily occupied in the study of the Chinese language. Dr. Carey was engaged with Bengali, Hindi, Mahratta, and other Indian translations, and Dr. Marshman and his son were moved by solicitude for four hundred millions in old Cathay, who had not the Word of God, and thus sire and son plodded on early and late until the Scriptures were rendered into Chinese.

Subsequent versions have greatly improved upon these early efforts, but all have derived the largest advantage from them. As to those *early* hours of labour, it is an interesting fact that there was a constant rivalry between the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, on one side of the river at Barrackpore, and Dr. Marshman, on the other side of the river at Serampore, as to whose study lamp should be first visible in the morning.

In process of time, Mr. John Marshman, having no delegated authority or ecclesiastical ordination as a missionary, entered upon secular employment. He established the first paper-making works in India; issued the first newspaper published in Bengali, the *Sumachar Durpun*; and for the benefit of his countrymen, he issued *The Friend of India*, a weekly newspaper, which speedily became one of the most potent influences for good in the Eastern dependencies of the British crown, and one of the most influential journals in the world. Its fearless advocacy of equal civil rights for the native population of India would have led to its suppression, but for the protection of the King of Denmark, under whose flag it was published. With more care for a good conscience than the approval of men, Mr. Marshman pursued his course, and while on the one hand he was often denounced as the hireling of the Government, on the other hand he was distrusted because of the independence of his character, and the strength of his convictions.

All the while he was engaged in these secular industries, the higher

interests of the Mission were not forgotten. At a cost of £30,000 he erected and maintained the College at Serampore, and devoted large sums of money to the furtherance of education amongst the natives of India.

There were some who appreciated the earnestness with which he devoted time and property to these important objects, as the following extract from an unpublished letter in my possession will show. The writer is John Foster, the essayist, and its date April, 1840. "With sincere respect for your worthy associates, several of whom are becoming veterans in the service, I wish to express to yourself individually, my esteem and my felicitations on the excellent and noble course which, under the best influence, you have so long prosecuted. It has been with animated complacency that I have thought of your firm fidelity to the good cause, and your disinterested and indefatigable labours in its aid, supported with a rare and versatile ability. What gratitude you will one day (but may *any* day) feel to Heaven for having decided you to such a career, instead of an addiction to the pursuit of wealth and more worldly fortunes! You can at no moment be otherwise than perfectly assured that in approaching the conclusion of life, you will feel a deep and grateful satisfaction in having acted under this determination. I hope, however, that period is yet far off; but among the friends here, there has been much solicitude for the continuance of your health, and a wish that by some means you could more share, and alleviate your labours."

Foster's prediction was amply fulfilled, and those of us who were honoured with the confidence of our departed friend, well know that not a single regret was ever expressed by him over sacrifices which he had made, and arduous labours he had prosecuted for the evangelization of India. It would betray an utter ignorance of his character to suspect for a moment that such a regret had shaped itself in his mind. Very rarely, indeed, could his dearest friends elicit from him any reference to his own share in the great work of Indian missions, for that which John Foster said of Dr. Marshman was equally true of his son—"Uniformly, and in all places, we have observed him indisposed to magnify or dilate upon his own services. I never knew a man who had done half so much who would admit to it half so little." This is not the time or the place in which to dwell upon all the details of the good service rendered by Mr. Marshman to his country and to his kind. He was the honoured friend and trusted adviser of more than one of the Governors-General of India, and he has left his mark on the future of the great Indian empire, even though his name should be unseen or forgotten. In relation to the mental and moral characteristics of our dear friend, I feel it important to say a few words. He is spoken of in the leading journal of our country as "impetuous," and "morbidly proud." After twenty-five years of somewhat close and endeared intercourse, I am constrained to say that such expressions could only have been uttered by one imperfectly acquainted with Mr. Marshman. He was not easily known. There was a remarkable reticence and

reserve in him which made him somewhat difficult of approach, and only after this had been surmounted could the recesses of his confidence be reached; but once thoroughly known he was never doubted or distrusted. A man less selfish never lived. He delighted in opportunities of advancing the welfare of others, and suppressed the evidence of his own kind actions, as he also did with even a higher heroism the unkindness which had been inflicted upon him. His great mental endowments have been sufficiently exhibited in his literary works, in which enlarged views, comprehensive knowledge, and finished style, have procured for him an exalted place in the literature of his country. The lives of "Havelock," of "Carey, Marshman, and Ward," and the "History of India," will long perpetuate his name. His services to his country have not been recognised in proportion to the devotedness and ability which they embodied. But we leave all that. We rejoice rather to think of him in those personal relations which were so very dear to him—that domestic circle in which he was the most tender yet judicious of parents, and those friendships significantly represented in your presence here to-day. The associations of early life surround his grave with a halo of light and beauty. There lie the ashes of the friend of Carey and Ward, and Fuller, and Mack, and Corrie, and Wilson, and a host beside. We rejoice in the congratulations of that happy region which they have reached; in the ecstasy of their recovered friendships, and their restored purposes of mutual good, and combined glory to their common Lord. Associated once more and for ever in the final escape from all evil, in the commendations of their Saviour's voice, and in their accession to a new and endless career of service in which all is auspicious. How insignificant to them now the untoward incidents, the annoyances, and the harassments of their earthly sojourn! They look back upon these as a part of the needful discipline by which they were prepared for the glory, honour, and immortality with which they are invested now. May we follow them as they followed Christ, and presently share in their rest and joy. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

The service concluded with prayer at the grave, by the Rev. George Gould, of Norwich, who commended the widow and family of his friend to the care of the Ever Living Lord.

SHORT NOTE.

The Editor may now inform his readers that all the contributions to this *Magazine* which have appeared during the last twelve years under the heading "SHORT NOTES" proceeded from the pen of Mr. Marshman. Deeply interested in the welfare of this periodical, he delighted to labour in producing this consecutive series of luminous comments on current history, with especial regard to the departments of Ecclesiastical and Educational policy. His patient enthusiasm in this good service rendered to ourselves and our readers was only surpassed by the ability displayed in his contributions, which has often called forth the commendation of our contemporaries. The "Short Notes" will be invaluable to the

Macaulay of the future, who will have the period in question under review, and it is hoped that they may be published as a separate volume.

But at present we can do no more than express the gratitude with which we contemplate the self-denying assistance of our respected friend, and the grief which we feel for our readers and ourselves in the loss we have sustained.

Contemporary Preachers.

VIII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

THE communities of Christendom are separated one from another by various notes of difference, more or less strongly marked, but none is more striking than that which relates to the alleged grounds of their authority. Some of them claim our allegiance, because of their organised connection with the State. They are approved and authorised by "the powers that be," and adhesion to them is supposed to be an essential element in our loyalty. Others of them, while willing to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," resolutely reserve for God the things which are God's, and ask for support only so far as they correspond to the ideal of the New Testament, and when that support can be given as an act of voluntary obedience to Christ. Some churches summon to their aid a stately and elaborate ritual, which is placed under the control of a privileged caste, and reaches the soul by the avenues of sense. Others adopt as their principal method the preaching of Christ, and care for no conquests save such as can be won by the force of truth. The former claim to be the depositaries of a mysterious and supernatural power, conveyed through the sacraments, which they alone can lawfully and effectively administer. The latter, discarding these assumptions as having no foundation either in Scripture or in reason, seek to accomplish their mission by moral rather than by mystical forces, by argument and persuasion rather than by authority or semi-magic. The power they covet is more akin to the insight, the fervour, and the noble outspokenness of the prophet than to the ceremonial sanctity and the exclusive prerogatives of a priesthood—a power which is more in harmony with the genius of the Christian dispensation, and on which alone Christ and His apostles have taught us to rely. Sacerdotalism, with its related rites, may suit the requirements of a preparatory stage, but has become obsolete, now that we have reached the fulness of the times. It maintained its hold in the dark ages, and will be welcomed by those who are averse to a high-toned spiritual life, and are glad of any substitute for vigorous personal religion, but under other and healthier conditions it is doomed to disappear.

Among the churches which have honourably illustrated the power of the pulpit, the followers of John Wesley stand pre-eminent. As they have taken the name, so also have they imbibed the spirit of their distinguished founder, kept in view the aims to which he consecrated his long and laborious life, and sought their accomplishment by methods of which he approved. The Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century was a protest against the formality and spiritual languor which existed in the Established Church of the country, as well as an attack on the scepticism and immorality which prevailed even in high places. The authors of the movement were men of noble character and self-denying zeal, and they endeavoured to gain the sympathy and concurrence of others by preaching to them "as the truth is in Jesus." In cottages and in barns, as well as in consecrated churches—on hill-sides and commons, in highways and hedges, and wherever men could be gathered together, they proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ, and in this way laid the foundations of one of the greatest and most powerful religious communities which now exist in our land, and which has, in fact, by its own inherent life, as derived from God, established itself in strength and usefulness in well-nigh every accessible part of the world.

Wesley clearly saw that if his work was to have a permanent effect, he must surround himself by a company of earnest and godly preachers. We need not here describe the peculiarities of his system, the majority of our readers being already familiar with them. Suffice it to say, that he not only appointed a regular ministry, wholly devoted to the proclamation of the Gospel and the management of the churches, but recognised the necessity of lay-preaching, and made it one of the most conspicuous, as we believe it has been one of the most useful, features of the connexion. In addition to the circuit ministers, who pass through a college curriculum, receive ordination, and are appointed to their successive stations, by the Conference, there is in every circuit a goodly band of "local preachers," who supply the places of the ministers when they are absent on other work, conduct the services in village stations, and in mission halls, engage in general evangelistic labour, and in any way which is open to them advance the interests of the society to which they belong.

We are not aware that the Wesleyans have had among them many men who could claim the highest rank as orators, nor until recently have they had many who could be regarded as great theologians or apologists. But there is no community which has rendered more effective service to the interests of the Christian religion among the great masses of our population, and especially in the agricultural and mining districts. They have been fired with a holy zeal, and their methods have proved efficient where all others have failed.

That there are elements of weakness and imperfection in the Wesleyan churches their most enthusiastic admirers could not deny, but these, we believe, are neither ignored nor condoned. One by one they are being cast off. Laymen, who have already a fair share of power in

their several districts, will shortly be admitted to the Conference. The intrusiveness of spirit of which there have been frequent complaints, and the twang we have occasionally heard among the less educated classes are becoming a remembrance of the past, and "the spirit of the age," in its best features, is no stranger in the Methodist meeting.

In one of his most brilliant orations, Dr. Punshon has referred to the reproach under which Methodism formerly laboured.

It was the custom sometimes to ignore it, sometimes with an air of patronage to tolerate it, sometimes kindly to apologise for it, and at last to associate its fervour with fanaticism, and to regard it as an irregular and very humble helper, which might be suffered, though with some misgiving, to do a little guerilla fighting in the service of Christ. . . . Of course there are yet those who scorn, and those who hinder; bigotry and prejudice are not by any means dead; but the Methodism of to-day occupies a very different position from the Methodism of even twenty years ago. It is now recognised as a spiritual power; it is hailed as an energetic ally. Scholarship and culture are not denied to it. It is even escaping the charge of being a vulgar thing. . . . Its sons sit among the learned, as learned as any on the Council of the Biblical Revision.

Of this altered position we are all aware, and Methodism has shared it in common with the other Nonconformist churches of England. The *jus divinum* of Episcopacy is not now so clear as it was formerly deemed. Schism, so termed, may not always be a sin, but often the reverse. A spirit of larger tolerance, moreover, exists in "the Church," and Nonconformists of all classes have, in ways innumerable, constrained the respect of which they were once judged unworthy.

But in addition to this there can be little doubt that the external change, of which Dr. Punshon speaks, has been to some extent brought about by a change from within. Methodism itself, as distinct from its position, has undergone a modification. It is not only more cultured—that in itself is a small matter—but it is less sectarian and exclusive. There is a healthier, manlier, and more generous tone about it. Its theology and its doctrinal standards may be the same, but its ministers and its leading members seem to us to show a decided advance on their predecessors of a generation ago, and any amelioration of their position is well deserved.

They have themselves effected it. A community cannot have in its ranks leaders like Wiseman and Perks, (to name first, two who have recently passed away), scholars like Pope and Moulton, and preachers like Coley and Punshon, without being strongly leavened by their influence. These are men of which any church in Christendom would be proud, and they have gained both for themselves and their associates universal respect.

There is no preacher among the Wesleyans so popular as Dr. Punshon; and if we except Mr. Spurgeon, whose position is in almost every respect unique, and, on other grounds, Canon Liddon, we question whether there is any man either in the Established or Nonconformist

churches so widely known, and able to draw together in any and every part of England such large audiences. And this popularity Dr. Punshon has enjoyed for upwards of twenty years. And certainly there is no man who has had a higher or more beneficial influence on the ministry and general life of Methodism. There are among the followers of Wesley, scholars of larger and more varied culture, keener controversialists, and profounder theologians; but as a preacher, Dr. Punshon is *facile princeps*, and by not a few he is regarded as the finest pulpit orator of the day.

He was born at Doncaster, in 1823 or 1824, and received his education, first at a boarding-school in the neighbourhood and afterwards at the Grammar School of his native town. When he was fourteen or fifteen years of age he was sent into business with his maternal grandfather, Mr. William Morley, an extensive timber merchant and shipowner of Hull, and here he remained until his grandfather retired from business. Young Punshon was then removed to Sunderland, and while there, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. He did not, after the example of too many youths, consider his education complete because he had left school, but steadily persevered in the path on which he had entered. He was a diligent reader and an eager student. He became one of the most active members of a Mutual Improvement Society, and gained distinction as an essayist and debater. He frequently officiated also as a local preacher, and gave even then indications of future eminence.

In 1844, he entered the Wesleyan College at Richmond, but remained there only a single year, being sent at the close of it to take charge of a small congregation at Marden, in Kent. From thence he went to Whitehaven, and afterwards to Carlisle, where he completed his four year's term of probation. He was ordained to the ministry in July, 1849, when the Conference held its sittings at Oldham Street Chapel in Manchester. After his ordination, he served the usual circuit period of three years at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield, Leeds, Bayswater, Islington, and Bristol.

It was during his ministry at Sheffield that Mr. Punshon's reputation extended beyond the locality in which he laboured, and the denomination of which he was a member. He had, from the commencement of his ministry, proved an acceptable lecturer and an able platform speaker, but in 1854 he was invited to deliver one of the lectures in the ordinary series of the Young Men's Christian Association in London. The theme he selected was "The Prophet of Horeb; His Life and its Lessons," and his treatment of it was as masterly as it was eloquent. He displayed a fine appreciation of the ruling spirit of Elijah; grouped in a succinct and comprehensive style the leading incidents in his career, and showed their bearing on the needs of our own day with singular fidelity and force. The Christian Associations of England hailed the appearance of the new lecturer with delight, and his services were forthwith in general request.

The impression made by "The Prophet of Horeb" was more than sustained by the magnificent oration, delivered some three years later, on "John Bunyan"—an oration which not only evinces a remarkable familiarity with the details of the life of "the glorious dreamer," and with the whole history of the strange and eventful times in which he lived, but reveals to us his inner man, analyses the elements of his heroic character, and points out his true place in the religious education of England and of the world. The lecturer held his audience spell-bound for upwards of two hours, and in Leeds, where he was then stationed, the lecture was delivered twice in the largest building in the town, and so great was the eagerness to hear it that hundreds were unable to secure admission.

In 1859 Mr. Punshon formed a resolution, the fulfilment of which earned for him the lasting gratitude of his denomination—viz., to raise in five years the sum of £10,000, to aid the erection of chapels in important watering-places. This resolution he accomplished mainly by the delivery of lectures. He visited most of the cities and large towns of the kingdom, delivering his orations on the "Huguenots," "Daniel," &c. ; and before the expiration of the fixed period he had the gratification of handing to the Conference the noble sum which he had determined to realize. Nor was this all. Chapels heavily burdened with debt were relieved by his generous aid, and most of the Connexional Societies—especially the Home and Foreign Missions—were benefited by his advocacy. Year by year his reputation extended, as lecture followed lecture, and one heroic labour of love succeeded another.

It became evident that Mr. Punshon was straining himself to his utmost capacity and beyond it, and he suffered severely in consequence. In 1866 he had a serious illness, and had to submit to "a year's enforced pause amid the activities of his busy ministry." But, though unable for public service, he could not be idle, and as the fruit of his retirement he offered to the public a volume of sacred poetry, entitled "Sabbath Chimes: Meditations in verse for the Sundays of a Year." A criticism of this volume scarcely falls within our province, but this much we will say, that throughout it discloses an eye for the manifold beauties of nature and rare powers of description. The most varied phenomena are presented to us as they appear to the imagination of a poet; the windings of the human heart are discovered, and the events of sacred history are graphically portrayed and their innermost meaning unveiled. It would be folly to compare the book with Keble's "Christian Year," which moves on an entirely different plane, and is strictly *sui generis*; but Mr. Punshon's "Sabbath Chimes" meet the needs of many hearts whom Keble could never reach, and there is in them a robustness and a healthy joy to which the spirit of the "Christian Year" seems to us the reverse of favourable.

Shortly after his recovery from this prolonged illness, Mr. Punshon resolved to sever for a time his old associations, and prosecute his labours in Canada. Before he left England, however, he was pre-

sented, at a meeting held for the purpose in London, with an address, and a purse containing £700. The speech in which he replied to the address was one of his happiest efforts, and was remarkable both for its frankness and generosity of tone, and for its exuberant rhetoric. One point, we remember, called forth enthusiastic applause—that, namely, in which Mr. Punshon spoke of his relations with his brethren in the ministry. He had, he said, seen and deplored the evils which arose from ministerial jealousy, and had early made up his mind to do all in his power to diminish and remove them. It was with him a settled principle never to speak in terms of depreciation of his brethren; never to direct against them, least of all in their absence, unjust or unkind criticisms, but, on the contrary, to prove himself their friend, and do to them as he would have them do unto him. The applause with which these sentiments were greeted was an endorsement by the audience of the accuracy of the representation they implied. And it is a pleasure to us to be able to add that we have met many ministers who have come into close and familiar contact with this great preacher, who all speak of him in the same cordial and grateful terms.

In Canada Mr. Punshon's reception was such as his reputation would have led us to expect. He undertook extensive preaching and lecturing tours, and created a deeper and more general excitement than had previously been witnessed. His utterances were regularly reported in the press, and both the secular and the religious papers eulogised his oratory. He was elected president of the Canadian Conference shortly after his arrival, and held the office for several years. In 1871 he was chosen to represent the Canadian Churches at the Conference in Manchester, and received, when he rose to speak, a greeting such as is rarely witnessed.

During this visit to his native land, which extended over several months, Mr. Punshon worked as zealously as of old in the interests of the English Churches, preaching in London and the provinces on behalf of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, and kindred objects, and raising in this way immense sums of money which could not otherwise have been secured.

Returning to Canada in the autumn of the year, he undertook other tours similar to those to which we have already referred, and it was greatly to the regret of his friends in the Dominion when he announced his resolution to return finally to England, which he did in the summer of 1873.

He brought with him various memorials of the high regard and affection in which he was held. He received the degree of LL.D. from Victoria University, Coburg, having some years before been made an M.A. of Middletown University, Connecticut. On the evening previous to his departure to England, he received at Toronto a casket containing 4,000 dollars, and it was evident that he had established over the Canadian Churches as strong a hold as he had on the English.

After his return, his first sphere of labour was in connection with the chapel in Warwick Gardens, Kensington. In 1874 he was elected President of the Conference, and in 1875 was appointed one of the Mission Secretaries, which latter office he still fills. He is said, by those who know him best, to be a man of great administrative skill, and to possess business capacities of the first order. He is naturally fitted for a position of leadership, and brings to the management of affairs a mastery of details and a power of control which excite general admiration and ensure continued progress.

AS A PREACHER, Dr. Punshon evidently has faith in his mission. With him, as with Mr. Spurgeon, "the pulpit is the Thermopylæ of Christendom," and he claims for it "the foremost place among the agencies for the renovation of the world."

One great want of the times—he tells us—is a commanding ministry—a ministry of piety, at once sober and earnest, and of mightiest moral power. Give us these men "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery nor hiding them 'neath pilos of rubbish. Give us these men!—men of sound speech, who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, as if the mind blushed at its own credulity; not distilling it into an essence so subtle and so speedily decomposed that a chemical analysis alone can detect the faint odour which tells it has been there, but who will preach it apostle-wise—that is, "first of all," at once a principle shrined in the heart, and a motive mighty in the life—the source of all morals and the inspiration of all charity—the sanctifier of every relationship and the sweetener of every toil. Give us these men!—men of dauntless courage, from whom God-fear has banished man-fear; who will stand unblenched before the pride of birth, and the pride of rank, and the pride of office, and the pride of intellect, and the pride of money, and will rebuke their conventional hypocrisies, and demolish their false confidences, and sweep away their refuges of lies. Give us these men!—men of tenderest sympathy, who dare despise none, however vile and crafty, because the "one blood" appeals for relationship in its sluggish or fevered flow; who deal not in fierce reproofs or haughty bearing, because their own souls have just been brought out of prison; by whom the sleeper will not be harshly chided, and who will mourn over the wanderer, "My brother—ah! my brother!" Give us these men!—men of untiring zeal, whose hearts of constancy quail not, although dull men sneer, and proud men scorn, and timid men blush, and cautious men deprecate, and wicked men revile; who—though atrophy wastes the world and paralysis has settled on the church—amid hazard and hardship are "valiant for the truth upon the earth"—

"And think

What others only dreamed about; and do
What others did but think; and glory in
What others dared but do."

Give us these men!—in whom Paul would find congenial reasoners; whom the fervent Peter would greet with a welcome sparkle in the eye; to whom the gentle John would be attracted as to twin souls which beat like his own, all lovingly. Give us these men!—and you need speak no more of the faded greatness and prostrate might of the pulpit: the true God-witnesses shall be reinstated in their ancient moral sovereignty, and "by manifestations of the truth, shall commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

This conception of the ministerial office Dr. Punshon has, without doubt, striven to realize. He is jealous of the dignity of the pulpit, but it is with a jealousy we must all commend. As he rises to speak, we

feel that he is conscious of his power, but he betrays no sign of vanity, and as evidently labours under a sense of responsibility to God.

His voice is by no means musical, but is, on the contrary, somewhat harsh and husky. On hearing him for the first time we are likely to be disappointed, and wonder whether this can really be the orator we have heard described. But as he proceeds, our disappointment passes away, and we sit entranced. Every syllable is distinctly pronounced, every word is properly modulated. The utterance becomes clearer and more animated, and is accompanied by appropriate action. The attention of the audience is rapt; a hushed stillness prevails; we find ourselves spell-bound; and as the orator reaches his climax, there is throughout the assembly a long-drawn sigh, as of relief. If it be a lecture, the applause is tumultuous. We have seen the whole audience raised to the highest pitch of excitement, and the excitement expressing itself not only in cheers, but in the waving of handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations of a like kind.

Dr. Punshon owes his power largely to his wonderful skill in word-painting. He has a richly-furnished vocabulary, and its resources are as varied as they are ample. He can present his thoughts with almost realistic force, and enable us to *see* as well as to hear what he wishes us to understand. His analysis of character is subtle and graphic, his descriptions of scenery are life-like, and he advances from point to point until the whole field of his thought stands clearly and vividly before the eye, and impresses itself on the memory.

This mastery in the art of word-painting has not been easily acquired. Dr. Punshon has throughout his life been a diligent and "painful" student of our highest literature. He has, no doubt, been endowed by nature with a powerful imagination, which would of itself have invested his speech with splendour. He has felt, in many ways, the influence of "the vision and faculty divine." But this natural power has been carefully disciplined, and the materials at its command increased by laborious study. He has assimilated much of that which is best in the writings of Shakespeare and Milton, Burke and Macaulay, Wordsworth and Tennyson. He is equally well read in theological literature; with the writings of Bunyan he has an acquaintance of which few others can boast; while his style has also been moulded by the great pulpit-orators of our own and other lands—Chalmers and Robert Hall being (if we mistake not) his favourite authors in this line.

We have often admired the terseness of many of his sentences—*e.g.*, where he asserts that "the spendthrift of the present will be the bankrupt of the future;" but his rhetoric is occasionally too ornate, and his meaning is in danger of being veiled behind a drapery of words. Take such a paragraph as this, in which he describes the deterioration consequent on the fall:—

The course of man's life, as it has been ever since the fall, a course of constant and increasing recession from God, presents a spectacle of moral

degradation, which is grievous to behold; the whole nature has fallen; the understanding has become darkened, and is conversant only with what is contemptible and low; the affections which once soared sublimely upwards, now cleave to worldly objects—objects that perish in the using; the passions have become loyal servants of the usurper, and keep their zealous patrol in the courtyard of his palace; the will, which once inclined to good, is now fierce and greedy after evil; imagination revels in fondest dalliance with sin for its paramour; and conscience intoxicated with opiate draughts, and in that intoxication smitten with paralysis, gazes hopelessly upon the desolation; or if at times stirred by the spirit within, it breaks out with a paroxysm and terrifies the man with its thunder, he is persuaded to regard it as the incoherence of some meddling drunkard, or the ravings of some frantic madman.

This is a very true and important thought, but the expression of it in language so gorgeous as this by a rapid speaker must have left on an audience a vague and less practical impression than it would have done if couched in simpler and more familiar terms. The effect of such a paragraph is rather to dazzle the imagination than to impress the heart or arouse the conscience. For the pulpit the simpler the style the better. Good homely Saxon is more telling than the most elaborate classicisms. Short pithy sentences are better remembered than the most refined and brilliant circumlocutions, and from an evangelistic point of view we imagine that the exquisite finish of Dr. Punshon's sermons will be sometimes detrimental to their success.

As to the substance of his preaching his hearers are left in no doubt. It is emphatically the Gospel of Jesus Christ; nor does he ever so far as we are aware seek to travel beyond the limits which it prescribes—repentance and faith, justification and sanctification, the elements of Christian virtue, the means of spiritual growth, the blessedness of trust in God, the prospects of eternal life—these are the themes on which he loves to expatiate. He does not attempt to grapple in the pulpit with the deeper problems of our age; he has little to say of the questions which hold the approaches to Christianity, but speaks as one from within, bearing witness of that which he has seen and felt.

He has not probably had to "fight his way from doubt to faith." Such an experience of spiritual desolation as Frederick William Robertson so pathetically depicts, "when all seemed lost," he has not, we presume, known. Nor can we regard him as an accomplished exegete, or skilled expositor. His sermons contain no such depth and originality of thought as we find in those of the author we have just named, or of our own Alexander Maclaren. He combines and adorns rather than creates. Occasionally, too, his arguments are defective in logic, *e.g.*, where he makes this impassioned appeal.

Limit the extent of the atonement! Who dares do it? Talk about Christ dying for a few scattered families of the sons of men merely! Why it is to charge my Saviour with cowardice, and bring a slur upon His conduct in the field. If there be one solitary soul in the wide universe through for whom Christ did not die, over that soul death has triumphed, and the conquest of my Saviour is imperfect and incomplete.

It is not, of course, fair to criticise impassioned rhetoric too closely; otherwise we might point out several fallacies in this short paragraph.

But it is evident that, with Dr. Punshon's ideas as to the nature and efficacy of the atonement, he does not escape the difficulty which so distresses him. He believes that death does triumph over some for whom Christ has died, even over the impenitent and unbelieving, and in that case, of what avail is Christ's death; is not its purpose defeated, and is not our Lord losing "His own"? Or, if we deny this triumph of death, do we not logically, however unwittingly, favour a belief in universal restoration?

Such instances as these, however, are of rare occurrence, and there is, as a rule, little in Dr. Punshon's sermons to which we cannot yield our heartiest assent. There is in his preaching nothing sectarian or controversial. He is more attached to the Bible than to human creeds—to Christ than men—and his views are as liberal as they are Evangelical. He is a faithful herald of the Cross, and under his ministry, aided by the blessing of God, men must be brought to repentance, renewed in the spirit of their mind, and stimulated and strengthened to live a holy and godlike life.

We append one or two extracts, illustrative of his general style. The first is on the spirituality of worship:—

How glorious then the revelation, at once the rebuke of the intolerant and the charter of the needy—God is a spirit, and wherever two or three are gathered in His name there is He! How utterly does this unalterable promise silence the dogmas of all rabid ecclesiasticisms, and fill the souls of the true worshippers with a very flood of joy! Neither Gerizim nor Jerusalem have any haughty exclusiveness of privilege now. Of course means are not superseded—they are yet used and sanctified. The Book has not yet lost its authority, nor the Sabbath its obligations, nor the house of God its sacredness. All that is seemly and decorous in external worship is preserved and left, "but the hour cometh, and now is," when the Father "seeketh" in every clime his true and spiritual worshippers. Oh, the beauty of that phrase! It is not the worshipper seeking the Father, it is the Father seeking the worshipper—looking down from heaven to find where the real contrite ones are that in sincerity and truth adore. "The Father seeketh such to worship Him." The blessing is hidden no longer in the temple's inner shrine; it has belted the broad world as with a zone of glory; the veil no longer shrouds the holiest from the view, the inner radiance hath found its way through the outer covering, and now shines in the face of all people, "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Oh, do not think for a moment that by frequenting places that have an odour of peculiar sanctity you can alone acceptably worship God. Have you got a contrite heart? Then that can consecrate the meanest place on earth. It does not matter where the congregation may gather, only let them be a congregation of faithful men, yearning for truth, ready to make any sacrifice to obtain it, and that God who is everywhere present will reveal Himself in blessings wherever they may choose to assemble. They may crowd into the solemn minster, and while the organ peals out its alternate wail and psalm, to them it may be a spiritual service, and their hearts may glow in purer light than streams through painted windows. They may draw around the hearth of the farmer's homestead, and while the frost-king reigns outside, their spirits may burn with a warmth that may defy the keenness of the sternest winter. For them there may be a spiritual harvest more plentiful than the garnered store in the barn that has been lent for worship; or a season of refreshing beneath the thatch through which the penitent soul can filter up its sighs for heaven. On the gallant vessel's deck, with no witnesses of the service but the sky and sea, there may be the sound of many waters as the Lord of Hosts comes down. And in the Alpine solitudes, where the spirit, alone with God mid murmuring streams,

and bowing pines, and summits of eternal snow, uplifts its adoration, there may be a whisper stiller, and sweeter, and more comforting than that of nature, saying, "Peace, peace be unto you." Oh! it is a beautiful thought that in this the last of the dispensations, the contrite heart can hallow its own temple! Wherever the emigrant wanders—wherever the exile pines—in the dreariest Sahara, rarely tracked save by the Bedouin on his camel—on the banks of rivers yet unknown to song—in the dense woodlands where no axe has yet struck against the trees—in the dark ruin—in the foul cell—in the narrow street—on the swift rail—there where business tramps and rattles—there where sickness gasps and pines—anywhere, anywhere in this wide, wide world, if there is a soul that wants to worship, there can be a hallowed altar and a present God.

The second describes the nature of true religion:—

It is manifest, therefore, that there is no availableness in partial reformation, nor in external amendment, nor in the most ascetic observance of rubrics, unless there be the creation of the clean heart and the renewal of the right spirit. They are motives which either consecrate or reprobate actions. Unless the principle of a deed be worthy, though the deed itself be outwardly praiseworthy, it hath in it only the thing of sin. Now, as the depravity has been entire, it behoves that the renovation should be entire. The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, must constrain to holy living, and there must be that high and matchless transformation by which old things pass away, and all things become marvellously new. All other changes, brethren, fall short, far short of the nature's need. You may alter the pointers and touch the regulators of a watch without ceasing, but if the main-spring is broken you can have no accurate note of time. Every stone in an arch may be proportioned and in its place, but if the key-stone is wanting you will never rear it in strength. Bone may come to his bone, and skin may cover them, and it may be fenced with sinew and covered with flesh as the skeleton, but unless the quick pulses are alive with the flowing blood there will be no lighted house of life. Brethren, religion is a thing of the heart; it is not a mere dogmatism of creed; it is not a mere timorous morality; it is not even a flatteringly faultless observance of devotion; it is a warm life welling up from a renewed heart; it is a new affection expelling or controlling the old; it is the embodiment of a passion which is neither sordid nor servile, but which, in deep gratitude for its deliverance, offers itself a living sacrifice, and in the generosity of its ungrudging service, can never say, "It is enough." Do you see the point of difference now? How is it with yourselves? Have you turned to the Lord with full purpose of heart? I do not ask you if you assent to the truth. I know you do. I do not ask you if you like to hear it proclaimed. I know you do. I do not ask you if you are familiar with every loop and tassel of the temple. I do not ask you even if you have a preference for Jerusalem among your chiefest and most treasured joys. I ask you if your heart has ever been broken by penitence and healed by mercy? I ask you if there has ever been a time in your history when you bowed prostrate and heavily laden, and cried out, "Unclean;" and were soothed by the ministering angels and cleansed by a touch of the live coals from off the altar. I ask you if you, in your self-renunciation, have ever gone so low—if you have ever felt so thoroughly the death of self-dependence and self-will, that with the apostle you could say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

And the last extract portrays the rest we enjoy in Christ:—

The Saviour's most gracious invitation addressed to a world of the heavy-laden contains within it a promise of rest. Oh! ye who have toiled so long, and who have reaped nothing from your profitless labour, take the yoke upon you, and you shall find rest unto your souls. Rest for the vexed mind; for the bewilderments of its unbelief shall be disentangled, and it shall rejoice in

settled principles, which no doubts disturb, and in the confiding faith, which can wait for the unveiling of a mystery till the light of eternity has made luminous the darkness of time. Rest for the awakening conscience; for its remorseful memory shall be still, and its accusing voice silent, and the brand of its condemnation removed; and there shall come a great calm upon it, as when the lone lake sleeps beneath the hush of summer. Rest for the wayward heart; for it shall be weaned from its idols, and all its wandering shall be forgiven, and it shall cleave to Jesus, and flutter into his bosom like the nestling bird, serene in the possession of an object upon which it can pour out its wealth of love. Rest in the mortal struggle; for the enemy shall be beaten from the field, and there shall be sunset splendours in the western sky, and the departing soul shall glow in that strange light of eventide, and shall leave all the sore travail of its doubt and mystery behind it, and shall enter upon quietness and assurance for ever.

On the Testimony of the Catacombs of Rome to Pædobaptism.

BY THE REV. J. HUNT COOKE.

SHOULD it be indubitably proved that as early as even the first century of the Christian era some one advocated the baptism of infants, that of itself ought not to affect our practice. With true Baptists, Scripture is everything, tradition nothing. From the epistles to the seven churches of Asia, it is evident that serious error had crept in even whilst the Apostle John was living. So that when we study the representations and inscriptions found in the catacombs of Rome, it is not from the expectation of any light that shall guide us in opinion and practice. If they teach believers baptism, we are pleased to find this confirmation of the truth as we have received it. If they show that infant baptism was the practice, still we fall back on the plain teachings of Scripture, where every narration and allusion shows it to have been by immersion and immersion only, to believers and believers only.

But do the catacombs afford any testimony in favour of infant baptism or sprinkling? The Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., in a work recently published on "The Catacombs of Rome and their testimony relative to Primitive Christianity," says they do. This work is likely to have a large circulation, and, if proved to be tolerably accurate, will be valuable. Our Pædobaptist friends frequently tell us that the discoveries of these catacombs are wholly against those who practice believer's baptism as the only right way of observing the ordinance. Our first answer is—What of that, if the New Testament be in our favour? Our second is—Is it really so? We propose to examine

carefully and without prejudice the statements of this book upon the subject.

Mr. Withrow relies, and so have other writers before him, on the following inscriptions, as giving evidence of the practice of infant baptism :—

TEG. CANDIDIS. NEOF. Q VXT M. XXI.

“The tile of Candidus, a neophyte, who lived twenty-one months.”

FL. IOVINA. QUÆ. VIX. ANNIS. TRIBUS. D. XXX. NEOFITA. IN. PACE

“Fl Jovina, who lived three years and thirty days. a neophyte in peace.”

MIRÆ. INDUSTRIÆ ADQUE BONITATIS . . . INNOCENTIA PREDITUS FL. AUR. LEONI. NEOFITO QUI VIXIT ANN. VI. MENS VIII. DIES XI. . . .

“Innocentia Preditus to Flavius Aurelius Leo, a neophyte of wonderful industry and goodness, who lived six years, eight months, eleven days.”

ROMANO NEOFITO BENE MERENTI QUI VIXIT. ANNOS. VIII. D. XV. REQUIESCIT IN PACE.

“To the well-deserving neophyte Romanus, who lived eight years and fifteen days : he rests in peace.”

These four epitaphs are all the proof he brings from the catacombs, and we fail to see in it any evidence in favour of infant baptism. He says neophyte is “a term applied only to newly-baptized persons.” We ask for proof of this. Du Cange, the best authority we know on Patristic Latin, does not say so. According to his lexicon, it is very variously used ; he does not mention it as connoting baptism : amongst other meanings he gives this :—“Nuper ad fidem veniens, vel noviter.” Its sense is obvious enough ; it comes from the Greek νέον φυτόν, one newly planted. It was in use for one newly entered into any profession. It might be fairly employed for one just entered on life. Indeed, the evidence is not irrefragable that these are Christian inscriptions at all. They prove no more about baptism than a sculptured lily on an infant’s tomb in a modern cemetery. So much for the evidence in favour of the baptism of infants to be derived from the Catacombs. It rests wholly on a mistaken narrowing of the meaning of a word.

There is a very interesting question arising from these epitaphs which we do no more now than indicate. Does the age given refer to the natural or regenerated life ? There is an inscription to one Jovina, who lived three years and thirty days a neophyte, with the garland and palms of martyrdom. And there is the mention of a *puer*, who is described as born and dying in the same year, aged twenty-four.

Following the paragraph in which he makes this mistake as to the testimony of the Catacombs in favour of infant baptism, Mr. Withrow

favours his readers with a long note, in which he professes to give a "resumé of the principal patristic evidence on the practice of infant baptism." Although such a piece of special pleading does not appear to us to be really within the scope of the book, yet we are glad to hear all that can be said on the subject, and take the liberty to criticise it in detail.

He says, "We omit the passages from Clement and Hermes Pastor, which imply its prevalence in the first century as being rather vague." Why so? we ask. Baptists assert that there is not the slightest allusion to infant sprinkling in the remains of either of these writers, but have pointed out several passages that speak of the immersion of believers. He then refers to Justin Martyr, but does not give a quotation. Ought he not to have given us the following passage from his "Apology"? "As many as are persuaded and believe that what we teach is true, and undertake to conform their lives to our doctrine, are instructed to fast and pray, and entreat from God the remission of their past sins, we fasting and praying together with them. They are then conducted by us to a place where there is water, and are regenerated in the same manner in which we were ourselves regenerated. For they are then washed in the name of God the Father and Lord of the Universe, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit."

From Justin Martyr he passes on to Irenæus, but only states that he taught what we all believe, that "infantes et parvulos, et pueros, et juvenes, et seniores," have been regenerated, but does not quote a passage in which they are said to have been baptised, for none such exists. He next quotes Tertullian. "Cunctatio baptismi utilior est, præcipue tamen circa parvulos," the meaning of which Mr. Withrow tells us is that Tertullian recommends the delay of baptism, especially in the case of infants," and then gives us a quotation from Origen, which "expressly asserts that little children were baptised," "parvuli baptisantur." In these two passages we have another illustration of an attempted proof by an erroneous translation. With the quotation from Irenæus on the same page,—how can he assert that "parvuli" means infants? Turning to Du Cange, we find "Parvulus: Hac voce non puerulus sed puer etiam 14 vel 15 annorum significatur." "This word does not mean a little child, but one of fourteen or fifteen years of age." Now we venture to say that the question of the delay of the baptism of a child fourteen or fifteen years old, very seldom arises in a Pædobaptist church, but not unfrequently amongst Baptists. Our brethren are not always aware how very "primitive" are some of the practices and discussions that arise with us.

Then we are taken to Cyprian in the third century. He passes over passages, which he might have quoted, enough to fill more than one number of our magazine, which show that baptism in the early church meant the immersion of believers. But his *resumé* could not have been made to extend beyond a foot-note, since he only selected passages which seemed to prove infant baptism. That, by that time

this perversion of the rite had been attempted is not questioned, and many other perversions as well. The epistles of Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, reveal an awful departure from the truth as it is in Jesus: and in the fierce rivalry of that period, when it was asserted, "In the holy church is the one water which makes sheep," and then debated the question which party had the water; we need not be surprised to find in one place a discussion as to what period of life the sheep could be secured. It is not denied that infant baptism had made an appearance at the latter part of the third century, by which time, indeed, the germs of most of the errors of the great apostacy had manifested themselves. The mystery of iniquity was then fully at work.

So much, then, for the writings of the Fathers before the latter half of the third century. They abound in statements of the baptism of believers, they abound in allusions to baptism by immersion, they abound in heretical statements of many kinds, but contain no reference whatever to infant sprinkling. As in the epitaphs of the Catacombs, so in the Patristic writings, it is necessary to give an old word a meaning it does not bear, in order to defend the error.

Leaving the subject, the writer proceeds to give illustrations of the mode of baptism. Here, if possible, he seems to go further astray. We cannot understand his reason for introducing the picture of a modern font (page 537); he tells us it "is said to have come from the catacombs, and to have been used for baptismal purposes by St. Peter himself . . . its basin is quite too small for even infant immersion." We are assured that neither Mr. Withrow nor any person who has any pretension to an acquaintance with archaeology believes it for a moment. It is not right to confuse an uninstructed reader by a representation so manifestly false as this.

And we ask further,—Why is it that he asserts that the font in the catacomb of St. Pontianus is obviously too small for immersion, and proves it by giving dimensions below the fact? Assuredly he ought first to have ascertained that the measurements were correct. "It is not 36 inches long." Mr. W. N. Cote says it is four feet and a half long. "It is not 32 inches wide." It is three feet and a half in width; it is not "obviously too small for immersion;"—there are not a few Baptist ministers who have seen it who declare that it is quite large enough for the administration of the ordinance. The writer not only needs a good dictionary, but an accurate foot rule.

We do not hesitate to admit that great variety of opinion may exist in regard to the meaning of ancient, partially defaced representations; but it really astonishes us to find that in the well known picture of the baptism of our Lord, found in the catacomb of St. Pontianus, Mr. Withrow imagines that John "pours water upon his head." The Saviour is evidently stripped, standing in the river up to his waist, an angel holds his garments, and John, who has nothing except a staff wherewith to pour water, is placing his hand on our Lord's head. This is the conventional mode of representing our Saviour's baptism, and is repeatedly found in ancient MSS., from the

earliest times, to, certainly, as late as the twelfth century. It assuredly sets forth baptism by immersion.

Mr. Withrow then refers to the partially defaced picture in the catacomb of St. Lucina, but does not favour us with a cut; this is unfortunate, for in this representation it appears to us our Lord is immersed to his neck.

Then comes a sketch of the baptismal scene from the catacomb of Callixtus, in which we should say the candidate is evidently rising from being wholly dipped, and the water dripping from him on every side; but our author states that this "clearly exhibits the administration of the rite by pouring." How this is possible when the administrator has nothing in his hand to pour with, and the subject stands in the water, stripped of his clothes and wetted all over, we are at a loss to discern. He then adds, "It is accompanied by a representation of Peter striking water from the rock, an emblem, according to De Rossi, of the waters of baptism sprinkling the sinful souls that come thereto."

Now although this relic of early Christian art brings so much testimony in favour of our view of baptism, we are not quite assured it is a picture of the rite at all. It is found in connection with a number of pictures of scenes in Old Testament history, such as Moses striking the rock, Abraham's sacrifice, and a succession from the life of Jonah; and it is just possible it may be the healing of Naaman the Syrian. Should this supposition prove correct, and it is derived from a careful study of the spirited representations in De Rossi's great work, then the difficulties of our author in attempting to disprove immersion will be manifest, in that he is driven to seek evidence for sprinkling from a picture of Moses striking the rock, and of pouring from the representation of the dipping of Naaman in Jordan. But after all, the funniest thing in the book will be found in the footnote at the conclusion of this discussion, in which he gravely tells us, "In another group at Monza, of the seventh century, the baptismal water pours from a vase held in the beak of the divine dove upon the head of Christ."

Should further research prove that the picture in the cubicle in the catacomb of Callixtus was really intended to represent a baptism, then its value in corroborating our opinion of the rite would be very great. Its lessons on the early idea would be as valuable as the instruction in St. Pontianus on the early mode. It would teach us that the believers of those days of old connected with baptism thoughts of Christ as the sacrifice, and as the smitten rock whence spiritual water flow; and especially of the death, burial, and resurrection of our Lord, of which, according to his own words, the miraculous history of Jonah was a type.

We are exceedingly sorry to be compelled to write in this way of a book written with so excellent an aim. But if in a work on a subject of profound and growing interest, we find an error subtly inculcated which we feel to be one of the foundations of the evil deplored, we

assert that it ought to be clearly pointed out. Mr. Withrow has, we think, gone out of his way to attack us, and his argument cannot fail to have weight with those to whom his statements are commended as thoroughly to be relied upon. When left to tell us its own tale, this "earliest and most unconscious art record" is all in our favour. We boldly challenge him, or any other pædobaptist to produce from the Catacombs, or indeed from any of the representations of early art, the delineation of an unconscious babe in a priest's arms, having a few drops of water sprinkled in its face, and the sign of the cross on its forehead. Satisfied with Scripture, Baptists have been negligent of the monuments of antiquity, but we are assured that a fuller study of them would yield convincing testimony in our favour. That infant baptism is mentioned in the latter half of the third century we have seen, but it is evident the practice was not general until centuries after that. It was not baptism alone that was perverted in the African church; from the remonstrance of Augustine it is evident that the table of the Lord had become there a scene of unhallowed disorder, and even drunken revelling. It is not, however, from the writings, and practices, and strivings for mastery of men like Cyprian, so dear to the advanced Churchmen of our age, that we can justly form an opinion of the early Christians. The seeker after truth in some future age will form a very incorrect idea of the character and practices of the true believers on the Lord Jesus Christ of the nineteenth century, by consulting the controversial pamphlets of some ambitious bishop of our political church. Should the world go on as at present for the next fifteen hundred years, we do not apprehend that the art records of the present generation will have as many remains of baptisteries or as many relics of true piety, as of other Romish perversions. The world will love its own.

Scott, the Commentator, and the Baptists.

I.

MHANKIND may be divided into at least three classes—the great the clever, and the interesting. Members of the third class are most numerous, and all of us are acquainted with good specimens of it. It is pleasant to be with them while they live, and profitable to think of them after their decease. Our very worthy friend **A**—certainly belonged to the third class, and probably also to the second. Having been born before the breaking out of the first French Revolution, and living on to a good old age, he existed in eventful times; and having been endowed with a very retentive

memory, and considerable facility of utterance, "the old man eloquent" greatly interested many a social gathering, as he discoursed concerning "Auld Lang Syne." In middle life he attained to a dignified office in the great civic corporation, and was a worthy worker in the useful task of abolishing much civic corruption and initiating many most useful reforms. He was honoured to be one of the re-founders of the City of London School; the funds of which were in his early manhood devoted to the purchase of turtle soup for aldermen and annual suits of clothes for six or seven small boys. It was also pleasant to listen to him as he gave sketches of the style and matter of the sermons of the great preachers of the time of his early life. He was not insensible to the oratorical attractions of Robert Hall, but held the opinion that in some respects Andrew Fuller was as great as he. It is mentioned in the biography of the former, that sometimes his impassioned perorations so affected his audience, that many of them rose from their seats and moved their bodies backwards and forwards, in unconscious unison with the movements of the preacher, like a field of corn swayed by the wind. Mr. A—— used to tell us that he was more than once in the midst of such a scene, and found himself in a state of oscillation, like the image of a Chinese mandarin, after the preacher had ceased and the precentor had announced the hymn.

The name of Mr. A—— associates itself with that of Mr. Scott, the commentator, in this wise. A near relative of our friend—we think it was his father—knew Mr. Scott when minister of the Lock Hospital, and suggested to him the idea of writing a Commentary, a portion of which he himself undertook to print and publish. We forget the details of the matter, but are certain that Mr. A—— claimed for his relative the honour of having had a share in the origin of Mr. Scott's valuable work. The removal of the future commentator from the bustle of London to one of the quietest parishes in England enabled him to carry out with success his numerous literary labours; and as we are now writing within sight of Aston Sandford, the parish in question, we should like to say a few words concerning it.

It is situated in the county of Bucks, about three miles from Thame, and about double the distance from some of the pleasant Chiltern Hills, and is just the sequestered spot suitable for the abode of a literary man, whose

"Library is dukedom large enough."

The parish is one of the smallest in the kingdom, containing about twelve families, sixty souls, and neither tradesman nor shop. This thrice quiet nook is probably less populous than it was at the beginning of the century when Scott took up his abode there, and is sufficiently rustic still; though some of its primitive customs have very likely passed away. The late Eustace Carey used to designate some of the roads of Buckinghamshire by the term "opprobrious;" and as

the roads and pathways about Aston Sandford were no exception to the rule, it is hard to say what adjective was appropriate to them at the beginning of this century. Near that time old John Ryland, the Baptist minister, saw fit to pay Mr. Scott a visit; and as the season was winter and he on foot, the enterprise was nearly as painful and perilous as a journey through an American swamp. At any rate old John lost his patience if not his road. Seeing a stone-breaker near, he learnt from him the pleasant news that they were within the confines of the parish of Aston Sandford, and that the stone-splitter was one of Mr. Scott's congregation. Whereupon the traveller with his accustomed bluntness explained: "If Mr. Scott has not made for you a better way to heaven than you are making to Aston Sandford, his people are in a poor way." It is not stated how the stone-breaker received the rebuke—probably not with perfect equanimity, as he was part of the ecclesiastical staff of the parish and a pluralist to boot. For example, it was his duty to "tang" the bell for church service,—which bell was so constructed that the office was performed in the presence of the congregation; it was then his pleasant work to invest Mr. Scott with the appropriate canonicals, which was also done publicly, there being no vestry in which to perform the sacred rite; he also fulfilled the functions of clerk in leading the responses of the people and acting as head of the choir; he sometimes stood as sponsor at baptisms, acted as father at hurried marriages, dug the graves in the little churchyard, and filled up his time by now and then mending the parish roads, and at other times cultivating the rector's garden. As Mr. Ryland was a pious man, a thorough "original," and in some respects a man of genius, his visit to Mr. Scott was doubtless welcome, and we are sorry to possess no record of the details of their social intercourse. One topic we may be sure was earnestly discussed by them, namely, the agents, plans, and prospects of the then recently established Baptist Missionary Society. Mr. Scott, though a Churchman, was no bigot, was the lover of all good men, and took an intense interest in the spread of real religion in all parts of the world. In comparatively early life Mr. Scott had formed an intimate acquaintance with the pious and talented son of old John Ryland, who was for some time minister at Northampton, afterward president of Bristol College, and whose memory we revere as one of the founders and fathers of the Foreign Missionary Society. The following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Ryland by Mr. Scott, will, doubtless, interest our readers:—

May 24th, 1786.

I trust I can truly say that I also have the welfare of all the friends of truth and holiness near my heart; and I know but few in my *own* line, that I feel more cordially united to than yourself, Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Symmonds. I hear also that you all have your trials, and did I not hear, I should suppose it as a thing of course; because I trust the Lord loves you, and the devil hates you, and fears the effects of goings on. From both these causes trials must spring; but here lies the difference—the Lord means your good, the devil your hurt: but the Lord will accomplish His design, and make the devil, sorely against his

will, to be His instrument in so doing. I have not read, though I have just seen, R. R.'s sermons, who seems fast verging towards infidelity or scepticism. The Lord preserve us from the *pride* of learning and abilities! If we once think ourselves competent to understand the Bible by dint of our own sagacity, and skill in languages and criticism, without an *immediate* and continual dependence upon the teaching of the Holy Spirit, we are within a few paces of some dreadful downfall.

The "R. R." mentioned in the above letter are the initials of Robert Robinson, the talented predecessor of Robert Hall at Cambridge, who embraced Socinian opinions, and died suddenly in Birmingham after preaching in a Unitarian chapel there.

The most cordial and intimate friendship existed between Mr. Scott and Dr. Ryland down to the very close of the useful and honoured life of the former, and they had strong points of mutual attraction. Both of them were eminent Christians; both were literary men,—Dr. Ryland having commenced his studies standing at the knees of Mr. Hervey, the author of "Meditations among the Tombs," and to learn Hebrew when he was not more than four years of age;—both had many students for the ministry under their care;—and both took an intense interest in the spiritual welfare of the heathen world. Their fast friendship was an honour to both, founded, as it was, upon the essentials of truth and piety, independent of conscientious differences in mere minor matters. Their correspondence continued for nearly forty years, and only a few weeks before Mr. Scott's death he wrote a letter to his old friend, from which we cannot refrain quoting a few portions:—

February 15th, 1821.

My dear Sir,—My infirmities and diseases grow upon me, and leave me little time or heart for many things which I should otherwise rejoice to do, especially as to correspondence. You must, then, excuse apparent neglect. . . . I wish we could do something to aid your mission, but I can only pray. I have no ability of moving from my obscure village, and my means of other kinds are less than they were some time past. Indeed, I do not expect to continue long. O pray for me, that my faith, hope, love, patience, and fortitude may be increased, and that I may finish my course with joy; for I am apt to be impatient, unbelieving, and cowardly. I rejoice that you are able to go from place to place in your services of love. May the Lord prosper you in all!

Our reference to this pleasing example of mutual Christian esteem ought to contain a lesson to us who live in this age of ecclesiastical activity and strife; teaching us to beware of excessive sectarianism, and reminding us of the undoubted fact that, as living trees have many forms, so the life of God in the soul displays itself under various manifestations—"Diversities of gifts, but the same spirit."

As our object in this paper is not to present a detailed biographical sketch of Mr. Scott, but to record a few illustrative anecdotes concerning him, our readers will probably excuse the fewness of dates and absence of logical connection.

We have mentioned the church at Aston Sandford in which Mr. Scott so honourably and successfully laboured for nearly forty years,

and it is more worthy of a visit than the shrines of many so-called "saints;"—but the visitor will be disappointed if he seek in it a specimen of architectural beauty and skill. The building is of the plainest sort, and a High Churchman would scornfully say, it is worthy of the want of architectural taste which Low Churchmen are apt to display. It is known that Sir Gilbert Scott, the gifted Gothic architect, is a grandson of the commentator, and as the church is about to be repaired under the direction of Sir Gilbert, the fabric will be dealt with in the best mode, which, under the circumstances, skill and good taste can dictate. We are asked to state that if any of the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE feel inclined to contribute towards the repairs of the church, their contributions will be gratefully received by the Misses Dover, Aston Sandford, Bucks. Whatever men of taste may say concerning the edifice, there can be no doubt as to the great value of Mr. Scott's ministrations therein. He was not an eloquent man in the usual sense of the term, but his sermons abounded in good sense and evangelical truth—being often very solemn and impressive in their delivery. Evangelical preachers were somewhat scarce in his day, and therefore it is no surprise to hear that a goodly number of people, both episcopalians and dissenters, came far and near to listen to the gospel from the lips of so gifted a man. Some of those who witnessed the scene have told us that in summer time the congregation being far too large for the church to contain, a tent was erected outside, a window near the pulpit was removed, so that they all could join in the worship and profit by the utterances of the preacher. Mr. Scott was what is often called a "searching" preacher; so much so that a pious hearer once said concerning him, "If you have any secret sin about you he'll be sure to find it out." However, as no preachers are perfect, we are compelled to state that he was sometimes rather "heavy;" which fact now and then occurring in connection with a long sermon, a large congregation, and a hot summer's day, tended in some cases rather to sleep than to spiritual profit. The following anecdote refers to the defect and suggests the possible mode of cure. An Italian organ-player, but a Protestant and probably a descendant of the good Waldenses, was a hearer of Mr. Scott when minister of the Lock Hospital in London. Following the custom of the musical profession Giovanni occasionally made a tour of the provinces; and finding himself at Thame, an easy walking distance from Aston Sandford, he resolved to see and hear Mr. Scott once more. The minister recognised the musician during the service, and at the conclusion, accosting him, gave him a hearty welcome to the hospitality of the rectory—which, of course, was heartily accepted. In their after dinner conversation Mr. Scott expressed his surprise that Giovanni should have travelled all the way from Thame to hear him preach, adding "For you know I was not popular in London." Whereupon the musician made the characteristic reply, "Your organ was good and you performed well, but you had no monkey to play tricks upon the top of it." The preacher

smiled at the wit, saw the wisdom of the criticism, and naturally resolved to have a minimum of dulness in his sermons for the future. And truly the resolve was a wise one;—for of all preachers the “deadly dull” ones are least likely to be useful. A hearer once complained to Robert Hall of his minister that his preaching was very heavy; whereupon Mr. Hall emitted what he took to be a crushing reply, “Yes, sir, as heavy as gold;” forgetting that as gold itself may be improved by the companionship of sparkling gems, so the matter of the most thoughtful sermons needs to be made welcome, by appropriate illustrations, and especially by the charms of a good delivery. A friend of ours once said in writing to the clergy, “Shepherds, cut your turnips small,” to which we would add, “Shepherds, be lively in serving them up.”

If Mr. Scott had the fault of occasional heaviness in preaching, he had many and various excellences to overbalance it. He was an eminent Christian, cultivated continually a very Catholic spirit, and was very ready to say, “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with all them who love Him in sincerity and truth.” He was an indefatigable student of the Holy Scriptures, and, considering his few early advantages, possessed an unusual acquaintance with the sacred languages in which the Scriptures were composed. He was an indefatigable and efficient pleader on behalf of those philanthropic and pious institutions which, being in their infancy in his time, have since attained to the noble proportions which enable them to be the benefactors of England, of Europe, and of the wide world. He was also the author of several valuable theological works which still retain their interest and use; but, of course, the foundation of his fame is the “Commentary upon the Holy Scriptures.” Of this very useful book two hundred thousand pounds’ worth were sold in his lifetime; probably twenty times that amount have been expended in its purchase since his decease, and many years will elapse before it will cease to be studied. His long life was a great blessing to the Christian Church, and his death was widely, deeply, and reverently lamented. His own parish church being far too small to contain those who wished to listen to the “funeral sermon,” the assembly gathered in the more commodious village church of Haddenham. The sermon, occupying nearly two hours in its delivery, was preached by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, then of Islington, afterwards one of the successors of the gifted Heber, as Bishop of Calcutta. An ancient Roman boasted, with pardonable pride, that he was “*laudatus ab viro laudato*”—“praised by one who was himself greatly extolled.” Mr. Scott often received that honour while living; and did not lack it after his decease, as the following lines will show:—

Marden Park, 16th April, 1822.

My dear Sir,—It was with no little pleasure that I heard that you were about to publish an account of the life of your late excellent father. . . . The labours of his pen, blessed be God, have been so widely circulated as entirely to supersede the necessity of any other testimony to the superiority of

his intellectual powers, or to the soundness and extent of his religious wisdom. To the still higher praise of having exhibited and illustrated in his life and conversation the religious principles which he professed, you would yourself bear abundant testimony. . . . It was in the winter of 1785-6 that the late Mr. Newton informed me that the Rev. Mr. Scott, a clergyman of a very superior understanding, and of eminent piety, more peculiarly remarkable for his thorough acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, was about to settle in London, having been appointed to the chaplaincy of the Lock Hospital. This was a period of my life when it was peculiarly important to me habitually to attend the ministrations of a sound and faithful pastor ; and I willingly assented to Mr. Newton's earnest recommendations of Mr. Scott. I soon found that he fully equalled the strongest expectations that I had formed of him, and from that time for many years I attended him regularly, for the most part accompanied by my dear friends—both, alas! now gone to a better world—the Hon. Edward James Eliot and Mr. Henry Thornton. . . . Large indeed was the harvest he was allowed to gather in ; many are the works which have followed him ; and rich, doubtless, will be his remuneration, on that day when he shall hear the blessed address, which I could for very, very few, anticipate with equal confidence, *Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!*—I remain, with real esteem and regard, my dear sir, your faithful servant,

W. WILBERFORCE.

The Rev. John Scott.

What praise from such a man !

We trust that we have not entirely failed in the design which we had in view in the writing of this paper ; which was to pay respect to the memory of an eminent Christian, and to show that the Baptists were not without their use in the formation of his excellent character, and, therefore, in the production of its eminently useful results.

The Saviour's Pierced Side.

“One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there-out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe.”—JOHN xix. 34, 35.

“This is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ ; not by water only, but by water and blood. And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth.”—1 JOHN v. 6.

WE are believers in Divine revelation ; therefore, we are believers in miracles as well, and we are, furthermore, believers in the veracity of the ambassadors, the twelve Apostles, that they cannot lie, because our Lord thus addressed them, “he that heareth you heareth Me, and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me.” Every one of the twelve were thus constituted Christ's inspired teachers to mankind. The rest of them, whom we should have expected to have been present at the crucifixion had fled at the crisis

of the transaction :—John only remained to the last, and had the good fortune to witness the striking incident that closed the scene.

Did it ever occur to you, my friends, what the inhuman soldier meant by thrusting his spear into the heart of Christ, *already* dead? Probably he meant nothing but a dash of mere wanton brutality; or did he it to convince the gazers around the cross that the deed was effectually done, and so there could be the Troubler of Israel no more?

Little did the poor heathen soldier imagine that he was fulfilling the Scriptures of truth, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." So that you have here one of the mysteries of the Divine Government laid open, how the Almighty fulfils *His own decrees and purposes* by mankind *without interfering or controlling human liberty*. Thus, man's sins are *his own*, and the *punishment due to them are his*, while the foreknowledge of God stands apart from any shadow of connivance with the sinner's acts, which are strictly his own and from himself.

Our first inquiry must be: Was this natural or supernatural? That blood should flow when the heart is pierced must be quite natural, for that is the fountain-head of the blood of the human body. Not so, however, with the stream of water: our Lord's body was not diseased; if it were, the flowing out of water after death would have indicated the decomposition of the vital fluid; but so far from this, His body was incapable of disease of any kind, as it was sinless. Moreover, the quantity of water in the sack of the heart—*i.e.*, the vessel that contains it, the pericardium—is so small that its emission when pierced must have been imperceptible to an observant spectator. But water, in a visible stream, flowed after the blood. If mingled, neither the one nor the other could have been distinguishable; the liquid then would have been an indescribable mixture, no longer blood and water, but a watery fluid of a peculiar colour. It is obvious that the Apostle John regarded the phenomenon as mysteriously miraculous, for his words are expressive of strong witness-bearing, as of something that would be regarded as incredible. "He who saw it knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe."

The second inquiry, seeing that the *fact* of the pierced side of our Lord sending forth blood and water is beyond question, is: What are we to conclude would be the meaning of this last act in the sufferings and death of the Great Redeemer?

The two elements before us constitute the two grand figures and emblems of salvation: *blood* speaks of atonement, and *water* is the constant representative of sanctity. In other words, the dead body of the Lord of glory as it hung on the tree, may be said to have sent forth in streams of blood and water substantive tokens of the doctrines which His ministry had taught of pardoning mercy flowing through the virtue of His atoning blood; and the other the quickening into spiritual life, by His Spirit, the souls of men. It was a proclaiming or preaching by signs what His lips had spoken concerning the

freeness and fulness of saving mercy to and for the chief of sinners, thus, "being dead He yet spake." It may not have been that the people around the cross thus read the interpretative language of the water and blood; most probably not. No more did the carnal Israelites interpret the true and best meaning of the brazen serpent; but this hinders not our so reading the blessed gospel in the gushing blood and water of Christ's dear body. But this aperture in His side was not the only one.

The prophet asks, "What are these wounds in Thy hands?" Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends. The blood that was spilt at that fatal and shameful tree was supernatural in deed and in truth. The greatest of all miracles is here for infidels to deride and devils to blaspheme. From the death of Abel to the death of Christ no such blood ever was shed—animal blood in oceans everywhere rolling all along the ages, the one sin from the garden of Eden. But this, O, this is the blood supernatural and divine—the blood of a strange and wonderful Being, in His constitution combining the finite and the infinite—august majesty and lowliest condescension—the self-existent, yet the child of days. The blood, the life of such an one is to stand for, to mediate, to reconcile, to satisfy for the breach of the law, to bring back rebels into the holy government of the Eternal, with the high approbation of perfect rectitude; and to avenge His quarrel with incorrigible reprobates, to the vindication of inflexible justice. This commends itself to God the Father, who says, "I am in Thee well pleased," and to the penitent and broken in heart speaks mercy and love transcending all that we call great and good, changing surprising hatred itself into reconciliation and filial obedience.

"This is He that came by water and blood." These words by some are referred back to what took place at our Lord's baptism by John; but it does not so appear to us. It seems strange and unnatural to bring together two things so far apart and without reason. True, He came by water when He was baptized in Jordan; but between that transaction and the crucifixion there stretch three full years, whereas the water and blood here were *simultaneously* poured out. But when it is said that the Lord "came by water and blood," what are we to understand? We reply, that His coming was not as a private individual—no, He came into our world the Commissioner of the Father, on business of high importance, namely, "to finish transgression, make an end of sin-offering, and bring in everlasting righteousness." His credentials at once declared His high dignity as the Prince of Life and Peace, even the profusion of miraculous works that adorned and established His ministry as One sent from God; and the last miracle in His death, the most striking and appropriate—viz., "by blood and water"—the great elements in constant use in the Old Testament Church, now fulfilled and laid aside, and the symbols of the two grand characteristics of the new dispensation, never to be shaken, atonement for guilt and spiritual regeneration by the Holy Spirit, whose emblem water is.

Now connect with all this another Scripture, which says, "the blood

of Christ cleanseth from all sin"—*i.e.*, deletes, or blots out, or expunges from the believing soul's conscience all guilt, therefore all punishment—nay, more, it uplifts the soul into a condition of justification with title to eternal life. But we would know, further, *how* it does this? We might answer, that the blood of Christ does this, because of His high and divine nature, and that would be answer enough. But the matter can be made plainer still to the understanding: thus—Christ is to every true believer *that* believer's personal surety, substitute, or representative. Christ has obeyed for *that* man; He has suffered for *that* man, "the just *for* the unjust;" and this brings him to God in a new character altogether—namely, one covered by the high worth and meritorious righteousness of his own Redeemer. Still the intelligent inquirer further suggests the difficulty that strikes him, "Blood"—blood—blood of the Son of God—how *can* such power reside in *that*? Why, man, because it is the *life* of the sufferer for the sinner's crimes. In the Old Testament God refuses blood to be eaten, "because the blood is *the life*." Ah! here it is: the Gospel method of salvation is *life for life*—the life of *a man* forfeited to justice, the life of *a God* for it, *i.e.*; instead of the life, His blood, the life of the God-man for the poor, lost, miserable sinner. The Supreme Judge not only approves the transfer—the plan was His own, and it is like Him. See the celebration of God-like attributes in the scheme: "mercy and peace meet together; truth and righteousness embrace each other;" *truth* springs out of the earth, once violated and trodden down by the first Adam, but glorified and obeyed and exalted by Adam the second. Mercy and peace are at one in the reconciliation, and righteousness looks down with smiling complacency on the glorious transaction. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill to men," was the matter of the angelic song when the Deliverer stepped forth to meet the expectations which all flesh had cherished for ages in the accomplishment of Jehovah's purposed plan of saving sinners without so much as staining one feature of His own incomparable character, and so manifold in wisdom as to be the wonder of angels, the transport of men, and the rage of devils.

Here, then, we stop in the contemplation of the wondrous spectacle concerning which the venerable Apostle seems to have entertained the thought that it would be met with the unbelieving scoff of the infidel age—"And he that saw it bear record, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe."

Think of that which prompted the Divine Saviour to the matchless enterprise, and with what sentiments we ought to entertain the subject. The stupendous plan of human salvation by incarnate Deity—His life, sufferings, death, and resurrection. We ask the reason why—the strange, wonderful, and apparently inexplicable motive which could move the Divine mind to action so magnificently grand and awful beyond expression. Could it be that He feared us?—feared that human apostasy would thin the ranks of His intelligent subjects, or that this world's inhabitants in their revolt might, soon as

known, spread disloyalty among the indwellers of planets remote? But how should Omnipotence, which could hurl desolation and ruin through the mere volition of His will throughout the universe—how should HE fear? Whom should He fear, whose power is the boundlessness of Almightiness? Or was it that He would have an augmentation made to the number of His servants and worshippers, therefore He would of necessity draw them from among the lost of Adam's progeny? What! necessitated—He necessitated, whose simple fiat could call those things that are not as though they were—peopling in an instant new-created worlds with teeming races of beings excelling in endowments the faculties of the olden races far as these had excelled the tribes of irrational creations! Or could the plan of salvation have sprung from a purpose of augmentation of His own happiness? That could not possibly be, for the *only blessed God* is in Himself the uncreated source of all blessedness—a blessedness which cannot admit of accession or diminution; otherwise, He could not be the perfect of all perfection, supremely happy, and far from standing in need of any or all of His creatures to add to His felicity, which is in Himself. Alone in His own unapproachable independence, were the universe with which He has surrounded His throne of suns and systems in endless progression—were they all swept away, leaving one vast and boundless solitude in space, God's glorious happiness would still be untouched. Are these things so? What motive could, then, possibly have prompted Jesus Christ, the co-equal, co-eternal Son, to fulfil the purpose of the Godhead in “dying for the ungodly?” A motive of glorious disinterestedness, even the divine passion, the chief of all the virtues in gods or men—it was LOVE! God so loved the world, He spared Him not, but gave Him up to a life of obedience, privation, labour, travail, suffering, and death—the death of deaths—for us men and for our salvation. Here is love—not that we loved Him, but He loved us, all loveless as He found us: yea, repulsively vile to truth, virtue and goodness—as the outcast infant in its blood; the revolting spectacle.

Now there does not seem to be any strained attempt on the part of the writers of the scriptures to enhance this love by employing great swelling words beyond the reach of common minds; they observe a quiet, unornate style. The subject is far too great for that. “Herein is love,” says John, just as if nothing of the kind anywhere else deserved the name. Another calm expression comes out of Jesus' lips: “He so loved.” The *so* is the emphatic word, as if human degrees could have no place here, no scale by which to measure God's love to us. But, as if all His attributes could be summed up into a substantive form, he says, “God is love!” which is just saying all that can be said in this the beginning of the stage of our blest existence; to glorify the Being of all Beings, and to celebrate the praises of worth that will never, no, never end.

Now then, look back to the miraculous expression of Divine love issuing out of the pierced side of our Redeemer on the

cross, and tell me is it in you and me to resist the spectacle? Can our hard and flinty hearts withstand the appeal, "I did all this for you, to melt the chains by which Satan, the flesh, and the world, have led you captive, away from the blessed God into the service of His enemy?" We may eternally ruin ourselves by resistance, but we cannot profit the Most High God by obeying His voice, and turning every man from Satan to God, and casting away every one, the wickedness which is in our hearts and lives. He did all this, down to the last act of His dying life, to open the way back to reconciliation and friendship with God, which had He not done, "there were none to pity and none to save," and we had all, one and all, irrecoverably sunk under the weight of our merited curse into the fate "prepared for the devil and his angels." But now the work that justifies the ungodly is done, is all done, is all finished." O repent, then, and believe the gospel, for "it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that the Lord Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief." Here is the divine wooing the human; and stooping down to raise dust and ashes into princedoms and thrones; here is incomparable and unailing beauty proffering Himself to transform—to bear all charges, remove all hindrances out of the way of a transformation of the depraved and abominable into beings of a seraphic order, and incapable of a second fall down into degradation and death. There wants but the consent of the will, and the embrace of the affection, to be the Lord's. You need but to say I understand, I believe, and I love, for I can no longer resist the light which pours into my understanding, the force of truth which assails my conscience, and the charms which begin to return gratitude for obligation conferred, and some degree of hitherto heart-felt outgoings of soul to Him who loved and gave Himself for us. Yes, and this is "confessing with the mouth the Lord Jesus, and believing in thine heart that God raised Him from from the dead, therefore, soul, thou shalt be saved. Happy soul! thou shalt now be becoming familiar with Gethsemane and Calvary, and the dear wounds that bleed salvation. Here "the streaming blood and water" that tell, and shall for ever tell, of justification and sanctification as your own by the death of the Lord of Glory. But who, O obstinate, wilful, unbelieving soul, who shall lose by your unbelief? Who? None but thyself. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life."

W.

Reminiscences of Bristol.

I.

MY first acquaintance with this fine old city began in the year 1823, when I accompanied a friend, who was intending to erect gasworks in Falmouth, for the purpose of inspecting those at Bristol and Bath. Never having been farther from home than Plymouth the projected journey was a great event. Very few of those who will read these lines have, perhaps, travelled many miles in a well-appointed stage coach—others, perchance, have never seen a stage coach at all. To them, therefore, it would be quite as strange as a journey by rail would be, if that were possible, to their ancestors.

The present mode of locomotion has many advantages over that by coach. If we regard the numbers who travel, it is doubtless safer; there is also a great saving of time and expense, as well as much less exposure and fatigue. But the *romance* of travelling is gone! We now scarcely catch a glimpse of the country through which we are whirled. As we fly along we see little or nothing of the towns and villages passed; conversation, except at intervals, is out of the question,—the noise and rattle overpower the strongest voice. Monotony reigns everywhere. The stations are all alike; the boards on which their names are painted are all alike; the porters are all dressed alike; the motion, the swing of the carriages, and the screams of the engine are all alike. One has no resource but the newspaper or a book—and it is not everybody who can read in a railway carriage. After a little time, most passengers go to sleep!

How different was a journey on a fast stage coach! Coachmen—generally well-dressed—were active and intelligent, and ready to give passengers full information of the places and the country through which they drove. How skilfully they kept the horses to their work! The guards were bustling, lively fellows—knew everybody, and every house on the road, and were, for the most part, very obliging, with a large stock of queer stories to tell of days gone by. One's fellow-passengers soon became social and friendly. Conversation was always lively and unrestrained, and often instructive. How the sound of the guard's horn woke everybody up! Ostlers, porters, waiters were all alive. The landlord of the inn, who then personally attended to his business, showed you every civility, and promptly attended to your wants. The arrival of the coach was the event of the day. The rapid change of horses at each successive stage, the splendid pace at which we rattled along, the fresh air, the sense of freedom, the endless variety of scene and incident, the stir and bustle when stopping for refreshment, and the comfort and satisfaction of rest at the journey's end, made coach travelling a real delight. Of course, there were drawbacks,

especially on wet and stormy days—which in this more luxurious age would be deemed actual hardships—but were not much thought of when the journey was over. The reader, whether a traveller or not, will now understand my feelings in the prospect of leaving Falmouth for Bristol, and may not be wholly uninterested in the details of a journey performed more than fifty years ago.

At the time of which I write, the roads in Cornwall, though in so remote a part of the kingdom, were, as to their condition, far in advance of those of other counties—for here the celebrated **Macadam** began his career. They were made as direct as possible, and went up hill and down dale—for the notion of going *round* the hills, by gradients less steep, had not come into use. But first-rate material was employed, and the road, when consolidated, was free alike from mud and dust, so that travelling was easy and pleasant.

Starting one fine afternoon on the mail, the ride to Truro—a very beautiful one—was soon over; and having left that pretty town, pleasantly situated in a valley at the head of the river Fal, which is full of scenery of exquisite beauty, we entered on a wild district, and reached the Goss Moors, where, owing to the swampy character of the soil, the road had to be laid on piles and faggots, which sensibly vibrated as the coach rushed rapidly along. Passing through Bodmin in the dead of night, we arrived at Launceston, with its curious old castle seated on a lofty mound, and, as the morning broke, we crossed the valley in which the upper waters of the Tamar rise, and entered on what, to me, was a new scene. The country round Okehampton, and on to Exeter, is richly cultivated and very fertile. The night had been beautifully clear, and the moon shone brilliantly. But I shall never forget the impression produced by the silence and solitude of the district we left behind. For many miles we heard no sounds except those of the horses' feet and the rattle of the coach. The change from these rugged and silent moors to the life and beauty of Devon, seen for the first time under a bright morning's sun, was very striking, and we arrived at the capital of the West fully prepared to enjoy an excellent breakfast.

Exeter is finely situated, and most of it lies on elevated ground. The river **Exe** flows partly round and partly through it, and the broad estuary, down to **Exmouth**, presents, at high water, an outlook of great marine beauty. The old Cathedral, the numerous quaint and ancient buildings, the broad as well as the narrow streets—some of which are very steep—the castle, the beautiful suburbs, Northern and Southern Hay, combine to make Exeter a most interesting and attractive place to a stranger.

The road to Bristol lies through Collumpton, Wellington, and along the celebrated vale of Taunton—a beautiful town, with some fine ecclesiastical buildings, one tower especially, not surpassed by any in the kingdom for elegance and beauty of proportion; along the well-stocked extensive plains beyond, through Bridgewater, with its lofty taper spire and imposing market-place, the fine range of the Mendip hills

skirting the distant horizon, until, at the end of a couple of stages, we crossed the high ridges on the west of Bristol, and I caught the first glimpse of that city. Clifton was then in its infancy, but the hills overlooking the Hotwells were crowned with terraces, forming a striking object in the distance; while the grand old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the narrow crowded streets, antique houses, bridges, the shipping, whose masts rose up like a forest in the midst of the city, formed a picture which can never be forgotten. The stir and bustle seen everywhere, led me, on alighting from the coach, to inquire if anything unusual was going on, an inquiry which occasioned no small degree of surprise.

Subsequently we went over to Bath, and one wondered that cities so near in position could be so unlike in character. Pultney Street, with the Sidney Gardens at the end, seemed to me then about the finest that could be imagined. Bath was at this time the resort of wealth and fashion, and one saw a class of persons little known or seen before. I was surprised to observe so many elderly people, evidently suffering from various maladies, and who, by dint of dress, false teeth, false hair, and rouge, were trying to cheat others, and perhaps themselves, into the belief that they were still robust and young. I distinctly remember that the spectacle struck me as a sad and mournful one.

Very early in my school-days the science of chemistry had strongly attracted me; and when I was placed under the care of the Rev. Thomas Willcocks, pastor of Pembroke Street church, Devonport—a shy, retiring man, little known beyond the circle of his immediate friends, but endowed with rare mental gifts, of varied and extensive learning, and a preacher of remarkable fervour and eloquence—he encouraged me to pursue the study of that, as well as other branches of physical science. The inspection of the gasworks at Bristol and Bath opened a new world to me, and I greatly enjoyed the time spent in acquiring some knowledge of the works, and the processes carried on in them. After gas, coal became the next subject of inquiry; and for this purpose we paid a visit to Newport, then a stirring, but comparatively small town, which has since risen to be one of the largest and most important in the Principality.

We started in the steamboat *Cambria*, on a cheerful morning, the skies bright, and the breeze fresh. Most of the passengers were evidently out for a holiday. No one can go down the Avon, especially for the *first time*, without being struck with the scenery which adorns its banks. The narrow muddy stream, which is the inlet and outlet of the commerce of Bristol—so narrow, indeed, that one wonders how large ships pass each other; the lofty rocks which terminate Clifton Downs, enriched with every variety of colour, here and there extremely rugged and bare; while on the western bank the park-like grounds, and Nightingale Valley, resonant in summer's evenings with the song of our most melodious birds, form a scene of beauty almost unique. How cheerful and merry the various groups on the deck were!

They little knew what was coming; for when we reached the open waters of the Severn, we encountered a furious gale. How the little steamer pitched and rolled! Fair cheeks began to grow pale, and almost everyone was ill, and those of us who were not, found abundant occupation in alleviating the sufferings of those who were. Judging from its effects, one may well suppose that sea-sickness is much like dying. When we reached the Usk the tide was too low to permit us to go up at once to Newport. A heavy shower drove all below, and by the time the vessel floated again, everyone was well. The voyage back was delightful. The wind and sea had gone down, the moon shone brightly, groups gathered in various parts of the deck, and the evening passed very cheerily, varied by talk and song.

The business on which I came having been finished, I spent a few days on a visit to old friends of my father. They were godly people, members of the Episcopal church, and the first Lord's-day morning I went with them to St. James's Church, of which Mr. Biddulph, a very influential evangelical minister, was the incumbent. His preaching was simple, earnest and true; his utterance somewhat defective, and occasionally indistinct, but his manner and words were weighty and impressive. In the evening I found myself in Castle Green Chapel, and heard the late Mr. Thorpe, one of the most remarkable men of his day. The next Lord's-day I tried to find out Broadmead, but did not succeed. I was not then aware that it was up a narrow passage; but seeing a stream of people entering a chapel near at hand, I followed. Their appearance struck me as singular, differing much from the Cornish folk, and yet, in some respects, strongly resembling them. The singing was wonderfully hearty, equal to any I had ever heard among the Methodists in my native county. But the last verse was sung over and over again, the people waving to and fro, and each time with increased fervour. I knew the tune, and though I could not make out the words, I could not help joining, using some familiar hymn. Finding that the preacher, when reading the scriptures, was wholly unintelligible, I moved farther up, but with no greater success. The prayer I shall never forget. It was so fervent and impassioned that it swept me along with it. The sermon was full of fire and pathos, and the audience were deeply moved. The closing hymn was sung with, if possible, more animation and fervour than the others. I never enjoyed a religious service more; the impression remains to this day. This is the more remarkable, since I did not understand one word, for it was all in Welsh!

In the afternoon I *did* find Broadmead, and was much struck with its venerable appearance. It had the air of a place belonging to a church both wealthy and intelligent, and the fine massive pillars gave it the look of substantiality and endurance. I was ignorant of its remarkable history then; and what a noble history it is! The late Mr. P. Saffery preached. Of a handsome manly form, and in the full bloom of early manhood, with an exquisite voice and attractive delivery, and certainly not deficient in ability, he struck me as one

likely to occupy a prominent place in the denomination. Many years after, I was intimately associated with him in the Mission, until he joined the Tract Society, and served that admirable institution with great fidelity and success.

I went to Broadmead again in the evening, in the expectation of seeing and hearing Dr. Ryland, of whom some of my friends often had spoken in glowing terms. But he was from home, and as he died not long after, I lost a privilege I had hoped to enjoy. While sitting in a large, unoccupied pew in the gallery, a singular incident occurred. A gentleman came to me and said, "Will you step with me, and give out the hymns? The time is nearly up, and Mr. Crisp is very particular." Surprised at such a request, and in such a place, I replied—"I am astonished that, in so distinguished a place, you should ask a perfect stranger such a thing. I do give out hymns when at home, but you could not know that." "Are you not one of the new students?" "One of the new students? Certainly not." "Excuse me; but as you are in the students' seats, and there are some this session whom I do not yet know, I thought you were one—besides, you really look like one!" Presently, a tall, slim gentleman took the book, and, in a sort of thin alto voice, gave out the hymn, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair." This, as I afterwards learned, was Mr. Aveling, then a student. But the *next* time I saw him, many years after, he was sitting in the gallery right over me, when I *was* engaged in reading the hymns. The gentleman who first spoke to me was the late Mr. Thomas Livett, whose friendship I subsequently enjoyed, and to whose singing—for he was an accomplished amateur musician—I often listened with the greatest pleasure. From him I obtained information as to the time and way to see the Academy—by which name the College was then known—and the treasures contained in its library and museum.

I was not favourably impressed with the first sight of the Academy. The tutor's house seemed commodious and comfortable, but the building appropriated to the students looked more like the wing of a prison than anything else. Subsequently I was informed that the plans were drawn by Mr. Alexander, the architect of Dartmoor prison and other Government works, and that the plans and his services were rendered by him gratuitously. This first impression was curiously confirmed when I was a student. A friend from Falmouth, who was on a visit to Bristol, wishing to see me, asked a lad at the bottom of Stokes Croft where "the Baptist Academy was?" "Do you mean the parson manufactory, sir?" "Well, I suppose I do." "Then keep this side of the Croft, and the first place you see like a madhouse, that's it!" My friend followed these directions, and found me!

The library and museum are fine lofty rooms and contain objects of the deepest interest, precious treasures, the sight of which made ample amends for any feeling of disappointment felt in regard to the building. I had never seen so large a library before. The collection of Bibles—one of the finest and most valuable in the kingdom—with numerous relics of distinguished persons, and curiosities from all parts

of the world, awakened emotions to which I had hitherto been a stranger. I can never forget the feelings with which I looked on the exquisitely-painted miniature of Oliver Cromwell. The tide of public opinion respecting that illustrious man had just began to turn—and history has since proved how true he was to all the striking indications of genius and greatness seen in that beautiful picture.

Bristol is yet one of the finest cities in England. It is full of picturesque buildings, the ancient strikingly blending with the modern. Its neighbourhood, with the views from Kingsdown, Hotwells, and the Downs is scarcely, if indeed anywhere, surpassed. The narrow streets in which its traffic is carried on are certainly sufficiently dirty, though they have been vastly improved of late; but its squares, the streets which lie off the run of commerce, the numerous public institutions, the capital repair in which the houses are kept, and the comfort, unspoiled by luxury and show, which prevails within, together with the intelligence of the people, and the high character of the various Christian Churches in it, combine to render Bristol exceedingly interesting as a city, and especially attractive as a residence. I left it, on my return home, with great regret, little dreaming that an important part of my future life would be passed within its precincts. Many pleasant hours were spent among friends, both old and young, in recounting one's adventures, and describing the scenes through which I had passed, the persons whose company I had enjoyed, the sermons I had heard, and the remarkable things I had seen. How fresh and fragrant the memory of them now is! I love to recall them, even at this distance of time. It may be that some reader will consider what I have written as too trivial for a place in so grave a publication as the BAPTIST MAGAZINE; but let such an one remember that the incidents described in these lines were *not* trivial to a young man just beginning active life, and to whom they were altogether new. Besides, they relate to what happened more than fifty years ago!

Newport, Isle of Wight.

F. T.

Texts and Thoughts.

“Then they willingly received Him into the ship.”—John vi. 21.

THE voyage of human life under any other head than Christ, and under any other wind than the wind of His Spirit, is sorrowful beyond all expression. Whatever port is reached, the port of peace, the joyful eternal home, cannot be reached. The vessel in which we are passing over the sea of mortal life is always driven by contrary

winds till the Lord embarks. All voyagers who know the pleasantness of having Christ on board, and the certainty of getting safe to land under Him, pray Him with all their hearts to abide with them.

J. PULSFORD.

“Who hath despised the day of small things.”—Zach. iv. 10.

What a lofty flourishing tree is here? It seems rather to be a little wood than a single tree, every limb thereof having the dimensions and branches of a tree in it; and yet, as great as it is, it was once but a little slip which one might pull up with two fingers; this vast body was contained virtually and potentially in a small acorn. Well, then, I will never despair of arriving to an eminency of grace, though at present it be but as a “bruised reed,” and the things that are in me be “ready to die.” As things in nature, so the things of the Spirit grow up to their fulness and perfection by slow and insensible degrees. The famous and heroidal acts of the most renowned believers were such as themselves could not once perform, or, it may be, think they ever should. Great things, both in nature and grace, come from small and contemptible beginnings.

FLAVEL.

“Take heed and beware of covetousness.”—Luke xii. 15.

The spirit of covetousness, which leads to an over-value and over-love of money, is independent of amount. A poor man may make an idol of his little, just as much as the rich man makes an idol of his much. We know our blessed Lord’s own declaration, how the poorest person may exceed in *charity* and *liberality* the richest; and that is by giving more than the wealthy in proportion to the whole that is in his possession. So, in like manner, a poor man may be *more* covetous than a wealthy man, because he may *keep back* from the treasury of God more in proportion to his all than the rich man keeps back from *his* all. If the Christian character is debased and heaven lost by such indulgence of covetousness as to make a man an idolater of mammon, it is of little consequence whether the heart be set on an idol of gold or an idol of clay.

E. B. RAMSEY.

“It is good for me that I have been afflicted.”—Psalm cix. 71.

If affliction, then, be the way to heaven, blessed be God for affliction! The threshing-strokes of God have come thick upon me, by which I may see what a tough and stubborn heart I have; if one stroke would have done the work, He would not have lifted up His hand the second time. I have not had a stroke more than I need of, and by this means He will purge my sins. Blessed be God for that! Ah, sin! cursed sin! I am so much out of love with thee that I am willing to endure more than all this to be rid of thee; all this I suffer for thy sake; but the time is coming when I shall be rid of sin and

suffering together; meanwhile I am under my own Father's hand. Smite me He may, but hate me He cannot. FLAVEL.

“Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.”—
Solomon's Song ii. 15.

The smallest leak, if not timely discovered and stopped, is enough to sink a ship of the greatest burden; therefore, seamen are wont frequently to try what water is in the hold; and if they find it fresh, and increasing upon them, they ply the pump, and presently set the carpenters to search for it and stop it, and till they find it they cannot be quiet. What such a leak is to a ship, that is the smallest sin neglected to the soul: it is enough to ruin it eternally. For as the greatest sin discovered, lamented, and mourned over by the believer cannot ruin him, so the least sin indulged, covered, and connived at will certainly prove the destruction of the sinner. No sin, though ever so small, is tolerated by the pure and perfect law of God. “The commandment is exceeding broad,” extending itself to all our words, thoughts, actions, and affections. FLAVEL.

“Continuing instant in prayer.”—Romans xii. 12.

When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to obtain water; it flows out at the first stroke because the water is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time the water gets low, and when it is wanted you must pump a great while, and the stream only comes after great efforts. And so it is with prayer, if we are “instant” in it, and faithful in it, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low. FELIX NEFF.

“Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is.”—Hebrews x. 25.

The true thermometer of a church, to indicate its spiritual temperature, is the weekly gathering around the mercy-seat. A cold prayer-meeting marks a cold church. It is at once the cause and the effect of spiritual declension. If the place of prayer is well-nigh deserted; if the few who are present bodily, seem absent in spirit; if the prayers offered are languid, formal, meaningless, without point, and without unction,—then the pastor has abundant cause for heart-heaviness and tears. Sermons preached to such a people are like discourses delivered in one of the ruined temples of Luxor, with the shrivelled dead embalmed around him, and grim heads of stone looking down from every capital. His hands hang down, and his spirit faints.

T. CUYLER.

Reviews.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D. An Ecclesiastical Biography. By NORMAN L. WALKER. London: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1877.

WE cannot better express our estimate of this biography than by stating that while we have read many narratives of the stirring incidents which led to the Scotch Ecclesiastical "Disruption" of 1843, we have found in this a degree of freshness which has quite delighted us. It is a bulky volume of 574 pages, but we have perused it with a feeling of eager interest, and could bring our mind to no other work until we had completed this.

Dr. Buchanan was one of a noble race, and for a period of close upon fifty years was a distinguished ecclesiastical leader of the North. After Chalmers had passed away, he and Cunningham and Candlish were the most influential trio in the Free Church, and at his death men felt as if there had ended a generation.

The main interest of the volume is, as the title-page indicates, ecclesiastical; and yet it is valuable simply as a study of character. Buchanan was essentially a noble, generous-hearted, and zealous man, resolutely devoted to God, and animated by a generous love for men. His successive pastorates at Gargunock, Salton, and Glasgow gave proof of his unreserved consecration to Christ, and of his earnest desire to bring all men into the fellowship of His love. It was, however, in connection with the "Ten Years' Conflict," of which he afterwards became the historian, that he gained his highest distinction. He was firmly attached to Evangelical principles as opposed to the principles of moderation, and

when the State refused to allow the congregations of the Established Church a voice in the election of their ministers, he had no difficulty as to the course he should take. Along with Chalmers and the other leaders of the Evangelicals he endeavoured to secure for the Church spiritual independence, and after all the negotiations failed he came out on the memorable 18th of May, 1843. He was naturally one of the men who had a considerable share in the organization of the Free Church, and almost from the first he was the convener of the committee of the Sustentation Fund. There is still in England a good deal of ignorance as to the real question at issue in the Disruption Controversy, and in Scotland, among a certain class, there is a good deal of misrepresentation. This biography is one of the clearest and most effective helps to an understanding of the question which has yet been published, and it is especially adapted to remove the fallacious impression made by certain parts of the "Memoir of Dr. Norman Macleod" in relation to this matter.

We are glad to see that the biographer recognizes so distinctly the great services rendered to the Evangelicals of the Established Church by the Voluntary Controversy. "Not only did it train men practically all over the country for that other conflict which shortly after arose, but it drove many to the study of first principles in ecclesiastical science, and enabled them to deal more intelligently than they perhaps otherwise could have done with the greater questions of the Church's spirituality and independence." With equal

clearness does the biographer recognise the fact that any union between Church and State, such as Chalmers and his associates contended for, is now and for ever impossible. "*The Church of the future must be reached through disestablishment.*" Not only do we find in this volume a magnificent proof of the power of Voluntaryism, but a no less magnificent instance of *the educating power of circumstances* and of the manner in which wise men will correct and enlarge their "theories" and come round to positions on which they once looked askance.

The chapter on "Problems of Finance" is one that all Churches would do well to consider, detailing as it does the principles and methods of the Sustainment Fund, something corresponding to which there might be among ourselves without any infringement of congregational independence. The income of the Free Church from all sources is now considerably over £500,000, and this is due alike to the liberal spirit of its members and the excellent administrative power of its leaders.

Dr. Buchanan was an earnest advocate of the Union Movement, and to narrate the events of his later years is largely to give its history.

His evangelistic efforts, more particularly in connection with the Wynd Church and its offshoots in Glasgow, present him in another light. We regret that the pressure on our space does not allow us to allude to them at greater length, but this much we can honestly say, that we know no more inspiring chapter in ecclesiastical life than that which is here entitled "Mission Work in the Wynd."

There are many other features of interest in the volume, e.g., Dr. Buchanan's "Notes of Travel" on the Continent, in the Holy Land, &c. He was an intelligent observer, and had a vein of true poetry in his

nature. We are surprised to find in his last letters no reference to the work of our brother Wall in Rome, than which there are few things in our day more marvellous.

We are thankful for this noble biography, and congratulate Mr. Walker on the very effective manner in which he has accomplished his task. He has produced a book which is as interesting as it is instructive, and we should like to see a copy of it placed in the hands of every minister and deacon in our churches, as well as in the hands of the "clergy" of the Episcopal Church.

COMMENTARY ON THE SONG OF SONGS AND ECCLESIASTES. By FRANZ DELITSCH, D.D. Translated from the German by Rev. M. G. Easton, D.D.

COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. Translated from the second French edition of F. Godet, D.D. By M. D. CUSIN and S. TAYLOR. Vol. ii. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1877.

THE Keil and Delitzsch series of Commentaries on the Old Testament is at length completed by the volume on the Canticles and Ecclesiastes, which we now have the pleasure of introducing to the notice of our readers. The authors are among the most accomplished of living Hebraists, and Delitzsch is, in addition, a man of fine historical imagination, and of clear spiritual vision. In reading his comments, we come in contact with one who is more than a critic. He vividly realizes the stand-point and surroundings of his author, works his way by steady scientific processes to the truth enshrined in his words, and furnishes the moral and theological instructor with seed-thoughts for many a golden

harvest. There is in his exposition an unfailling source of intellectual and moral stimulus.

His view of the Song of Songs will commend itself to many who shrink equally from the offensive naturalism of the Rationalistic school, and from the strained fancies of the Allegorical school. He holds that the Song celebrates paradisaical, but yet only natural love. It stands, however, in the canon of the Church, because Solomon is a type of Him of whom it can be said, "A greater than Solomon is here." Referred to Him the antitype, the earthly contents receive a heavenly import and glorification. We see therein the mystery of the love of Christ and His Church shadowed forth, not, however, allegorically but typically. The allegory has to coincide throughout with that which is represented: but the type is always only a type *subtractis subtrahendis*, and is exceedingly surpassed by the antitype. This interpretation has been adopted (from Delitzsch) by the writer on the Book in the *Speaker's Commentary*, and it will, we believe, be found to harmonize more thoroughly with all the parts of this wonderful Scripture than any other view.

The introduction to Ecclesiastes, especially the part which discusses the purport of the book, is one of the most sober and thoughtful dissertations with which we are acquainted, although we cannot acquiesce in Delitzsch's denial of its Solomonic authorship in his assertion of its post-exilian origin. He places it towards the close of the Persian domination. This, however, does not interfere with the value of his exegetical comments and his general interpretations, which, as a rule, are thoroughly satisfactory.

Of Godet little need here be said. He has recently attained a remarkable popularity in England both as an essayist and commentator, and

his work on John, which is now presented in a revised and enlarged edition, is generally deemed his *magnum opus*. His special excellence is that he combines the depth and thoroughness of German erudition with the chaste beauty and the richly-coloured imaginativeness of French culture. He has great intellectual strength, which, however, is always controlled by intense spirituality, and that spirituality suffuses with its own glow all that Godet writes. We hope to speak more at length on his commentary when it is completed.

MEYER'S COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT (1). THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, Vol. 1, translated from the fourth edition of the German, by Rev. Paton J. Gloag, D.D. (2). THE EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS, Vol. 1, translated from the fifth edition of the German, by Rev. D. Douglas Bannerman, M.A. The translations revised and edited by William P. Dickson, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street, 1877.

We are glad to find that Meyer's "Hand Book on the Acts of the Apostles" has been committed to the care of Dr. Paton Gloag. He is not only the translator of "Lechler on the Acts," in the Lange series, but the author of the ablest British commentary which has yet appeared on the same book, and is thoroughly conversant with the entire literature relating to it. In the preface to his own work he expressed a high appreciation of Meyer, and used words which we believe strengthened the desire for such a translation of his Commentary as is now happily in progress. And he has brought to his task as a translator a thorough familiarity with German, and an enthusiasm for his subject, which gives to his translation a higher finish and

a greater force than any mere scholarship could of itself secure.

In the high estimate which Dr. Gloag has expressed of Meyer, we unreservedly concur. As an exegete he is simply unrivalled. He is a scientific rather than a popular commentator, and aims by grammatical analysis and the application of such philosophical principles as are formulated in *Winer*, to ascertain the exact and literal force of every word and phrase. And while his work will necessarily appear dry to general readers, to Biblical students it is invaluable.

In the volume on the Acts, the refutations of Baur, Zeller, and others of the Tubingen school, are especially noteworthy. Occasionally Meyer's own views are more rationalistic than we approve, and vitiate his interpretations. His estimate of the phenomena of the day of Pentecost, as described in chapter ii., is admirable, but he takes from its worth by suggesting that the account itself was afterwards elaborated and embellished by legend.

With regard to the baptismal occurrences narrated in the Acts, Meyer is singularly candid, and his testimony is to us peculiarly gratifying, and ought to carry weight in quarters which we can scarcely hope to reach.

The Handbook on the Corinthians is esteemed by scholars one of the best in the series. These epistles having fewer doctrinal discussions than some others, afford special scope for "the application of the principles and methods of *pure exegesis*," in which Meyer excelled, and no finer specimens can be found than are furnished by his remarks on 1 Cor. ii., iii. *et seq.*, and the whole of xii. and xiii. The student who masters these excellent commentaries will be in possession of the best results of modern investigation, and will have at command materials

which will enable him to enter very closely into the deepest meaning of the inspired Word.

THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF SACRIFICE. By Alfred Cave, B.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1877.

MR. CAVE'S is not a name with which we are familiar in this field of literature, but we shall be surprised if we do not in the future hear frequent reference to him. He has given us in this large volume a very thorough examination of the great doctrine of Sacrifice. His position is Evangelical, and in the main Calvinistic. He is, however, fully alive to the elements of truth in all other systems, and by a wise eclecticism endeavours to combine them with his own. He is an immense reader, and has apparently mastered the whole range of British and Continental literature of all schools.

He regards the Bible as the source and test of opinion, and accordingly aims to discover its teaching, and with this view investigates at length the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, the Prophetic, and the Christian doctrine of sacrifice. He treats the Bible as an organic whole, whose parts, even in their apparent dissimilarity, are mutually consistent. The treatment of the Mosaic sacrifices, in their symbolic, their typical, and sacramental aspects, is very full and suggestive, and we are not aware of any other work which on this branch of the subject is so comprehensive and satisfactory.

The New Testament doctrine of Atonement is also thoughtfully and judiciously discussed, and the proof passages presented in an admirable form. The different theories of the Atonement are also criticised—*e.g.*, the Gnostic, the Unitarian, the Patristic, the Arminian, &c., as well

as the more recent theories of Campbell, Bushnell, and Dale. There is in the course of these criticisms a large amount of keen and independent thought—errors are corrected, defects are supplemented, and the full measure of truth is approached. "The Sacrifice of the Lord's Supper" also receives adequate investigation, and its scriptural significance is clearly exhibited.

Altogether, we regard Mr. Cave's volume as a substantial and helpful contribution to the study of this central article of our faith. It will not bring the controversy on it to an end, but it will aid the formation of clearer, more comprehensive, and accurate ideas, and religious instructors will find in the volume a perfect storehouse of information, and ample materials for expositions and defences. We cannot be mistaken in predicting for the book a cordial welcome.

OUTLINES OF BIBLICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By J. T. Beck, D.D., Tübingen. Translated from the third enlarged German edition, 1877. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 30, George-street.

A useful handy volume, which compresses into small space the results of scholarly and elaborate investigations. The Biblical conception of man's nature in its various physical, mental, and spiritual aspects, is succinctly set forth; the several words which correspond to our "soul," "heart," "flesh," "spirit," "mind," &c., are carefully discriminated, and their mutual relations classified. The author does not address himself to those who are unwilling to think; by the very nature of his aim he is compelled to tax the power of his readers, but such as aspire after broad and solid views of Biblical Psychology, and its bearings on the

scheme of redemption will set on Dr. Beck's learned lectures no ordinary store.

THE EXPOSITOR, April to July.
Edited by Rev. Samuel Cox.
London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The work of the "Expositor" certainly increases with its age. In the numbers now before us there are several admirable essays by Godet, on "The Resurrection of Christ;" a series of scholarly expositions of Matt. xi., by Professor Bruce, of Glasgow; papers on the Rabbinical school, by Canon Farrar, and the Editor's own comments on Job. The papers on Prayer, by "Carpus," are fresh and suggestive, but we cannot endorse all his positions, some of them conceding too much. A serial such as this must tend to raise the intellectual tone of the pulpit, and to create a taste for more vigorous teaching. In this view it is doing for the churches an invaluable work.

NEW COMPANION TO THE BIBLE.

With Maps. New edition. London: Religious Tract Society. 2s. 6d.

We are glad to see a work which has rendered such excellent service in the new and improved form which this edition of it wears. The accurate digest of the books of the Bible—which is given *seriatim*—the chapters on Genuineness, Authenticity, and Authority, together with the elaborate but succinct appendages on Ancient Manuscripts, Hebrew Poetry, Chronology, Contemporaneous History, Weights and Measures, render this a compendium of Biblical literature which will supply all that is required to the attainment of an intelligent acquaintance with the Sacred Scriptures. The maps are very distinct, and although the volume is so cheap, the paper and letterpress are unexceptionable.

A PEER BEHIND THE SCENES. By MRS. WALTON, author of "Christie's Old Organ." London: The Religious Tract Society. Price 3s. 6d.

MRS. WALTON is unquestionably an expert in the story-telling art, and has favoured us in this instance with a book which few readers will be able to lay down when once it has been taken in hand. A tract, dropped amongst some strolling players, falls into the hands of the heroine of the book, a child whose mother was rapidly succumbing to fatal disease. That mother had been born and trained in very different surroundings, but led away by the love of theatrical entertainments, had reaped the consequences of a foolish marriage in the indigence and morally wretched associations of a travelling company. The child and the mother are both brought to the knowledge of the Saviour; the latter dies, the former is ultimately restored to her mother's friends, but not without passing through many passages of troubled life which are forcibly described. The Christian usefulness of Rosalie, the young lady in question, is also very naturally and winningly represented.

SUNRISE. NOONDAY AND SUNSET OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE. REMINISCENCES OF EDWARD JAMES OLIVER. By J. T. BRISCOE. London: Baptist Tract Society, 3, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

THIS is a very pleasing memorial of a good and useful life protracted to the unusual length of nearly ninety years. One of the numerous fruits of the ministry of Rowland Hill, Mr. Oliver, becoming convinced that the teaching of his pastor and the practice of the church at Surrey Chapel in relation to baptism were not in accordance with Scripture, separated himself from his first spiritual home and joined the Baptist Church at

Church Street, Blackfriars. For many years Mr. Oliver was deeply interested in the Home and Irish Missionary Society, and rendered good service on its Committee, and to the Baptist Tract Society he long stood in *loco parentis*, and was frequently and acceptably employed as an occasional preacher. In the discharge of his secular business, in the relations of the domestic circle, as well as in works of public usefulness, Mr. Oliver always acted under the influence of religious principle, and however comparatively obscure such a career may seem, it cannot be insignificant, but comes under the comprehensive declaration—"Their works do follow them."

BIBLE PICTURES FOR OUR PETS. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 4s.

A COLLECTION of Scripture illustrations, drawn by eminent artists, and accompanied by the passages of the Bible which form the subjects of the pictures. The selection both of subjects and illustrations has been made with a view to facilitate the instruction of the very young in Bible history. The drawings, considerably more than a hundred in number, are very effective as works of art. We can imagine nothing more delightful than the joyous edification of the little ones as they gather the lessons of such a book from the lips of a Christian mother.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER, a four-paged picture tract for children, published in packets sixpence each, and **COLOURED SCRIPTURE LEAFLETS**, in sixteen-penny packets—the latter very suitable for the decoration of cottage walls—both published by the Religious Tract Society, we recommend to the attention of our readers. **OLIVE CROWHURST**, price

sixpence, is a good and useful story for girls, and *THE VOYAGE OF THE STEADFAST; OR, THE YOUNG MISSIONARIES IN THE PACIFIC*, for a shilling, will fascinate the boys as Mr. Kingston's stories always do.

poetical portions into metrical lines, the recognised chapters and verses are retained for the convenience of reference. This is, *par excellence*, the copy of the Bible for handy use and for presentation to the young.

THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD. By the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke. London: Richard D. Dickinson, Farringdon-st. 1877.

Mr. Cooke here gives us in a series of chapters a statement of the great scripture doctrine of the Holy Spirit, its characteristics, and its functions, the work of the Spirit in the world, in the conversion and edification of the soul, in its relations to Christ and the church. The book, though small, embodies a large amount of fresh and vigorous thought; the sentiments are thoroughly evangelical; the style is not only clear, but beautiful, and it abounds in happy and forcible illustrations. The subject is of primary importance, and its study is enforced upon us by many of the most prominent signs of the times. We sincerely rejoice in the production of a pamphlet of such marked ability, and withal so opportune in its appearance.

ROBERT RAIKES, JOURNALIST AND PHILANTHROPIST; a History of the Origin of Sunday Schools. By Alfred Gregory. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 3s. 6d.

MR. GREGORY'S residence in Gloucester, and his occupation on the newspaper which Robert Raikes owned and edited for nearly half a century, have afforded him an opportunity, of which he has carefully availed himself, of presenting many facts connected with the philanthropist's life and labours, which have not been within reach of his previous biographers. The result is a very pleasing memoir, which will be a valuable, if not indispensable, addition to every Sunday school library in England and the colonies.

THE POCKET PARAGRAPH BIBLE Newly arranged in Paragraphs and Sections, with References and Maps. London: Religious Tract Society. 6s. 6d.

We are not acquainted with any edition of the Authorised Version which can compare with this for portability, strength, elegance, and legibility. The typography of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode is presented in binding of the first class, both for strength and appearance; and while the reader has the advantage of the arrangement of the text into paragraphs, and the setting of

ISRAEL IN CANAAN UNDER JOSHUA AND THE JUDGES. By ALFRED EDERSHEIM, D.D., &c. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS is the third of a series of small volumes which Er. Edersheim is writing on the Bible history. His qualifications for the task are well known, and when we say that this work is worthy to stand by the side of his "Sketches of Jewish Social Life" and his "Temple," we pronounce upon it the warmest praise. The analysis of the character of Balaam is very fine, and there are few places from which we can gather a more sound and accurate idea of the meaning of the life of Samson and of his place among the heroes

of faith and the types of One who was greater than all. As the basis of Scriptural expositions and Bible class lessons this work is sure to meet with a cordial recognition. It has been written by one who is thoroughly *en rapport* with this subject, and whose words really elucidate it.

author illustrates in an intelligible and attractive form.

A YOUNG MAN'S DIFFICULTIES WITH HIS BIBLE. By the author of "The Christian in the World." London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 2s. 6d.

HELEN'S STEWARDSHIP. A Story. for Boys and Girls. London: Religious Tract Society.

A SIMPLE, well-written, and helpful story, in which the young folks will delight, and from which they may learn lessons of kindness and love. The fact that the youngest have a stewardship and are responsible for its exercise is the point which the

WE gave in another number of the MAGAZINE some extracts which will, we trust, whet the appetites of your readers for this seasonable and vigorous work. We particularly commend it to the attention of young men, who will find in Dr. Faunce's arguments and explanations of "Difficulties" the greatest help in the maintenance of the outworks of Christian belief.

News of the Churches.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

- Jones, Rev. J. (Rhymney) Britonferry, Glamorganshire.
- Jones, Rev. J. E. (Pontypool College), Pattishall, Northamptonshire.
- Morgan, Rev. T. H. (Harrow), Grove-street, Hackney.
- Pugh, Rev. F. (Salcombe), New Swindon.
- Richards, Rev. D. B. (Pontypool College), Talgarth.
- Scannell, Rev. C. T., Huddersfield.
- Wills, J. O. (Cupar, N. B.), Stockton-on-Tees.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

- St. Andrews, N. B., Rev. J. P. Clark, M.A., July 6th.
 - Wickworth, Rev. W. Davies, M.A., July 2nd.
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THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

IX.

THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

THE name of Dr. Allon is thoroughly familiar to the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, and a notice of his life and ministry in the present series of articles will be universally acceptable. He occupies a position of prominence in the north of London, is held in high esteem by Churchmen as well as Dissenters, and during the last few years he has frequently conducted services in connection with the opening and enlargement of chapels, not only in the metropolis, but in various parts of the country, and is rightly regarded as one of the leading Congregational ministers of the day.

The facts of his life, so far as they are known to us and fall within our province, are soon told. He was born in the year 1818, at the small village of Welton, near Hull, and has been a disciple of Christ "from his youth up." His secular education he received in the school of the Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Chipping Barnet, and even in his schooldays he felt the attractions of the Christian ministry, and resolved to devote himself to it rather than follow the pursuits of a commercial life which were open to him, and through which he might have amassed great wealth.

After his determination was formed, he became a student at Cheshunt College, with the broad and liberal basis of which he was in thorough harmony. Here he remained until, in 1844, he received an invitation to settle as co-pastor with the Rev. Mr. Lewis, at Union Chapel, Islington, and the relationship then entered upon has never been dissolved, but has merely passed into another and higher form. The origin and history of Union Chapel are somewhat peculiar, and claim here a brief notice. The movement in which it originated began

in the opening years of the present century, when the churches of our land, Conformist and Nonconformist alike, were reaping the effects of the great spiritual revival inaugurated by Whitefield and Wesley, and throwing off the formalism and languor which had for so long a period crippled their energies and emasculated their life. One of the immediate fruits of that revival seems to have been the closer drawing together of Evangelical Christians in different communities and a heartier appreciation of faithful Evangelical preaching, whether it came from the lips of learned or unlearned men—of those who had received “episcopal ordination,” or of such as were without that special grace. At the time of which we write the ministry of the Established clergyman in Islington does not appear to have been generally acceptable, or to have been characterized by a healthy spiritual tone, and hence a number of earnest Episcopalians who loved the Gospel more than their Church united with a number of equally earnest Dissenters, and formed the congregation from which Dr. Allon’s present more numerous congregation has grown. Their first place of meeting was in a house in Highbury Grove—their terms of membership were faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, and love to one another and all men. The Rev. Mr. Lewis was elected as their first minister, and this post he retained with increasing honour and usefulness for nearly fifty years.

This Union Church was conducted on Union principles. In the morning service the liturgy of the English Church was regularly used, while in the evening the service was entirely extemporaneous. The Lord’s Supper also was administered, after the Episcopalian fashion, at the communion table to such as desired it, and afterwards in what seems to us the simpler and more Scriptural method adopted in our own churches. The government of the church was not at first Congregational, inasmuch as the minister, elders, and deacons were entrusted with the entire control, and it was not until 1835 that church meetings were established, and Congregationalism pure and simple came into force.

The Rev. John Watson was co-pastor with Mr. Lewis from 1835 to 1844, in which latter year Mr. Watson resigned, and Mr. Allon was chosen to succeed him. He continued to share the responsibilities and honours of the ministerial office with his venerable colleague until the death of Mr. Lewis in 1852, when he was called by the unanimous voice of the congregation to the sole pastorate. His, therefore, is another instance of the advantage to be reaped by a young man, from association with an older and more experienced minister. The work in such a case is lighter; more time is allowed for thought and contemplation; wisdom and skill are gathered from the practical teachings of the life-work of another; the goal of the older man may in a sense become the starting point of the younger, and when he has at length to work “single-handed,” he is not a raw recruit, but a well trained and equipped soldier, with resources of incalculable worth. The experience of men like Mr. Katterns of Hackney, who worked in such

happy association with Dr. Cox ; of Mr. Dale of Birmingham, who was for so long the colleague of the Rev. John Angell James ; and of Dr. Allon, is surely of considerable weight in the discussion of the problem which these remarks suggest.

The position to which Dr. Allon was called in 1844, with the enlarged responsibilities attached to it eight years later, he still occupies. His pastorate at Islington thus extends over a period of thirty-three years. This also is a fact worth noting. The relative advantages of long and short pastorates have often formed a subject of eager discussion, and the matter is one in which churches and ministers are equally interested. It is of course impossible to lay down in relation to it a hard and fast line. The rule will necessarily vary with the conditions under which it is applied, and these conditions may be so numerous, so complex and diverse, that each case must be judged on its own merits. So much depends on the peculiar talents and aptitudes of a minister himself, and on the work for which he is best fitted ; so much also on the character of a congregation, its culture, or want of culture, its mental and spiritual power, its capacities of growth and enlargement, and its general relation to the neighbourhood in which it is placed, that it is unsafe to decide the matter, as some do, with an *ex cathedra* authoritativeness. Our own impression, after much thoughtful consideration of the matter, is decidedly in favour of long pastorates as most in harmony with the true principles of church life, and most favourable to their growth. Such a system as is adopted by our Wesleyan brethren, for example, has some elements of usefulness which no other system perhaps can claim. Removal to a new sphere after the ordinary circuit period of three years not only offers an easy and honourable mode of egress to such ministers as desire a change or prove unsuitable for a particular district. It allows the possibility of continued ministerial labour with the smallest expenditure of intellectual power. The sermons preached in one place can be, as they are, repeated in a dozen other places. So far as pulpit work is concerned, a Wesleyan minister is in the course of a few years practically equipped for life, and thus he can command more time for the multifarious other duties which devolve upon a minister, and which to those who have from week to week to preach to the same congregation, are so sore a distraction. He has the opportunity of remodelling his sermons, of pruning away excrescences, supplementing deficiencies, giving to them condensation and intensity, and putting upon them in every way a higher finish. Then again the congregations, it is urged, in addition to thus securing a man's best intellectual workmanship, have the further advantage of constant variety. Ministers are apt to get into grooves. They have their idiosyncrasies. Each one has his own methods of thought and expression, "his own way of looking at things," and it is well that congregations should have the great subjects of Divine revelation presented to them from every possible standpoint.

We are by no means insensible to the force of such arguments, but we do not deem them as at all decisive. For one thing, it

is detrimental to a minister himself to be constantly at work on the same materials, and to have on hand a stock of sermons adequate for his demands. His mind will be apt to lose its vigour and freshness by incessantly going over the same ground. His powers will be kept in a healthier and more effective condition under the stimulus supplied by new tracks of thought and fresh exercises of creative or productive power. Repetition may easily become "stale, flat, and unprofitable," a mere mechanical routine, devoid of life and fire.

In the ordinary discharge of ministerial duties, "old sermons" seem to us to be among "the pulpit helps" which a really earnest preacher will despise as a strong man would despise crutches. Their use at any rate should be very occasional. For unless they harmonize with a minister's existing mental and spiritual condition, unless he can feel anew the influence of the thoughts and emotions under which they were first produced, they will lose their main elements of power. The form will be there, but the spirit will be lacking. The words may be the same, and yet not the same. Instead of the beautiful natural flower with its living colours and delicious scent, we shall have but an artificial imitation of it, clever, perhaps, in its way, but with no life-like glow or health-giving aroma.

Frequent changes in the pastorate, moreover, keep a church in a state of chronic unsettledness, interrupt schemes of Christian usefulness, and afford easy opportunities for the "creeping in" of strife and bitterness. We know many churches which have been irreparably weakened by the personal and party feuds which have arisen in a ministerial interregnum, and in connection with the election of one who should fill the vacant post.

And it should finally be borne in mind that a minister owes his influence not merely to his sermons, but to his character and life. Let him be a really competent man, intellectually qualified for his post, and diligently "stirring up the gift that is in him," possessing also the higher and more essential spiritual qualifications, and every year of his ministry will augment his influence. His consistent exemplification of Christian truth; his ready sympathy with his people in their difficulties, sorrows and temptations; his kindly interest in their successes and their joys; his association with them in the events of their domestic life, in the birth of their children, or their marriage, and in the darker hour of their bereavement; all this will give to his words a weight and helpfulness which no mere intellectual vivacity could confer. The men who, under God, have quickened our spiritual aspirations, created in us longings after a purer, nobler manhood, counselled us in our difficulties, encouraged us in our trials, and enabled us amid all the pressure of the material and temporal to "see the King in His beauty and the land that is far off"—these are the men who will *for us* possess the greatest pulpit power, and, *cæteris paribus*, it is a power which can only come as the slow result of years of earnest and faithful service.

Dr. Allon's experience at Islington has been in thorough accordance with the ideas we have here expressed. His relation to his church and congregation] has been of the happiest kind. The old chapel, gradually became too small for the accommodation of those who were eager to attend his ministry, and it was several times enlarged. Two years ago it was resolved to erect a new building, capable of seating 1,700 persons, at a cost of £28,000. The church has supported schools, mission stations, and other evangelistic and philanthropic agencies, and shown itself in every way worthy of the ministry it has enjoyed.

Personally Dr. Allon is held in the highest esteem, and the bond between him and his people is that of a tender and generous affection. He has received numerous proofs of sympathetic and unselfish attachment. When, in 1859, he was presented with a testimonial, he said, *inter alia*, in his reply, "It is not expedient for me, doubtless, to glory, but bear with me in my folly. We have a right to our garment of praise, our garland, and our song. Thank God, we have hardly place for the spirit of heaviness! . . . Difficulties we have had, but, with our united hearts and efforts, they have been all easily surmounted. Ours may fairly be the joy of thankful prosperity—as much of the joy of the church above as may be attained in the church below. We may gird our singing robes about us, and call upon our souls, and all that is within us, to bless and praise God's holy name. The infancy of the church has passed, the days of its feebleness are gone, it rejoices as a young man to run a race. God grant that it may never know the worldly coldness of maturer years, or the senile feebleness of age! God grant unto it perpetual youth, that it may run and not be weary, walk and not faint." In 1874, at the close of his thirty years' pastorate, Dr. Allon received another most expressive testimonial. A sum of £1,206 6s. 6d.—raised while he was absent for a few days in the country, and without any personal canvass—was presented to him, and he could then, as previously, acknowledge the unbroken harmony which had prevailed in his congregation. "Neither open breach nor latent schism qualified the satisfaction and gratitude of the retrospect."

And yet, during this thirty years, changes had been introduced, and on some points probably differences of opinion would exist, but they were in no sense hurtful, because of the loving, faithful, and manly spirit by which the proceedings of the church were regulated. The two-fold mode of administering the Lord's Supper, which was adopted in the early years of the church's history, had been abolished, and the Liturgy was no longer used in the morning service. But though the Liturgy was discontinued, Union Chapel did not ignore the importance of worship as distinct from preaching. We believe that extemporaneous prayer—extemporaneous as to form, but based on thorough preparation of the spirit, is most accordant with the idea of spiritual service, and most adapted to the necessities of our religious life.

Extemporaneous prayer (writes Dr. Allon) may lack the literary excellencies,

the august stateliness, the devotional beauty of Liturgical forms, but it has more than a compensation, in that it is the immediate inspiration of living souls. It is neither the prayer of dead men, nor a past inspiration of the Spirit. It may be homely, but it is the expression of a present living experience, it is an immediate teaching of the Spirit of truth that dwelleth in the man. Shall a Church presume to ordain that the Spirit shall never inspire another prayer for public worship? Use the past by all means, but not so as to forbid the inspirations of the present. Past prayers may be useful as past hymns are; but both in prayers and in hymns we should be prepared to welcome every fresh inspiration of the living Spirit.

But, as Dr. Allon elsewhere explains, a man's praying power is not an arbitrary thing—it is the result of long antecedent spiritual processes.

If a man find himself an effective intercessor with God, a prince having power with God to prevail, it is only because he has grown to great spiritual wisdom, unselfishness, and grace. The praying power of a man is no mere accident of his mood, no mere impulse of his necessity; it is the slow growth of a spiritual character, the gradual development of a faith that has grown exceedingly, the confidence which a long familiarity with God creates, the fervent sympathy and desire of a chastened unselfishness, the ripened spirituality and tenderness of a carefully cultured heart.

Then again, Dr. Allon is an accomplished musician, and the worship of his congregation has thereby been invested with additional power and attractiveness. "The service of song"—to use Mr. Binney's phrase—has been too widely neglected among Nonconformists, and there are among us instances which give at least a semblance of truth to the ungenerous sarcasm of one who, with all his large-heartedness, never cared to understand our position,—the sneer that "Dissenters go to chapel to hear sermons." But such instances are happily few, and are rather a memory of the past than an experience of the present. Our space does not permit us at present to enter into a discussion of the subject, but we will at least record our gladness that the power of church song as an essential element of worship, and as "a means of grace," is at length so freely and universally recognised. We have no wish to see in our Nonconformist churches what is called "a musical service," or to allow the organ and the choir to over-shadow the congregation. We are free from all ambition to "imitate the Ritualists," but we do desire a careful and conscientious attention to this aspect of our worship, and deprecate the idea that in it, any more than in the pulpit, we should be content to "serve God with that which doth cost us nothing." We must give to Him of our best.

Dr. Allon is distinguished as an author no less than as a preacher. He has published several lectures originally delivered to the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall, contributed a number of articles to the *Bible Educator*, and various periodicals, written an interesting memoir of the Rev. James Sherman, and for some years past has been editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, the pages of which he has often enriched with his own productions. An article of his on "Worship" appears in the first series of *Ecclesia*, and he has, moreover, edited *The Congregational Psalmist* and *Chant Book*. The work of his

congregation, and its numerous agencies, heavy and responsible as it must be, has by no means, therefore, exhausted his energy.

In 1864 Dr. Allon was elected chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales; and, shortly after his visit to America in 1870, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale College, Newhaven, Connecticut.

We are not aware that Dr. Allon has published any of his discourses, except the volume which appeared in the autumn of last year, entitled, "The Vision of God, and other Sermons." These sermons, thirteen in number, were all preached on special occasions, and do not therefore convey an accurate idea of his ordinary ministry, or present him at his best. The volume as a whole possesses great worth, and it is impossible to read it without feeling ourselves in contact with a vigorous and clear-sighted thinker, a man of fine imagination, tender sympathy, and intense spirituality, who can grapple successfully with the doubts and difficulties of his age. But the tone of the volume is argumentative and defensive rather than expository, and displays more of the power of the thoughtful essayist than of the impassioned preacher. And with the delivery of such sermons as these we inevitably associate "the gown and bands." The preacher does not seem to us to be thoroughly at his ease, and he certainly fails to do himself justice. The style, too, is more formal than we should have expected, this perhaps being due to the argumentative tone and to the supposed necessity of employing accurate philosophical terms. We cannot, however, accustom ourselves to some words and phrases which recur again and again, *e.g.*, "the physical body," "the intellectual mind," "the indestructible religious soul," "the spiritual soul," and various others. They sound in our ears no less harsh than tautological, and interfere with the flow of the author's thought. But these minor faults cannot blind us to the substantial excellencies of the volume. It is, after making all possible deductions, a noble book, proving Dr. Allon's capability of mediating between the old and the new, of turning the results of Biblical criticism to beneficial account, and giving many beautiful renderings of Scripture statements, and narratives, and facts. Such discourses as "The Christ of Experience," "The Healing Virtue of the Christ," "The Service of Love," "The Power of Intercession," and "For My Sake," are profoundly suggestive, and reveal an insight into the nature and necessities of the spiritual life, and the *dynamical* forces of Christianity which we have rarely seen surpassed.

Expressing our hope that Dr. Allon will shortly supplement this volume by one composed of his ordinary sermons, we will conclude with a few extracts which, selected with some care, will perhaps give a more accurate idea of its various merits than could be derived from any critique of our own.

MAN'S CRAVING FOR GOD.

To those, then, who deny God, and to those who deny the spiritual soul of man, I am justified in putting the question—Why do I concern myself about

religious things? Why do I crave some vision of God? What are these mystic yearnings after the spiritual which are among the strongest, the most irrepresible of my human desires? As well ask why my physical body craves food, why my intellectual soul seeks knowledge. However it may be accounted for, spiritual desire is an essential constituent of this wondrous nature of mine, and can no mere be denied or silenced than physical appetite. We may repress it, damage it, deaden it. By persistent sin, by carnal passion, by a continued course of sensuous or selfish indulgence, a man may practically disable his spiritual soul, just as by drunkenness or licentiousness he may disable his physical body, or reduce to idiocy his intellectual mind. So also he may reason down his religious instincts by material philosophies; he may oppose every uprising of his spiritual nature by demonstrations of the impossibility of there being such a nature, until his consciousness is confused and his spiritual action disabled; just as by fanciful notions concerning his body he may make himself a hypochondriac. But it is part of him still. He may damage, but he cannot kill it. And sometimes—it may be after years of sin, or of materialistic scepticism—when the victory seems well-nigh won, and the man to care for nothing but selfish gratification, and to believe nothing that his balances cannot weigh, his chemistry analyze, his mathematics demonstrate, there shall be a sudden breaking of the seal and rolling away of the stone, and a coming forth of the entombed soul, despite of watch and guard; and it shall cry out for God, and refuse to be comforted if it cannot find Him.

THE HIGHEST REVELATION OF GOD.

The supreme glories of the Divine nature cannot lie in the almightiness that works physical miracles, but in spiritual manifestations of His holiness and grace. By so much as spiritual excellencies transcend physical or intellectual, by so much is the moral character and grace of God more glorious than His omnipotent power. Not in the movements of planets, or the economy of physical providence, are the greatest workings of God seen; but in the expressions of his saving love, the processes of His renewing Spirit; in swaying the will to holy purposes, kindling the affections to holy ardours, transforming the character and the life to holy excellencies. No Shekinah symbol that Christ could have exhibited, no miracle that He could have wrought, could have manifested these. Such manifestations would only have perpetuated the old externalism in religion which He came to do away with.

PROPITIATION, A REQUISITE TO FORGIVENESS.

That propitiation is necessary in order to fellowship with God, is one of the deepest and most unconquerable feelings of human souls. Fellowship with God is not their spontaneous untutored rest, their natural privilege, their instinctive seeking. In holy spiritual beings it would necessarily be so. It is not so in men. Whatever it may be, there is in the thought of a holy God something that forbids it; a consciousness of sin separates between us and God, an alienation of character and feeling which makes propitiation necessary. We need to be forgiven for wrong doing ere we can seek His fellowship; we need to be renewed in right feelings before we will. God must proclaim Himself not only holy and righteous, but "merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquities, transgression, and sin." Any theory of fellowship with God which ignores these facts of human consciousness, thereby proclaims its own insufficiency and untruth.

How is this feeling of sin to be dealt with? It can neither be denied nor disregarded.

Who that looks in the face all the principles of the Divine government, and all the facts of its history, can satisfy himself with vague hopes of good-natured mercy on God's part. As well might the culprit calculate upon the sentiment of benevolence in an upright judge. Who could satisfy even his own conscience with a forgiveness that should rest upon no recognised principle

of rectitude, but only upon an arbitrary feeling? Holy principles violated, the holy law broken, and no recognised reparation of them! Penalty remitted by a mere volition, its threatening arbitrarily reversed!

The moral sense, the conscience within me, that which makes me a moral being, demands atonement for sin as much as my safety does. Mere security is no moral satisfaction to a righteous being. I could not be happy in the salvation of Christ if I were saved as a man is saved who breaks prison, or to whom the prison doors are illicitly opened; if I were saved at the cost of a single righteous principle.

THE WORTH OF THE BIBLE.

It contains the loftiest teachings that the world possesses concerning God, and salvation, and the true religious life, and the immortality that lies beyond death. Its doctrines concerning these things give us light where otherwise we should be in darkness, they give us comfort and hope where otherwise would be only anguish and fear. It inspires us with our greatest conceptions, and urges us to our noblest achievements. How divinely, and at times almost awfully, in every Sunday's church lessons, in every morning's family worship, its teachings break in upon the low-minded worldliness, the selfish earthliness, the limp morality of our common life. In great sorrows and desolations, and death especially, what a power of calm strong consolation they have.

What would our human life be if the Bible were not in our hands, if its high-thoughted solemn words were not appealing to us day by day? It would be what without it the life of the greatest peoples has ever been. Formal as we are in reading its teachings, and carnal as in spite of them we continue to be, what should we become if we had them not—if we never heard the soaring spiritual notes of David's psalms, the sublime and solemn righteousness of the old Hebrew prophets, the Divine and affluent revelations of our Lord, the urgent, passionate arguments of Paul, the spiritual communings, the ethereal aspirations of John? We feel that in the Bible we have not only the highest of all teachings and inspirations, but God's infallible truth. Blessed be the wisdom and the love which provided for our religious life this Bible. . . . The power of all strength and comfort and hope is in the Bible. Our intelligence can never outgrow its ideas, our necessities can never exceed its provisions, nor can our enthusiasm exaggerate the power of its manifold inspirations.

MEDITATION.

There is, therefore, a sense in which we need to preach, not so much activity as the lessening of it. Our life runs to leaf. It is not inward, rich, deep. It is so in the market as well as in the Church. Most men live too fast.

The world is too much with us late and soon.

We have time for but hurried devotions, for but scant spiritual culture; so that our religious life becomes formal, external, meagre. We do not walk closely with God. We do not "follow hard after Him." There is no "depth of earth," and the good seed shoots up, meagre, straggling, and discoloured, and "in time of temptation falls away." We are too busy to be deeply pious. We keep up a religiousness without God, which degenerates into a mere morality. Its spiritual heart dies out of it. Its springs of godliness dry up. It is life according to tradition and rules, instead of life springing out of religious principles and affections; a "life hidden with Christ in God," rooted in Him and nourished by His grace; it is, therefore, weak and precarious as it is worthless.

Reminiscences of Bristol.

II.

THERE are a few things which, though not reminiscences of Bristol, may be very properly mentioned here, on account of their influence in determining my residence in that city. Connected with a period, distant in point of time, and with a county at the western extremity of the kingdom, they will at least be novel, and may, perhaps, be interesting to the readers of the MAGAZINE.

The Baptist churches in Cornwall owe their existence partly to the labours of a few distinguished ministers who, towards the close of the last century, occasionally visited the county on evangelistic tours, but mainly to the liberality of the late Mr. Opie Smith, of Bath. There were very few Baptists in Cornwall at that time. Those who lived at Falmouth, for example, often travelled to St. Agnes, a village seventeen miles distant, in order to enjoy Christian fellowship. The efforts referred to, resulted in the settlement of Mr. Saunders at Penzance, Mr. Sharpe at Helston, Mr. Rowe at Redruth, Mr. Griffin at Falmouth, and Mr. Redding at Truro, who was succeeded by Mr. Solomon Young, afterwards classical tutor at Stepney—a remarkable sermon from whom, on the words “*We all do fade as a leaf*,” I even now distinctly remember. These were all men of mark and power. Mr. Young was eminently distinguished for his attainments and culture.

The religious condition of the people was deplorably bad. The few evangelical ministers in the Established Church were both despised and persecuted. Our Wesleyan brethren had not then the commanding position which they have since acquired. Wrecking, which means enticing ships on shore on dark and stormy nights by false lights, and when they were stranded plundering the cargoes, while the passengers and sailors were left to their unhappy fate—violent outbreaks among the miners in seasons of scarcity, owing to bad harvests—smuggling, with all its fearful perils and vices—and cruel sports, were almost universally prevalent. Large bodies of troops were stationed in the principal towns, as much to secure the preservation of life and property as for defence against a foreign foe. The change which the faithful preaching of the Gospel has wrought since those days is simply wonderful. The proportion of members of Christian churches to the general population is, perhaps, larger than in any other county in England. Wrecking, smuggling, brutal sports, and outbreaks of the labouring classes are almost wholly unknown. Only a small body of troops, stationed at Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, is now required.

Mr. Griffin's ministry at Falmouth was exceedingly attractive and useful. A good meeting-house was erected, and a numerous church

and congregation gathered. He was succeeded by Mr. Pryce, a preacher of singular fervour and power, and gifted in prayer beyond any one I ever heard. My honoured friend and father in the Gospel, Mr. Green, became pastor on Mr. Pryce's removal to Aston, and when he removed to Thrapstone Mr. Burchell settled among us, whose faithful and intelligent ministry I greatly enjoyed, as well as the advantage of his friendship to the close of his useful and honourable life. Not long after his settlement I was called by the church to preach in the neighbouring villages. Six other brethren were also set apart to this work, three of whom became pastors of churches. At the end of three years, during which all my spare time was devoted to Sunday-schools and village preaching, the church passed a resolution expressing their opinion that I ought henceforth to devote myself wholly to the work of the ministry.

Up to this time I was actively engaged with my father in commercial life, and, being his only son, any satisfactory arrangement for the future management of the business seemed impracticable, until my brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. Bond, an officer in Her Majesty's navy, came home after the battle of Navarino, consented to take my place. It was a severe trial to leave my venerable parents and the home of my youth, and at the age of twenty-six to enter on an entirely new course of life. The conviction, however, that it was my duty was then strong, and it has never been shaken since.

Until the settlement of Mr. Green at Falmouth, and Mr. Clark at Truro, no organization existed in Cornwall in aid of our Foreign Missionary Society. Once in two years some leading minister paid us a visit, and if he collected sixty or seventy pounds it was considered a success. But in 1822 steps were taken to form an auxiliary in *each* church, and to unite them all in a county auxiliary, the first, I believe, that was formed in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society. The contributions were very soon more than trebled, and they have not declined. I was appointed secretary of the Falmouth Auxiliary, and very well remember feeling quite as nervous, when reading the first report, as I ever did in performing a similar duty in Exeter Hall.

The general intelligence of the mining population of Cornwall was above the average of men in their condition of life, and though following a laborious occupation, they had a good deal of leisure time, which was chiefly spent in discussing public affairs, and the sermons they heard. Hence able men were required to minister to them, and the Wesleyan Conference appointed such men, especially the superintendents, who were generally distinguished for superior ability. Their annual missionary meetings were attended by choice deputations. At these meetings I heard Drs. Adam Clarke and Bunting, Messrs. Watson, Newton, Samuel Drew, Leslie, Burgess, and others of note. Our own society was represented by Drs. Cox and Steadman, and Messrs. Dyer, Winterbotham, Griffin, Isaac Mann, Thomas Horton, and Samuel Nicholson. Missionaries from the East and West were also sometimes present; and our honoured brethren Knibb and Burchell, when the

anti-slavery feeling of the country was raised to a fervid heat, imparted intense interest to more than one of our annual gatherings. Being lovers of good men, my parents gladly embraced every opportunity of obeying the apostolic precept, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." We often had ministers of one section or another of the Christian Church as guests, to whose conversation I listened with profound interest. They seemed, to my youthful imagination, like some of the old prophets, and awakened feelings of the deepest respect and reverence. Intercourse at this early period of one's life with men of eminent ability and godliness no doubt greatly influenced my subsequent course.

The requisite arrangements having been completed, I left for Bristol in September, 1828. I need not dwell on the parting with parents and friends. Though there existed among them a happy concord of sentiment as to the act itself, it was sufficiently painful, and the probable result of it naturally awakened considerable anxiety.

This second journey was as fully interesting as the first. It had not the same charm of perfect novelty, and was less exciting—but it had a nobler object. Being performed wholly by day, I saw more; and many of the objects which I had previously seen were now viewed under more favourable conditions. One incident occurred towards its close which I must describe.

We were somewhat behind time, and the coachman pushed over the last stage at an unusually rapid rate. He was an excellent whip, and handled his horses with great skill, while his intelligence, respectful manners, and kind attention to the passengers made it a pleasure to sit by his side—a place greatly coveted by those who really enjoyed coach travelling. Just as we came round the corner into the broad part of Bedminster, we observed a little boy sitting in the middle of the road. To pull up the horses and prevent the coach from going over him was simply impossible. Had the attempt been made, the horses would have trampled on the poor little fellow and crushed him to death. I looked at the coachman, who had turned deadly pale. Speak to him I dared not. With great presence of mind he dropped the hand which held the reins as low as possible. The horses, feeling their heads at liberty, and *perhaps* seeing the child, with marvellous instinct opened out right and left, and he disappeared beneath the coach! It was a moment of intensely painful suspense. The coachman turned to speak to the guard, who shouted out, "Go on, Bill—all right!" In a voice tremulous with emotion he exclaimed, "All right!—isn't the child killed?" "Killed! No thank God. Look—he is toddling home to his mother." It would be useless to attempt to describe the sense of relief we all felt, or the heartiness with which we united in the coachman's earnest exclamation, "Thank God for that!" I saw him shortly after, and he told me that his nerves were so shaken by the excitement of that moment that he was compelled to give up driving for a few days.

On arriving at the Academy I was most cordially welcomed by the

students already there, and when others arrived they were received with a glee that was almost boyish. This, indication of the prevalence of kindly feeling, subsequent experience proved to be real and true. In a very few days all sense of strangeness was gone. I entered under very favourable auspices. The students not only enjoyed the ministry of Robert Hall—in itself a privilege of inestimable value—but Messrs. Thorpe, Liefchild, Roberts, and Winter were in their full vigour and prime. The first three were men of unquestioned mental power and oratorical ability. Mr. Thorpe, so it was said, *prepared* only one sermon a week. Another was read to him from the works of some eminent author, and his memory was so tenacious that he could repeat it, *verbatim*, the next day. I was told, but am not able to vouch for the accuracy of the statement, that in this way he regularly preached the whole of Dwight's sermons. I remember on one occasion being present at Newfoundland Chapel, when he prayed. He used the Lord's Prayer, amplifying its several parts as he proceeded with singular beauty and pathos, and in a manner which I have never heard surpassed. Mr. Liefchild was, to my mind, the *beau idéal* of a manly, effective English preacher. Of a fine bodily presence, gifted with a voice of great flexibility and power, and endowed with peculiar unction and force, he was alike attractive and impressive. He carried out his own maxim, which I have heard him utter when addressing students—"Begin low, speak slow, rise higher, take fire!" I first knew Mr. Winter in Cornwall, where he began his honourable and useful career as an evangelist among our churches and villages. His ardour and energy were extraordinary, while his general disposition, simplicity, and goodness, won for him universal regard and esteem. Some of my fellow-students used occasionally to speak of his intellectual character disparagingly, but I maintained that no pastor could keep so large a congregation and gather so numerous a church as met in Counterslip, and for so many years, without being richly endowed with gifts and graces far beyond the common order.

The senior students in the house were very superior men, some of whom subsequently rose to distinction, and ranked among the leading ministers of the denomination. Messrs. Nicholls, Charles Daniell, Robert Roff, John Eustace Giles, John Leechman, Edmund Hull, William Robinson, Henry Trend, Abraham Burdett, Henry Capern, Joshua Gray, Francis Clowes, and John Watts were all men of ability, some of them of considerable attainments. Of this large number only four remain to this day, and *they* are laid aside from active service. Among these I had some of my most cherished friends, and our friendship continued unbroken through their lives, with no small benefit to me, both in mind and heart. The class between mine and the senior was composed of men of very moderate ability and attainments, and I believe they are all dead. Those who entered with me were Charles Room, John Freer, and Enoch Williams. The first-named is still living, but without pastoral charge. The other

two are gone. Mr. Freer gave himself principally to theological study, and we used, in our playful moments, to call him "The Divine." Mr. Williams was a young man of brilliant talents. Being a Welshman, he began and continued the study of the English language through the medium of our classic authors, and acquired a style of great elegance and force. The most notable man who came amongst us during my time was my late honoured friend Dr. Benjamin Davies, who also has passed away, leaving behind a reputation for godly simplicity and accurate and extensive learning of the highest order.

It was unquestionably a great advantage to have such men as one's companions during student-life. Each of us without doubt, was, in the sphere he came from, thought to be somebody, and enjoyed a sort of pre-eminence over most of his companions. Very likely, too, each came with the notion that this superior position would be maintained in the Academy. How soon the notion was taken out of us! How quickly we began to subside! I cannot, of course, tell exactly how my fellow-students felt in this respect, or whether they were conscious of the process or not. I know I was; and though it was very humbling, it was no less salutary, and I am thankful for it to this hour.

Considerable differences of opinion have been expressed from time to time in regard to the advantage of students living in families of somewhat superior habits and culture. It is maintained that, as very few of them have enjoyed such intercourse, they are ignorant of the customs and manners prevalent in these social circles. We constantly hear the assertion that the clergy of the Established Church are gentlemen and Nonconformist ministers are not. It is conceived that this reproach would be wiped away if such arrangements could be made. Much, however, would depend on the habits of the families with whom they lived, and the extent of their own pecuniary resources, and the amount supplemented by college funds.

The present system is, in my opinion, far better. The greater regularity of all arrangements, the stricter discipline, the command which the student has of his own time in prosecuting his studies, the *esprit de corps* consequent on living together, the formation and growth of personal friendships, the family feeling, the constant friction of mind with mind, the kindly assistance which the more advanced can render to those whose attainments are lower, the check which each has on each, though unconsciously exerted, the necessity of being in the house at proper hours, and the shelter provided against temptations to which young men are especially exposed, are advantages too important and numerous to be exchanged for whatever benefit boarding out can supply.

Moreover, most of the advantages of the out system have been obtained by recent changes in the management of our colleges. We have now *real* dining halls. Students are expected to appear in suitable costume, which was not required in my time. Common wooden forms are exchanged for chairs, and earthenware jugs are replaced by glasses. Moreover, the President usually takes his place

at the head of the table, the Matron being also present. The proprieties of social life are observed, and students become gradually accustomed to them. Thus, when they leave, they step into society with confidence and ease. And it is very much the fault of students themselves if they are not found, as occasional guests, in the pleasant and agreeable society of the most respectable residents in the towns where our colleges are placed. They have only to join some church, regularly attend, not only the public services, but *church-meetings* as well (most important in regard to their future responsibilities), and they will be sure to have friends who will gladly welcome them to their homes.

Very much, however, depends on the character of the *seniors*. They give the tone to the house. Those among whom my lot was cast were truly devout, some of them, indeed, distinguished for eminent piety, and their influence was felt by us all. May all our colleges have in them such brethren as I met when entering Bristol, for their presence and friendship, together with other advantages which have yet to be noticed, greatly contributed to exalt my views of the importance and responsibilities of the work of the ministry, and to strengthen those feelings of attachment which I have ever cherished for the dear old place.

F. T.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

Scott, the Commentator, and the Baptists.

II.

MR. SCOTT ended his excellent life, as we have stated, in the year 1821. Some time afterwards his worthy widow contracted a second marriage with a gifted man, named Mr. Dawes, who is deserving of very honourable mention. He resided for some years with Mr. Scott as ward, pupil, and friend, and, toward the end of Mr. Scott's life, assisted him in his literary labours. Mr. Dawes was a truly devout man, as Mr. Scott had abundant opportunities of knowing; and, therefore, the latter earnestly advised him to enter the ministry of the Church of England; but insuperable conscientious objections prevented. He afterwards adopted the medical profession, and, having married the widow of Mr. Scott, settled in the village of Haddenham, near to Aston Sandford. While living there, they both

identified themselves with the congregation under the pastoral care of "good Peter Tyler," whom they personally respected, and from whose ministrations they derived much spiritual profit. After a time, Mr. Dawes saw it his duty to enter the Nonconformist ministry, and became pastor of a Pædobaptist church near Liverpool. While residing there, he suffered the great loss of his devoted wife, who was brought into Buckinghamshire to be buried, and rests in the quiet graveyard of the Baptist chapel at Haddenham. It is said of Aquila and Priscilla, that they "took Apollos and taught him the way of the Lord more perfectly;" and, in some sort, Mr. and Mrs. Dawes acted the same kind part towards their friend and pastor. Being a truly evangelical minister, he did not need much theoretical instruction "in the way of the Lord;" but, having been denied the advantages of an early education, he, of course, had certain defects of grammar and composition, which his two friends kindly pointed out to him, and for which kind services the pastor was wise enough to feel and express thankfulness. He much felt their removal from Haddenham; and, on the occasion of the burial of Mrs. Dawes, he preached a striking funeral sermon from the appropriate words, "She was a succourer of many, and of me also."

Subsequently to the death of Mrs. Dawes, her husband became unable to preach, owing to throat disease; and, after engaging elsewhere for some time in scientific pursuits, in which he was a great proficient, he finally settled at Haddenham, set up his valuable telescope there, studied hard at the abstruser branches of astronomy, and gave his leisure time to the welfare of the poor by gratuitous advice and medicine. Though he modestly considered himself only an amateur in science, his attainments were very considerable; he having made some important discoveries in connection with the planet Saturn, and possessing, as one of the first English astronomers said, "the finest astronomical eye in the world." On his final return to Haddenham, he resumed his place at the feet of his former minister, Mr. Tyler—sometimes officiating as precentor, and sometimes giving short addresses at the sacramental table. He was altogether a very superior and pious man, the ornament of the circle in which he moved, and in every way worthy of having his memory intimately associated with that of Mr. Scott, his tutor and friend.

We have more than once mentioned the name of Mr. Peter Tyler, the Baptist minister at Haddenham; and, as Providence often associated him with Mr. Scott, and as he, moreover, had many personal claims upon our attention and respect, we will attempt a brief description of his character and doings. He was born in the village of Haddenham, in comparatively humble circumstances, and in his early years earned his bread as a wheelwright, doing well all the work he had to perform. During a warm debate in the House of Commons, a somewhat bitter personal altercation took place—a not very unusual occurrence even in that august region. In the course of the quarrel, an aristocratic combatant twitted his plebeian opponent with

the lowliness of his origin, adding, as a proof thereof, "He used to black my father's shoes;" to which there came the happy and honourable reply, "Yes, and I blacked them well." So we may say of good Peter Tyler, that, what he thought worth doing at all, he thought worth doing well. In all his secular and sacred duties the motto was the same—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Hence we are not surprised to learn that, as a wheelwright, he turned out first-rate waggons; and that, even after he became a minister, his wood-house, being managed by himself, was a model for general neatness and the accurate arrangements of its stacks of fuel. In some of these matters Peter displayed hereditary genius—numbering, as he did, among his forbears some men of great physical strength and considerable mechanical skill. The village of Had denham is said to be rather noted for its wheelwright work, and that Peter Tyler is in part to be credited with the production, or, at least, maintenance of its fame.

The future Baptist minister became a Christian in comparatively early life, as the result of the preaching of a sermon in one of the cottages of his native village, a former Nonconformist church in the place being then defunct, and the place of worship a heap of ruins. This church was established in the reign of William III.—probably in the year 1694—and a relic of the period remains in the tombstone of a Baptist minister, which is now placed at the entrance of the present place of worship. The stone bears the following inscription:—"Here lyeth the body of Mr. Edward Hoare, minister of ye Gospel, late of Risborough, in the county of Bucks, who deceased on December ye 18, 1711, in ye 36 year of his age." Those who are familiar with Thomas Carlyle's "Past and Present," will remember the striking character of Abbot Sampson, the chief of the renowned monastery of St. Edmundsbury, in the time of King John. The abbot, being a sincere and pious man, and greatly reverencing the memory of St. Edmund, had a passionate desire to touch, or even to see, the relics of the saint, which reposed, or were thought to repose, under the high altar of the church of the abbey, which desire was at last graciously gratified. Some alterations of the chancel having necessitated the temporary removal of the relics, the pious monk was favoured, not only to see and touch, but even to kiss, some portion of the sacred body of the renowned Saxon saint; and ever after did not fail to offer a daily *Laus Deo!* on account of this distinguished honour. Some such feeling, though, of course in a modified form, seems to have taken possession of the mind of good Peter Tyler in reference to Mr. Hoare, whose epitaph we have quoted above. It was Mr. Tyler's good fortune to be able to restore, from its ruins, the Nonconformist chapel of his native village; and, while the work was proceeding, Peter is said to have opened the grave of Mr. Hoare, to see "what the founder of the church was like." The grave was opened, the coffin unfastened, and a characteristic exclamation was made by the living pastor as he looked upon the bones of the defunct brother. Candour compels us

to add that some people doubt the truthfulness of the tradition, yet we cannot but own that we believe Peter was likely to do such a strange thing; and, therefore, as the Italians say, if not true, it is "*ben trovato*,"—"well found."

We have stated that Mr. Tyler became a Christian in early life, and we have to add that he was soon after baptized at Prince's Risborough, on a profession of faith in Jesus Christ. Although he thus publicly professed himself a Dissenter and a Baptist, he for some time saw it right to attend the ministry of Mr. Scott; and, being naturally a man of considerable mental power, soon attracted the clergyman's notice, which, ere long, ripened into friendship on the part of Mr. Scott, and into reverential esteem on the part of the young disciple. An old man ninety years of age, now residing at Haddenham, remembers the time when Peter performed the functions of parish clerk for Mr. Scott; and a tradition tells that the two good men sometimes engaged in friendly controversy upon disputed points of theological doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline; and, moreover, that the clergyman sometimes sought Peter's advice upon the construction of a new wig. After a time, Mr. Tyler, feeling himself called upon to become a preacher of the Gospel, rebuilt the old meeting-house in his native village, formed a few like-minded friends with himself into a Christian church, and thus entered upon those important spiritual duties which, for nearly half a century, he so successfully and honourably performed.

The witty Dr. South, speaking in one of his sermons concerning Puritan times, sarcastically says, "It happened in those days that a man was not thought worthy to preach in a pulpit unless he had first helped to make it." The sneer might have been taken as personal by Mr. Tyler, for he helped to re-build the chapel with his own hands, and the pulpit is said to have been entirely his own work. It was a grand day for the village when, in 1809, the chapel was opened for Divine worship, and the pulpit filled by such men as Dr. Cox, Mr. Hinton, of Oxford, and the renowned Andrew Fuller. There are a few living who were present at the services, one of whom has often spoken to us concerning them; and their fame still lingers brightly in the neighbourhood around. These services were no mere flourish of trumpets—no pompous introduction to nothing, but the beginning of a good work, which continues to this day, for Mr. Tyler proved himself, Heaven helping him, the right man in the right place. As a preacher, he was a man of unusual powers, and very attractive down to his last day, being brimful of thought, originality, humour, and pathos. He seldom preached without calling forth smiles and tears. The substance of his sermons was generally very varied and valuable, and his utterance, guided by his dramatic instinct, was always in strict accordance with it, the changes of his countenance being as numerous as his phases of thought. His discourses were nearly always fresh in their mode of treatment, and we have heard his hearers say that his prayers were never alike. Like most very

humorous men, he probably sometimes broke a canon or two of good taste, repented of the fault, and repeated the offence before long. For example, in praying for the welfare of the royal family, he supplicated that they might live long, and "not be too expensive to the country." The same familiarity often cropped up in his preaching. Having had a discussion with an episcopal neighbour concerning "written prayers," he saw fit to carry the discussion into the pulpit in this wise:— Preaching not long after upon the prayer of Peter, "Lord, save, or I perish," and seeing his late antagonist in the congregation, the preacher fixed his eyes upon him, repeated the text, and said to his friend, "The apostle didn't need a prayer-book then." Not having mastered the niceties of grammar in early life, of course his modes of speech sometimes partook of the originality of the subject-matter. Once, in preaching concerning "The fatted calf" mentioned in the parable, and quoting, with approval, the recent utterance of a neighbouring minister, he said, "That *wur* a fatted calf, and not like the skinny beasts which some butchers kill now-a-days." On another occasion, he wondered how people could be "so *owdacious* as to name a child Emmanuel." But these minor faults were entirely forgotten amidst the proofs of mental strength and originality of style which the preacher continually displayed. Notable men sometimes sat at his feet with unusual pleasure and profit. Among them may be mentioned the venerable Charles Stovel, who, on one occasion, listening to him, paid to the village preacher the tribute of tears and smiles; and at length, hearing something irresistibly comic from the pulpit, disturbed the "propriety" of the congregation by bursting into a loud laugh.

We have said that good Peter Tyler's ministry extended over a period of nearly fifty years, and he closed his honourable career about eighteen years since, amidst the Christian esteem and affection of a wide circle of disciples and friends. In his last illness he was often visited by the worthy vicar of the parish, from whose devotions by the side of the sick bed he derived considerable pleasure and profit, and with whom, in the days of his health, he cordially co-operated in several departments of Christian work. We cannot refrain from paying a tribute of esteem to this worthy clergyman, who, while he aims to be loyal to his own principles, equally strives to live on terms of Christian fellowship with his dissenting parishioners, and cordially labours with them in many forms of good work. The annual Sunday-school festival of the village is a thoroughly united one. At the recent settlement of a minister of the Baptist chapel, the vicar was present; and, within the last few days, he preached two sermons in aid of a benevolent effort for the welfare of a worthy dissenting family in the village. The clergyman does not, of course, sympathise in all the opinions and aspirations of the Dissenters around him; but he is a lover of all good men, prefers real Christians to mere Churchmen, and strives much to keep "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." We are glad to think that such good men are not scarce; and while,

doubtless, it is the duty of Nonconformists to strive after the possession of complete political and religious equality, it is equally their duty to recognise and promote all efforts for the more complete union of all sections of the "Holy Catholic Church."

It is nearly a hundred years since Peter Tyler was born, and, probably, another hundred years will elapse before the memories of his useful life will have faded away. Allowing for the comparatively contracted sphere of a village life, his labours were many, and crowned with much success. He was a useful preacher of the Gospel. He found a chapel in ruins, and left behind him a commodious place for Nonconformist worship; he found a few pious people around him, he gave them spiritual organization, he left behind him a united church of a hundred and fifty souls. He was, also, very useful in providing means for the education of the young. At one time in his ministry the scholars and teachers of his Sunday-school were as numerous as the days of the year, whose intellectual wants were well supplied by an abundance of healthy literature. It is said, to the praise of John Foster, that he found especial pleasure in setting people to think, and Peter Tyler deserves the same praise. It was a treat to see and hear him in the midst of the social gatherings of his people, encouraging young speakers, listening with respect to the aged ones; and, by his frequent flashes of wit, combined with the utterances of truest wisdom, affording the means of attractive elevation to all present, and pouring sunshine upon every part of the scene. It is said that the village population of England is on the decrease, owing to constant emigration toward the centres of trade and commerce. If so, the moral and spiritual character of villages is an important factor in the condition of large towns, and therefore, we ought to hail with grateful pleasure the existence of village churches, which, like that of Peter Tyler, train young people for the trials, duties, successes, and honours of city life. We have been told that some of the best men in the great town of Liverpool were reared in the villages of nonconforming Wales, and every town minister could probably tell us that some of the best men around him began their career in the lowliness of village life;—all honour, therefore, to the men who like good Peter Tyler are labouring to purify one of the great springs of natural life and to pour streams of healthy influence through the length and breadth of the land! George the Third is said to have expressed the wish that every person in his dominions could read the Bible, and had a Bible to read, and Dr. Franklin hoped that the time would come in America, when not only a Bible, but also a newspaper, would be found in every home. Now-a-days, even English villages are approaching that desired goal; for there is no lack of Bibles at Haddenham, and even newspapers are not scarce, and we are happy to say that periodical literature abounds. The people of this village also take an intelligent interest in politics, and are, generally speaking, on the liberal side,—mainly through the instructions and example of good Peter Tyler. The county of Bucks seems inseparably associated

with the name of Benjamin Disraeli, and is believed to be one of the strongholds of Toryism; but if the liberties of England were to be threatened in any vital point, there are multitudes of voters even in Buckinghamshire who would make their voice heard, and thus prove themselves the worthy descendants of the friends and supporters of the immortal John Hampden.

For Parliamentary purposes, the village of Haddenham belongs to the borough of Aylesbury, and in the political days of Sir Richard Bethel and Dr. Layard, the villagers always rendered to those two notable men their ready support. Dr. Layard is now the English ambassador in the troubled city of Constantinople, and will long be remembered for his discoveries amidst the ruins of ancient Nineveh. In the year 1852, Dr. Layard successfully contested the borough of Aylesbury, and, a few days after, addressed the following letter to a relative of the writer.

“5, Little Ryder Street, July 9th, 1852.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to return you my very hearty and sincere thanks for the very valuable and very warm assistance you afforded me during the recent contest. I am proud to find amongst my supporters men like yourself, descendants of the fine old yeomanry of Bucks, who have been the ardent supporters of the liberties of the people. I hope you will convey to those who so kindly assisted you my warm acknowledgments, particularly to the Rev. Mr. Tyler, for whose character and abilities I have the greatest esteem and respect. Begging that you will let me know if at any time I can be of any service by my presence to your local institutions, to whatever denomination they may belong,

“I am, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

“A. H. LAYARD.”

We must now bid the village farewell. Farewell to its pleasant entrance, and ancient parish church! Farewell also to sundry ponds and not pleasant ditches—dear to ducks and dangerous fevers! Farewell, moreover, to furlongs of brown chalk walls, worthy of the time of King Alfred or the days of the

“... British warrior Queen.”

Finally, we “greet” most heartily the Christian people of the neighbourhood, and pray that they may long be blessed with pastors who will cherish the memory and follow the example of “Scott the Commentator,” and “Good Peter Tyler.”

Concerning a Good Delivery.

I.

OUR remarks are intended to have reference to the public speaking of ministers of religion, whether clerical or lay, and are meant to be of help to them in the conduct of each portion of Divine service. Of course no person ought to undertake to write upon such a subject without possessing some practical acquaintance with it, and we claim to have that acquaintance. In the days of our youth a good Wesleyan minister was preaching concerning the sorrows caused by disobedient children. Remembering that his own house was "not right with God," he said, "Some of you are ready to exclaim, look at home first, to which I reply, I have looked till my heart aches." In like manner our "heart aches" as we think of the defective delivery of hundreds of our sermons, by which fault their good influence was doubtless much marred, and therefore our general usefulness considerably curtailed. Whatever merits or demerits our observations may contain, they are certainly the outgrowth of personal and painful experience, and may claim to be a well-intentioned effort to warn a few of the brethren of the evils from which we ourselves have suffered. In this present paper we propose to offer a few proofs of the importance of a "Good Delivery," and in a subsequent one to indicate some of the means by which a good delivery may be secured.

One proof of the need of a good delivery is seen in *the great value* of the truths concerning which Christian teachers discourse. Roughly reckoning the number of Christian ministers, clerical and lay, at fifty thousand in Great Britain, and allowing two sermons weekly to each minister, we have the annual product of over five millions of sermons in this country alone. For these sermons, and the devotional exercises connected with them, the country pays, and willingly pays, a very large sum—probably ten millions sterling per year. This is a large amount of money, and common sense dictates that it ought to be so employed as to yield the best possible return, just as if it were used in the production of furniture, steam engines, or jewels. But the argument becomes stronger when we remember that preaching is one of the most important occupations in which any human being can possibly be engaged; for sermons are intended to teach us all that we need know concerning God and Jesus Christ, concerning our duty and destiny, concerning the right mode of life upon earth, and the means by which we can obtain perfect well-being in the ceaseless ages beyond the grave. If, therefore, preaching is so great a work, it cannot be done too well; if the subject-matter of the sermon is so supremely important, everything connected with its composition and delivery ought to receive the fullest attention from all those who undertake duties so

interesting and momentous as those of the Christian ministry. When an ancient artist was somewhat censured for expending so much care upon the details of his work, his reply was, "I work for eternity"—words worthy to be engraved upon the memory and heart of every Christian minister. If mere perishable materials such as wood, marble, and the metals are thought worthy to represent the continued study, the most painstaking care, and even the most exalted genius of the mind of an artist, what shall we say of sermons, the intention of which is to elevate the human mind to its uttermost capacity, to transform the earth into a paradise, and surround the human soul with "the glory of God" for ever? Surely the preacher ought to aim at perfection; surely multitudes of sermons ought to deserve the title of "sublime and beautiful." Our spiritual leaders wield a sword of heavenly origin and ethereal temper. Let them take care that its scabbard and its handling are of the best possible sort. Let them provide "baskets of silver work" in which to put the heavenly food which Divine mercy has provided for the famishing souls of men. "The water of life" is worthy of its Divine giver. Let the cup in which it is contained be of the most costly materials and the most artistic shape which mental wealth and skill can possibly produce.

A good delivery is a *great help* in the statement and enforcement of spiritual truth, and therefore deserves the most careful culture. There are, of course, many very defective and many excellent modes which men use in order to convey to their fellow men the opinions, sentiments and truths which they wish to prevail. Painters, for example, give us on canvas their ideas of the objects of nature and the various actions of mankind; but what a difference between the landscape on a tea-tray, and those of Claude and Turner. Compare the wretched daub of a horse on a public-house sign, with the life-like animals on the canvas of Landseer, and the difference seems almost indescribable. The same remarks apply to the productions of the sculptor. When Mrs. Siddons first saw the Apollo Belvidere at Rome, she said, "What a Being is He who created the man that carved that marble!" After the Romans had taken and sacked Corinth, the Consul Mannius employed some stonemasons to ship specimens of Greek sculpture with which to adorn his mansion upon the banks of the Tiber. "Take care of the marbles, said the Consul, for if they are broken, you shall repair them at your own expense." Fancy the Apollo Belvidere repaired by stonemasons, and you have some notion of the different grades of skill displayed by the sculptor's art. A rhymster once perpetrated the following couplet:—

"Hail great Dalhousie, mighty god of war;
Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Mar!"

Contrast this rubbish with an invocation in Wordsworth or Milton, in order to see to what sublime heights real bards can rise, and to what lowest depths mere scribbling rhymers can sink. We have heard Sims Reeves sing an old English ballad, and we have heard a

wooden-legged sailor sing the same in the streets ; the difference being as great, Hamlet would have said, as between "Hyperion and a Satyr." The same line of remark is applicable to public speaking, whether upon secular or sacred subjects. An ancient rhetorician once recited one of the orations of Demosthenes to a company of his friends, and the listeners expressed their warmest admiration of the grand performance ; whereupon the rhetorician remarked, "What would you have felt had you heard Demosthenes deliver it?" We ourselves have heard some of the greatest orators of modern times, and also some of the least great ; the difference being, so far as we are concerned, simply indescribable. We have heard Lord Brougham speak, and from his lips the simplest sentences were instinct with power and majesty. We have heard O'Connell speak, compelled by his humour to laugh till our sides ached, and ere long to weep at his pathetic utterance of a passage of scripture. It is now forty years since we listened to the sacred oratory of Dr. Chalmers, and our impressions derived from it are almost as vivid as if they had been received only yesterday ; the rush and torrent of his eloquence resembling streams of burning lava from Mount Etna, or the flow of a mighty resistless Niagara. On the occasion we refer to, the *elite* of London society sat breathless at his feet ; the place was so thronged that Thomas Binney had to be satisfied with standing room ; while princes, philosophers, and statesmen, listened to an utterance of moral truth which flowed from the lips of an almost inspired oracle. Of course Chalmers was one in a million ; but all his brethren in the ministry, having the self-same spiritual truth to proclaim, may learn from his eminently successful example, what a powerful auxiliary good speaking always proves in its illustration and enforcement. The late John Angell James, of Birmingham, was a very inferior man to Dr. Chalmers, yet his good delivery was of incalculable advantage to him in the course of his useful and honoured ministry. One illustration must suffice. He once attended a missionary meeting, at which were present a few converted idolaters from the South Seas, and having referred to them as an irresistible proof of the power of the gospel, he made an affectionate appeal to the younger members of the congregation, and drew tears by the pathetic quotation of the well-known passage of Scripture, "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness ; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." No wonder that he should be a successful preacher, who could draw tears by the quotation of a passage of scripture. The late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, was the enviable possessor of a like persuasive power. A gentleman once told us that his sister was visiting Liverpool when the Dr. was at the height of his popularity ; which also happened to be the time when the elder Kean was astonishing the theatrical world with his personation of Richard III., and the young lady, after some deliberation, turned her back upon Kean, and went to hear Dr. Raffles preach as

the better orator of the two. A ministerial friend once related to us another proof of the doctor's oratorical skill. He was engaged in preaching a funeral sermon, and had occasion to quote the two well-known lines—

“Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.”

An average speaker recites both the lines with the same amount of voice and feeling; the doctor did not. He quoted the former line with a smile upon his countenance, and a tone of victory in his voice; but the latter line he reserved for very different treatment. It speaks of the act of dying, and it was uttered by the orator in a solemn whisper, as if he was standing in the chamber of death. The effect was electrical, and never to be effaced. In after years Dr. Halley and Dr. Raffles travelled together in Greece, and found themselves one Sabbath morning on “Mars Hill.” In accordance both with the sanctity of the day, and also of the *genius loci*, Dr. Raffles undertook to read from his Greek testament the address which St. Paul delivered on the spot eighteen centuries before; and “his companion in travel” was accustomed to state his belief that during those long ages the address had never been delivered in a more artistic and effective mode. Probably we may say of eloquence what Horace says of the poetic faculty—that it is innate:—

“*Poeta nascitur, non fit*;—
The poet is born, not made.

Nevertheless, with studious attention and constant care, any public speaker may marvellously improve his mode of utterance while engaged in the public proclamation of moral and spiritual truth. We laugh at the good old lady who spoke of the edification she received from Mr. Whitfield's utterance of “that blessed word Mesopotamia.” But, properly considered, her quaint remark contains a just and enviable tribute to the oratorical power of the man who, by the utterance of a single word, could produce a deep and abiding impression. It is also worthy of recollection by all public speakers that this surprising effect was not the result of accident, but of repeated experiment and thoughtful study; for it is upon record that Mr. Whitfield repeated his sermons many times, and was not at all satisfied with their delivery “till each had been preached forty or fifty times over.” This line of remark is of course out of harmony with the common ideas of pulpit preparation and delivery: those being derived from the supposed fact that the occupant of the pulpit has only to open his lips, and employ his organs of speech for a given time, in order to produce the desired effect. Butler says of his hero, Hudibras, that

“He ne'er his mouth doth ope,
But out of it there flies a trope;”

and to most people it seems as easy to produce sermons as it was for Hudibras to emit metaphors. As a rule, few people aim to be better than society expects them to be; and perhaps the paucity of good

sermons arises in part from the fact that ministers are not expected to bestow much labour upon pulpit preparation—

“*Facilis decensus Averni:*”

and probably the experience of many is expressed by the foolish, yet suggestive, remark of the preacher who said, “I can preach three times a day, and make nothing of it.” Brethren aim to make “something” of every sermon you preach; and that you may do so, pay great attention not only to the matter of your sermons, but to the utterance of every part of them. It was wisely said by Mr. Gladstone, in his late address at Dr. Parker’s Temple, that “everything connected with the composition and delivery of a sermon deserved and would reward the utmost expenditure of studious care;” and probably no man in the world is more competent to pronounce an opinion upon the matter than he.

The sacred offerings of the Jews were required to be of the best possible kind, and he that offered less than the best was to God as if he had “cut off a dog’s head,” and surely the rule holds good now. Probably there are thousands of ministers who are conscientiously careful in the composition of their sermons, yet leave the mode of delivery almost to chance; whereas the very opposite plan ought to prevail. It is, of course, important that the matter of the sermons should be orthodox, and it is scarcely less important that the manner of their delivery should be correct. Take heed how you write as well as how you speak; for is not this solemn passage of Scripture applicable to every Christian preacher, “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned!”

A good delivery *makes the best of inferior matter*, and, therefore, ought to be carefully cultivated. It is a common remark concerning Mr. Whitfield’s published sermons, that, comparatively speaking, they are of very inferior quality, and the criticism is a correct one. As literary compositions, they certainly are very uninteresting, and nothing but the fame of their author preserves them from entire neglect. “Can these dry bones live?” They did live once, and were as an army of mighty men. It was the genius of a great orator which gave them life and resistless power. An incident which came under our own personal notice may be adduced as another illustration. Some twenty-five years ago we attended the settlement of a minister in a London suburb, and a person, whom we had not seen before, offered the “ordination prayer.” He was a middle-aged gentleman, and ascended the pulpit with gravity, blended with politeness and self-possession. The matter of his devotions was, with one or two exceptions, quite scriptural and edifying. He descended the pulpit with the same sedateness and gentlemanly bearing that he displayed on ascending it. One of the “exceptions” to which we have alluded proved that Biblical interpretation was not his forte. He prayed that the newly-elected brother might prove “a Boanerges for strength”—evidently using a mere traditional phrase, the probable meaning of

which he had never troubled himself to ascertain. The word Boanerges is, in all likelihood, of the plural number, and, therefore, an "a" before Boanerges was decidedly out of place. Moreover, as the meaning of Boanerges is, in the opinion of the best critics, of the nature of a censure, rather than of a commendation, the petition was, in a theological sense, decidedly out of place. For aught that appears to the contrary, the Apostles James and John were censurably termed Boanerges—"sons of thunder"—because they wished to call down "fire from heaven" to destroy those Samaritans who treated with contemptuous neglect the person and teachings of their Lord; and, therefore, the petition was very unsuitable in its bearing upon the future conduct of the newly-chosen minister. In spite, however, of two or three defects of a critical kind, the devotional exercise was conducted in so excellent a manner, that at its close we were compelled to ask, "Who is that?" "George Clayton," was the reply, and the answer ought to be suggestive of thought to every Christian minister. Mr. Clayton was a respected London pastor for a long course of years; but his success did not arise from the possession and use of any superior intellectual power, being inferior in this respect to his brother John—at least their father seems to have thought so; for in instituting a comparison between the two, he is reported to have said, "John has more goods in his mental shop, but George knows better how to dress his window." There is much truth in the old adage, and it is as applicable to ministers as to others—"Manners make the man." No Baptist, and few Englishmen, ever possessed stronger intellect than John Foster, yet he failed as a preacher, and probably for want of attention to appropriate pulpit manner. Certainly Mr. Jay thought so, for he was accustomed to say of Mr. Foster's sermons, that "they were like ingots of gold flung at his hearers' shins." Whatever a minister's mental materials, a good delivery will certainly improve them, and the less rich the materials the more need for the cultivation of an attractive manner. In some parts of Arabia, food being scarce, a wife is prized according to the number of dishes she can make from the produce of the palm tree; and we have read of a French cook, who, during a siege, concocted twenty distinct and tolerable dishes from horse flesh and dock leaves. We commend their culinary skill to all preachers of Christian truth. Millions of pounds worth of wholesome meat are wasted in England for want of good cooking; and millions of sermons are nearly useless and even nauseous, from their too close resemblance to Dr. Johnson's notorious leg of mutton, which was "ill-kept, ill-cooked, and ill-served."

We have only space to refer to one other excellence of a good delivery—namely, that it is a source of great *mental pleasure*. The young lady, whom we have mentioned as having preferred the preaching of Dr. Raffles to the acting of Edmund Kean, cared very little more for the Scriptures, we are afraid, than for the plays of Shakspeare; her preference for the former orator resting entirely on mental

and æsthetic grounds. But she did prefer it, and myriads are like her. A good sermon well-delivered is a great treat mentally to great multitudes. Hence a popular preacher means one who fills his church or chapel with attentive and therefore interested hearers. To many of them, for a time, he may be merely as "one who hath a pleasant voice and playeth well upon an instrument;" but, at any rate, they are getting no harm while listening to him, and may gain abiding and unutterable good.

We conclude with a repetition of the reasons why every preacher should studiously strive to obtain a good delivery:—First, because of the vast importance of the truths which the preacher utters. Secondly, because it is a valuable help in the statement and enforcing of spiritual truth. Thirdly, because it enables the preacher to make the best of inferior matter. Fourthly, because it is a source of great mental pleasure. We firmly believe that these reasons are founded upon the facts of the case, and we earnestly commend them to the thoughtful and prayerful attention of all Christian ministers.

The Vicarious Punishment of Moses.

The Lord was angry with me for your sakes, and swore that I should not go over Jordan, and that I should not go in unto that good land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance: but I must die in this land, I must not go over Jordan: but ye shall go over, and possess that good land.—Deuteronomy iv. 21, 22.

KADESH in the wilderness of Zin was the place where Israel had provoked Jehovah to pass upon him a sentence of prolonged wandering in the wilderness; and from Kadesh the host was dispersed in scattered groups over all the desert of Sinai for thirty-seven years. But when the penal term of wandering was at an end, Moses sent to all these scattered groups of people, and gathered them again together to the same place from which their fathers had gone forth. "The whole congregation" was assembled there in the first month of the fortieth year of the Exodus, and stood where a former generation had stood only for speedy disappointment of the hopeful omen,—on the very border of the Promised Land.

Some of the circumstances of this second gathering of the tribes at Kadesh seem very solemnly suggestive to us, when we fully realise them, and must have seemed equally so to pious and reflective members of the ancient Church in the wilderness. The muster was one of six hundred thousand men of war in the prime of human life, none being yet sixty years of age but in all that splendid array there was

not a single private soldier or inferior officer who had taken part in the last review that had been held at this spot, where the same number of warriors, six hundred thousand, were marshalled under the same leader who commanded this younger levy. Nor was this absence of the veterans due to their honourable discharge from war. The defaulters had all undergone the disgraceful doom of cowards and deserters. Every one of the original six hundred thousand had died in the desert by a formal sentence from his King, as the penalty of rebellion and unbelief. Surely in that recollection there was serious cause for reflection in the minds of this new generation of Hebrews who had succeeded to their fathers' privileges, but also to the perils and temptations and responsibilities under which their fathers had succumbed. We perceive by the sequel that the lesson was lost upon the great majority of the nation, for the very next thing which is narrated concerning them is a rebellion which repeats almost literally the features of other rebellions which God had avenged upon Israel thirty-eight years before. But if the ancient Church was thus blind, let our eyes be opened, and let us take heed by their example. For just as the second generation of the Israelites succeeded to the place of the first and rejected generation, so have we Christians succeeded to the place of Israel whom God rejected as a nation in favour of the believing from among the Gentiles. But "if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not thee." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts as in the provocation. For some, when they had heard, did provoke. For unto us was the Gospel preached, as well as unto them; but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it. Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

It is probable that the tribe of the Levites had not been included amongst the guilty subjects of the Divine sentence of condemnation; for the priests and others of that tribe, who must have been older than twenty years when they were at Kadesh on the former occasion, were still alive. Miriam, also, the sister of Moses and Aaron, had been exempted from the doom of her companions in murmuring and revolt. But this was in the way of reprieve and not of pardon; for when the tribes re-assembled at Kadesh and abode there, Miriam died, and was buried in that place. The age of this Hebrew woman could not have been less than a hundred and twenty-five years; and this was at an epoch when, as we know from the psalm of Moses, the ordinary life of man had been shortened to its present average of seventy or eighty years. If nature had taken her course, Moses and Aaron could not have escaped a speedy summons to follow their sister to the grave; but they had reason to believe that God had important work and signal honour in store for them before they died; and this gathering of the tribes to Kadesh would seem to them the manifest preliminary to the fulfilment of their hopes, in the conquest of Canaan by a new generation, whose fathers had come short of the victory through un-

belief. In all likelihood the two aged heads of the people little foresaw the real issue which was preparing for their expectations and for the enterprise which they were leading.

The camp had not been pitched very long in Kadesh, when the former supply of water began to fail, and there was no adequate provision of drink for the multitude of human beings and of cattle which had assembled round this desert oasis. The fact will appear somewhat strange to those who remember that although the tribes had been encamped at Kadesh before, and had tarried there some time, they had not suffered any distress for want of water then. We seem impelled to the conclusion that on this second occasion their distress was intentionally permitted by God; and that for some special reason the stream from the rock, which had followed them for forty years, was now cut off by the same omnipotent Hand which first sent it forth from the flinty rock. Nor will the special reason be at all far to seek. It is natural and rational to infer that God wished to try the faith of that new generation of His people which had sprung up since He had passed His sentence of punishment upon their fathers. He wished to prove their fitness for the enterprise which was opening before them, and to test their preparedness for receiving the promised blessing of His covenant. Had this younger nation experienced any improvement of spirit from the wayward, selfish, disobedient temper of its predecessors? Had it learnt submission and patience and trust in God through its long probation in the wilderness, where a whole generation had died because it lacked these graces? Alas! the result soon made it manifest that the new generation was just as sinful and imperfect in all respects as its fathers had been. The patience and faith of the people broke down under this first strain to which they were exposed. One might deem that they had learned absolutely nothing from the terrible example of their fathers' sin; or else that the atmosphere of Kadesh was infected with some irresistible contagion of rebellion and unbelief. For no sooner did these Hebrews perceive the strait into which God had suffered them to come, than they broke out into complainings of the old evil sort. They fiercely upbraided Moses and Aaron, and through those visible leaders they assailed the majesty of God Himself. They used the identical language in which their fathers had vented the same rebellious spirit; and accused Moses of having brought them on false pretences out of a good land into an evil place where there was not even any water to drink.

Truly it was an unchanged generation—a people that did err in their heart, and they had not known God's ways. How justly might the Almighty have sworn to them as He had sworn to their fathers, "Ye shall not enter into My rest!"

But He chose to rebuke their unbelief not so much by punishment, as by an overwhelming proof of His power to help and to save them. As at Rephidim thirty-nine years previously, so here at Kadesh He bade Moses and Aaron to go forth before all the host till they reached

a certain conspicuous cliff ; but they were not to strike the rock as on that former occasion, but only to speak to it in His name, and thereupon He promised that it should give forth water in abundance for the people. But although Moses was not to use his famous rod, he was commanded to take it with him as a sign of the mighty power of God, which he was commissioned to exercise ; for this rod was the emblem of Jehovah's providence and sovereignty, the staff by which Israel's Shepherd led him like a flock, comforting him, and stirring up strength that it might come and save him.

Moses and Aaron went forth as they were bidden ; but their temper at that moment was little less sinful than the temper of the people, although they did not manifest it in exactly the same way. They were very angry ; not for God's sake, but on their own account. They feared that this outbreak of rebellion in Israel might even provoke Jehovah to pass a second sentence of banishment upon them, and so their hopes of entering the Promised Land might be deferred for another forty years. Their passion was so great, that for the moment they forgot that they were God's servants unto the people, to do whatsoever He commanded ; and instead of simply obeying His word they did something else which their own angry mood prompted, accompanying their act with words which were indeed spoken unadvisedly, and out of an utterly unsanctified spirit.

It may be well to mark the details which are observable in this failure of duty on the part of Moses and of Aaron. God had not given them any commission to harangue the tribes or to upbraid them with their sin, still less to scold them as offenders against the personal dignity of their leaders ; yet when those leaders reached the appointed rock, they could not refrain from turning round and addressing the crowd that had followed them in passionate words of arrogant self-importance :—"Hear now, ye rebels ! must we fetch you water out of this rock ?" And then, although they had been simply bidden to speak to the rock, Moses lifted up his rod and smote it twice heavily, and as one might almost say, viciously, as though he were visiting the sin of the congregation upon this mass of matter. We could hardly have wondered if God had shown His displeasure by withholding the expected result ; but He not only sent water out of the rock abundantly, but when the announcement of His displeasure came, there was this singularity about its form : that whereas we might have expected Moses and Aaron to have been punished lightly, and the people to have been punished heavily, we find in fact that the whole weight of the Divine anger fell upon the two leaders, whilst the people escaped without any retribution. The tribes were not condemned to another term of wandering in the wilderness, as they certainly deserved to be ; but Moses and Aaron were made to bear, not only their own offence, which was after all comparatively venial, but also the offences of the whole congregation—they were punished vicariously for Israel's sin. So Moses has told us distinctly, in no fewer than three passages of the book of Deuteronomy ; the people were forgiven, and were suffered to

go over and to possess the good land, but their leaders were sentenced to die on the desert side of Jordan; partly, it is true, for their own transgression, but chiefly as bearers of the transgression of their people. "The Lord," says Moses in the text, and also in Deuteronomy i. 37, and iii. 26, "was angry with me *for your sakes*."

This is the real point in the narrative which demands attention, and perhaps also some little explanation; for it is scarcely worth while discussing another point as to which difficulty is sometimes made, viz., the question, In what did the sin of Moses at Kadesh consist? God Himself answered that question in the words by which He prefaced His sentence of punishment upon Moses and Aaron:—"Ye believed Me not, to sanctify Me in the eyes of the children of Israel." Moses failed for once in reposing true faith in God. Not that he doubted God's power or will to send water out of the rock to which he was bidden to speak; but he doubted God's wisdom and mercy in the probable issue of this thing. He judged the Almighty for the moment by the standard of his own human feelings, and supposed that Israel's King would deal with these "rebels" in the same passionate methods which suggested themselves as just to his own disappointed spirit. It seemed to Moses as though all the labour and travail of forty years were about to be thrown away. God would not be gracious enough to overrule this rebellion for good; but He would revoke His promise, and would again put off the entrance of Israel into rest. Moses may have rejoiced at the stoppage of the old miraculous supply of water, seeing in it a sign that the end of his people's journey was at hand, and that they were destined to drink at once of the fountain and streams of Canaan; and it seems very reasonable to find in his angry words, "Must we bring you water out of this rock?" an indication of his fear that this would be the beginning of a new and most unwelcome spell of wandering unsettlement. In any case, a defect of proper trust in God is very manifest in his action and in his speech. True faith asks no peevish questions, and draws no rash inferences concerning the things which it is required to do. It simply obeys, and leaves God to work out the result according to the counsel of His holy will; for it rests peacefully in the persuasion that all which God wills is for the best. The lack of such a faith in Moses' behaviour at Kadesh will no doubt explain in part the painful severity of his punishment. He was excluded from Canaan as a warning to Israel and to us of the danger which awaits an unbelieving frame of mind. It was true of Moses and of Aaron, as it was true of that whole generation whose carcasses fell in the wilderness, "that they could not enter in because of unbelief."

Nevertheless, the severity of the punishment in the case of Moses does seem disproportionate to the offence. We cannot but deem it hard upon this good old man, who had believed in God for forty years, and who, until now, had served God with implicit obedience under almost inconceivable hindrances and provocations to impatience, that for one single failure in faith he should lose the whole reward of

his toil, at the very moment, moreover, when it appeared to be within his reach. And the only sufficient explanation of this exceptional severity in one man's chastisement is furnished by the fact that for Moses' sake, and through Moses' suffering, the far more guilty nation of Israel went entirely free. Their leader and head became their sacrifice before God. He alone died in the wilderness, in order that they might enter in and possess the Promised Land.

It may be, however, that this explanation of a difficult point in the sacred story will seem itself to need explaining, for the doctrine of vicarious suffering is a great stumbling-block to many minds; therefore it may be well to add a few considerations which will apply equally to the case of Moses and to the case of that Divine Substitute for sinners of whom Moses was avowedly a type. For although the parallel between the two atonements will be seen by any one to fail in a very important point, it holds good in every other particular. Our Lord Jesus committed no sin Himself, and needed not, like Moses, to expiate His own transgression. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," and all His pains were endured on account of other men's misdeeds; but the result of His Atonement was similar in kind to that which came to Israel through the sacrifice of Moses, whilst it was infinitely wider in degree and influence, as was fitting in the case of such a sufferer. "The grace of God and the gift by grace which is by one Man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many;" "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

The first consideration which has a bearing upon our point is, that Moses had already offered himself, not only willingly, but with earnest importunity as a substitute for his people in the matter of their righteous punishment. At Sinai he had prayed God to blot him out of the book of the living, if thereby forgiveness could be procured for Israel's sin. And God had not refused the self-sacrificing prayer of His servant on that occasion, but had rather seemed to postpone it; as the words He used in dismissing Moses will clearly suggest to a thoughtful reader. Nor had Moses ever recalled the heroic purpose of self-denial which he then professed. The manner in which he submitted to his sentence at Kadesh proves that he recognised in God's dealing with him a fulfilment of his own former request; for he neither remonstrated with his Judge nor complained to the people, but in every subsequent allusion to the matter he laid emphasis on the one touching fact, that Jehovah was wroth with him for the sake of others; and he meekly acquiesced in his own personal loss, by which others were to gain.

Now, where there is deliberate and willing self-surrender in a substitute who bears the punishment of another, there is no injustice and no immorality in the notion of vicarious suffering. The great Apostle of the Gentiles does not shock us, but rather strikes a chord of noblest sympathy in all our hearts when he repeats the proffered self-sacrifice of Moses, and exclaims, "I could wish that myself were

accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Why, then, should the Atonement ordained by God in Christ seem offensive to the moral sense of any man? The Lord Jesus offered Himself willingly for the sins of the whole world; and His Father's love devised this effectual means for the redemption of lost transgressors. He became incarnate for no other end but this, to bear the sin of many, and to make intercession for the transgressors. He declares this voluntary nature of His sacrifice in words that burn with deep enthusiasm. "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O My God; yea, Thy law is within My heart." "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

A second fact that is worthy of notice is the manifestly salutary effect upon the Hebrew nation which was wrought by means of the vicarious punishment of Moses. His sacrifice was not unavailing to cure them of their rebellious spirit, which from that day onward was much less manifest in them than it had been in their fathers, or than we might have expected it to have been developed in themselves from the ominous beginnings of Kadesh. We are told explicitly in Numbers xx. 13, that "the Lord was sanctified" in Israel as the result of the leader's sentence. That sentence served to impress very deeply upon the heart of the nation the all-important truths that unbelief destroys even the surest promise of blessing, and that the creature's only happiness and safety lie in obeying and trusting the Creator. Thus the moral influence of Moses' suffering upon his people was worth the pain and loss which he himself endured; and no one who really understands the true doctrine of Christ's vicarious work can be ignorant that a like moral influence in turning men away from sin is both the declared end and also a sufficient justification of the doctrine. There is no encouragement to sin or to laxity of life in the belief that Christ bore our sins and their punishment as our accepted substitute; but, on the contrary, the remembrance of His sufferings on our behalf is the strongest of all deterrent forces to keep us from renewed transgression. "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then did all die;" *i.e.*, Christ's death for our sin was the pattern and effectual instrument for our individual death to sin; "and that He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again."

One brief practical lesson may be added in conclusion, although it has no connection with the matters of doctrine which have given a title to the discourse. The case of Moses at Kadesh shows us how great is the danger even for men who are most thoroughly established in grace, that their old infirmities may overcome them at an unguarded moment, and that one unhappy slip at the last may spoil the honour and beauty of a whole lifetime of consistent virtue. Moses seems naturally to have been hot-tempered and impulsive, but he had so schooled himself in submission to God's discipline during eighty years,

that his former passionateness was forgotten in his better known reputation for meekness. But at Kadesh the faulty temper of the natural man blazed out as hotly as it had done when he slew the Egyptian in unduly hasty wrath. So hard is it for grace to cast out the last remnant of the evil which is born with us into the world! Let the consciousness of this fact quicken our prayers in the spirit of David's petition: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer."—*The Church in the Wilderness*, by T. G. Rooke.

Christian Doctrine.

BY THE REV. T. R. STEVENSON, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

"Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."—
JUDE 3.

"MEASURES, not men," is an old and good maxim: principles are of more importance than persons. The adage may, with advantage, be applied to the quotation just made. Its author has called forth much ingenious argument and not a little painstaking toil. Who was Jude? is still a warmly debated question. The inquiry may, however, be left in the hands of theological students and Biblical critics: a better pursuit offers itself to us. The message is superior to the messenger. Believing, as we do, that it comes from the King of kings, we shall do well to give it our patient reflection. Four main thoughts are contained in these impressive and, happily, familiar words.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE IS TO BE VIGOROUSLY MAINTAINED.

It is hardly needful to say that by "the faith" we are to understand, not the act of believing, but the thing believed. The inspired writer uses the term in the same sense that we do when we speak of the Jewish faith, the Catholic faith, the Protestant faith. The great, cardinal articles of our creed were doubtless in Jude's mind when he wrote. These he bids us defend and unflinchingly adhere to. "Earnestly contend for the faith."

Some matters are not worth contention. "Foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they gender strife." Indeed they do, as the Church knows to her cost. We sometimes make mountains of molehills, in polemics as well as in other affairs; zeal and time are

consumed in hair-splittings, which are needed for more important occupations. No doubt the Bishop of Exeter was right when he remarked, a few years ago, that heaven will make good men heartily ashamed of their narrowness and intolerance. During his visit to India, Dr. Norman MacLeod found some American missionaries who were separated and looked rather askance at each other. He inquired into the cause of this disaffection, thinking, rightly enough, that no trivial difference ought to sever Christian brethren whose lot was cast in the midst of dark and degrading heathenism. How came they to be apart? Was there any serious divergence from the truth in the "views" of either? Nothing of the kind: they worshipped away from each other because some wished to sing and the others did not. Piti-ful spectacle! A scene like that would be really fine comedy did not it appertain to the most important of all things. Nearer home, the same spirit may ever and anon be discovered. Down in delightful Devon certain extremely conscientious people regard as heretics those who observe the ordinance of believers' baptism in chapels, and, as "a more excellent way," they take their converts to the Taw, even in cold and inclement weather, because Christ was baptized in the Jordan! Surely it is to be regretted that these "river Baptists," as they are called, are not baptized into a more enlightened, reasonable frame of mind, one which would lead them to remember that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." The splitting up of the Church into endless parties and coteries is to be heartily deprecated. The robe of Christ was ruthlessly rent by the soldiers under the cross, but though they fulfilled a prophecy they did not set a pattern for our imitation. "I hear that there be divisions among you," said St. Paul to the old Greek church. When he spoke thus, his tone was that of a disappointed and indignant man: would he be pleased if he saw all our "divisions"? To quote from Flavel: "Oh, what a pity it is that those who shall agree so perfectly in heaven should bite and devour each other on earth; that it should be said of them, as one ingeniously observed who saw their carcases lie together, as if they had lovingly embraced each other, who fell together by a duel,

' Embracing one another now they lie,
Who by each other's bloody hands did die.'

Or, as he said who observed how quietly and peaceably the dust and bones of enemies did lie together in the grave, 'You did not *live* together so peaceably.' Mere bagatelles ought not to lead us to controversy and awaken ill-will.

But Christian doctrine is not a bagatelle. Those great central truths which lie at the basis of our spiritual experience are possessions of vast value, and in their defence we must be prepared to expend any amount of energy and wisdom. The divinity of Christ, the atonement, the Holy Spirit's influence, human depravity, justification by grace, the inspiration of the Scriptures—these and other dogmas may not be retained or dismissed at a man's will with impunity.

Their influence is momentous. "The faith which was once delivered unto the saints" affects the character and conduct of "the saints." Nothing is clearer and more certain. That a person may be better than his creed is readily and cordially admitted, but, let it be carefully observed, that that admission is not equal to saying that the creed is a thing of small importance. Far from it: on the contrary, we are, to a very large extent, moulded and controlled by our "faith." The clap-trap remark that "it matters not what a man believes if he lives rightly" is as shallow as it is unscriptural. Experience corroborates all those strong, uncompromising statements of the Bible to the effect that "we walk by faith," "by faith are ye saved," "the truth shall make you free," "he that believeth is not condemned."

Yes, "all things are possible to him that believeth"; all things, wise or foolish, good or bad, just according to what he "believeth." The refutation of the tenet that one's creed is of little consequence lies all around: he that runneth may read. The Buddhist, if strictly orthodox, will not on any account take life; he falls down in servile worship at the feet of a yellow-robed and, perhaps, ignorant priest; and he makes pilgrimages to Adam's Peek, toiling painfully up the steep and often perilous sides of the rocky mountain on whose summit a relic of Buddha is supposed to remain. Why? Because of his faith: he is taught by the Bana or sacred books that these deeds procure merit and hasten his consummation of bliss in the other world. This he believes, and acts accordingly. The Mohammedan will not touch swine's flesh, however pressed by the sharp pangs of hunger; nothing will induce him to bow before a picture or an image; you cannot induce him to put money out to interest, be the offer ever so large; and wherever he may be, at the fixed hour of prayer he repeats the duly prescribed formula of supplication. What is the explanation of these peculiarities? His faith: that is it. The Koran enjoins all that has just been named, and therefore he does it. The Roman Catholic repairs regularly to the confessional and unbosoms his heart's secrets in the ear of an ecclesiastic; he implores the intercession of saints and the aid of the Virgin; certain fasts are observed by him with scrupulous care, and the eucharist is received with a feeling amounting to awe. Wherefore? But one answer can be given: his faith. The Pope and the Church teach him that it is essential to his salvation. Away, then, with the unreasonable and unbiblical notion that doctrinal sentiments are of very inferior consequence. Correct beliefs concerning God and man, this world and the next, are important factors in the question of our moral progress. "The faith which was once delivered unto the saints" is worth striving for.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE IS UNALTERABLE AND FINAL.

"The faith which was *once* delivered." The word "once" here means, in the original Greek, "once for all." Bengel, one of the most acute and devout commentators, says in connection with the passage:

“Once for all; no other faith shall be given.” Nor do we see how the assertion can be disputed. We live under the closing dispensation. In a very memorable parable, our Lord uses the remarkable words, “*Last of all* He sent His Son also.” Who the Son is cannot admit of a doubt, neither ought the significance of the period to be questioned.

Many things are provisional. In course of time they are superseded. For example, could “the saints” to whom Jude addressed himself return to earth, what changes would they see! If they were, as Shakespeare says, “to revisit the glimpses of the moon,” they would be, beyond measure, astonished. Where are we? What does it all mean? Such inquiries would speedily come to their lips. Ships in their day were small and clumsy, dependent on wind and tide: ours are swift and spacious, propelled by steam. Writing, at the period in which they lived, was slow, expensive, and an inadequate method of communicating knowledge: we are privileged with the almost magical printing-press. War was carried on at that time by means of buckler and club, bows and arrows: now it does its deadly work with torpedoes and ironclads, Minie rifles and Armstrong guns. Spinning, weaving, and sewing are accomplished by steel and iron instead of flesh and bone. Nor can we doubt that similar transformations await humanity in the future. Who will be so bold yet conservative as to write “*finis*” to the wonderful category of scientific and artistic achievements? We have not yet reached the *ultima Thule* of civilization. The nineteenth century is marvellous; the twentieth will be more so. The astounding discoveries made within the last hundred years seem to warrant us in believing that our descendants will “see greater things than these.” Very likely machinery will be worked and locomotion effected by a motive-power better even than that for whose utilization we are indebted to Watt and Stephenson, Arkwright and Crompton. Progress is the law of our being, and “the goal of to-day is the starting-point of to-morrow.”

But nothing will take the place of Christianity. “The word of the Lord endureth for ever.” If it were a system which, to use a Teutonic phrase, men had “evolved out of the depths of their internal consciousness,” we might rationally suppose that it is only the prelude to a “faith” of which it is the promise and the type. No such notion do we entertain: we believe, on the other hand, that the gospel is divine in its origin and complete in its adaptation to the needs of the race. “The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took” from one place and “put” into another: it is an imported power. The treasure is “*in* earthen vessels,” but it is not “*earthen*” itself. To talk of or imagine improvements in the plan of salvation is like suggesting alterations in the process of digestion or that of assimilation. Should the world last a thousand years, sinners will be pardoned and purified then by the same means which are employed now. Precisely those truths which are instrumental in the conviction and conversion of the perishing to-day will be in vogue to the end of

time. Some things never grow antiquated. It will always be fashionable to eat bread, drink water, and inhale the air. Fit symbol this of mankind's spiritual destiny. The bread of life, the living waters, and the influences of that Spirit who resembles "the wind" that "bloweth where it listeth," cannot fall into desuetude.

In a familiar and fine poem, Tennyson says—

" Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

What does the laureate mean by the last line? We believe that some who express great admiration for the verses would be uncommonly hard pressed to give an intelligent answer to the question. Here, as so often, the palpable defect of the great bard, namely—obscurity of expression—interferes with appreciation of his thought. The sun of his genius is frequently befogged by ambiguity of style. If by "the Christ that is to be" is intended a fuller, grander revelation of truth than we already possess in the Bible, then the sentiment is false, and quite unworthy of him who enunciates it. Instead of adopting it, we prefer singing, as of yore, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want."

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE IS THE POSSESSION OF ALL BELIEVERS.

"The faith which was once delivered." To whom? "The saints." Not the priests, or the ministers, or the elders, but "the saints." Here is one of the most glorious features in Christianity: its truths are the portion of every member of the Church. What a contrast to some other systems! Ancient philosophers had teachings of two sorts—the esoteric and the exoteric: in other words, those which were for the favoured few and those which were for the vulgar multitude. Pythagoras had one form of doctrine for his disciples, another for the masses. Something akin to this is to be seen in Buddhism: there is an inner and an outer circle—privileges are accorded to the former which are not extended to the latter. It is even so with Hinduism: you may talk with the more cultured and enlightened Hindus who believe in one God only and regard with contempt pilgrimages, processions, and the like, but they do not scruple to add that these things do very well for the common people.

Quite otherwise is it with the doctrines of Christianity; they are for all. It knows nothing of "mysteries" to which the initiated alone are admitted. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Our Lord and His apostles continually call on us to read the Bible for ourselves. "Search the Scriptures," said He, and this, not to Levites and lawyers, but to the multitude. "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" "Have ye not read what David did?" Such words were frequently uttered by Him. One of His final acts was to expound the Scriptures to two of His disciples. In like manner, His immediate followers threw open revelation to all. Scripture is given "that the man of God," whether he be lay or clerical, "may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work." No part of the New Testa-

ment is so difficult to understand as the Apocalypse. It often baffles both piety and erudition. If anywhere we might have expected a veto to be put upon the popular reading of Scripture, it would be here. But what are the facts? Is it an exception to the rule? By no means. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." All who have spiritual capacities may "hear," and the message is "to the churches," not priests or pastors, but "the churches." "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy." If Peter and John were to reappear on earth, would they be angry to find their Epistles perused by people of all conditions? Can we, by the wildest flight of imagination, complain of their inspired productions as profaned by the eye of the "vulgar multitude"? Impossible.

The importance of keeping the Word of God in the hands of the people and not allowing it to be monopolized by a designing priesthood, it would be hard to exaggerate. When men put out the light, they mean mischief: in the dark we are comparatively helpless. A free Bible is to the Church what a free press is to the State. See France, then look at England. The first has hardly ever had a free press. Newspapers are "suppressed" or jealously watched by the government. Why? In order to secure quiet and order. A miserable failure; for where do we find such restlessness and disturbance as over the channel? A middle-aged person has witnessed the following vicissitudes there. First a monarchy, then a republic, next a military despotism, finally a republic again. Meanwhile, signs of uneasiness are palpable, and every one is on the look-out for another change. A gentleman in Paris pleasantly satirised this by wishing the waiter of the hotel to tell him three things every morning when he called him, namely, what the weather was, the hour of the day, and the form of government under which he was living. But England has a free press. "A man may speak the thing he will": character only is protected from the criticism of editors and authors. And where are the frequent and frightful catastrophes resulting from the free press? Where, indeed? On the contrary, bloodless revolutions (like the Reform Bill and the Disestablishment of the Irish Church) have occurred, a magnificent system of national education has been organized, commerce has reached an unprecedented point of prosperity, and the throne of Queen Victoria is as stable and unshaken as ever. In like manner, a free Bible is the health, life, and defence of the Church. Her safety and welfare depend upon an open book.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE SHOULD DEVELOP INTO CHRISTIAN PRACTICE.

"The faith once *delivered* unto the saints." Delivered—that reminds us of a parable which may fittingly be mentioned in connection with this passage. We refer, of course, to that of the Talents. "He delivered unto them his goods." Delivered them for what purpose? That they might be increased and improved. Even so, divine truth

is to become the source and stamina of righteousness and usefulness in us. Sow a seed: it not only yields other seeds but springs up a tree, a plant, or a flower. Thus, the seed of doctrine should not simply promote thought but produce the fruits of holy living.

How often we fail in this respect! The Scriptures are lauded, beloved, defended by us, but we do not sufficiently make them the guide and inspiration of our daily lives. That sainted, eminent man, Augustus W. Hare, in one of those "Alton Sermons," which are for the most part models of good preaching, says to his village congregation, "You must not be content with spelling and reading the Bible. Do as the bees do with a flower—settle on it, and suck out the honey." If we thus get "the honey," it will, like that which Jonathan obtained in the wood, enlighten our eyes and enable us to smite the Philistines. Yes, doctrine should be transmuted into deed. Are we told that "God is love"? Let us "love Him because He first loved us." Are we taught that "one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren"? Let us feel and act as members of a common family. Are we repeatedly reminded that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"? Let us cry with David, "Save now, I beseech thee," and with the apostles exclaim, "Lord, save us: we perish."

Reviews.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. W. ARNOT, Minister of Free St. Peter's Church, Glasgow, and afterwards of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, and Memoir by his daughter, Mrs. Fleming. Second edition. London: J. Nisbet & Co., Berner's-street.

"Love him! who would not love Arnot? I love him as a brother," were the words of Dr. Candlish on his death-bed, and we should think that to very few men has there been permitted a larger share of amiability, and that in connection with moral robustness of a very high order. The biographer of Dr. James Hamilton and James Halley deserved a carefully written memoir, and the volume now before us could not

obtain higher commendation than that it is worthy of its subject. The part of the work which is autobiographical is written in a very candid and unpretentious manner; it is, moreover, as fragmentary as such productions are usually found to be, and extends no further than the college life of its author. Mrs. Fleming's record of her honoured father is commendable both for its filial piety and its literary excellence.

Mr. Arnot's pedigree *more Scotico* reveals a humble parentage. "My parents and ancestors as far back as they are known to me had all a *good* name, but none of them had a *great* name." What was wanting of worldly distinction appears to have been more than compensated

by their high religious character, and "it is better," as he himself wrote, "to be the seed of the righteous than the seed of the rich." "Verily I am well born as things go here on earth, if my life were worthy of my parentage. I believe I have gotten blessings unnumbered all my life in answer to my mother's prayers. I never saw my mother, but I know that such a mother would, when her flesh and heart were failing, cast her helpless infant on an Almighty arm. I was left without a mother when I was about two weeks old." His boyhood and school life involving the usual amount of truant playing, pugilistic encounter, and rural explorations, in which bypaths the plenitude of life in British boydom has always been wont to expend itself, are skilfully described. After some considerable experience at farm labour, William Arnot engaged himself as apprentice to a gardener, concerning which he says, "I set my heart on being a gardener for three reasons—(1) A spice of the romantic in my nature seemed much more likely to obtain its gratification in a garden than at a desk in the county town. (2) A strong desire to continue some time longer under my father's roof. An apprenticeship in Perth involved a lodging all the week in the house of a stranger, whereas the garden where I proposed to learn the craft was less than a mile distant from my father's door. (3) A decided contempt for money-making; a judgment which at that age I had deliberately formed, and which was a potential principle of action." "My way of living was very simple yet very sufficient. I carried with me in the morning a small tin flagon full of milk. We began work at six o'clock. At nine we went to breakfast. In the cottage of old George Bruce in the village I kept a stock of oatmeal, replenished

from month to month. At nine o'clock every morning his daughter Nelly or Betty, as the case might be, had water boiling on a comfortable fire. Sitting on an arm-chair at one side, while old George occupied another opposite me, I made and swallowed my brose in so short a space that George, who liked a social meal, complained, 'Laddie, I never saw the like o' you; ye make your meat and eat it the time I am setting my plate right on my knee.' Experience made the hand very sure in determining the proper quantity of meal and salt and hot water, and three hours toil without having tasted food made the appetite wondrously sharp. Then, as to dinner, there was no variation; a bit of bread brought with me in the morning or bought in the village, and the remainder of the flagon of milk. The shelter of a tree, or, in colder weather, 'the shed' in the midst of the garden, served for dining room."

There is much, undoubtedly, to admire in this Spartan self-denial; but the suspicion thrusts itself on our mind that it is in some measure responsible for the serious illnesses from which Mr. Arnot in subsequent life suffered.

The illness and death of his only brother became the turning-point of his life, both in relation to religious decision and the resolve to enter the ministry. At the age of twenty-one he entered the University of Glasgow, and from his letters home we gain a good insight into the occupations and companionships of his student life. A few extracts from these will not be unacceptable to our readers:—

"I have just returned from a grand meeting of the friends of negro emancipation — immediate emancipation. It was truly a noble scene. . . . We had Mr. Knibb,

one of the lately-persecuted missionaries from Jamaica, who made an able speech. I cannot convey to you any idea of its excellence; it was calculated to rouse the most obtuse to pity for the oppressed, and indignation at their guilty oppressors."

"After taxing my memory a long time for something else to say, nothing will come up but a general feeling of affection towards all my friends at home; but it would be a hopeless task to express it more particularly. I love, in a greater or less degree, every person whom I know, and also all that I do not know, and this is one grand source of my happiness."

"In the prospect of leaving College, for good and all, I do feel a tearing, rugging process going on within. I dare say I shall retain a sort of romantic affection for the material, local habitation, but not for its own sake; 'tis not the stone and lime I care for, but the flesh and blood. I would not expend my heart's affections on time-honoured courts, but upon the congenial spirits that flitted through them."

In 1837 Mr. Arnot was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow, and in the month of November in that year was appointed Assistant to the Rev. John Bonar, of Larbert. After a year happily and usefully spent here, he received a call to St. Peter's Church, Glasgow. Writing of the flattering character of this invitation, he says: "There is a tendency, you know, in that sort of thing to make one proud, and, accordingly, I am trying to watch; but as yet I do not feel the danger to be very great. One glance at the *dark places* of my own heart, which the world knows nothing of, is enough, or should be enough, to quench any self-complacent aspirings that may

be excited by the kind attentions of my friends."

He soon gathered around him in St. Peter's a large and warmly attached congregation, young men being especially attracted by his ministry; and it was here for twenty-six years he laboured in the Gospel until 1863, when he was called to the the Free High Church, Edinburgh. His journals and letters afford abundant evidence of the zeal and indefatigable devotedness with which he discharged his public duties, while they are rich in manifestations of the great solicitude which pervaded his entire life to keep a state of mind congenial to the lofty objects and occupations of the faithful minister of Christ. It was during this Glasgow pastorate that the Disruption occurred, and with its potent lessons disciplined and prepared the leaders of the Free Church. Amongst the pioneers of that movement there are names perhaps more widely known than Arnot's, though it would be difficult to assign a higher moral worth to any of them than to him, or to find in their ranks an instance of greater usefulness. His memoirs of his friends Halley and Hamilton are charming specimens of Christian biography, but are not greater favourites with us than "Illustrations of the Proverbs," and "Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life."

There is in this volume, as we might expect, not much of incident; for, as Arnot himself wrote, "Where there are no battles, the history of a country is brief and dull; but great is the happiness and progress of the people. It is the same with the work and sphere of a Christian minister when he is faithful and his flock affectionate. The minister, loving and beloved, is felt everywhere as a rallying point and centre of attraction. The beneficent machinery

goes smoothly round, Christian charity lubricating every wheel; and precisely because everything is going on well, there is not much for the historian to tell." Two visits to America and some continental excursions break in upon the laborious routine of preaching, publishing, and the more perilous lengthened journeys by railway which our popular ministers too readily undertake. We are not surprised to hear that after two visits to London, three to Glasgow, one to Liverpool, and others to Ireland, Aberdeen, and Stirling, in the spring of 1875, involving a collision on the Aberdeen railway, in which we suspect more internal injury was sustained than he was aware of, that in the June of that year, at the age of sixty-seven, he falls asleep in very weariness.

The extracts from the funeral sermons by Principal Rainy and Professor Blackie, with which the volume concludes, contain some vivid testimony to Mr. Arnot's great excellence.

It was not the privilege of the writer of this notice to possess any other acquaintance with the subject of this memoir than that obtained from his writings, but in a grateful appreciation of the benefits thus obtained, and with a profound admiration of the life and labours delineated in these memoirs, he expresses the earnest desire that every reader of this magazine may find the pleasure and profit which he has experienced in its perusal.

May the type of men to which Arnot belonged never be wanting to the Church of God!

BEACONS AND PATTERNS, or LESSONS for Young Men. By the Rev. W. Landels, D.D. THIRD THOUSAND. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row. 1877.

A FEW months ago we expressed in

the pages of this Magazine our high appreciation of the value of Dr. Landels' preaching to young men. Our estimate is borne out, not more by the numerous congregations to which he regularly ministers than by the extensive circulation commanded by his writings. His "Beacons and Patterns," issued a few years ago, has now attained its third thousand, and in this fact we unfeignedly rejoice. It is a work which has resulted from a close and scientific study of the Scriptures, from an intimate knowledge of the needs, the aspirations, and the dangers of young men, and an earnest desire to guide them into paths of rectitude and safety. Dr. Landels is a thoughtful, wise, and eloquent teacher, to whose instruction it is a pleasure to listen, and he is never content without leading us to Christ as our perfect exemplar and our one and only Saviour. We rise from a perusal of these pages with a clearer insight into the character of Esau, Balaam, Caleb, Solomon, Naaman, and the various other men whose history he discusses, and with a more complete knowledge of the warnings and incentives which their history supplies; and what is more, we are led also to see the infinite work of the Gospel of Christ as the exclusive means of salvation. We trust that in its new edition the book will be even more successful than it has formerly been.

SPURGEON'S SHILLING SERIES. SEVEN WONDERS OF GRACE. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore & Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings.

MANASSEH; The Woman who was a Sinner; The Dying Thief; Saul of Tarsus; The Philippian Jailor; Onesimus; and The Greatest Wonder of all, *i.e.*, "I was left," Ezek.

ix. 8, are here dealt with in our friend's own incomparable style. We have been reading this dear little book among the mountains and beside the rivers at Bettwys, and have found it "a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon." In the sketch of Onesimus there are two incidents connected with Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, which seem to us to indicate a wonderful opening for good in the narration of personal experiences like the following.

A sailor writes to me as follows :—
 "My mother asked me to read a chapter of the Bible every day, but I never did. I got into the hospital at Havannah, and when I lay there a man near to me was dying; but before he departed he said to me, 'Mate, could you come here? I want to speak to you. I have got something here that is very precious to me. I was a wild fellow, but reading this packet of sermons has brought me to the Saviour, and I am dying with a good hope through grace. Now, when I am dead and gone, will you take these sermons and read them, and may God bless them to you; and will you write a letter to the man who preached those sermons to tell him that through them I have learned to die in peace.'" It was a packet of my sermons, and God was pleased to make them useful to that young man, so that he became a Christian.

THE WINES OF THE BIBLE: An Examination and Refutation of the Unfermented Wine Theory. By the Rev. A. M. Wilson. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1877.

THE question which Mr. Wilson has here so ably investigated has at various times occupied the serious

and prayerful attention of Christian men, especially during the progress of the temperance movement. It has been brought under notice, not so much by the researches of Biblical critics as by the zealous and self-denying labours of men who are appalled at the evils of drunkenness and determined to use every effort to remove them. It has, of course, an important bearing on the method of observing the great commemorative rite of the Lord's Supper, and equally so on the nature and the practical methods of Christian ethics. Every Christian man should desire to know accurately "What saith the Scripture?" and should resolutely regulate his conduct accordingly. We have on different occasions looked into the matter as carefully and conscientiously as we could, seeking only to know "the mind of the Spirit," and the result is that the theory of unfermented wine seems to us absolutely without foundation. The author of the present treatise has been driven to the same conclusion. "Having been a teetotaler for more than thirty years, his personal habits, associations, and sympathies have all been in favour of the unfermented theory; but the facts encountered in the present investigation have constrained him reluctantly to conclude that, so far as the wines of the ancients are concerned, unfermented wine is a myth."

We cannot enter into a discussion of the matter, but must direct the attention of our readers to Mr. Wilson's essay. It is the production of a devout and scholarly mind, bent on the discovery of truth rather than on victory in an argument. The examination is as thorough as it is extensive; no point of importance either in the classics of Greece and Rome, or in the sacred Scriptures, is overlooked; the reasoning is generally sound and conclusive;

and the work is a substantial contribution towards the settlement of an important practical question.

MARINER NEWMAN. A voyage in the Good Ship, *Glad Tidings*, to the Promised Land. By DUNCAN MACGREGOR. London: Hodder and Stroughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1877.

MR. MACGREGOR is favourably known to a large circle of readers as the writer of "Silver Spray," and several other series of ingenious and attractive stories. He has now issued a larger and more elaborate work, which will certainly be not less appreciated than the smaller productions of his facile pen. "Mariner Newman" inevitably reminds us of another and greater work. The prince of allegorists has immortalized one world-wide conception of the Christian life, and all attempts to supplement the "Pilgrim's Progress" would be equally vain and presumptuous. But the related image of the Christian life as a voyage has not yet been embodied in a work of similar scope and corresponding worth; and, so far as we know, Mr. Macgregor's is the most thorough and successful attempt which has been made in this direction. The main idea of the book, as suggested by the title-page, is worked out with fidelity and skill. The imagery throughout is well sustained, and there is an absence of the over-straining which in so many cases mars even good writing of this class. The author has what is, in fact, indispensable for his task, a prolific imagination, regulated by a sound and vigorous judgment, and shrewd common sense. He has a clear grasp of the great truths of the Gospel, depicts in plain and telling words the way of Salvation, and brings home to the

hearts and consciences of his readers the realities of eternal life and death. He is admirably conversant with nautical operations and phrases, and turns his knowledge to the highest account in his portraiture of the beginning and the progress, the sorrows and the joys, the temptations and the encouragements of the Christian life. The characters are, as a rule, sketched with great force, and the record of their varied experience will awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of other voyagers. We have little doubt that "Mariner Newman" will become a general favourite, and trust that under his genial command not a few will be induced to undertake a voyage in the good ship, *Glad Tidings*.

THE SYMBOLIC PARABLES OF THE CHURCH, THE WORLD, AND THE ANTICHRIST. Being the Separate Predictions of the Apocalypse, viewed in their relation to the General Truths of Scripture. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1877.

THE author of this treatise has made an attempt to interpret Scripture by Scripture. He believes that we have in the Bible itself ample materials for the formation of an intelligent estimate of the general design and meaning of the sublime and mysterious book which closes the Sacred Canon. He holds that the revelations given to the Apostle run in three great lines or divisions. The Septenary of the Seals unfolding the providence of God towards His Church, or a parabolic history of Christ's Kingdom; the Septenary of the Trumpets unfolding the same providence towards the world, or the Kingdoms of the Earth; while the Septenary of the Vials unfold it in the case of a counterfeit church, the

greatest foe of the true Church, and, therefore, Anti-Christ. All other visions he regards as supplementary. His theory and interpretation are sustained by considerations of great weight, and in several instances we prefer his exposition to any with which we are acquainted. The meaning of the Apocalypse has been, and still is, so keenly discussed that agreement upon it seems almost beyond the limits of hope. Every such contribution as this should, however, be welcomed, as it will suggest much even to those who cannot endorse its fundamental position. The author is a little too hard in his censure of the investigations of learned men, and certainly does not answer all the objections which have been urged against theories similar to his own. But, for the most part, he writes with clear spiritual discernment and sound sense, while his doctrinal views are decidedly and fervently evangelical.

he and his wife were hurried into eternity in the Ashtabula accident on the Pacific railway, impart a painful interest to these memoirs. We thank Mr. Guest, of Gravesend, who is the editor of this English edition, for his very successful share in the production of this work.

GRACE MAGNIFIED IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ROBERT NEWTON SEARS. London: F. Davis, Chapter House Court, St. Paul's. Price 4d.

A MEMORIAL address by Mr. Howieson, and a biographical sketch by the father of the young man, whose piety is the worthy subject of this record, and which will, we hope, be blessed to many youthful readers. We strongly recommend it to the leaders of our Bible Classes and Senior Sabbath School Classes.

FOR THE DEAR LORD'S SAKE: A Story of Every-day Life. By A. RYECROFT TAYLOR. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

AND a very pretty and natural story it is. If it is not true, it ought to be, but our belief is that it records actual occurrences under feigned names. The author has descriptive power of no ordinary character.

THE VEIL LIFTED FROM ISRAEL: What Israel ought to do; and Hymns and Hebrew Melodies for Israel. By T. K. DE VERDON. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row. 1876.

THERE is a good deal in this *brochure* with which we cordially sympathise, but we must frankly confess that we have never been able to assent to one of its main positions, viz., that "the English nation (is) of the house of Joseph, for the most part descended from Ephraim." The position is entirely without proof, and would never, we think, have been thought of apart from the exigencies of a peculiar theory. We can appeal to the Jews to believe in Jesus as the Christ, and to Christians to pray and labour for their conversion on other and

P. P. BLISS, HIS LIFE AND LIFE WORK. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THE author of "Hold the Fort," and, indeed, of most of the hymns used by Moody and Sankey, was a man of rare Christian excellence. The appalling circumstances in which

safer grounds than this, nor does the belief in their restoration to their own land depend on so precarious a thread.

Some of the Hebrew Melodies in

this volume are decidedly good, and reveal true poetic power. They will be read with pleasure by many who cannot endorse the author's special beliefs.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Edinburgh, Marshall Street, July 13th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Holyoake, Rev. T. H. (Brompton), Spanish Town, Jamaica.
 Holmes, Rev. R. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Belfast.
 Marchant, Rev. F. G. (Wandsworth), Hitchin.
 Raws, Rev. J. G. (Rawdon College) Kimbolton.
 Williams, Rev. W. (Clay Cross) Upton Chapel, Lambeth.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Battersea Park, Rev. T. Lardner, July 25th.
 Foots Cray, Kent, Rev. R. E. Sears, August 6th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Birt, Rev. Isaiah, Penzance.
 Cracknell, Rev. J. E., South Shields.

DEATH.

Horton, Rev. T., Devonport, August 6th, aged 80.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

X.

THE REV. HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D.

THE "Ecclesia Cathedralis Sancti Pauli Londinensis,"—to quote the full Latin title of the great national structure familiarly known as "St. Paul's," has been described by its latest historian as "in its own style of architecture the noblest church in Christian Europe; the masterpiece of our Great British architect, Sir Christopher Wren; the glory—it should be the pride—of the City of London, of the Christian people of the realm." Dean Milman's judgment of its merits and of its claims to our veneration may, however, display an excusable partiality, and both on æsthetic and religious grounds we may be unable to yield to it an unreserved assent. We will not here attempt a comparison between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, nor weigh the Dean's estimate from what might be considered a Nonconformist or a Puritan standpoint. But it will be universally allowed that a building can only become the glory of a nation when it fulfils the highest end for which it has been erected, and is more than a masterpiece of architectural skill. St. Paul's is no doubt an admirable Valhalla for our English worthies, and on this ground it gathers around it the strongest sentiments of patriotism, but it was not for this it was erected, and so long as "one narrow part alone of this great building" was applied to its acknowledged purposes—the worship of God and the instruction of the people—it certainly could not on religious grounds claim to be our glory.

It was a happy thought when in 1858 the Archbishop of Canterbury, at that time Bishop of London, suggested that the Cathedral should in some way be used for special evening services, such as might attract the large masses of the people who could not

be reached by the ordinary services of the Church. The Dean and Chapter heartily approved of the suggestion. Improvements in the building were at once commenced. It was adapted for public worship on a larger and more comprehensive scale, and immense congregations, justifying all that had been done, were gathered. The services under the dome of St. Paul's are now an established part of its worship, and with similar efforts in other places have greatly increased the hold which the English Church has gained on the affections of large numbers of the people. The stately Cathedral has shown itself more worthy of the days when from St. Paul's Cross, as the most prominent pulpit in England, the early Reformers sought to enlighten and influence the public mind by proclaiming in their simplicity the grand truths of the gospel, in opposition to the degrading superstitions and the semi-heathenish ceremonies of Rome.

And among the preachers who have shed new lustre on St. Paul's, although he is not so faithful a disciple of the Reformers as we could wish, is the Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, the most distinguished of its "clergy" and in popular estimation its Canon *par excellence*. He is perhaps not so profound a scholar, so fine an expositor, or so massive a reasoner as Canon Lightfoot, but he has gifts which qualify him for a more conspicuous public position, and procure him an almost unrivalled influence in the pulpit. During the months in which he is in residence, the Cathedral every Sunday afternoon is thronged by the largest congregation which assembles in the metropolis, the whole of the vast area being, as a rule, occupied. The Cathedral pulpit affords a vantage ground quite exceptional in its nature, and such as would enable even a preacher of average abilities to command a hearing. Among the multitudes who eagerly flock to St. Paul's are many who would not enter an ordinary church, and as a simple "parish priest" Dr. Liddon's name would not exert so subtle an attraction. But all adventitious aids apart, he could not be other than a popular preacher, and would claim rank with the very foremost of our time.

His career as a student of Christ Church, Oxford, was brilliant, and gave promise of future eminence. He graduated as B.A. in 1850, gained the Johnson Theological Scholarship in 1851, and took his M.A. in 1852. In 1854 he was appointed to the Vice-Principalship of the Theological College, Cuddesdon, and retained the office until 1859. He was for some years Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop of Salisbury—Dr. Walter Kerr Hamilton—a brief sketch of whose life he wrote for *The Guardian*, and has since issued in an enlarged form. In 1864 he was made a Prebendary of Salisbury; and having frequently been "University Preacher," he was called upon "at a very short notice," in consequence of the illness of the clergyman whom the University had previously chosen, to deliver the Bampton Lectures for 1866. He subsequently became Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford, and in 1870 was made a Canon of St. Paul's.

Apart from the prominence which he has acquired as a preacher,

Canon Liddon is now the recognised leader of the High Church party, although he cannot fairly be described as "an extreme Ritualist." The origin of the High Church re-action, or of the Tractarian movement as it is more commonly termed, has been traced to various sources. Dr. Newman, in his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, attributes it indirectly and remotely to the influence of Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and more directly to the author of "The Christian Year." He has moreover, described the reverence with which he regarded Keble, and how, on his election to the Oriel Fellowship, which Arnold vacated, he bore the congratulations of the fellows until Keble took his hand, "and then," he says, "I felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed quite desirous of sinking into the ground." But for years after this (it was in 1820) Keble was shy of Newman "in consequence of the marks he bore upon him of the liberal and evangelical schools." These marks, however, as the sequel too sadly proves, very effectually disappeared, and Newman soon became the most powerful of the Tractarians. How it is that the movement was afterwards denominated "Puseyism," it is perhaps not difficult to explain. It had made considerable progress before Dr. Pusey joined it, but when at length he did so, he had a higher position in the University than the other leaders, he was Regius Professor of Hebrew and a Canon of Christ Church, he had a high reputation as a scholar, and had, moreover, the advantage of aristocratic connections, which are nowhere of higher account than in the centre of intellectual and ecclesiastical life at Oxford.

The prominence which Dr. Pusey at once acquired he has never altogether lost, and only those who are "behind the scenes" know the extent of his influence in the party which has borne his name. But a man who numbers his years with the century cannot retain the vigour and fire of his youth, and naturally he must give place to others. And among his possible successors not one can compare with Canon Liddon. He is now in the prime of life, has the rare power of creating enthusiasm, not only in a small circle of disciples but in great multitudes, and is not without the qualities of an ecclesiastical statesman. He has risen to his position of leadership naturally and as a matter of course. Those who come into closest contact with him are most keenly alive to the charm of his genius and the strength of his will. We have heard Ritualistic clergymen speak of him with a reverence such as few men can inspire, and vow to him the most ardent loyalty. He is clear-sighted and penetrating, is said to unravel even a tangled subject with ease, and to bring into bold relief the salient points which require discussion. His counsels are never hasty or superficial; he invariably speaks—to use a phrase which he has himself done much to popularise in England—with "the accent of conviction;" he is devout and courageous, and is too noble a man to pursue a policy of trimming, or to sanction, where considerations of right are concerned, the fashionable expedient of a compromise. There is not a statesman or an ecclesiastic in England who would deem him a

foeman unworthy of his steel, and he has shown in more ways than one how very lightly he regards the boast of the Premier that he was about to "stamp out Ritualism," and how determined he is to persist in the path he believes to be right. We have never heard him speak disrespectfully of the bishops, but we have heard him utter truths which the majority of "the Right Reverend Fathers" could not have relished. Rightly or wrongly he is resolved to resist the control of a secular Parliament in the spiritual affairs of the Church, and there can be little doubt that, rather than submit to an usurpation which would involve disloyalty to Christ, he would resign his dignities and emoluments and become the leader of a disruption. We do not, however, imagine that he will have an opportunity of displaying so decisively the mettle of a hero; for a man of his position and influence, backed by so powerful a following, is sure to be let alone and allowed free scope to his sacerdotal proclivities.

On the other hand, Canon Liddon is not a man who would lightly go to extremes. His own taste—apart from the responsibilities attached to his influence, would not permit him to transgress "the sober and reasonable" limits of High Churchism, and with the extravagances of hot-headed curates and imprudent incumbents, he has no sympathy. No one can discriminate more accurately than he between the essential and the accidental elements of worship. He has given in no ambiguous terms a much-needed warning that—

Aesthetic aids to worship may, like other blessings, be perverted by coming to be regarded more or less in the light of ends. If we find ourselves insensibly getting to attach more importance to the visible symmetry and beauty of the services of the Christian sanctuary than to the power which we individually possess of entering into real communion with God, and of offering to Him the best adoration of the various faculties of our souls, we ought to be very anxious. For, after all, the Kingdom of the Spirit is the Kingdom of the supersensuous. The material beauty with which we surround our approaches to its great Eucharistic mysteries cannot enhance their real sublimity; but alas! such beauty can, unless we are on our guard, too easily eclipse it. Let us not neglect outward order, but let our chief care be lavished on grace and truth. Let us give of our best to the Churches and service of our God; but let us ever remember that since, even in the realm of the Incarnation He is a Spirit, they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Surely to realize the presence of the Holy Ghost in the soul and in the Church is to be anxious that that communion with God, which cannot be uttered in language, should be more constant and fervent; that the inner realities of worship should as far transcend its outward accompaniments as the Kingdom of the Invisible transcends the world of sense. Not to feel this anxiety is to be virtually ignorant of the meaning of the Spirit's presence; it is practically not to have heard, at least in one department of our spiritual existence, whether there be any Holy Ghost.

These are wise and weighty words, which no educated "Puritan" would hesitate to endorse. *O si sic omnia!* If they were representative of Canon Liddon's entire teaching he would have few admirers more ardent and enthusiastic than ourselves, and it would be impossible to regard his influence with any other feeling than that of delight.

But the words are not fairly representative, and the occurrence of others of a very different order is by no means unfrequent.

Take, *e.g.*, his doctrine of the Church. We agree with him in his conception of its spirituality and inviolability. Within its own sphere it is amenable to no authority save that of Christ Himself, and the State oversteps its legitimate functions when it interferes with it. The doctrine, the discipline, and the ritual of the Church are independent of the Sovereign, the Parliament, and the law courts. In those matters the Church should claim from the State absolute freedom, and repudiate the fetters of Erastianism. But then comes the crucial point—What do we mean by “the Church”? Not the clergy with a congregation in which the laity have no voice or in which they are subordinate, but the whole company of believing men. And not any particular section of this whole company, in which we may find a certain form of government united with self-constituted claims to special prerogatives and powers. The Church comprises all Christians who unite together for public worship and instruction—“all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.” But Canon Liddon will not admit this. To him “the Church” is simply the Romish, the Greek, and the Anglican communities. He speaks of the three great sections into which the Church has been splintered by the controversies of the tenth and sixteenth centuries, and of “the large bodies of active Christians who live in separation from her communion.” He asserts that the body and substance of Christian truth is intact in “each great division of the Catholic society, and much of it we rejoice to know is retained by communities external to the holy fold.” It is not worth while to argue the matter at any length, but we should like to know on what ground the non-episcopal communities are placed outside the holy fold and treated as outcasts and aliens? Who made episcopacy or apostolic succession an essential “note” of the Church? and by what authority is this so-called Catholic society identified with the institution established by Christ and His apostles? Such narrowness in a cultured Christian man is deplorable, and while it may be very pleasant for Dr. Liddon thus to keep Nonconformists of all grades outside “the holy fold,” we wonder how he relishes the use of his own weapons by the authorities at Rome? He has seemingly a profound respect for the greatest and most venerable of the three sections of the Catholic society. Can he be oblivious of the fact that to Pio Nono and his college of cardinals he himself is simply a heretic and schismatic, his Church “external to the holy fold,” his orders null and void, and his dignities illegal? That fact alone should at least make him pause before committing himself to a position which is at once illiberal and suicidal.

Canon Liddon's sacramentarianism is another prominent feature of his teaching. A baptized infant is, according to him, in a state of salvation, and “the doctrine of baptismal regeneration really supplies the moral leverage which is essential to an effective Christian education.” Baptism is “the original instrument” of our incorporation into

the body of Christ. Overlooking the repentance and faith which in apostolic times invariably preceded baptism, he attributes to the rite itself a mysterious efficacy. And yet he has uttered words which come so near the true aspect of the question that it is marvellous he did not see it fully. "The very form of the sacrament of regeneration, as it was administered to the adult multitudes who in the early days of the Church pressed for admittance into her communion, harmonizes with the spiritual results which it effects. As the neophyte is plunged beneath the waters, so the old nature is slain and buried with Christ. As Christ crucified and entombed rises with resistless might from the grave which can no longer hold him, so to the eye of faith the Christian is raised from the bath of regeneration radiant with a new and supernatural life." On what ground the learned Canon would attempt to justify a departure from the practice of "the early days of the Church" in respect both to the subjects and "the form" of this sacrament of regeneration, he has not apprized us; but of this we are convinced—that adherence to the apostolic paths would have saved us from the dogmas of a mechanical sacramentarianism, and from the mischievous errors and superstitions to which they have given rise. It is unfortunate that in this respect those who claim to be the successors of the apostles should not have followed in their steps.

Dr. Liddon's language in regard to the Eucharist is equally strong, and he affirms that there exists a vital connection between the doctrine of the Real Presence and a belief in the Incarnation. "Depreciation of the sacraments," by which he means the denial of their inherent physical efficacy is "followed by depreciation of our Lord's Eternal person." The "realities of sacramental grace" are an essential safeguard of this momentous article of our Christian faith. History is appealed to, and the lapse of "many English Presbyterian congregations" into Arianism and Socinianism is thought to be triumphantly decisive. Did this reasoning not occur in the most elaborate and scholarly of all Dr. Liddon's books—his "Bampton Lectures"—we should have thought it had been uttered hastily and *ad captandum*. But it is no stray expression, and conveys no mere fleeting opinion. How a man of Canon Liddon's calibre can entertain so absurd a conviction, and support it by reasoning so loose and inconsequential, we are at a loss to imagine. It does not in the least follow that because we deny the corporal presence of Christ in the Eucharist we overlook His spiritual presence. We believe, we know that He is there. We there have fellowship with Him. Yea, we partake of Christ and receive His life. Even if the bread and wine are "mere outward signs" symbolising the body and blood of Christ, yet when they are worthily received they confirm our faith in Him and quicken our affection towards Him. And is that likely to induce "depreciation of His Eternal Person" or to obscure the fact that He is God manifest in the flesh? The English Presbyterians and others who have lapsed into Arianism and Socinianism are a mere handful compared with those who have stedfastly

maintained the Catholic faith. The errors which the Canon so justly dreads have been bred nowhere more prolifically than under the shadow of the Episcopal Church. The Presbyterians of Scotland and the immense majority of them in England, the Congregationalists, the Wesleyans, and the Baptists on both sides of the Tweed, the kindred churches in America and on the Continent hold the doctrine of our Lord's deity with as keen a faith and as passionate a fervour as Dr. Liddon himself, and they feel that there are abundant and overwhelming reasons for their faith apart from any and every theory of the sacraments. We deplore the defections to which he alludes, but every man of common sense can see that they arose from causes which had not the remotest connection with the sacraments, nor would the staunchest advocacy of the mystical efficacy of the sacraments have counteracted the intellectual and moral reasons which determined their rejection of the belief which seems to us of transcendent worth. The Canon's reasoning throughout assigns a *non causa pro causâ*, and his appeal to history not only overlooks innumerable facts in the Episcopal and non-Episcopal Churches at home which utterly refute his position, but also ignores the Rationalism and Socinianism which have deluged the churches of Germany notwithstanding the strongly pronounced Sacramentarianism of the Lutheran Confessions, and the infidelity and atheism for which the Roman Church itself is responsible.

These and similar theories mar the beauty and detract from the perfection of Canon Liddon's sermons. Were he less "Churchy" his preaching would have far greater power. His mediævalism is a hindrance not a help to him, a limitation and restraint upon his genius. It often acts as a strong undercurrent when it does not appear on the surface. It gives a colouring to his sermons even when it is not directly expressed, and it cannot fail to divert attention from matters of infinitely superior moment.

Let us, however, have done with criticism, and turn to a more agreeable side of our task. Canon Liddon's appearance as he walks up the aisle and enters the pulpit cannot be described as imposing: it is in fact the reverse of this. He has somewhat of an ascetic look, and is, we imagine, no stranger to the rigid discipline involved in "plain living and high thinking." But when he rises to announce his text, a charm is felt at once. There is an attractiveness in the expression of his face which it would be difficult to resist. It tells of fervent devotion, of mingled calmness and strength. The clear penetrating voice soon arrests and thrills the hearts of all who are within its reach. The preacher is evidently no man of the world, but one who while knowing its ways has dwelt apart from them, and has come forth from his seclusion, from converse with the Invisible, to testify of the things he has seen and heard. His eye has gazed upon the forms of the eternal beauty, his ear has caught the tones of the Infinite love. There is in his utterance an intensity which itself goes far to explain his power. He is profoundly in earnest, and believes what he says,

and is resolved that others shall believe it too. His manuscript is before him, but his hearers are scarcely conscious of its presence. His sermons are no "faultily faultless essays" but the outpouring of an impassioned and disciplined heart. They are indeed chaste and polished in their style, crowded with the results of careful thought and mature scholarship, and lighted up with brilliant rhetoric. But these literary charms are not their supreme attraction. This is found in their spiritual qualities, the unquestioning faith, the glowing love, the all-absorbing zeal. As we listen we are reminded of another and holier presence with which the preacher has dwelt and which is with him now, and *that* is why we feel so strange a power.

Dr. Liddon is not one who could have entered the ministry as a mere profession. "Alas!" he says, "for those who press to the steps of the sanctuary, only that they may keep a fellowship, or please a friend or a parent! Alas! for those who bring to the service of the altar a sceptical intellect, or an impure heart! These must earn for the church of God a sure legacy of confusion and weakness, and for themselves, too probably, a forfeiture of endless peace."

We may not on reflection agree with all that we hear from the lip of the eloquent Canon; but of his earnestness and sincerity, his supreme love for Christ, and his desire to bring all men into communion with Him, we can never entertain the shadow of a doubt. His sermons contain nothing superficial or unreal. He knows, moreover, that the gospel which he proclaims is intended for men who, some on intellectual and others on moral grounds, disbelieve it, and that he must as from their standpoint commend it unto them. Hence his preaching is frequently "a defence of the gospel." He is an accomplished apologist, and discusses the difficulties urged by Materialism, Anti-Supernaturalism, Scientific Agnosticism, and various other "foes of faith." There is scarcely a point of any moment to which he has not devoted his strength, and the volumes he has published furnish an invaluable armoury for those who have been perplexed by the complex scepticism of the age.

In another sense, Dr. Liddon is a preacher to the times. There is, in his estimation, no aspect of human life, no interest of man to which the Gospel is indifferent, and on which it does not directly and powerfully bear. And while he is not absorbed in "questions of the day," he knows that many of his hearers are—that these, moreover, form the sphere in which their character must be tested and trained! And he rightly insists on the necessity of discharging our so-called "secular" work with a sacred motive. All is to be done in the name of Christ. Hence of these questions he frequently speaks, and on some of them, *e.g.*, the massacres in Bulgaria, his manly and fearless words will not soon be forgotten.

Canon Liddon's popularity as a preacher falsifies the idea that short sermons are essential to success. We have rarely heard him speak for less than an hour. Mr. Binney, in the preface to his first series of sermons, has this note—"On the evening of Good Friday last year,

1868, the author heard the Rev. H. P. Liddon at St. Paul's, and listened to him with unabated interest for an hour and twenty minutes." And this experience is by no means rare, either as to the length of the sermon or the interest with which it is heard. Let us by all means have brevity in the pulpit when it is consistent with the great end for which the Christian ministry exists. Length for its own sake is not to be thought of. Prosinness and empty repetitions are intolerable. But we ought, after all, to attend the services of the church for something else than ease or amusement. And it cannot be denied that the cry for short sermons in many cases proceeds from superficiality of thought and feeling, and from other causes which are the reverse of helpful in our spiritual life.

It would be easy to select from Dr. Liddon's writings extracts of great worth. We will give two. The first of them is from his university sermon on "The Law of Progress," and follows a paragraph in which the author has protested against the development of the intellect without a corresponding development of other and higher faculties.

Nor would I be so altogether misunderstood that you should construe any words of mine as a caution or protest against high intellectual culture. It cannot be God's will that His ministers should counsel neglect of that which, after His supernatural grace, is amongst the very noblest of His gifts to man. Certainly, my younger brethren, your highest work in this place is not the accumulation of facts; it is the education of faculties; it is eminently the discipline and development of intellect. For intellect is not merely the tool which you will presently use for the business of life. Intellect is the eye which may be tutored accurately and truly to see truth; it is the faculty which, quickened by adoring love and sanctified by grace, is for an eternity to have as its object the Eternal and Infinite God. You especially whose happiness it is to receive joyfully and intelligently the doctrines of the Church, and who propose to devote yourselves to the service of His altars—you assuredly have the very highest and strongest motive that men can have for the energetic cultivation of your minds. It is your privilege, your duty, your sacred duty, to cultivate intellect. Aye, cultivate it long and well. Not, indeed, that it may in its strength and beauty be merely the pledge of a selfish temporal advancement, which shall win you a larger income or a higher position than your brethren, to be clutched for a few years at the best and then as a paltry bauble to be buried in your graves. But cultivate intellect rather as an instrument of your religion—your life-absorbing work—which has to be wrought within your own souls, no less than without them. Cultivate it as a consecrated weapon entrusted to you by Heaven, that here you may devote your best energies to whetting, polishing, testing, strengthening it, until, at the moment of your ordination in a spirit of disinterested loyalty, you place it absolutely and for ever at the disposal of that Eternal Lord Who gave and Who deigns to use it.

The other extract has a special interest in view of the great politico-ecclesiastical struggle of our day, and is clearly a shadow cast by "coming events." Would that all Churchmen had a like faith in the resources of the Church as distinct from the State, and in the power of voluntary and enthusiastic love for Christ.

There are many souls in our day . . . who mistake the Kingdom of the Spirit for a merely human organization, patronized by the State, in the interest

of civil order, education, and philanthropy. They are exclusively concerned with the mere outward trappings of the Church's temporal position, with the exact amount of its political influence in the country, with its relation to the government of the day, with the incomes of its chief pastors and their seats in the Legislature; just as if these precarious accessories of its existing position in England were of the essence of that world-embracing Kingdom which was set up in the world on the Day of Pentecost. Men speak sometimes as if the loss of these things would be the loss of our all; as if there were no such thing as a Church which was not richly endowed and honourably recognized by the civil authority. Far be it from us to speak unthankfully of the blessings of a national recognition of religion. Yet those blessings may be too dearly purchased by the culpable betrayal of strictly spiritual powers to hands utterly uncommissioned by Christ, if Cæsar persists in claiming the things of God. And, apart from this, it is easy to see that the whole current of modern legislation is setting steadily, and it may be is presently about to set in with accelerated speed, in a direction unfavourable to any State recognition of religion. Is this a reason for despair to those who heartily believe in and love the Church of England, as a true portion of that Kingdom which God's Spirit organized eighteen centuries ago, and which, amid all that is human and sinful and erroneous and disappointing in it, He tenants at this moment? No, assuredly. The Church is not a mere material corporation but a spiritual society. Surely her indefeasible powers would only be put forth with greater energy when temporal succour was withdrawn; and it may be that she would gain in moral vigour, in clearness of faith, in intensity and unitedness of purpose, what she might have lost in the countenance of the powerful and in the wealth bequeathed to her by past generations of her children. One thing only need we fear: our own blindness or disloyalty to her true temper and requirements. An infidel writer of the last century observed, that the main hope of a destruction of Christianity throughout Europe lay in the prevalence of two vices among the clergy—ambition and self-indulgence. Oh, most salutary and precious warning! for are not these two vices the most emphatic contradictions of the spiritual nature of Christ's Kingdom, in which self-denial is the soul of all the highest virtues, in which high office only means the liability to a stricter judgment at the great day of reckoning? We have nothing to fear, brethren, for the future, come what may, if only as we live in the Spirit so also we walk in the Spirit. We have everything to hope if, in our thoughts about and our deeds towards the Church of God, we bear in mind that she is something better worth our labour and our love than any politics of this world, since we have heard indeed that there is a Holy Ghost Who sanctifies her.

With one or two minor exceptions, who among us would refuse to endorse this fine paragraph? The man who can think and speak and act thus must be a power for good.

Reminiscences of Bristol.

III.

I NATURALLY felt somewhat anxious about my first interview with the tutors. The president, Mr. Crisp, was eminently courteous and polite; it was perceptible in a moment that he had the air and manners of a gentleman. At first I thought him cold and distant, but on further acquaintance I found that he was very kind, had strong sympathies, which were soon excited, and, though his temper was naturally hasty and somewhat imperious, it was kept under wonderful control. By no means of a buoyant temperament, and often suffering from ill-health, there was sometimes an air of sadness about him. Whatever of distance there was in his manners arose, I think, from an over anxiety to maintain the dignity of his position, and from natural timidity and shyness. He seldom came into collision with the students, and always treated them with marked consideration and respect.

As a preacher he was quiet but earnest, simple and plain, almost to a fault. I was told that in early life his style was florid and ornate. Certainly every tendency in that direction had been completely subdued by the time I first knew him. If there was a want of vigour and animation, it arose chiefly from the want of vigorous health. No one can read the sermon which he preached in London on behalf of the Baptist Mission at the annual meeting in 1821, or his address to the students of Stepney College, without feeling that such discourses, whether we regard the method, the style, or the thought by which they are distinguished, could only have been delivered by a preacher of mental culture and power. Most diligent and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, he expected the students also to be diligent and conscientious. Punctual to a moment, he expected them to be punctual. He scarcely knew how to manage men, and was hardly a good judge of character. Hence those he liked most were not the best and the most robust men in the house. His theological lectures were prepared with great care, and we had to attend them in winter as well as summer before breakfast, an arrangement which has, I fear, fallen into desuetude in these latter days. He expected us to take copious notes. Those of us who could write shorthand did so, and all enjoyed the benefit when we met to prepare for the weekly examination. Read out with great deliberation and with frequent and lengthened pauses, to enable us to write them down, the lectures appeared dull, and were indeed sometimes wearisome. In our examinations, Mr. Crisp rather looked for an exact repetition of what he had said than for our own impressions of the subjects submitted to us. Somehow he did not perceive that this was not the most effective mode of teaching, and

was more an exercise of memory, than an incentive to our own powers of thought. Had he pursued a different system he would have more effectually secured our progress, and we should have more thoroughly appreciated his lectures.

Mr. Crisp taught Hebrew with great accuracy and care. It was of no use to attempt an imperfect translation of the text; he would have the lesson thoroughly done. The smallest *minutia* must be respected, and we were required to give proper authority for our renderings. It was almost amusing to witness his concern if we made the slightest mistake, or pronounced a *sheva* as if it were a *segol*, or a *segol* as if it were a *sheva*. When such slight mistakes were made, he would startle us by the energy with which he exclaimed, "Oh, dear sir, no!" Until we got accustomed to his manner, we naturally supposed we had committed some serious blunder. When we found out the exact worth of the criticism, we often smiled. Those who had the capacity for acquiring languages, and gave the needful attention to the work, could not fail to make sure, if not rapid, progress under Mr. Crisp.

It is, however, utterly impossible to speak too highly of his religious character. He was one of the most devout and godly men I ever knew. He was, also, most honourable and high minded. He never took advantage of his position to obtain assistance from the students in discharging his public duties, except on the same terms as when assistance was sought from ministers in general. In all pecuniary matters he was most conscientious and liberal. His interest in our welfare continued up to the latest moment of his life. I believe our success was as much a matter of thankfulness and joy to him, as it was to ourselves. He was more demonstrative in the expression of affectionate interest in old age, than when we were under his care; and at this distance of time he seems to me surrounded, as it were, with a halo of purity and light. I never think of him without recognizing the influence of his exalted piety, or without emotions of profound respect and affection.

Mr. Anderson, the classical tutor, was in many respects a contrast to his colleague. I had the notion that *classical* tutors were men of refinement in manners and appearance. When I first saw him this was dispelled in a moment. His appearance was very plain, and his manner almost brusque. On our entering the lecture room the first day of the session, we found him seated on the table, his habiliments not of the newest cut, and holding a well-worn hat in his hand. Wearing a stiff and broad neckcloth on which his cheeks were pressed down, imparting to him a queer, rather than a dignified air, he briefly welcomed the seniors, and having told them what they were to do, he turned to us juniors, and addressing me as standing at their head, he said, "Well, mister, what do you know?" Surprised at such an inquiry, I replied that if he asked me what I knew of any particular subject I would endeavour to tell him. Having replied to his inquiries,

and finding I knew a little of the various subjects of study, he remarked, "Oh! you know a good deal, mister, you do;" and then I received directions as to what classes I should join. I confess that his manner awakened an apprehension that our future intercourse would not be pleasant. I may here say, that his calling me *mister*, instead of addressing me by my name, arose from no rudeness. It was simply his habit, for he seldom spoke to any of us in any other way.

For some time he behaved as if he had taken a dislike to me. If I committed a mistake his rebukes were exceedingly severe, and expressed in a tone that was irritating. I had written to the president stating my fear that, having been for years accustomed to command men, my manner might not always be such as became a student; but that if he would kindly point out any failure in this respect, I would do my best to conform to the rules and customs of the house. I suspect that Mr. Anderson must have misunderstood my purpose in thus writing to the president; for he treated me most strangely for several weeks. Having read two or three books of Xenophon, we were directed to translate a selection from the writings of Isocrates. It was so very different in subject and in style from what we had been reading, and was, moreover, so exceedingly abstruse, that none of us could make much of it, or scarcely translate a single line. He was exceedingly angry, and charged us with indolence and neglect. Being at the head of the class, I ventured to assure him that he was mistaken, and that, really anxious to do the lesson, I had looked up almost every word. Then as one after another failed, he observed, "Oh! just ask mister there now, he is a Greek Lexicon." While I felt this treatment, to say the least, was discourteous, I made no reply. Matters, however, came to a crisis shortly afterwards, when his manner toward me was so harsh and rude that I rose at once, and as well as I can remember, spoke thus:—"Mr. Anderson, I have tried to the utmost to meet your wishes, but I will put up with this treatment no longer, and if you persist in it I will leave the house." He looked at me for a moment, and whether he saw how deeply I was hurt, or felt that he had been mistaken, I do not know. He quietly replied, in his odd, jerky way, "You had better sit down mister, and go on." I did so, and it is only just to Mr. Anderson to say that he never, in any way, resented my conduct, and ever after treated me with great kindness and respect. We had in him throughout our college course, a fine example of diligence, and every day furnished proofs of his ardent desire to do his part in preparing us for our future work.

Whether Mr. Anderson was a scholar in the highest sense of that term, I am not competent to decide. He certainly knew thoroughly what he professed to teach. His renderings were not the most elegant, but they were accurate. He indulged in no discursive talk while we were reading with him. He drew no illustrations of the text from the times, the manners, the customs of the people among whom

the author lived, nor from their history, nor the geography of their country. We simply went along the path of the lesson, and scarcely looked at the tempting glades which opened up on every hand. I often wished that he had indulged in occasional remarks on such topics as I have named, for I remember how profoundly I was interested in this style of doing such work when attending a few times, as a stranger, Mr. Key's Latin class in the London University. Reading Latin seemed quite another thing. It was, however, impossible for anyone of moderate ability to be under Mr. Anderson's care without making substantial and sure progress in the knowledge of the subjects which he taught.

It was as a *critic* that he shone brightest. His intellect was as keen as it was powerful, and his knowledge as accurate as it was extensive. His remarks on the essays and sermons, which were read in the lecture room, were wonderfully discriminating and just, and evidently the result of previous thought on the subjects of which they treated. He had a mortal abhorrence of everything inflated or ambitious in style, and showed no mercy to false similes or imperfect metaphors. After he had pointed out defects in arrangement or in argument, or inaccuracies in expression, he would observe, "Now, mister, if it had occurred to you you might have said so and so," naming some head or division, and would proceed, in a quiet, suggestive way, to give an entire outline of a sermon, every part of which was closely united in sequence, the whole being compact and complete. I have ever since regretted that I did not keep notes of these admirable sketches. Doubtless some were used at the time, but they would have been invaluable as studies when we left College and entered on pastoral work.

Mr. Anderson's diligence was extraordinary. He was very liable to severe bilious attacks, which were always accompanied with great suffering. I have often seen him lying along a seat in the lecture room, his head resting on a pillow, looking as ill as it was possible for a man to look. When these attacks were too severe to permit him to come down to the Academy, he had the classes around his bed. No man who had a spark of right feeling or the least sympathy with such courage and conscientiousness could neglect his studies or be careless of his work when the tutor set such an example.

Beneath a somewhat rough exterior there flowed a strong current of devout and kindly feeling. In times of sorrow and distress Mr. Anderson seemed another man. He evidently enjoyed the means of grace, and, as far as I could judge, for he sat in the pew immediately behind ours, he seemed to appreciate the devotional portions of the service as thoroughly as the great privilege of listening to Robert Hall. His feelings would sometimes find vent in audible, but subdued, expression. I never heard him preach or speak in public but once. A most important meeting, on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society, just after the re-union of Serampore with the society,

was held at Broadmead. He spoke with remarkable vigour, rising occasionally into eloquence, and with a fire which surprised us all. How we students cheered him! Louder expressions of applause had, perhaps, never sounded through that venerable building. My late most dear and honoured friend, Mr. Robinson, whose pastor he was at Dunstable, used to say of his preaching—that “it was singularly interesting and instructive.”

I cannot forbear mentioning an incident which occurred just as I was leaving Bristol. I had read a sermon in the lecture-room on “Reasons for loving and serving God,” and, being the last I should have to read there, it was carefully prepared. Instead of waiting until the students and Mr. Crisp had offered their remarks, which was the usual practice, Mr. Anderson asked if I thought such a sermon would do any good? I expressed a hope that it might, as that was my object in writing it. He rejoined that never had he observed in any previous exercise a want of evangelic truth, but that now that element was wholly wanting, he actually implored me to burn it! He then turned round and addressed the others, and with tears in his eyes, and in tones of deepest pathos, implored us to sacrifice anything rather than evangelic truth, and that if we ever hoped for a blessing on our ministry, or to save souls, never omit in our preaching the great doctrines of the Cross! We were all amazed and deeply moved. It was so unusual for him to talk in this strain. He rather left that department of criticism to the president, and took up the more literary portions of the exercise. When he had finished, not another word was spoken, but we all rose, and instead of going into the dining-room and noisily expressing our thanks to the reader, each man went to his study, and an unusual silence reigned through the house all that day. This touching incident made an impression which time can neither impair nor efface. I saw him only once after leaving Bristol; he seemed to be in his usual health and spirits. If there was any difference in manner, it was more kind and tender, accompanied with a warm expression of a hope for my increased usefulness. Soon afterwards I heard of his death. And now when I think of his manly, robust intellect, his large attainments, his sincere affection, his high integrity, and his genuine, unaffected piety, I feel, in common with those who shared the benefit of his instruction and example, and who knew how to appreciate his character and worth, sentiments of admiration and regard.

In respect to the studies prescribed to us, we had Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, twice a week. We had to attend Mr. Crisp’s theological lectures, and mathematics with Mr. Anderson also twice a week. Every student took his turn to read an essay or a sermon in the lecture-room, and these exercises came about four times during the session. Besides these, every junior had to prepare a sketch of a sermon each month; and every two months, the seniors a sermon fully written out, to be submitted to the criticism of the tutors. We had, moreover, a good deal of village preaching during the first two years

of residence, and during the next two years numerous engagements with the churches in the neighbouring and more distant towns. But little time was left for general reading. We had no regular course of exegetical study of the Greek of the New Testament, nor any lectures in physical science. There was some useful apparatus in the house, but it was never used. Our two tutors had as much to do as they could possibly accomplish, and the finances of the institution did not permit the employment of a larger staff. These defects were then much regretted; but happily they have long since been remedied, and the course of study now takes a much wider range, under the guidance of the present learned and accomplished President and his colleagues.

The domestic arrangements of the house were plain, but comfortable, and its general order carefully maintained. The hours of family worship were 8 a.m. and 9 p.m., and the students were rarely absent either on these occasions or from the social prayer meeting held on Saturday evening at 8, which latter service Mr. Crisp occasionally attended as a visitor, and not as president. Frequent absence from any of these exercises would awaken fears that piety was decaying, and would be followed by a loss of respect. During my residence in Bristol, there were but one or two cases which occasioned concern on this account.

There were certainly some discomforts. We had no water apparatus to warm our studies, and the heated air we had was brought in immediately *under the ceiling* of the corridor, instead of on a level with the floor. Our heads were hot, and our feet cold. To enjoy any advantage from this strange arrangement, it would be necessary to reverse one's usual position. The window frames being of iron, were so warped by atmospheric changes, that in stormy weather we could not shut them close enough to keep out wind and rain. In the depth of winter, after a night fall of snow, it was no uncommon thing to find in the morning a small heap lying on the broad stone window-sill. We could not keep ourselves warm by any quantity of clothes which were put on, and it often became difficult to open the study door when the bell rang for evening worship. Moreover, we had to clean our own shoes! Very annoying to find, when going out to spend an evening with friends, that this preliminary had been forgotten. Not that we cared much—often indeed we were very merry over it—for it was no disgrace, and perhaps did us good. But it was inconvenient, and we got rid of it by uniting in a small weekly subscription, and paying a man to do it for us.

How completely changed these arrangements are in all our colleges. I am certain the present race of students would more thoroughly appreciate their superior domestic comforts if they could have a taste of things as they existed in former days; for there is not only a great saving of time, but studies are pursued with greater advantage under the modern *regime*. It is to be hoped that exemption from the personal inconveniences which we had to put up with at Bristol fifty years ago, may not impair the robustness of students under the present

dispensation, nor their ability to contend with difficulty, nor to bear with the privations which may have to be encountered when they get into actual work. That work, let it be done anywhere, and under any circumstances, requires men who can "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

F. T.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

Concerning a Good Delivery.

II.

IN the former paper on this subject we stated some of our reasons for holding firmly to the opinion that a good delivery is a great blessing to all public speakers, ministers of the gospel included; and in this paper we propose to give a glance at a few of the means by which this very desirable attainment is to be secured. Before passing on to our main subject, we may remind our readers that the art of good speaking, and because it is an art, requires much thoughtful attention and practice like every other art, whether it be the art of painting, poetry, and music, or even the art of making buttons, steel pens, or furrows in a field. Max Muller, the great philologist, tells us that the word art and the word arable have the same root; the kindred word "aroma" meaning the pleasant smell of a newly-ploughed field. This derivation, whether right or wrong, will supply an illustration of our present subject. Even ploughing requires much thought and practice before it can be brought to anything approaching perfection. Andrew Fuller found it so—who was a good ploughman before he became a great preacher. He tells us that in order to conquer all compeers, he adopted several plans in reference to ploughing. One scheme was to get the best ploughman of the neighbourhood to make the first furrow, which Andrew was to imitate through the field. But as this model furrow was unfortunately not straight, each of Fuller's furrows contained an exaggeration of the curve in his pattern, and as the result a piece of very clumsy ploughing was produced. Fuller was wise enough to perceive that the art of ploughing required great attention, and that the best possible model ought to be secured. If this remark is true in connection with the art of ploughing, and all other secular arts, how important is its bearing on the art of public speaking, as practised by that influential and responsible class of men—the preachers of the "gospel of the grace of God!"

We proceed now to say that all colleges for the training of ministers ought to make the art of public speaking a very prominent and frequent subject of study. As a rule, something like the opposite

plan, we fear, is generally the case. The two most renowned universities of the country, where the great majority of the clergy are educated, have been strangely neglectful of their duty in this respect. Professors of nearly all branches of ancient and modern learning are found there, but we are not aware that a professor of elocution is among the number, and if he is, his office is conspicuous for the absence from it of academical fame and emolument. We are aware that a "public orator" exists at Oxford and Cambridge, but his office is not, so far as we are aware, to teach oratory, but to make a few set speeches on certain grand occasions. We lately heard of a candidate for the ministry at Oxford who passed a Hebrew examination without knowing a Hebrew verb; and perhaps it is still more strange, that students of the universities enter the ministry of the Established Church with little or no instruction in the art of public speaking, which public speaking, nevertheless, is to form one of the most important duties that can possibly devolve upon them during the whole of their ministerial career. A partial correction of the evil has lately commenced by the establishment of diocesan colleges, like that at Cuddesdon, founded by the late Bishop Wilberforce, and by the private efforts of such men as Dr. Vaughan, who, when Vicar of Doncaster, received thirty or forty young clergymen into his parish in order to make them practically acquainted with the whole circle of their sacred duties. Nevertheless, the strange fact remains that the two chief universities, with an income of more than half a million a year, while enabling clergymen to preach a Latin sermon or even a Syriac one if they choose, neglect to teach them how to read a prayer properly or deliver a homily in their mother tongue.

As far as we are aware, Dissenting colleges cannot boast of much superiority in this respect; certainly we are constrained to say that they are capable of much improvement. We willingly state our firm belief that the theological education of dissenting students is superior, as a rule, to that obtained by candidates for the ministry in the Established Church, a fact lately endorsed by a "leader" in the *Times*; but candour compels us to repeat our conviction that the teaching of elocution needs a great reform among us, and deserves the speedy and serious attention of all those who are responsible for the management of Nonconformist colleges. We look back with sorrow to the scanty helps, in public speaking, which we ourselves received at college some forty years ago. In the first two years of our course, the assistance was almost *nil*, being confined mainly to a few exhibitions of elocution by a third-class professor of the art, who, in a comic vein, ridiculed the salient defects of some supposed and fabulous speakers, and ended his prelections with the recitation of "Satan's address to the sun," or some other heroic piece, in which "the passion was torn to tatters." The authorities of the college, of course, paid for these lectures, and probably thought that by the delivery of them the students were profited; but as far as we recollect, the profit bore about the same proportion to the amusement derived from them as

Falstaff's pennyworth of bread bore to the abundance of the sack he had consumed.

It is, we believe, a common custom at Dissenting colleges for each student, in his turn, to compose a sermon to be read in the presence of his tutors and fellow-students, and after the reading to be criticised by them all. This custom prevailed in our time, and certainly did us some little good, both as to the matter and manner of our discourses. If, as once happened, a student quoted Lord Byron's enigma upon the letter H, beginning—

“ 'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,”

as a beautiful description of religion, of course his knuckles were well rapped for his pains. Another brother once quoted the two well-known lines—

“ And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon *his* knees,”

with a very strong emphasis upon the pronoun which we have put in italics; whereupon a witty critic reminded him that by making Satan a “nursing father” of the saints he had spoken without scriptural warrant. On another occasion a critic himself was at fault, when he gave his opinion that the *pronunciation* of Brother —— was defective. This practice of sermon reading was certainly a useful one; but as each student only read for criticism about one sermon a year, the usefulness of it was not of a very extensive kind.

In the latter part of our college course, more care was taken with our speaking powers; yet, to our present thinking, only about a tithe of the attention was paid to them which they ought to have received. We senior students were sent, say once a fortnight, to a professor of elocution residing in the west end of London. He was a retired actor, having “trod the boards” with Miss O'Neill and other theatrical celebrities, in the days when “the first gentleman in Europe” and Mrs. Fitzherbert were in fashion. Our teacher was certainly a gentleman, and fully able to instruct us; but as Dissenters were probably an “unknown quantity” to him, he always spoke to us as if we were incipient clergymen; the details of his instructions, therefore, not being very appropriate. For example, he gave us directions as to the right delivery of certain portions of the Daily Service of the Church; told us not to assume unnatural gravity in walking from the vestry to the desk, from the desk to the lectern, and thence to the altar. He even hinted at the right way of unfolding our handkerchief before the sermon began. The important advice anent the *mouchoir* being a peg to hang a favourite tale upon. “Be certain it is a handkerchief,” said he, “for we have heard of a reverend gentleman who, in unfolding a supposed handkerchief in the pulpit, found to his dismay that he was manipulating not a *mouchoir* but a baby's shirt.” He also instructed us in the nature of a parlour bow and a park bow—reminding us in reference to the latter, that it should be

so exactly timed with the taking off of the hat as that no portion of the lining could be exposed to view. Probably, however, if our course of instruction had been much longer, these superficialities would have been over-topped by items of solid importance. At any rate we earnestly hope that modern students receive twenty times as many lessons in elocution as fell to our lot; and we cannot refrain from adding that the members of our colleges ought to be at least as familiar with the professor of elocution as with the teacher of any other branch of knowledge. All students have not a natural aptitude for classical or mathematical studies; but every student for the ministry ought to have the faculty for public speaking—or why is he such?—and that faculty ought to be cultivated, almost regardless of expense, with constancy and with the most assiduous care.

But what shall we say of the case of those numerous ministers who have left college with a defective elocutionary education, and who feel the disadvantages arising from it? They are certainly to be pitied, especially those of them who, living in secluded places, meet with but few models of correct speaking, and whose general surroundings tend to the confirmation and increase of their oratorical defects. But even these latter brethren need not despair of improvement, if they will manfully set themselves to a course of self-instruction—and the following hints are with all kindness submitted to their consideration.

First,—Beware of *an unnatural tone of voice*. The natural voice of a speaker may be greatly improved, but it cannot without injury be radically altered. Of course, a clear, strong, musical voice is a great boon, but men may be effective speakers without one. Dr. Chalmers did not possess a good voice, but he was a great orator nevertheless. Dr. Punshon has a very husky voice, but he works wonders with it. The late George Dawson, of Birmingham, had also a husky voice, yet he was one of the most interesting speakers of modern times. Mr. Gladstone, in his late valuable speech at the City Temple, compared the voice of the late Mr. Shiel to the tones of an old tin kettle, but we once heard him thrill the House of Commons with it. Let no public speaker, therefore, despair of his voice; for, whatever its defects, if it be dealt with naturally, and with thoughtful care, it cannot but be sufficient for the effective utterance of great thoughts and great feelings.

Moreover, *avoid excessive loudness*. Do not allow your voice to get beyond its natural compass. We have heard many great speakers, but we never knew one who was excessively loud, by losing control over his voice. The late Dr. Liefchild gave to a young minister something like the following lines, as containing the general rules upon which he himself acted as a public speaker:—

“Begin low, and proceed slow;
Rise higher, and take fire;
When most imprest be self-possesst;
At the end wax warm, and sit down in a storm.”

We cannot say much in praise of the poetry or even the grammar of the doctor's quartet, but it contains a good quantum of practical common sense, with the exception of the advice found in the last line. The precept to "end in a storm" is a dangerous one, as very few sermons are sufficiently clever and impassioned to deserve a stormy peroration. Certainly, all Dr. Liefchild's discourses did not; for though, as a rule, his sermons were good both in matter and manner, we have heard a very judicious critic among his hearers complain of "too much noise." In opposition, therefore, to the doctor's dictum, we would entreat ministers, especially the younger ones, to beware of noise and "storm;" which mainly tend to the injury of the speaker's lungs and the listeners' ears. The late Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, had to listen to, and to follow, a young speaker, who ended his oration "in a storm," and to whom the doctor gave advice upon the matter, by quoting St. Paul's words to the Philippian jailor—"Do thyself no harm, we are all here."

A word or two now as to *pulpit action*. Many years ago the subject of one of *Punch's* cartoons was a meeting, in Exeter Hall, of the Protestant Alliance; and the speaker who was upon his legs—or, rather, leg—and who "had the ears" of the meeting, was drawn by the artist in such bodily contortions as only an attack of cholera could produce. Of course the cartoon was a satire; but let the satire be a warning to young ministers to beware of excessive action in the pulpit. We have heard of a lady who, on returning from hearing the Rev. John Angell James preach, was asked, "What did you think of his action?" Her reply was, "I did not notice it." Her answer unintentionally contained very high praise; for pulpit action, like a lady's dress, should attract little or no attention. Those who have studied Raphael's cartoon of "Paul preaching at Athens," have noticed that the speaker's arms are only partially elevated, the lower parts of them being at not much more than right angles with his chest; and, probably, as a rule, the arms of a speaker should not be more elevated than the figure of St. Paul in the cartoon referred to. In opposition to this rule, Mr. Whitfield is often represented with his arms stretched out to their full length, parallel with the body; and, to such an impassioned orator as he, excessive action was sometimes allowable, and even very effective; but average men ought to be sparse in their imitations of great orators, as the following anecdote will show:—A young curate, in the course of an earnest address to the unconverted, lifted up his arms, Whitfield-like, and exclaimed, "Pause!" But as the word was understood to be "*Paws*," a general titter was the result, illustrating the proverb, "Between the sublime and the ridiculous there is sometimes but one step."

It is very important, also, that a minister's manner should be as *varied* as possible. Sameness of manner soon leads to monotony, monotony is near to dulness, and dulness is fatal to effective speaking. The countenance of some preachers is covered with something like a continuous frown; that of others with an abiding semi-smile; while

the countenance of others is void of any definite expression—very like (as Carlyle says) to a lion's head on some of our drinking-fountains, which looks exactly the same whether it sends forth much water, little water, or none at all. Charles Lamb speaks of a friend of his who could "make many faces;" and that faculty, used with moderation in the pulpit, cannot but be effective. Be as varied, therefore, as possible in manner as well as matter. If your style is naturally of an oratorical sort, like Robert Hall's, vary it with short sentences; let your tones be different in different parts of your discourse, and let your countenance, as far as possible, be an index of the processes of your feelings and thoughts. If your style is argumentative, like Thomas Binney's, be conversational in your style of speaking, and let your matter abound with illustrations. Mr. Fuller once said to Dr. Carey, "Brother Carey, you have too few *likes* in your sermons—I mean illustrations." Unless a man is of transcendent intellect, like Bishop Butler, and is speaking to strong-minded men, he is sure to benefit his discourse by the introduction of illustrative matter. Children are very fond of picture-books, and in this respect, as in many others, grown up people are but "children of a larger growth." One of the sacred writers says, "I have used similitudes." We know what John Bunyan did with them; and sensibly introduced, with appropriate utterance, they give to a sermon a very refreshing variety. We would earnestly repeat the advice to our ministerial brethren, to beware of monotony in matter and manner. Schiller has a saying to the effect that "against dulness the very gods fight in vain;" and certainly dulness in the pulpit is mighty for the repression of all interesting thought and purifying emotion. Beware, therefore, of being numbered with those preachers of whom Sydney Smith says, "They seem to think that sin is to be taken out of people as Eve was taken out of Adam, by being thrown into a sound sleep."

If the question be put to us, How is variety in preaching to be obtained? the answer is, Only by much thoughtful care and practice. William Pitt was called by his admirers "the heaven-born minister," partly because they thought that his wonderful oratorical power was entirely the result of instinct. But they were mistaken; for it is now known that Lord Chatham, William Pitt's father, took incessant pains with his son's oratorical education, causing him very often to recite the choicest specimens of ancient and modern eloquence, interspersing the recitations with his own valuable critical remarks. Our Latin Delectus told us that "the gods have given nothing to men to enjoy without labour;" and the assertion is as true under the Christian era as it was in Pagan times. Labour much, therefore, to be good speakers. During the first ten years of your ministry think as much of the manner as of the matter. If you are naturally eloquent, your task will be comparatively easy; "if not, not;" but, in either case, the prize is worth an arduous struggle, and, when obtained, will yield a rich reward.

Prospice.

“Then shall the earth yield her increase.”—Psalm lxxvii. 6.

BROTHERS, take heart! The spring of earth draws near,
 And soon shall brighter days for men appear;
 Earth's long and dreary winter almost past,
 The fragrant vernal breezes breathe at last.
 Long, long, the bitter frost has held its reign
 Till holy men could scarce their hope sustain
 Through all these dark and weary centuries,
 That tyranny from earth should ever cease.
 Through Egypt's darkness, Babylonia's shame,
 And Roman iron bondage, no light came;
 Priest followed priest, with changing creed and rite,
 Each gleam of freedom crushed by warlike might;
 Some poet, like a snowdrop, now and then
 Has kept alive some gleam of hope in men;
 O weary days of crime and selfish wrong,
 O darksome, cruel winter, stern and long.

Brothers, take heart! The world has not grown old,
 Scarce has her tearful infancy been told,
 A bright and jocund youth the future hides,
 A long and vigorous manhood yet abides.
 The barren past, we but the winter see,
 There is a glorious summer yet to be.
 With God a thousand years are as one day,
 And Earth shall unknown glory yet display.

Take heart, my brothers! Christ is coming now,
 The true dear Christ, a crown upon his brow.
 No more the Christ of priestly pride and greed,
 Of rack, and dungeon, and sectarian creed;
 The phantom Christ, who speaks with loving words,
 Yet blesseth ill-got gold and bleeding swords,
 Who spurns each earnest seeker after light,
 And darkens men in false religious night;
 While rites unmeaning anxious souls decoy
 Away from rightcousness, and peace, and joy.

Jesus, the Christ of God, of Nazareth,
Shall springtide waken by his gentle breath;
Then shall the rule of mind and love begin,
And crush the reign of falsehood, hate, and sin;
Truth, like a summer sun, shall flood its light,
And love, like summer warmth, diffuse its might.
Then shall rich foliage all the glebe adorn,
And flowers of beauty now unknown be born,
Freedom and holiness shall hand in hand
Walk through the length and breadth of every land;
Wise education, as a maiden pure,
Shall from the paths of vice the young secure;
Science shall wondrous powers to men convey,
And bring together nations far away;
A lofty beauty shall the arts employ
To gladden mankind with celestial joy;
Plenty and peace shall weary toil decrease,
The mournful wail of penury shall cease,
And cruel war, with all her hateful train
Of crime and woe, shall be for ever slain;
One gun alone remain to mark the grave
Where lies the last unwept-for warrior brave.
The bonds of hate and fear are molten down;
The bond of love is all the nations own.

He comes! For ages shall His reign endure,
Ever with growing truth and peace secure;
Until the winter past as nought appears
Compared with myriads of long happy years;
Then shall earth's summer in its glory beam
Beyond the prophet's hope, the poet's dream.
Nor shall those blessed ages pass away
'Till earth a glorious harvest shall display;
And when its fruits are in the garner stored
There shall be precious treasure for the Lord.

J. HUNT COOKE.

Remarks upon a Difficult Passage of Scripture.

THE passage is the third verse of the 110th Psalm, and in the authorised version is translated thus—"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth."

This is confessedly an obscure translation, and several other renderings of the Hebrew original have been proposed. After some meditation upon the matter, we suggest the following:—

Decked in their sacred ornaments,
 Thy people shall be right willing for war
 When Thou shalt marshal Thine army,
 And brighter than the early morning
 Shall be the dewy freshness of Thy youthful troops.

We will now attempt to justify our translation by penning a few illustrative remarks. The words translated in our version "beauties of holiness," and which we have rendered "sacred ornaments," mean literally garments and ornaments worn by the Jewish priests; and in a wider sense anything connected with the sanctuary and worship of God. For example, in Psalm xxix. 2, we read, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," or as the margin translates, "In His glorious sanctuary." The same phrase occurs in Psalm xcvi. 9. The Priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ is one of the chief topics of this 110th Psalm; and as the subjects of Christ spiritually resembles Him, they are here represented as being decked in priestly attire, like Himself. The phrase, "right willing for war," is one word in the original, being also of the plural number; and if the word willingnesses had been good English, it would have exactly answered to the Hebrew word—"the abstract being put for the concrete," as logicians say; that is, the noun for the adjective. In the same sense the word is used in Psalm liv. 6—"I will *freely* sacrifice unto thee." In Psalm lxxviii. 9, we have the words—"Thou, O God, didst send a *plentiful* rain," and the word "plentiful" is, in the Hebrew, the same as the one we are now remarking upon—"rain of willingnesses," meaning free and abundant rain. Of course the exact meaning of the word "willing," wherever it occurs, depends upon the nature of the context, and that in the 110th Psalm the word refers to "war," we shall now try to prove. "When Thou shalt marshal Thine army," is our proposed translation of the phrase, which the English version renders, "In the day of Thy power;" and as the word "power" is, so to speak, the key-note of the passage, we must pen a few explanatory remarks upon it. We do not deny that the word in the Hebrew, which is *kayeel*, often means power in its literal sense: but what we want to prove is, that it also means military

power—that is, a host, an army. It certainly means so, Exodus xiv. 28—“And the waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen, and all the *host* of Pharaoh.” The word “host” in the Hebrew is *kayeel*, and evidently means a military force—that is, an army. So also in Deuteronomy iii. 18, we read, “Ye shall pass over armed before your brethren, the children of Israel, all that are *meet for the war*.” The words which we have placed in italics are rendered in the margin of our Bibles, “sons of power,”—that is, men of war, soldiers. In accordance with these passages, Gesenius, in his valuable Hebrew Lexicon, translates the words, “the day of Thy power,” thus—“At the time of drawing out thy forces.” We think, therefore, that we have good reasons for rendering the word as we have in the beginning of our paper—

When Thou shalt marshal Thine army.

It is worth noticing that, when our present English version was made, in the reign of James the First, the word “power” was one of the usual terms by which to express an army. Shakespeare, who wrote about that time, certainly uses it to convey that sense in the following lines:—

Never such a *power*,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.

And though the word has become obsolete in that sense, yet the similar words, “force” and “forces,” as applied to the army and navy, are still in common use. We reach now the fourth line of our translation, “And brighter than the early morning,” upon which we offer a few words of explanation. The careful reader will notice that this is our translation of the words, “*From* the womb of the morning,” given in the authorised version. Every student of the Hebrew language is aware that the preposition *meen*, which generally signifies *from*, sometimes is used in the sense of *more than*, like the Latin word, *pro*, as the following passages prove:—Judges ii. 19, “They corrupted themselves more than their fathers”—literally, “*from* their fathers.” Jeremiah v. 3, “They have made their faces harder than a rock”—literally, “*from* a rock.” Hence it is sometimes used to express the comparative degree. It is so in Job xi. 17, “More (clear) than the noon-day rises thy life.” So also Psalm lxii. 10, “To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.” In accordance with these passages we translate the words in the 110th Psalm, concerning which we are now speaking. We come now to the last line of our translation—

The dew freshness of Thy youthful troops.

The Hebrew word which our English translators have rendered by the term “youth,” also means youth, in a collective sense—that is, young men; at least, it is so translated by Gesenius, a very great authority in such matters. Being fully aware of the fact that “Hebrew roots”

are disagreeable food to many persons, we refrain from further critical remarks in defence of our translation. We do not claim the merit of originality in the matter, the substance of it being found in an excellent sermon upon the text in the third volume of Mr. McLaren's Discourses.

Taking for granted that we have given a tolerably correct translation of the passage, we may ask our readers to afford a few minutes to a consideration of the spiritual truths which it is intended to convey. The Psalm of which the verse forms a part is emphatically a Messianic one—that is, describes prophetically the person, word, and triumphs of the Lord Jesus Christ. The remark is an ancient one among the Fathers of the Church, that the 109th Psalm prophetically refers to “the sufferings of Christ,” and this 110th Psalm to “the glory that shall follow.” Martin Luther, in his vigorous words, calls it “the true high main Psalm of our beloved Lord Jesus Christ.” And it is also worthy of note, that references to it in the New Testament are more frequent than in the case of any other Psalm. While the Psalm, as a whole, refers to the Lord Jesus, the third verse of it, in language more or less figurative, describes the spiritual character and duties of all the true members of Christ's Church, and at which we should like briefly to glance.

It teaches us, first, that all true Christians are *priests*. They are symbolically represented as “decked in their sacred ornaments”—that is, in priestly attire. That all true Christians are priests is the plain assertion of the sacred Scriptures. How distinctly, for example, St. Peter speaks upon the matter, when addressing the first Christians (1 Epistle, ii. 9):—“Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light.” There is much that is mysterious in some portions of the imagery found in the Book of the Revelation; but we are sure the priesthood of Christ is pictured there in the well-known words of St. John—“I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.” Surely, no one can doubt the participation of all believers in the priesthood of Christ, after reading the following words, also from the first chapter of the Revelation:—“Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.” How unscriptural, therefore, the notion that only those in “holy orders” may call themselves priests! “This honour have all the saints.” Mr. Maclaren puts the fact well in the following words:—“The conquering King whom this Psalm hymns is a ‘priest for ever;’ and He is followed by an army of priests. The soldiers are gathered in the day of the muster, with high courage and willing devotion; but they are clad not in mail, but in priestly robes, like those who wait before the altar, rather than like those who

plunge into the fight, like those who compassed Jericho, with the ark for their standard and the trumpets for all their weapons. We can scarcely fail to remember the words which echo these and interpret them:—‘The armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean’—a strange armour against sword-cut and spear-thrust.”

Yes; Christians are *soldiers*, as well as priests. This Psalm, addressing the Great Captain, says, concerning believers in every age of the Church:—

“Thy people shall be right willing for war
When Thou shalt marshal Thine army.”

It is the scarcely cynical saying of one of the philosophers, that “war is the normal condition of mankind.” The past records of the world are mainly those of mutual carnage. The history of mankind, like Ezekiel’s scroll, is “full of grief, lamentation, and woe.” Christians, also, are soldiers. They have “armour” to bear, “weapons” to wield, a “warfare” to maintain; but they “fight a *good* fight.” Every blow they strike smites down evil; every battle they gain is a welcome spectacle to good angels and to God. “The King goes forth to conquest; but He goes not forth alone. Behind Him come His faithful followers, all pressing on with willing hearts and high courage. Alone He offers the sacrifice with which He atones; but we, too, are priests. He rules, and His servants rule with Him. But ere that time comes, they are to be joined with Him in in the great warfare, by which He wins the earth to Himself. ‘As Captain of the Lord’s host am I now come.’ He wins no conquests for Himself; and now that He is exalted at God’s right hand, He wins none by Himself. We have to fight His battles as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. From His height He watches the conflict—nay, He is with us while we wage it. Our King’s flag is committed to our care, but we are not left to defend it alone. In indissoluble unity the King and the subjects, the Chief and His vassals, the Captain and His soldiers, are knit together; and wheresoever His people are, in all the danger and hardships of the long struggle, there is He, to keep their head in the day of battle, and make them more than conquerors.”

What a wonderful army is that of the combined Christian Church! Believers in every age and of every nation compose it. “A number which no man can number, of every language, tribe, and people,” serve in this

“Sacramental host of God’s elect.”

These mighty myriads are led to battle, not by Alexander or an archangel, but by Him who is the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of His person.

“One army of the living God,
To His command we bow.”

They are *willing* soldiers—“right willing for war.” A Parliamentary

wit once apologised for his late attendance in the House, by saying, "I was detained on my way by looking at a Volunteer dragged to his duty." The true Christian need no violence to keep him in the ranks. A soldier means, literally, one who fights for pay, reminding us of the fact that many soldiers were *mercenaries*, whose motto was—

"He that fights and runs away,
May fight for gold another day."

But the true Christian needs no bribe to make or keep him brave. The motto on his shield is "*Amor vincit omnia*"—"The love of Christ constrains." The rank and file of the Redeemer's army try to be like that hero of a "hundred battles," who, at the conclusion of his campaigns, could say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;" and who, in the prosecution of his momentous warfare, could exclaim, concerning a thousand dangers, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy."

This verse teaches us that Christians are *benefactors* as well as priests and warriors. The usefulness of the "morning dew" is an emblem of the benefits which the disciples of Christ are able to confer upon the world. They are converted that they may be the means of converting others; they receive light that they may diffuse it; having experienced the sweetness of the Divine pardon, they are to say to those around them, "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." In ancient time the Lord caused it to be promised, by the pen of his prophet Hosea, "I will be as the dew unto Israel," and this gracious promise the Lord fulfills through the medium of the holy and beneficent life of Christian men and women; and thus that other prophecy is accomplished, which promises that "Israel shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord."

"Remember other symbols by which the same general thought of Christian influence upon the world is set forth with very remarkable variation. 'Ye are the light of the world.' 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' The light guides and gladdens; the salt preserves and purifies; the dew freshens and fertilizes. The light, conspicuous; the salt, working concealed; and the dew, visible like the former, but yet unobtrusive, and operating silently like the latter. Some of us had rather be light than salt; prefer to be conspicuous rather than to diffuse a wholesome silent influence around us. But these three types must all be blended, both in regard to the manner of working, and in regard to the effects produced. We shall refresh and beautify the world only in proportion as we save it from its rottenness and corruption, and we shall do either only in proportion as we bear abroad the name of Christ, in whom is 'life, and the life is the light of men.'"

The above beautiful thoughts are quoted from one of the Rev. Alexander Maclaren's sermons called "Soldier Priests," already

referred to. The perusal of it has mainly led to the penning of this paper, and we cannot close without most earnestly commending the discourse to the thoughtful attention of all our readers.

Protestant Missionary Conference in Shanghai.

IN view of the inadequacy of the present Mission force in China the following statement has been published by the Conference, which assembled there in May last, composed of more than a hundred missionaries:—

“1. China is by far the largest heathen country in the world. Including its dependencies, it embraces a territory larger than the whole continent of Europe; or, excluding the Mohammedan kingdoms, it is about equal to all the rest of the heathen nations combined.

“2. It is also beyond all question the most important. The discoveries of Livingstone revealed a grand feature for Africa; the wealth of India is well known; but no heathen country in the world can for one moment be compared to China. Its mineral resources alone rival those of the Western States of America, and indicate that China will be one of the great nations of the future.

“3. The Chinese, though the oldest nation in the world, are as full of vigour and promise as ever. Intellectually they are fit for anything. In diplomacy and mercantile enterprise they have proved themselves a match for the ablest and most far-reaching minds among ourselves. There are those among them who have mastered every new art and science we have set before them. Their enterprise and perseverance are proverbial.

“4. At the present moment, one feature of the Chinese character deserves special notice. They are the great colonisers of the East. The natives of Cambodia, Sumatra, Java, the Philippine Islands, Timor, Borneo, the Sandwich Islands, &c., fall before civilization. Europeans cannot cope with the insalubrity of these climates. The Chinese alone have proved themselves able to maintain vigorous physical life in these regions. They are entering them by thousands, and in some cases tens of thousands, every year, and that in an ever-increasing ratio. They are also rapidly colonising Manchuria, Mongolia, and Thibet. It is clear, therefore, that the Chinese will ultimately become the dominant race in all these vast countries.

“5. A stream of immigration has of late set in towards Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific States of America, which is widening every year. It will prove a blessing or a curse just in proportion as the fountain is cared for.”

We will not pursue this line of thought further: the dark features of Chinese life and character oppress us. Chinese civilization has been set against Christian civilization. Those who draw this comparison cannot have mingled with the Chinese people. Underneath their showy exterior, the most pitiful, debasing, and cruel customs prevail. The highest authority in the land testifies to this. The *Peking Gazette*, day by day, demonstrates the prevalence of the grossest superstition among all classes, from the emperor downwards.

We will not seek to harrow your feelings by entering into details. Of old it was said that men "changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." The Chinese go further than this. They not only worship the dead, and idols of wood and stone, but also, in many districts, the most loathsome creatures. Mere civilization is no criterion of the moral condition of the people. We have all read of the debasing worship of the ancient Egyptians, the horrid rites of the cultivated Phœnicians, and have stood aghast at the immorality of Greece and Rome during the most glorious epochs of their history. We do not say that the Chinese have reached the same depths of iniquity; but we do affirm that, with the exception of immoral rites in religious services, parallels can be pointed out in China, at the present day, to almost every form of degradation, cruelty, and vice which prevailed in those ancient kingdoms. Human nature is the same in all ages, and, left to itself, more or less faithfully fulfils the appalling picture drawn by the apostle Paul. And what aggravates the case is that the *litterati* and rulers of all grades—notwithstanding occasional proclamations to the contrary—make use of the prevailing superstitions to influence and govern the people. Thus the educated, instead of seeking to enlighten and elevate the masses, only bind the fetters of ignorance more effectually upon them. *There is, therefore, no hope for China in itself.*

Under these circumstances, millions pass into eternity every year! What an agonizing thought! Souls of men, endowed with the most glorious faculties, perishing for lack of that knowledge which has been entrusted to us for diffusion!—Souls which might be emancipated from sin, transferred into the kingdom of God, and thus established in a career of ever-widening intelligence and ever-deepening joy, to "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

How long shall this fearful ruin of souls continue? Ought we not to make an effort to save China *in this generation*? Is God's power limited? Is the efficacy of prayer limited? This grand achievement is in the hands of the Church. If we faithfully bring our tithes into the storehouse, and preach the Gospel everywhere, then the windows of heaven shall be opened, and blessings showered down upon us, till there be not room enough to receive them.

There are many indications of promise. (1) Thirty-seven years ago there were only three native Christians in all China in connection

with Protestant Missions. Now there are at least twelve or thirteen thousand. (2) A much larger proportion have applied for baptism during the past year than in any previous year, and the candidates have been generally of a higher type of character. (3) The empire is more open than ever for the preaching of the Word, and the Chefoo Convention of last year, together with the proclamations agreed upon, is proving a mighty instrument towards the more effectual opening up of the vast interior. (4) Not only is the country open to our efforts, but the minds of many, in different quarters, have been more or less aroused from their lethargy. (5) Multitudes are reading our books, and not a few are eagerly investigating the nature and bearing of western innovations.

We earnestly appeal to the whole Christian world for help. There are still eight provinces in which there is not one resident missionary. In others there are only two or three; and, taking China as a whole, we stand as one missionary for Massachusetts, or two for Scotland.

Young men, first of all we appeal to you. Standing on the threshold of life, it is clearly your duty to consider how you may employ the talents God has given you, so as in the highest degree to promote His glory. There is no field in the world where devoted Christian workers may so effectively and extensively serve their generation as in China: and where the foundation work of the present is connected with such grand results in the future.

If, after careful consideration and earnest prayer, this call awakens a response in your heart, say not hastily that you have no qualifications. Perhaps you are better qualified than you suppose; or it may be your duty to qualify yourself for this service. There is in China a wide sphere for all kinds of talent. While we chiefly need men able to preach the Word, to instruct the converts, and watch over the native church, training it for self-government; we also need medical men, to heal the sick and train up native physicians; men of science, to elucidate the works of God; and men of literary tastes, to translate or compose books and to wield the power of the press in guiding and moulding public opinion; also, teachers, colporteurs, printers, &c.; and last, but not least, devoted women, to penetrate the homes of the people and save the women of the country—their Chinese sisters.

Young men, let us freely speak to you. You hold in your hands the incorruptible seed of the Word, fitted to awaken eternal life in dead souls, and transform worms of the dust into heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Can you hesitate to respond to our call? Can you prefer to spend your lives in comparatively narrow spheres, when you might exert an influence on vast multitudes? The fields are white unto the harvest, and everything is inviting you to noble service. It is a field where the most varied gifts and graces, the loftiest talents, the most extensive and accurate erudition will find abundant room for their highest exercise. It is a service in which an archangel would rejoice. Can you turn a deaf ear to our solemn appeal, to the call of God,—and the silent cry of the millions of China.

IN the name of Christ, **ARISE.** Let the dead bury their dead; go ye, and preach the kingdom of God.

Fathers and mothers, we commend these thoughts to you. Your affections are centered on your sons and daughters, growing up in strength and beauty, and your highest ambition is that their powers may be utilized in the utmost possible degree. Draw their attention to this land, so vast and varied, so rich and populous, in which the people are just beginning to arise from the ashes of the dead past, and, instead of restraining them, rather rejoice if God inclines the hearts of your children to bring to this people that light and guidance which they so urgently need, and which Christianity alone can impart.

Pastors of churches, heads of schools and colleges, and all in charge of the young, we appeal also to you. We are in dead earnest. We do not know what to do for lack of men. The country opens; the work grows. Think of stations with only one man to hold his own against the surging tide of heathenism! We are ready to be overwhelmed by the vastness of the work. Many among us are tempted to undertake too many duties. Hence the broken health and early death of not a few of our best men. We beseech you, therefore, to place this matter before the minds of the young. Show especially to students that the completion of their curriculum synchronizes with China's need, and that they are therefore under the most solemn obligations to give the claims of this empire their earnest, unbiassed, and prayerful consideration.

We want China emancipated from the thralldom of sin *in this generation*. It is possible. Our Lord has said, "According to your faith be it unto you." The church of God *can do it*, if she be only faithful to her great commission. When will young men press into the mission field as they struggle for positions of worldly honour and affluence? When will parents consecrate their sons and daughters to missionary work as they search for rare openings of worldly influence and honour? When will Christians give for missions as they give for luxuries and amusements? When will they learn to deny themselves for the work of God as they deny themselves for such earthly objects as are dear to their hearts? Or, rather, when will they count it no self-denial, but the highest joy and privilege, to give with the utmost liberality for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen?

Standing on the borders of this vast empire, we, therefore—one hundred and twenty missionaries, from almost every evangelical religious denomination in Europe and America, assembled in General Conference at Shanghai, and representing the whole body of Protestant Missionaries in China,—feeling our utter insufficiency in the great work so rapidly expanding, do most earnestly plead, with one voice, calling upon the whole church of God for more labourers. And we will as earnestly and unitedly plead at the Throne of Grace that the spirit of God may move the hearts of all, to whom this appeal comes, to cry,—“Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?” And may this

spirit be communicated from heart to heart, from church to church, from continent to continent, until the whole Christian world shall be aroused, and every soldier of the cross shall come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth.*

THE work of the ministry is defined as "rightly dividing the word of truth." The significance of the term used by the Apostle will instantly present itself to your mind, as you remember that it was ordinarily used in such familiar matters as road-making and ploughing. He who would make the best possible road will cut a straight line, and omit all curves as wasteful and injurious to his design. He who would plough his field to the best advantage would cut a straight furrow across it; for every one would think zigzags to be proof of unskilful ploughing. In like manner the "word of truth" is to be divided by the Christian teacher, so that all men may instantly perceive the ability which God hath given him for that purpose, and that he may also "present himself unto God" as a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." The idea, therefore, which is suggested by this term, is, that the truth of God admits of as clear and exact exposition in all its parts as a field does of straight furrows; and the use of the ordinary form (*ὀρθοτομέω*) of the word in the only two passages in which it is found in the LXX, is confirmatory of this interpretation: "In all thy ways acknowledge her [*i.e.* Wisdom] that she may make straight thy paths:" (Prov. iii. 6.) and "Righteousness makes straight irreproachable paths: (Prov. xi. 5). A man undertaking a new business, or occupation, was said by the Greeks to cut a new road; and a man who wrought by a straight line, of which others could judge as well as himself, was commended for rightly dividing the ground before him. So that we arrive at the meaning of the Apostle, and understand him to say, that a skilled workman in the ministry will present every portion of the word of truth to his hearers with exactness and precision, and free from every thing which is not pertinent to it. He will take care that nothing shall be cut *out of* the line by which his work is to be judged; and that on the other hand, he does not cut *into* adjacent matters so as to destroy the accuracy of the work which he has to do. In short, he will neither mutilate, nor add to, nor twist "the word of truth."

* Extracted from a charge delivered at the ordination of Rev. J. Pearce Clark, M.A., at St. Andrew's, N.B. By the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich. Fletcher & Son, Norwich.

Of course such workmanship is not to be performed at haphazard, or at will ; it is the result of study—of earnest, prolonged, and diligent thought. You can no more hope to set forth, with the divine precision which is called for, any doctrine of “the word of truth” apart from study, than a sculptor could hope to evoke a statue from a block of marble without using his mallet and chisel. Nor can you reasonably expect that the most vigorous thinking at intervals will secure the masterly skill which you ought always to display in making full proof of your ministry. The entire force of your mind must be continuously engaged upon that book which you are dealing with, in order that you may understand the mutual relations of its several parts, and may become skilful in detaching each truth in turn from all its surroundings—from whatever would mar its symmetry, or injure its outline, so that it might be seen at its own true form—or your failure in particular cases will become conspicuous to your hearers, and you will be as a man, that leaves his plough midway in the furrow which he ought to complete. The necessity of labour to health of body, and activity of thought, is the only mitigation of the curse entailed upon us by sin, save the love wherewith God ministers to the wants of all men, and even to the unthankful and the disobedient ; but “this grace” has been “given” to you of “labouring in word and doctrine” as a good minister of Jesus Christ, that you might be as robust in knowledge, and as skilful in teaching, as the ploughman is usually strong in muscle, and adroit in keeping the line in his furrows, when he keeps steadily at his work. There neither is nor can be any exemption from this strenuous toil, if a man wishes to approve himself to God.

It is necessary, therefore, that you be not only conversant, but familiar with the Scriptures of truth. You ought to know more about these true sayings of God than of any thing besides. In fact all knowledge which you may acquire, all the results of observation which you may accumulate, all the experience of your coming days should be prized, and cared for, only as being subservient to your more vivid apprehension of the truth, or to your fitness to expound it to others. The tendency of our times is to dabble with many subjects of varying interest and importance ; and the demands of social life are frequently as unreasonable, as they are inimical to the acquisition of sound knowledge in any department of science and art. Be not carried away by this current, but from the first, breast it and struggle beyond its reach. Be content to know one book well, and you will find yourself in possession of riches which the cursory readers of whatever comes in their way can never obtain—riches which will enlarge and multiply your facilities for gaining more, and which will never be exhausted by the demands that life can make upon you. The student who is ever intermeddling with all the knowledge contained in the Scriptures finds himself surprised from time to time by the suggestiveness of facts which he had formerly passed by, as well as by the side-lights thrown upon particular doctrines by the context

in which they stand. Beyond all controversy the Bible is the grandest and most marvellous collection of literary treatises in the world. How small in size, yet how comprehensive in its teaching! History here dates its first lines at the throne of the Creator of heaven and earth, and then with easy steps passes along the highway of civilization and empire, until it announces the formation of a kingdom that cannot be moved. When its pen is dropped, prophecy which had kept alive the hopes of past generations by sketching an outline of the things which were shortly to come to pass, continues its own beneficent course, and, amidst what would otherwise have been an impenetrable darkness, shines as a welcome lamp, "until the morning star arise in our hearts, and the day dawn"—the day which will never end, and in whose radiant beauty all things will be revealed to the glory of our God, and to our everlasting joy. If the philosophy of history can interest a thoughtful man, where is it so succinctly, yet withal so clearly taught as by the "men" sent "from God," who "spake being borne along"—as vessels before the wind—"by the Holy Ghost?" What means the rise or fall of empires; what the choice of an individual, of a nation, to witness to a living and personal and Almighty God, the ruler of all men? In vain can the question be raised elsewhere, for apart from the scheme of Divine Revelation it cannot be fully answered! But here we can trace a Divine purpose running through the ceaseless complications of human affairs, until at last—the series of human efforts to devise some method of salvation from sin having been worked out and unveiled as a series of failures, whilst the mystery of God's design to save the guilty was being gradually disclosed by typical rites, and by promises which, like the dawn, became brighter as the day of grace drew on—"at the junction of the ages"—at the very point in which the symmetry and effectiveness of such a design could best be seen—"Christ hath been manifested to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix. 26). And starting again from the cross, under the guidance of "the sure word of prophecy," we move with eager steps through coming ages until the mystery of God itself is finished; and, then, amidst the rapturous songs of the redeemed, and the symphonies of angels, and principalities, and dominions, and powers, gathered together into one in Christ Jesus our Lord, we gaze, at last, upon the fair vision of "the city which hath the foundation" that shall never be shaken, within whose walls the nations of the saved shall find ample space to dwell, and over whose peerless beauty no sun shall pour down his fierce and burning rays, for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. Within the compass of this Book, too, are Biographies that have never been equalled for truthfulness, and justice, and usefulness. Poetry has never sung so sweetly, or soared so high as in these wondrous pages; and, to this hour, Science with all its acquisitions, and all its pretensions, is unable to solve the problems which with inimitable precision, and equal brevity, are here stated and settled for ever.

To your Bible, then—the most fascinating of all books, and the most instructive—to your Bible, in which God speaks to every listening student “in many ways”—now by the voices of the Prophets, presently by His Son, last of all by Evangelists and Apostles—and let that be your field of study! Give yourself wholly to it, with the earnestness of a man who knows that it is the very Word of God which worketh effectually in them that believe, and, for the sake of becoming mighty in the Scriptures, be content, if need be, to be regarded as weak in all other branches of knowledge. And remember that you have an immense advantage over students in other matters, because your Divine teacher is always at hand to help them who seek assistance in the mastery of His revelation! Student life is ordinarily but a short preparation for independent researches, and active work; but the faithful minister of Christ never ceases to be a student at the feet of the only wise God. The ploughman who is adept in his work gives hints, and sets an example for the youth who aspires to equal him in skill, and then leaves him to learn all else from actual experience in the field. Not so our God! He will ever wait to welcome thee, my brother, into thy study, and day by day will gladly hear thee pray to Him—“Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold the wondrous things out of Thy law;” and, then, with a loving tenderness which they appreciate best who most constantly and for the longest period enjoy it, He will anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that in His light thou mayest see light. Research is pleasant under the guidance of such a Teacher; and, however prolonged it be, the spirit of a devout student is conscious of an unflagging interest in maintaining it. Day by day seek wisdom from God, and you will secure such a fellowship with Him, that He will teach thee the hidden things of His wisdom, and, at the same time, make thee feel that thy richest gains are but as stray pearls drawn from an infinite and an exhaustless deep!

Extracts.

QUALIFICATIONS OF THE PREACHER.

There is nothing more striking in the ministry than the way in which very opposite men do the same work. You look at one man, and say, "There is the true type of preacher. That man can preach." And from another pulpit close at hand another voice reaches the hearts of men with the same effect. If the preacher is, as we are bound to believe, only a representative man, a representative Christian, doing in special ways and with especial routine that which all men ought to be doing for Christ and fellow-men in their ways, then there ought to be as many preachers as there are earnest Christian men. It is evident, then, that only in the largest way can the necessary qualities of the preacher be enumerated. And yet I must not dwell upon the first, the deepest of all. It is *personal piety*; the deep possession in one's own soul of the faith and hope and resolution which he is to offer to his fellow-men. Nothing but fire kindles fire. To know in one's whole nature what it is to live by Christ; to be His, and not our own, to be so occupied with gratitude what He has done and is doing for us, should be the sole aspiration of our lives. I would place this consideration in the very forefront, that without that force in the preacher, to preach is really an unsatisfactory and unprofitable work. To preach with that force is a perpetual privilege and joy. And, next to this, I would mention what may be called moral and spiritual *unselfishness*. I do not speak of the moral as of an intellectual quality. I mean that which always receives the *truth* with reference to its communication, always receives any spiritual blessing as a trust for other people. Both can be cultivated. Some men seemed to receive truth abstractly, and they never think of sending it abroad. They are so enwrapped in seeing what it is that they never taste what it can do. Other men think first for their fellow-men, and their first impulse is to give every truth its full range of power. These are two clear and different temperaments; *the one* does and the other does not make a preacher.

And when you have the right kind of a man to make a preacher of, what are the chances which he must undergo? The mere form of ordination will be nothing unless it signifies some real experiences within his own soul. He will be just like other men, unless the power of the work to which he looks forward has entered into him, and made him different from other men and different from what he was before that preparation. Now, what is the true preparation? There are special studies which fill him with their spirit. Many men can only study when they enter on the preparation for their profession. Many men begin to work at the door of a professional

school, just as the bird, wheeling in its flight hither and thither, sees at last its home in the distance, flies to it, and then is at rest. How often the thought has come to me—and I say it to you—that the very transcendent motives young ministers set before them have the tendency to bewilder and confuse them. The highest motive often dazzles us before it illumines us. It is the way in which the light that is in us becomes darkness. I shall never forget my first experience at the theological school. I had never been in a prayer-meeting in all my life, and the first place I was taken to was the seminary prayer-meeting. Never shall I lose my impression of the devoutness of those men as they prayed. Their whole souls seemed exalted, and as if on fire. I sat bewildered and ashamed, and went away disgraced. I went on the next day, with the same men, to the Greek recitation, and the devoutest of them had never learned their lessons. They had not got hold of the first principles of hard, faithful, conscientious study. The boiler had no connection with the engine. The devotion did not touch the work. By and by I found out where the steam did escape to. A mature-premature preaching was much in vogue. We were in haste to be in what we called "*our work*." We lived very feebly the life of the minister. My fellow-students, the special study of theology and what pertains to it—that is what the preacher must be doing always. In many respects an ignorant clergy, however pious it may be, is worse than no clergy at all. "The knowledge of the priest," said St. Francis de Sales, "is the eighth sacrament of the Church." The minister's preparation involves something more than knowledge. The knowledge meets in him the intent to preach and indicates a transformation. It becomes doctrine—that is, knowledge—considered with reference to its being taught. The reason why so many dislike doctrine is because they dislike the whole notion of docility which is attached to it. Just as the student in the normal school learns everything with a natural consciousness that he is going to teach that same thing in the same way in all his methods of learning it, so the student preparing for the ministry cannot learn the truth as the mere student of theology may do: he always feels that truth reaching out from him to the people to whom some day he is to carry it. There is the danger in preaching, against which every man who preaches must guard by sacrificing the habit out of which the danger springs. He must receive the truth as one who is to teach it. He *must not* study as if the truth were merely for his own enrichment. It must bring to him a deeper and more solemn sense of responsibility, a desire to find the human side of *truth*—the breadth which comes from the constant presence in the mind of the fact that truth has various aspects, and presents itself in many ways to different people, according to their needs and characters.

Let us have a true devotion to our work; preachers once and preachers always; a conception of our work so large, that everything which a true man has any right to do we may have some love to do. Lay this foundation in these preparatory days I place very great

value on this preparation, in which a man who is earnest comes to that fitness for his work which St. Paul describes in one word, "Apt to teach." It is not something to which one comes by accident or burst of fiery zeal. It is not so much a praise in the new convert that he has the power, as it is a shame to the educated preacher that he does not have it all the more richly in proportion to his education. The man who leaps suddenly into the pulpit will be lacking of the understanding which comes from the study of years. He will realise only himself preaching to other men who preach like him. The story is told of a man blind from his birth who had his sight restored to him. He could not at first see that the room in which he stood was not as large as the house, and it was only on being led from room to room that he appreciated the difference in dimensions. The new Christian experience only slowly realises that it is but one part of the universal Christian life. Only as our study carries us from room to room does the whole house grow real to us.

And again I would mention *personal influence*. I do not know by what better name I can call it than "*gravity*." Some men have serious ways of looking at life. They manifestly lack sympathy; their souls are oppressed and burdened, and they have, for the time at least, banished laughter from their faces. Mock gravity deserves all the discredit that it can get. The gravity that is assumed, that hides with solemn front all that is cheerful in life, the gravity that is put on uniformly—this is worthy of all satire and contempt. Merely solemn ministers are very empty, and deserve all that has been heaped upon them through all ages as cheats and shams. We have about come to the time when all that abuse of the merely-solemn minister is of the safe character; it belongs to all abuses which are in decay.

There is another source of power, and it is the sum of all that I have named—*courage*. The timid minister is as bad as the timid surgeon. Courage is not necessary everywhere: but it is here. If you are a slave to men and afraid of their opinions, go and paint pictures, go and make shoes for them; but don't keep on all your life saying not what God sent you to declare, but what men have hired you to say. It is the principle that true independence comes from. Courage is one of those qualities which cannot be easily acquired. It must come, as health comes to the body, as the result of seeking for other things. It must come from the response of man's higher nature. He who begins by despising men will often end by being their slave. A passionate desire to do men good is the safest assurance that they will not do you harm. See how it was with our Lord and His disciples. Jesus was their master, because he was their servant unto death.

One other topic I will speak of. Some of the dangers to a man's own character. The first of these dangers, beyond all doubt, is self-conceit. In a certain sense every minister begins his ministry self-conceited. At least every man begins with extravagant expectations of what his ministry is going to result in. We come out of it by and by. A man's first wonder, when he begins

to preach, is, that people do not come to hear him. After a little while he begins to wonder that they do. It is not strange that it should be so. It is not to the young man's discredit that it should be so. The study for the ministry is to a large extent comprehending the force by which he is to work; and in the resistance of that force he has not measured the power of sin, of which the world is full. The character of a man's ministry depends very largely upon the way in which he passes out of the self-conceit, and of the condition which comes afterward, when that is gone. The first way in which they are lifted out of conceit is by success. It is only in poor men of the lowest intelligence that success increases self-conceit. Any form of work is sure to bring success to even man who is worthy of it. The knowledge that you will accomplish results open to you the deepest meaning of your work. It shows you how infinite it is; makes you ashamed of all the praise that men give you, as you think of what your work might have been. The Christian minister is at times overwhelmed with the magnitude of his task, It is a great burden and he becomes almost completely paralysed. Such an end of a young man's first year's hopes, after the valour at the beginning, is terrible to see. Every power that made him strong now weakens him. There is no help except in the profounder retreat of the whole nature upon God: in such a preception of his nearness as shall take off the heavy responsibility, and make it right to fail for Him with joy as to succeed for Him, right to work as hard for Him in failure as in success. The drawing of a man back to God by failure is always a noble sight.

What is the true escape from the crudeness of the untried preacher. It is the growing devotion of his life to God, the more complete absorption of his being in the seeking of God's glory, as in his labour he comes nearer to God. As he goes on, work unfolds itself. As he looks over its increasing vastness, and on every side of it, he sees that he will never do as he hoped to do when he was a student at the seminary. It becomes clear to him that God will do it in his own time and way. His own disappointment is swallowed up and drowned in his Lord's success. He is John the Baptist. He works with the energy he never did before. This is the only true refuge of the minister in the disenchantment of his earlier dreams.

Another danger is *self-indulgence*. It is impossible for the minister to fulfil his work without routine. There are but few tests that he has to meet as a business man meets his notes. All these things working together create in many ministers the thought that their work is not to be judged as other men's work is to be judged. We are apt to come into moods of thinking that we cannot work unless we feel like it. There is just enough of the artistic element in our work to make us feel like artists, and lay our brushes aside when the sky darkens.

The first business of the preacher is absolutely to conquer the tyranny of his moods, and to be always ready for his moods, and to be always ready for his work. It must be done, and the man who is not

willing to do it has not reached the sacredness of the ministry of Jesus, which was such love for his Father and man that, driving away all thought of himself, it made him a medium through which the divine might come down to the human. In weariness, sometimes, when his work was done, he went into a mountain or upon a lake. And we can see how, one bright morning by the seaside, he was exuberant and joyous; and on another he was sad and burdened. We can almost trace differences in the kind of preaching on the different days. Yet there is no *self-indulgence*. No day ever went without his preaching because it found him moody and oppressed. He did no works in Nazareth "because of their unbelief," not because of his unwillingness or reluctance. This is a part of the advantage of our business. that we have men, and not machines to preach to. Any mood which makes us unfit to preach at all, or weakens our will to preach, is bad, and can and must be broken up. Then it is time for conscience to bestir itself—man to be man.

I wish it were possible for us to speak to the laity of our church as to their treatment of the clergy. The clergy are largely what the laity make them, though we look with regret for the reverence that seems to have departed since our fathers' days. It was bad that the minister should be worshipped and made an oracle; but it is still worse that the minister should be flattered and made a pet. There is such a tendency in our days. It is possible for a man to be petted into the ministry and to be petted all through it, and never to come into contact with other men, to receive one real hard knock. It is not only unnatural, but it places the minister in a wholly false position in the community. His life and comfort and freedom are everybody's care, so many people are interested, and he is often corrupted into a victim of his own self-indulgence. He separates from the ordinary standards of his race; and that makes him unsympathetic, and weak, and self-indulgent, and lies at the root of the bitterness that we often see in him. And that which ought to be the manliest of all professions has a tendency to make men unmanly. Men make appeals for sympathy that no true man ever should make. They take to themselves St. Paul's pathos without St. Paul's strength. My friends, fear its insidiousness. Insist on applying to yourselves tests which other people insist on applying to you. Learn to enjoy and to be silent in it. Learn to stir and be strong. Never appeal for sympathy, but let sympathy find you out. Count your manliness the strength of your ministry. Resist all attacks upon it, however subtly they may come.

Another danger is *narrowness*. We are living all our lives within successive circles—growing smaller and smaller as they come nearer to us. Do you stand firm on your one little spot, and on this you can look out with safety upon the outside world. Narrowness is to be escaped not by deserting our special function, but by compelling that function to open to us influences beyond itself.

I have spoken of these dangers and hindrances with which the

preacher's occupations beset his character. I would not have you misunderstand me. There is *no* occupation in which it is so easy to live a noble life. Its tares grow because the soil is rich. The Christian ministry is the richest field for the growth of the human soul. He who is faithful must go on. The ministry itself does not necessitate a change of views. Its progress is continually onward. It is continually climbing and opening out wider prospects. It repeats the experience of the Apostles, which was always making them larger men and giving them larger opportunities, to which their minds had become ample.—*Yale Lectures on Preaching*, by Rev. P. Brooks, Boston, N.S.

Reviews.

REVISED ENGLISH BIBLE. Arranged in Paragraphs and Sections, with Supplementary Notes, References, Chronological Tables and Maps. London; EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, 43, Fleet-street, E.C. Minion, 8vo, leather, gilt edges. 10s. 6d.

MR. JOSEPH GURNEY has been long known to Biblical students as one of the most indefatigable and munificent supporters of efforts for the production of improved versions of the English Bible. The elegant paragraph Bibles published by the Religious Tract Society, in which the poetical writings are arranged in parallel lines and suggested emendations of the text are furnished, contributed much valuable assistance to the thoughtful reader of the sacred writings. The explanatory notes which accompany these versions are moreover remarkable both for their judiciousness and conciseness. But whatever assistance Mr. Gurney's previous efforts have yielded to Christian students, his latest version of the Bible now before us, by the wider scope which it occupies and the end at which it aims of supplying

the people at large with the correction of indisputable errors and inadequate renderings in the Authorised Version, will occupy a far more important position in public esteem.

To the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE it will be a security for sound scholarship, that the revision of the Pentateuch was executed for this version by the learned President of Bristol College; the remaining books of the Old Testament by the late Dr. Benjamin Davies; and the New Testament by the Rev. Drs. G. A. Jacob and Samuel G. Green.

We cannot too much commend the pious care with which these gentlemen have abstained from any violent disturbance of the time-honoured text of the English Bible. Where alterations have been necessary, seventeenth century words have been employed, so that the rhythm of Bible language might be preserved. The chapter and verse arrangement has been retained in order to facilitate reference, but is wisely subordinated to sectional divisions, according to the subjects contained in them, and having headings of their contents happily free from the crudities

found in this department of the Authorized Version. In the Old Testament the received Hebrew text has been adhered to, but in the New Testament the most important of the readings of Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles, have been promoted to the text, and the displaced reading has been either bracketed or transferred to the margin. The chronological tables and marginal references have undergone thorough correction, while the maps, six in number, are fine specimens of art. The reader is furnished with the meaning of proper Hebrew names, both of individuals and of places, when, as is frequently the case, they throw light on the connection in which they occur. We confess to a feeling of disappointment at finding that all the various forms of βαπτίζω remain untranslated in the Revised English Bible, and that in this respect the example of the Authorised Version is followed.

In Matt. iii. 11—"I indeed baptize you with water," and in all instances where the preposition "with" in connection with "water" is given, we find in the margin the words "*or in.*"

Rom. vi. 3-5 reads, "Or know ye not, that all we who were baptized unto Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through our baptism unto his death; that as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have become united to the likeness of his death, we shall be also to the likeness of his resurrection."

1 Cor. i. 14, 15, reads, "I thank God that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius; that no one might say that ye were baptized into my name."

Col. ii. 12 reads, "Having been buried with him in your baptism, wherein also ye were raised up with

him through your faith in the operation of God who raised him from the dead."

The following are some striking instances of variation from the Authorised Version.

James iv. 5—"Or do ye think that the Scripture saith in vain, The spirit that he made to dwell in us jealously desireth *us*?"

James iii. 5—"Behold, how great a forest a little fire kindleth."

1 Peter ii. 7—"Unto you therefore who believe is the honour."

1 Peter iii. 15—"But sanctify Christ as Lord in your hearts."

Acts xvii. 22—"Ye men of Athens I perceive that in all things ye are very religious. For as I passed by and beheld your objects of worship, I found an altar with this inscription, TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye worship without knowing *him*, him declare I unto you."

Acts xx. 28—"The Holy Spirit hath made you bishops."

These few specimens, selected casually, will show our readers that the emendations contained in the Revised English Bible are very decided in their character, while so much of the Authorised Version is retained that we do not apprehend any serious shock to the feelings of their congregations, whose pastors adopt it for the public services of the house of God.

LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER.
A Selection from his Correspondence, with a Sketch of his Life, and Biographical Notices of his Correspondents. London: Religious Tract Society.

WE are somewhat apprehensive that Cowper is not quite so popular with the present as he was with the antecedent generation. If this be the fact, so much the worse for the present generation, for in sweetness and power of song he has been excelled

by few of the bards of his country and in moral force approached by none who have contributed in similar extent to English literature. Passing from his poetry to the book before us, we are reminded of the criticism of Lord Jeffrey on Cowper's letters:—"There is something in the sweetness and facility of the diction, and more perhaps in the glimpses they afford of a pure and benevolent mind, that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by performances of greater dignity and pretension. These letters will continue to be read long after the curiosity is gratified, to which, perhaps, they owed their first celebrity, for the character with which they make us acquainted will always attract by its variety and engage by its elegance." Robert Hall said that "he considered the letters of Cowper as the finest specimens of the epistolary style in our language."

It is to be hoped that penny postage and telegraphic dispatches will not altogether obliterate this valuable department of literature, and therefore we feel grateful for this carefully selected edition of the poet's letters.

The memoirs of Cowper and his correspondents which are prefixed to the letters are brief, but sufficiently explanatory to aid the reader in a thorough appreciation of the bulk of the volume. The topics, both of the poet's life and correspondence are various, and open up many by-paths of contemporary history and literature which may be pursued with great interest. For instance, we are told that somewhere between his eighteenth and thirtieth year he joined Bonnell Thornton and Colman, "in publishing a periodical called the *Connoisseur* in the manner of the *Spectator*." Writing, April 6th, 1780, to his friend William

Unwin, he says "as for me, I once wrote a *Connoisseur* upon the subject of secret keeping, and from that day to this I believe I have never divulged one." Colman, Lloyd, and Thornton were associates of a far different character to Newton, Bull, and the Unwins, and, therefore, we do not wonder that Cowper's connexion with the *Connoisseur* has been veiled by his biographers. The expert in philological anatomy will find little difficulty in tracing to his pen several productions which have found no place in the collections of his works—and the discriminating in metaphysics will ascribe a far larger share of the mental disturbance of which he was the victim to his earlier than to his later associates. While we indicate this branch of investigation for our more literary readers, we will ask the younger ones to aid us in the solution of Cowper's riddles.

"What are they, which stand at a distance from each other, and meet without ever moving?"

I am just two and two, I am warm I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told,
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when
bought,
An extr-ordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure—when taken by
force.

We have no doubt that this elegant and useful volume will meet with a large sale.

STUDIES IN THE CL. PSALMS: Their Undesigned Coincidences with the Independent Scripture Histories, confirming and illustrating both. By Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A., Editor of Bengels "Gnomon," &c. London: The Christian Book Society, 11, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

MR. FAUSSET in this series of lectures has applied to the Old Testa-

ment the line of argument used with so much force by Paley in his "Horæ Paulinæ." He traces the coincidences between the Psalms and the independent histories in the books of Chronicles and Kings, and shows that they are so unobtrusive and incidental as to exclude all idea of their being designed, and yet so minute and exact as to prove that both the psalms and the histories are genuine and authentic. It is impossible to give in a brief notice a fair outline of his argument, inasmuch as it depends so largely on details. We can, however, bear unfeigned testimony to the thoroughness and accuracy with which he has prosecuted his task. Apart from his main purpose his book is of great value for its criticism and exegesis. There is scarcely a single psalm which does not receive elucidation, and no finer aid to exposition has been published for a long time. Mr. Fausset is indeed so favourably known in connection with the "Critical and Experimental Commentary" that it is almost superfluous to allude to the high esteem in which all Biblical students hold him. He gives many a new and beautiful rendering of the old words, and furnishes historical and other illustrations of their meaning, which form the most effective commentary we can desire. There are few books which show more conclusively how admirably Scripture interprets Scripture. In the fifty-first psalm, *e.g.*, the expression, "Against Thee, Thee *only* have I sinned," accords with the view of sin expressed by Nathan, and by David in response to him in 2 Sam. xii. 9, 13, and with David's taking the blame to himself in 1 Chron. xxi. 17, in a spirit opposite to Saul, who only longed for honour before *the people*, and who laid blame on them. (1 Sam. xv.). So again in Ver. 16, "Thou desirest not sacrifice," there is an undoubted reference to Saul's

plea for disobedience, and Samuel's rebuke of him in 1 Sam. xv. 21—28. Rationalistic critics contend that the psalm is the product of an age subsequent to the captivity because of the reference to the walls of Jerusalem in verse 18. This pretext is, however, refuted by the statements of the history in relation to this very matter in 1 Chron. xi. 5—8, in 1 Kings iii. 1 and ix. 15. The work is evidently the result of profound and careful research, and is in every sense scholarly. The more it is used the more will its worth and suggestiveness be appreciated.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE: Every Christian's Duty, in New Testament Words. Compiled by R. J. Ellis, Missionary, Bengal. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance of this little volume we have received the unexpected intelligence of its compiler's decease. Mr. Ellis was an indefatigable missionary of our society for seventeen years, able and zealous both in the ministry of the gospel and in the work of translation, for both of which departments of labour he was qualified by his devoted, earnest Christian character and his intimate acquaintance with the Bengali language. Under any circumstances we should have commended this valuable little work to our readers, but our brother's removal by death imparts to it a special interest, and we trust that it will be the care of the Missionary Committee that the bereaved family incur no pecuniary loss in consequence of its publication. The contents of the work consist of a classification of Christian duties as they are embodied in the language of the New Testament, and it will be found serviceable not only as a manual for private guidance but exceedingly useful also for suggesting topics and texts for the ministry on practical

religion. The comprehensiveness of the plan may be inferred from the fact that about five hundred passages of sacred Scripture are arranged under more than a hundred and fifty headings. Much judgment has been shown in the selection of appropriate texts, and great industry is discovered in the production of a work whose high aim is the edification of Christians on the basis of the pure Word of God. In the discharge of our editorial duties we have been often aided by our late brother's helpful pen. We grieve that this can be the case no more.

GOD'S GLORY DECLARED. A Sermon on behalf of the Religious Tract Society. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: 56, Paternoster-row.

WE should hardly class this amongst the great sermons of the day, but "at any rate it is good and pious," as a great preacher was wont to say when his efforts had not reached their zenith. The cumulative style of arrangement which Dr. Bonar adopted on this occasion, demands a stronger climax; and we confess to somewhat of disappointment when we find that one so attached to evangelical doctrine should have occupied so much of his discourse in sparkling posies, and have contracted the glad tidings into a narrow space. The epilogue in which the *raison d'être* of the society is discussed is able and eloquent, and will we trust promote its great objects.

CONTINENTAL SUNDAY LABOUR. A Warning to the English Nation. By CHARLES HILL. London: Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster-row.

THE facts contained in this essay are so forcible and seasonable that we wish it could be placed within the reach of all the artizan class of our fellow-countrymen. The persistent

efforts which are being made to obtain the opening of places of amusement on the Lord's day, require the stoutest opposition of all who have the best interests of their fellow-countrymen at heart. We wish God-speed to Mr. Hill and the Working Men's Lord's-day Rest Association.

FRIENDLY WORDS WITH FELLOW PILGRIMS. By J. W. KIMBALL, Author of "Encouragements to Faith." London: Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

THE design of this little work is to illustrate the truth that Jesus Christ is the only and all sufficient source of pardon, life, strength, and joy. The vivid representations it contains of the Christian life and its freedom from all that is likely to offend the most sensitive and refined taste commend it as very suitable for distribution amongst cultured and thoughtful people.

CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: Their Source and Remedy. A Lecture by the Rev. W. Sampson, Folkestone. Price 3d.; 12 copies by post from the Author, 3s.

WE strongly recommend all our brethren who are engaged in exposing the monstrous pretensions of the Romanised Clergy of the Established Church to avail themselves of Mr. Sampson's able and effective lecture.

THE WHITE FEATHER; or Small Beginnings and Sad Ends. 6d.

DREAMS AND DEEDS. By the Author of "Loved into Shape." 1s.

LESLIE'S SCHOLARSHIP. 1s.

THE STORY OF TWO ISLANDS. By CRONA TEMPLE. 1s. Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

CHARMING stories for the children, full of instructive matter, exceedingly cheap, and tastefully got up.

Intelligence.

BAPTIST UNION AUTUMNAL SESSION.

We invite the attention of our readers to the programme of the Union meetings about to be held at Newport, Monmouthshire, which will be found in the advertisement pages of this number of the Magazine. The numerous important engagements which are announced seem to promise that the Newport meeting will be inferior to none of its predecessors. May a rich blessing rest upon all who shall assemble and all the churches in the Union participate therein.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Knox Street, Glasgow, September 13th.
Woodborough Road, Nottingham, September 11th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Case, Rev. S. (Bristol Coll.), Cothill, Abingdon.
Cole, Rev. J. W. (Whitehaven), Leeds.
Dickens, Rev. B. (Naunton), Hemel Hempstead.
Griffiths, Rev. P. (Biggleswade), Shirley, Southampton.
Hilton, Rev. E. (Gretton, Northamptonshire), Willenhall.
Masters, Rev. G. F. (Bradninch, Devon), Warminster.
Roberts, Rev. E. E. (Pontypool Coll.), Abercarn, Monmouthshire.
Smith, Rev. G., Met. Tab. Coll., Bexley Heath.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Aberdeen, Academy Street, Rev. C. Brown, August 2nd.
Brixham, Rev. H. Bradford, September 7th.
Swindon, New, Rev. F. Pugh, September 12th.
Tunbridge, Rev. T. Hancocks, September 1st.

RESIGNATION.

Passingham, Rev. R. T., Dover.

DEATHS.

Ellis, Rev. R. J., of Bengal, at Madras, July 15, aged 45.
Priter, Rev. W. H., Middlesborough, August 16th, aged 26.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

XI.

THE REV. CHARLES STANFORD.

ALTHOUGH the Baptist denomination is neither the largest nor the wealthiest of "the tribes of Israel," and its sons have not until recent years had the opportunity of acquiring the culture which can only be gained at the National Universities, it has been exceptionally honoured by a succession of devout and able men who have gladly spent themselves in its service, and whose masterly defences of its distinctive principles are not more characteristic of their genius than their faithful and effective proclamation of "the Common Salvation." And while we have no wish to "glory in men," or to vaunt ourselves on the work which God has enabled them to accomplish, it would be ungenerous and ungrateful not to recognize the Divine goodness which, in this respect, has been shown towards us. "Pastors and teachers" are the gift of our ascended Lord, and He displays His care over His Church, and promotes its prosperity by raising up men of vigorous intellect, pure heart, and devout spirit, who find their most appropriate sphere, their most congenial labour, in "the work of the ministry," and whose delight it is to live among their fellow men as preachers of Christ. The late Archdeacon Hare, in dedicating the "Guesses at Truth" to William Wordsworth, uttered a fervent prayer that health and strength might be granted to this poet-priest of nature to complete the noble works he had still in store, "so that men might learn more worthily to understand and appreciate what a glorious gift God bestows on a nation when He gives them a poet." The prayer was in every sense worthy of the large-hearted and Christ-like man who uttered it. And, in like manner, we desire, apart from all

thoughts of hero-worship, wisely to appreciate what a glorious gift God bestows on a church when He gives it a number of men who, whether learned or otherwise in the world's esteem, are yet "good ministers of Jesus Christ," able to unfold the glories of the Divine Kingdom, to bear witness to the realities of the unseen and eternal, to interpret the strange anomalies of human nature, quicken its aspirations after spiritual perfection, and guide men in the way of life.

Not by poets and philosophers, not by the advocates and exponents of the physical and economical sciences, but by the preachers of the Gospel of Christ are those truths declared and enforced, on which the civilization, the progress, and the happiness of mankind ultimately depend. The leaders of thought in other departments have indeed rendered to our race services which we should scorn to ignore or slight. The fruits of scientific research and discovery are, as Mr. Bright eloquently reminded us in his late speech at Rochdale, so numerous and many-sided, that they meet us in every walk of life, and ameliorate the condition of the cottager and the artizan no less than the condition of the prince and the millionaire. But by as much as the Gospel itself is of higher worth than all the merely secular arts, by as much as it meets profounder needs and conveys a more satisfying and abiding good, by so much are the labours of its students and preachers more invaluable than the labours of other men. The greatest gift which God can confer upon a people is a preacher of His Word endowed with prophetic insight, fired with apostolic zeal, and thrilled to the deeps of a renewed nature by the love of Christ.

A Church whose ministry has been distinguished by the names of Benjamin Keach, John Bunyan, Robert Hall, Samuel Pearce, Andrew Fuller, John Howard Hinton, and others "like unto them," has no reason to be ashamed of its history or to hide its head in the dust. These men have long since passed away from the scene of their earthly labours. Their names are a memory which we reverently cherish, but their influence has not spent itself, and the work in which they rejoiced is being carried on by others who have imbibed their spirit, and who are eager to follow in their steps. We have still with us "honoured fathers" like Mursell, Steane, and Stovel, whose example has kindled the zeal and encouraged the hopes of younger men. And although it is fashionable to sneer at the pulpit of the present day as a degenerate and worn-out representative of a once mighty power, our own and other churches can thankfully point to men whose ministrations amply refute the loose and superficial censures to which we have become accustomed. There may be among us little of "the witchcraft of genius," little "brilliance of rhetoric," few "stately and majestic periods"—it is not in the pulpit only that these "weapons of ethereal might" have ceased to be employed—but there is at any rate a more intelligent apprehension of the Divine Word, a sincere and generous sympathy with men, a directness and earnestness of speech, which are of more value than

the most graceful and flowing eloquence. Let cynical critics say what they will, the pulpit is still a power in the moral and religious life of the nation, and among the occupants of the pulpit there is not a worthier than he of whom we are now to write—the Rev. Charles Stanford.

His name is, of course, familiar to the members of our own denomination and to a considerable number beyond it. But he is not what we should describe as a popular man. His influence, while not confined within narrow limits, is of the *intensive* rather than the extensive order, and his reputation has not been gained by his prominence in public affairs. Apart from the members of his own congregation, his warmest admirers will be found among his brethren in the ministry. *They* hold him in the highest esteem—find in his sermons an intellectual and moral stimulus such as few preachers can supply, and never listen to him long without being brought more consciously into the presence of their Master, and made to feel as they perhaps cannot always feel—the eternal reality, the unfailing power, and the infinite worth of His love. Years ago we were conversing with an accomplished scholar who knew comparatively little of our English nonconformity, but who had in some way or other come across a book (which at that time we had not read) entitled “Central Truths,” and he remarked that neither in the Nonconformist nor the Established Churches could there be “finer preaching than that.” It was some time before we had an opportunity of reading the book and forming our own judgment upon it. But from what we knew of Mr. Stanford, and especially from the impression which his sermons had made on us on the one or two occasions on which we had heard him preach, we were fully prepared to find, as we have since found, our friend’s estimate correct. He was quite right; no finer sermons can be desired.

Mr. Stanford was, we believe, a Bristol student, and entered the ministry in 1845. For the last nineteen or twenty years he has laboured in Camberwell in the church over which Dr. Steane so long and honourably presided. During the first half of his life at Camberwell he was, in fact, co-pastor with Dr. Steane, and succeeded to the sole pastorate on the Doctor’s retirement.

He has never, as we have said, taken a very active or prominent part in public life. His feeble health, as well probably as his intellectual tastes and his ideas of ministerial work, would somewhat disqualify him for doing so, and render it necessary for him to restrict his work to his own congregation. He has for many years past known what it is to endure bodily weakness. He has been an acute sufferer, and has continued manfully at his post under conditions which would have unnerved and dispirited the majority of men, and to which, doubtless, even he must have succumbed, but for the strength and courage inspired by his Christian faith. Those who heard his missionary sermon in 1872 will not soon forget the intense and sympathetic power with which he described the great natural

disadvantages under which the Apostle Paul maintained his Christian enthusiasm :—

Regarding the flesh as a mere transitional contrivance, and a medium or instrument of life for the present, it was hard for an enthusiast to live a life in the flesh like that of Paul. He suffered so much from his eyes that even the rough Galatians, to whom he was now writing, when they saw it, felt willing "to pluck out their own eyes and give them to him." He suffered so much from his hands, that when his great heart was full and he longed, in a glorious hurry of love, to dash off a missionary letter to some distant station, he was unable to hold a pen. He suffered so much from shattered nerves that his first appearance before strangers was always "with weakness and fear, and much trembling." Who can always be calm, and wise, and bold, have a commanding presence, secure a fascinated silence, and do the work of an enthusiast, when he always works in weakness; when pain, with its rough, rasping saw, is for ever crashing through the sensibilities; when the smallest frictional touches can sting the life to agony? Yet, such was Paul's lot. The flesh in which he lived was tired and full of pain; it asked for sleep; it seemed to need a home of happy tenderness; it might have inclined him to say, "Let me be still. O my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of him whom Thou shouldst send." But he never consulted the flesh; he kept it perpetually under orders.

Mr. Stanford did not in this paragraph minutely describe his own experience, and more than one of the details would not apply to him; but there can be no doubt that that experience gave to him an insight into the difficulties arising from Paul's bodily infirmities, such as men of vigorous and unbroken health cannot have, and clothed his words with a fervour and a pathos such as no oratorical art could command.

But if Mr. Stanford has not sought after prominence in public life, he has never been backward to serve either his own or other sections of the Christian Church when opportunity has offered itself. He has once or twice addressed the students of the college at Bristol, taken part in the deliberations of the Baptist Union, preached the annual sermon both for the Home and the Foreign Missions, and undertaken various other duties of a kindred order.

He is known beyond the limits of our own denomination mainly by his books, and these are read by members of every church. They have deservedly won for themselves a high place among our "religious classics," and are of the kind which inevitably become, to those who know them, familiar companions. Two of these works are biographical—"Power in Weakness: Memorials of the Rev. William Rhodes" (a man of very similar spirit to Mr. Stanford himself), and "Joseph Alleine: His Companions and His Times." A third is entitled, "Instrumental Strength: Thoughts for Students and Pastors." "Central Truths" and "Symbols of Christ" are volumes of sermons, and there are, in addition, several separate papers and sermons, such as "Enthusiast," "Prayer for Signs and Wonders," "Friendship with God," &c., &c.

Every page of Mr. Stanford's writings bears the stamp of a distinct personality, and is the product of his inmost tastes and feelings. Few

men have more clearly revealed their own nature or furnished ampler materials for mental portraiture. In the absence of external biography we need be at no loss to know "what manner of man he is."

He has, we should imagine, been surrounded by an atmosphere of Christian piety from his earliest childhood, and owes not a little to the instruction and example of those with whom in that "formative period" he came in contact. The native amiability and strength of his character, quickened and controlled by the Divine Spirit, would lead him to see in Christ the image of perfect beauty for which he sighed, the Saviour whose love touched the deeps of his being, and the Lord in whose service he could find "delight and liberty." It is not—if we may judge from the tenor of his writings—probable that he could ever have accepted an opinion or belief at second-hand or in obedience to the *ipse dixit* of any human authority. The structure of his mind would lead him to investigate for himself the foundations of the creed he was required to accept. He is not of those who mistake credulity for faith, and yield a blind assent to orthodox dogma. For the hope that was in him his whole nature would demand a valid reason. But we do not, on the other hand, suppose that his trials have, either in his earlier or later years, assumed the form of absolute negation or doubt, in which he could see no glimmering of divine truth. His mind—keen, active, and independent as it is—is not naturally of the sceptical order, and there is nothing in his books to indicate that he has passed through that awful hour so touchingly described by one of our great teachers "when this life has lost its meaning and seems shrivelled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God Himself has disappeared." It is not necessary that every teacher should undergo such an experience, and it has of late years been too much the fashion to assume its necessity, and to indulge in shallow and unmeaning laudations of "honest doubt." Doubt, dark, chilling, death-like, does indeed often enter the heart of strong and noble-minded men, but there is neither intellectual nor moral virtue in it. It is, in fact, a species of paralysis, fatal to a pure and perfect manhood, and to idolize it is as weak as it is mischievous.

Among ministerial qualifications Mr. Stanford places first in importance, though not of course in time, that new life which makes the spiritual man. He contends that "God's light breaks upon us not so much through the exercise of the critical and logical faculties as through the medium of the holy affections," and he constantly insists on the paramount necessity for ministers and people alike of close communion with Christ and a high degree of spirituality. He is himself penetrated by a sense of the Divine presence; his life is in no unreal or exaggerated sense a "walking with God," and he has attained no small measure of conformity to His image. And every hearer of his sermons is impressed by the thought that he is listening to a man who "dwelleth in God," who has *seen* with his own eyes the

realities of which he speaks, and whose supreme aim it is to bring others into the fellowship of this same life. It has been often asserted, and asserted with evident truth, that the religious condition of our day calls for sound and healthy devotional manuals, for guidance in our hours of meditation and prayer. Mr. Stanford's books would furnish an ample store of the materials we need without any of the weak alloy and sickly sentimentalism by which such manuals are frequently marred.

His mind has been cast in a mould of great beauty. He has fine perceptive powers, sees quickly and clearly, and presents the objects of his thought in a bold and distinct form. His methods of thought are orderly and logical—the very reverse of that loose and indiscriminate style of intellectual workmanship which our “life at high pressure” is so apt to beget. He recommends ministerial aspirants to pursue not only the study of languages, especially the Oriental and classical, so that they may deepen and refine their knowledge of the original Scriptures, but “studies which tend not so much to store the mind as to strengthen it; to educate the powers of attention, the powers of discriminate thinking, the powers of cautious and severe induction, the powers of logical statement and skilful defence.” And we are quite sure that Mr. Stanford's books could never have been written by one who was unaccustomed to severe mental discipline. His acquisitions have been submitted to a searching analysis and patient verification.

But this logical exactness is coloured by a fine imaginative glow. He is never dry or abstruse, nor has he committed the mistake into which many equally able men have fallen, of thinking that severity and accuracy of thought can only be expressed in a bald and naked form. A distinguished physicist of our day has eloquently discoursed on “The Scientific Use of the Imagination,” and shown how indispensable it is, in our endeavours to advance from the known to the unknown; and long before he spoke, Sir Benjamin Brodie described it as “that wondrous faculty which, left to ramble uncontrolled, leads us astray into a wilderness of perplexities and errors, a land of mists and shadows; but, which properly controlled by experience and reflection, becomes the noblest attribute of man; the source of poetic genius; the instrument of discovery in science, without the aid of which Newton would never have invented fluxions, nor Davy have decomposed the earths and alkalies, nor would Columbus have found another continent.” It is by the imagination that we are enabled to pierce below the phenomenal to the real; to unveil the heart of things; to discern in the material world types and analogies of the spiritual, and to clothe in living concrete forms, in “flesh and blood,” the thoughts which would otherwise remain cold abstractions, and vanish into thin air. An undisciplined imagination is a fruitful source of error; an imagination cultured and controlled is the most valuable ally a public teacher can have; and it would be an incalculable gain to the power of the pulpit if this

fact were more widely remembered. Mr. Stanford's sermons are, in this respect, a model, and present a combination of dialectic and imaginative force, of solid instruction and apposite illustration, which renders it a delight to read them.

Like all true preachers, he has a high ideal of his work.

We can, he writes, scarcely over-estimate the importance that belongs to the office of the Gospel remembrancer. If it were to fail in the land; if its voices were not uplifted every week in almost every place; if its ministries were performed in an ignorant, careless, partial way; if its functionaries in general sought to waken the memory of men to a part of the truth only; or if, instead of keeping the defined theology of the Scriptures before the Churches, they only set forth inferences from it, assuming that the doctrines themselves were too well known to need repetition: one of the consequences would be that thousands of intelligent men, who are now unconscious of receiving great benefit from Sunday teaching, would find their knowledge of the Scriptures slip into confusion and pass away.

He repeatedly insists on the necessity of a man throwing his whole energy into the proper duties of his office, and leaving all extraneous work to others. The ministry is no sinecure and no holiday task. Ministers are labourers, and their principal toil is not that which is involved "in the physical exercise of much preaching, or in much walking from house to house, shaking innumerable hands, and taking share in the chat of many social parties." The intellectual labour involved in the discovery and expression of the wide range of spiritual truth, which it is the preacher's business to enforce, will alone tax his powers. In addition to the careful culture of the mind of which we have already spoken, he advises a man to preach nothing but the truth which he has himself tried, and thought which he has himself clarified in the fire of his own life.

Put aside your reference Bible, and procure instead a copy of the Bible with broad margins and blank leaves, that you may habitually write down those parallel texts that have been found by your own research. Use no commentaries and no interpretative apparatus merely to save time and lighten labour. By prayer and painstaking thought search the Scriptures through and through.

Work, honest, toilsome, continuous work, is what we cannot doubt Mr. Stanford has pursued throughout his ministry, and he wisely warns us that not a few have lost their capability for usefulness through an indolent trusting to genius, to dreamy religious emotion, and to fatal facility of speech.

He of course recognises the advantage of a minute acquaintance with the every-day life of the people, but he scorns the idea of yielding to the unreasonable demands and the unfeeling clamours which are often heard in respect to ministerial visitation. Conscientiousness, diligence, and fidelity there must be, but no temporising, no wasting of precious time in what is not really work.

No reasonable man would say that you must be regular and frequent visitors at the home of each individual—a system of regular and frequent visitation can only be secured by the agency of elders, or by some distinct organization which grows out of the Church itself—but each individual must

have evidence that you are his friend. You will have but little time to pay visits of compliment or policy for the mere purpose of quieting foolish talkers who call this pastoral work; but every special case of sickness, sorrow, or temptation made known to you calls for your care individually.

On the same ground Mr. Stanford would leave committees and all purely business apparatus to business men, and have the minister restrict himself to those things which belong to his proper and inevitable calling. He believes in the diversity of gifts, and would have every man labour after his own order. No minister can meet all shades of popular need, and no man should be surprised or discouraged if there are in his congregation persons who, from no fault either on his part or theirs, can derive no profit from his ministry. This is exactly what might be looked for. Long, and not short, pastorates should be aimed at, and neither ambition nor discouragement should tempt a man to desert his post unless there is a necessity for it. An unsettled life cannot thrive, and frequent removals are detrimental both to pastors and churches. The position we ourselves took on this question in a previous article of this series (see *MAGAZINE* for September, pp. 387—388) has been advocated by Mr. Stanford in his "Instrumental Strength" with a clearness and conclusiveness which leave nothing to be desired.

We are sketching Mr. Stanford as a preacher, but it will not be inappropriate to remark that his conduct of public worship is in admirable harmony with his preaching. Preaching he regards as neither identical with, nor a substitute for, worship, but only a call to it and a help to its inspiration. Nothing that pertains to the service of God is, in his estimation, of small importance—singing, prayer, and reading of the Scriptures all demand our utmost care, and need certainly not less than preaching a thorough preparation. It is, however, a preparation which is to be found, not in the lecture-hall, but in the "Holy of holies," in a life of communion with God and of tender sympathy with man. "The preparation wanted is not so much a prepared composition as a prepared man."

Mr. Stanford has a good and plain delivery, but he cannot be described as an orator. His utterance is distinct and his emphasis correct; but he has not sought to cultivate the graces of elocution. His is the force of deep, true feeling, intense and fervid emotion. Who that heard his paper on "Public Worship," at the annual meeting of the Baptist Union in 1870, will ever forget his quotation of Mr. Ruskin's grand words on the functions of the preacher? Familiar as they were, they gained a new and overwhelming power from the feeling then thrown into them, and many went away from that gathering with a loftier idea of their sacred calling.

Mr. Stanford's theme, we need not say, is "Christ, and Him crucified." His creed is evangelical, and he would, we suppose, be accurately described as a moderate Calvinist. Conversant with modern thought, he loves the old Gospel, and faithfully adheres to its truths. But with him to preach Christ is not to reiterate with dull

persistency a few stereotyped evangelical phrases, or to limit himself to any prescribed routine. The whole Bible is God's Word, and that Word is the revelation of Christ. We cannot preach Him apart from *it*.

There is in all Mr. Stanford's writings, as may easily be anticipated, a sincere and refined sympathy with our sorrowing and struggling nature. He has learned to "weep with them that weep, and no less to rejoice with them that do rejoice." The cares and anxieties of household life, the temptations and perils of business, the weary weight of suffering, the bitter disappointments incident to spiritual work, excite his deep and generous interest, and there is scarcely any typical experience which does not call forth from him a wise and kindly expression which will afford the needed guidance or support. Such sermons as those on "The Tempted High Priest," "The presence of God our Rest," and "Sowing on the Waters," are on this ground of priceless worth.

Of the literary qualities of Mr. Stanford's work, little need here be said. In no case with which we are acquainted is the adage more strikingly true, "The style is the man." It is marked by all the features we have ventured to ascribe to himself. The man and the preacher are one and the same. Hence, we find in his words a transparency clear as crystal, a calm and quiet beauty, a subdued and chastened brilliance, an unmistakable sincerity, and a fulness and variety of illustrative power. He is never too ornate, never gaudy; there is no noisy declamation. His simplicity is as conspicuous as his force. Descriptive powers of the first order are not allowed to dazzle us. They are kept in subordination to the great aim of all true preaching. There is, in all the sermons we have heard or read, "a unity in diversity." They form a well-round symmetrical whole, and no part of them is more effective than their application which, by the way, is not always left to the close, when the energy of the preacher and the attention of the hearer are alike exhausted.

The subjoined extracts will serve to indicate Mr. Stanford's doctrinal views, and, at the same time, afford a not inaccurate idea of his general style.

Speaking of Church Communion, he rejects the terms which are insisted on by one and another ecclesiastical organisation. Not in distinctive creeds and rituals, but in personal acceptance of the Saviour, is the true bond of union found.

As uniformity is not unity, so, in the evil sense of the term, variety is not variance; and there may be in the Church of God, as in His works, variety the most diversified combined with unity the most divine. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; and one star differeth from another star in glory. The stars differ in size, they differ in colours, they differ in their distance from the source of light. One has belts, another satellites; some move in eccentric, and others in regular orbits; but, by virtue of their fellowship with one central sun, they have fellowship with one another; and, as all stars revolving round the sun belong to one solar system, all the minds deriving life, light, and impulse from

Christ, however varied in other respects, belong to one church. This is the dictum of no mere human authority, the speculation of no vain theorist. An apostle himself has announced it; for, writing not to the men of his own generation alone, but to all for whom the Bible is intended—that is, to all the human race—he teaches, in terms the most unequivocal, that if we have fellowship with that Saviour whom the apostles declare, we have fellowship with the apostles themselves.

Union with Christ is, therefore, the essence of the Christian, as it should be of our ecclesiastical, life. That union becomes ours by faith, and here is an illustration of its nature:—

Christ is our life. How *His* life is made to be at the same time our own is a mystery of grace, of which you have seen types in the garden, where just now so many millions of God's thoughts are living and growing into beautiful expression. You once grafted something on to a fruit-tree. The process, though delicate, was most simple. You had only to be careful that there should be clean, clear, close contact between the graft and the tree. The smallest shred or filament of wrapping would only have prevented the life of the tree from flowing into it. The weak, blending graft was fastened on to the strong stem just as it was; then in due time it struck; then, gradually, the tiny slip grew into the flourishing branch; and lately, as you stood looking at that miracle of tender formation and soft bright flush, it seemed to say, "I live: nevertheless not I, but the tree that liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the foliage I live by faith in the shaft of the tree. I trust to the tree only; every moment I am cleaving to it, and without it I can do nothing." Such a parable may seem to be out of keeping with the idea of the Christian life as a burning enthusiasm; but it may help to explain the principles of life by faith. Still, if you please, call it a burning enthusiasm; but still remember that it was in Christ before it was in you, and that it comes flaming into you by faith in Him. The perpetual transfusion of that Divine Spirit is possible only through perpetual faith.

Our Christian life is further to be marked by growth or progress. We are enjoined to leave the principles of the doctrines of Christ and go on unto perfection. But in what sense are we to *leave* them? We question whether a more beautiful and pointed illustration of this injunction has ever been conceived than the following:—

If we leave them we must in some way leave them and yet *not* leave them. We are to leave them as the scholar leaves the letters of the alphabet—leaving them only to *use* them; leaving them that he may bring out all their powers, and employ them in startling combinations as the instrument for acquiring or diffusing thought. We are to leave them as the plant leaves its root when it towers into a majestic tree, leaving it only that it may the more depend upon it, and day by day drawing from it those fresh supplies of vital sap which it pours into fresh leaves, fresh boughs—ever fresh and beautiful formations of that life which refreshes the hungry with its clusters, or the weary with its shade. We are to leave them as the builder leaves his foundation that he may carry up the building stone above stone, story above story, tower above tower, from the dusky basement to the sun-lit pinnacle; always leaving the foundation yet always on it, and on it with the most massive pressure and the most complete dependence when most he leaves it.

To the devotional spirit which pervades Mr. Stanford's writings we have before alluded. The following extract from an address delivered twelve months ago to the ministers and delegates of the London Baptist Association seems to us as impressive and opportune as it is.

simple. The subject of the address is "Prayer for Signs and Wonders." Among other things the author bids us—

Look at *the use which these petitioners made of Christ's name*. "Grant," said they, "that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child (or servant) Jesus." "Of course, we do the same," is the language of your mental protest; but, gentlemen, forgive me for saying that this is not always matter of course, and that the most keen and vital man among you may sometimes find himself sleepily repeating the phrase—"in the name of Christ," as if it had only a talismanic value; or as if it only belonged to the etiquette of a temple service; or as if it only served to round off the language of prayer into a symmetrical close. It is one thing thus to use it, and another thing to use it with a fresh and fresh sense of the life there is in its meaning. If in faith we did so, our prayers, while we prayed for right things, would be irresistible as omnipotence; for the name is the *person*. When anyone says "Use my name," and I do so, then, for the end in question, I am in that minute that person. My voice, for the minute, is his voice; my standing his standing; and my prayer his prayer. When, for instance, in the sphere of my secularities, I ask for certain values in the name that is written on a cheque, the question is not what my name is, but what that name is worth. What will they say to *it* at the bank; is it what they call in the city "a good name;" does it mean money? and the best way to know is not to argue about it, but to take it for presentation and see if it will draw. The great King Jesus will forgive us, His children, for talking about Him to each other thus, although His infinite grandnesses must suffer much through being thus distilled through the alembic of our childish language, and passed through our poor similitudes.

Well, if, like the simple primitives, I really do use the name of Jesus in my prayers, and put my intercessions into His golden censer, they are no longer mine so much as His. From that moment they are charged with a new element, fragrant with a new aroma; their right is the right, and their efficacy the efficacy of His prayers, who said "Father, I know that Thou always hearest Me." If, indeed, I am in Him who was crucified, justified, and glorified as my representative, when I pray it is Christ who prays, and, asking what His Spirit teaches me, the Father will refuse me nothing.

No notice of Mr. Stanford would be complete which did not refer to his genial humour and his quiet powers of sarcasm, which, however, he rarely indulges, and *never* in forgetfulness of the laws of Christian charity. There are occasionally gleams of humour in his sermons; in his speeches, such as that which he delivered some months ago at the opening of the new chapel at Maze Pond, it is a prominent element.

There is true pith, again, in remarks like these:—

Anything in the shape of a human creature may be turned into a priest and answer the purpose of a machine for the performance of ceremonies, but a minister must be every inch a man.

And in reference to Baptists:—

Everybody knows that many of us have High Church proclivities, and are quite ready to endorse and illuminate the motto of our friends the Ritualists—"To reform is to revive." The simple difference between us and them is that their standard is not high enough for us. If we may appropriate the phrase of Chalmers—to our minds, mediævalism has the fault of "rawness and recency." Our souls sigh for something grander than Gothic fancy-work, something clearer than "dim religious light," and something older than the

fathers. We stand by the old church as it was "in the perfection of that little moment" when its glory was almost like the clear glory of a river bursting from its rock, as yet without a ripple from the tempest, or a stain from foul infusions.

These surely are the doctrines which our churches should hold—this the power after which our ministers should aspire.

Reminiscences of Bristol.

IV.

ON the morning of the first Lord's-day I spent in Bristol, Mr. Hall preached the annual sermon for the Academy at Counterslip Chapel. The desire, so long cherished, to see and hear "the great Preacher," was now about to be gratified. When he came into the pulpit, and entered on the service, I confess to some feeling of disappointment—not as to his appearance, for that was noble, nor as to his manner, for that was solemn and devout; but there was no indication of anything unusual, or that any extraordinary person was about to address us. The service was remarkably quiet and unostentatious, with an entire absence of the bustle so often seen on similar occasions. His voice seemed, at first, strangely feeble for so large and manly a frame. But it soon swelled into a volume of power. The sermon was exceedingly simple in the arrangements of its parts, and these were beautifully adjusted, while the arguments, clearly stated, and instinct with force, were sustained by quotations from Scripture, so appropriate and striking, as to place the conclusion beyond question or dispute.

But what most struck me was the *style* of the discourse. I had never before heard such *spoken* English. The remarkable combination of elegance and vigour, the perfect mastery of the most felicitous language, the exquisite blending of argument with metaphor, the marvellous rapidity of utterance, yet withal distinct and clear, gradually acquiring greater depth of tone, ultimately glowing into intense fervour and vehemence, pervaded, too, by a pathos that "ought to have been irresistible," produced an excitement to which I had hitherto been a stranger. The subject of the sermon was, "The Ministry of the Gospel, a Divine Appointment," producing an indelible impression that it was the noblest end to which the human faculties, however lofty, could be devoted.

Though not usual to send out junior students to preach until they had been some time in the house, so few as yet had returned, that

Mr. Crisp requested me to take the evening service at STAPLETON, a village near Bristol. Mr. Peregrine Phillips, one of the deacons of Broadmead, on these occasions received the appointed student to tea. On reaching his house I was both surprised and delighted to find Mr. Foster there. He was engaged in an animated conversation with Mr. Evans, a missionary lately returned from Sumatra, from whom, by a few plain, but searching, questions, he extracted all that he knew of that island. The contrast between Mr. Hall and Mr. Foster, in appearance and manner, was very striking. At the first glance, he seemed rather an uncouth sort of person, utterly careless about his dress, and in deportment almost rustic. But his *talk!* It would be useless to attempt any description of it. Enough to say that it completely riveted our attention. To have seen and heard two such men, each pre-eminent in his own line of things, in the same day, was an epoch in one's life!

The students had intimated to me that, during our walk to Stapleton, I should have a lecture from Mr. Phillips on *emphasis*—a subject which was quite a hobby of his; and from their description I expected something bordering on the grotesque. His appearance and manner were very singular—of moderate height, but exceedingly thin; small, but expressive, features; keen, piercing eyes, and animated in voice and gesture. As he warmed with his subject, to which he attached great importance, he would stop, plant his staff firmly in the ground, address his companion who stood listening, and passers by would stop and listen too. The speaker, the listeners, the time, the place, made up a scene which, to an ordinary observer, would be very amusing.

Further intercourse with Mr. Phillips soon showed me that he was a man of sterling piety, of great shrewdness, and sound common sense. He was uniformly kind to the students. For their sake, as well as out of regard for the little village congregation, he gave up the privilege of hearing Mr. Hall on the evening of the Lord's-day, and walked out to Stapleton in all weathers. We could not but respect him for his self-denial; and certainly we derived more benefit from his conversation, criticisms, and remarks on distinguished preachers, whom he had heard and known, than we were at that time prepared to admit.

During the vacation Mr. Foster kindly ministered to this little rural flock; but he invariably declined to do so during the session; nor did he attend the service when it devolved on us. I have no doubt that this partly arose from his kindly consideration, as well as from the fact of his health rarely permitting him to be out at night during the winter. I always heard his discourses described as very simple and homely. But the contrast between his ministrations and ours must have been exceedingly great. I often felt desirous of knowing something about them from the people, but a feeling of delicacy—perhaps something of fear, too—prevented all questioning.

BRICK STREET was another preaching station, and far more inte-

resting than Stapleton. It owed its existence to the labours of John Chamberlain, one of the ablest of our Indian missionaries. At that time the out-parish of St. Phillip's was one of the most benighted and depraved portions of Bristol. He had to face great opposition, but his energy, courage, and commanding ability, combined with great patience and tenderness, conquered it; and the labours of Messrs. Thomas Knibb, Aveline, Nicholls, William Knibb, and others, who subsequently took up the work, resulted in the salvation of many souls. On coming to Bristol, I found that the church in Broadmead regarded it as one of their *own* out-stations, and took a deep interest in its welfare. Those who were baptized from time to time were admitted to full membership, and were generally regular in their attendance at the morning service. Though they could scarcely follow Mr. Hall through all his discourse, it was interesting to watch their countenances, lighted up with an unusual ardour of intense interest, when, at the close, "he threw himself loose into a strain of declamation, always earnest, often fervid." These simple-minded people used to tell me that they could not make out all the sermon, especially its earlier portions. "But, oh, sir, he never, dear man, forgets us at the end. We are sure to have our bit *then*. And don't he come out grand afore he's done!"

§ A very remarkable man in humble life, Mr. THOMAS JONES, though not formally installed the pastor, had the general oversight of this people; and no shepherd ever looked after his flock with more affectionate and constant care. He totally lost his sight in early life; but he went about Bristol with as much safety as those who could see. He knew every part so thoroughly that he was appointed collector to several societies, and he possessed a wonderful power of remembering persons who had spoken only a few times to him. He also knew every student and every study; and though there was nothing to distinguish one door from another, except a number, which of course he could not see, he would walk up to the one he wanted with the most unflinching precision. He invariably made an early call on "the fresh men;" and, after he became familiar with their names, would begin at once to interest them in Brick Stret. If subsequent interviews satisfied him that he had succeeded, he would get them over there, and his conversation very soon became frank and affectionate. You might perhaps wonder why he occasionally put his hand on your shoulder, and then down to your hands, and still more when, after some playful remarks about the difficulty of knowing people, he would pass his hand gently over your face. "There, now, my dear, I shall always know *you* again." His next move would be to measure your feet, and when you inquired why, he would quietly say, "Well, you see, when your shoes are too much worn for you to wear, I shall know exactly which of my poor people they will fit." He invariably called for the student whose turn it was to conduct the service; and until we became accustomed to him, we were often startled by some warning of

a deep, muddy hole, or a rough, ugly place in the pavement. Nothing of this kind escaped his notice, and thus, during our walk, when the darkness was so great that we could scarcely see anything, he guided us with the utmost care. "There now, my dear, mind the dirty hole to which you are coming." "Don't fall over that ugly block which is left out in the road." Sometimes, from want of due care, we *did* stumble at these places; and then his concern lest we were hurt was like the tender solicitude of a mother for her child.

He always led the singing. His voice did not flow out in a continuous stream of sound, but in sudden jerks and bursts. But how hearty and joyful; and how his sightless face was radiant with holy gladness as the singing went on! At the close of the service, he went to the door, and spoke to everyone going out. If any were new comers, he would ask who they were and where they lived, and encourage them to come again. I often sat at the door, too, that I might watch him, and hear what he had to say. "I did not see you here last Lord's-day." "No, Mr. Jones; I was quite laid up with a bad cold." "Well, I am glad you are better; but don't let trifles, my dear, keep you away from the House of God. Time is short, and we shall soon be in eternity." "And so you have found it good to be here to-night? Well, child, you know 'they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened.' Think of that, child. The Lord has been hearkening to us all—all this night." "Ah! able to be out again after your illness?" "Yes, Mr. Jones, the Lord has been very good and gracious to me and mine, and it is such a delight to be here once more." "God bless you, my dear, and go home and praise Him." In this way he had an appropriate word for everybody. No marvel that these poor people loved him ardently. And he managed them, in spite of all their ignorance, with singular judgment and tact. Brick Street was a fine school of instruction for us; and none who really entered into the work there laboured in vain. Our converts were called our children. If Mr. Jones spoke of any of them about whom he wished to interest us, and we did not happen just then to recollect the person, he would say, "Why, my dear, that's one of your children!"

Mr. Jones was not more respected and beloved by the students than he was by the members of the Broadmead Church. I well remember an incident which strikingly illustrates this statement. A young man, the son of godly parents, who had resisted, in the earlier part of the illness which brought him to the grave, all their persuasions to receive some minister of Christ, at last, yielding to their affectionate solicitude replied, "Well, send for blind Jones. If there be a Christian in Bristol, I know he is one." Mr. Jones saw him many times, and his gentle, tender, yet most faithful warnings, his devout and earnest prayers, his simple exhibition of the Gospel, were blessed to his conversion. His sufferings were very protracted and severe; but he died in peace, having "a good hope through grace." Mr. Hall, in a sermon, addressed chiefly to young persons, on the importance of early con-

secration to God, adverted to the great change which had passed in this young man, intimating that "it had been brought about by the efforts of a justly esteemed and honoured member of this church." He paused for a moment or two. A wonderful stillness came over the congregation, and then, with some emphasis, he asked, "And why should I not mention his name? His name would be an honour to any man. I refer to our friend Mr. Thomas Jones!" This tribute to Mr. Jones's character and worth, was both just and cordial; while coming from Mr. Hall, and uttered in the presence of the congregation, it almost overwhelmed the humble and modest object of it.

Some of us used to go over to Brick Street to hold what may be described as experience meetings. None but those who have mingled with people residing in the worst parts of our large towns and cities can have any idea of the strange medley which made up such gatherings, or of the ignorance, poverty, sensuality, and degradation of the class whence these persons came. Even after they were brought under good influences, they were, for a time, very difficult to manage. Some were more than ordinarily intelligent—others, as ignorant as human beings possibly could be. Some had been in Sunday schools in their youth, but, as they grew up, had forsaken them, and plunged into vice; others had never been into any place of worship in their lives until they were, as they often said, *coaxed* into Brick Street. Mr. Jones knew their history and character completely, and put us on the right track in dealing with them; and if we made any mistake, would give us a gentle nudge, and then, most adroitly, suggest the topic most suitable to each. He was a perfect master of this sort of business. Most valuable were the practical lessons we got at these meetings of how best to deal with such people, as well as from Mr. Jones himself, who *really* conducted them, while we seemed to do so.

There was one meeting held there just as I was leaving, which I can never forget. The Misses Percival, members of Broadmead, who took a very lively interest in the work, had invited the converts and inquirers to a tea meeting. They had also persuaded their parents, who were Unitarians, to be present. Mr. Jones called to say that I must take the service. I declined, because some other student had been appointed, and, moreover, I had no sermon but the one which Mr. Anderson had so earnestly requested me to burn. "I have made it all right with Mr. —, and never mind what Mr. Anderson said. Bring the sermon, we will pray, and you may be sure that our Lord will be there to help you." When I entered the room I saw several of these poor people about Mr. and Mrs. Percival, pouring out their hearts in their simple way, and talking with such fervour and delight of the love of their dear Saviour, as to move them to tears. The whole service was most impressive and happy, and in preaching I forgot the lecture-room criticism, and yielded to the influence of the spirit pervading the meeting. Mr. Jones was delighted. "There, now, my dear, I told you how it would be."

I did not return to Bristol for a considerable time, and in calling

on a friend whose hospitable table was very often surrounded by students, he asked me when I had arrived. I told him. "How I wish I had known you were here." "Why?" "We had a church meeting last night, and several were received from Brick Street. Two of them ascribed their conversion to a sermon preached, as they said, by *Mr. Retal*. We have," observed Mr. Crisp, "no student of that name." "Well, if we don't know his name, we do know he; and, sir, wouldn't we give something to see un this minnit." "Perhaps you mean Mr. Trestrail?" "Yes, yes, that's his name; and God Almighty bless un for ever." It came out that they were present at this very tea meeting. One was nearly eighty years old, and the other past seventy. The first had never attended a place of worship since her early youth, and the other had never entered one in her life until that night! The reader must imagine what I felt. These two old creatures, "brands plucked from the burning," were baptized, and continued to their death to walk in the fear of the Lord.

Passing through Bristol some considerable time after, I called on Mr. Parsons, in the Arcade, to inquire about my honoured friend, and as he had removed to another house since I last saw him, Mr. Parsons accompanied me. We agreed that I should not speak first, just to try if he would recognise me. "Mr. Jones, I have brought a very old and dear friend to see you." "Ah, who is it?" "Try and find out." "Let me see, then." So, putting one hand on my shoulder, and then passing the other very gently over my face, he in a moment exclaimed, "Why, that's Mr. Trestrail." I was, indeed, surprised. How warmly and lovingly he greeted me. We talked at once about Brick Street. "Ah, my dear, many changes have passed since you last saw us. Some have gone to their rest, but others have come forward to declare what God has done for their souls." Many and kind were his inquiries about my own work, and about former students. After prolonging my visit to the utmost, we parted with much emotion, and I never saw him any more. Dear and honoured friend! you did not fully know the depth of our affection for you; nor did we then know how great a good you were to us.

Except on the Thursday preceding the first Lord's Day in the month Mr. Hall did not preach in Broadmead; but there was a service held in the vestry every Tuesday evening, which requires a brief notice. It was called "The Conference," and arose, as I was informed, among the Bristol Itinerating Society, the members of which were accustomed to meet for mutual improvement and the consideration of scriptural subjects. This meeting ultimately became the regular week-night service of Broadmead, but how or when I do not know. A box was placed in the vestry into which anyone might drop a paper, inscribed with a text, and at the close of the service this box was brought to Mr. Hall, who selected from the papers in it the subject of the following conference. A student, Mr. Crisp, and Mr. Hall spoke one week, and two students and Mr. Hall the next. It was a very severe ordeal to those who had to speak for the *first* time, since

most of the students would be present, and the audience included the *élite* of the piety and intelligence of the church and congregation.

The arrangements were by no means good, for some of those present were seated on one side of the desk where we stood, and some on the other, while the larger part sat behind. In front, at a table, sat Mr. Hall, Mr. Crisp, and Messrs. Peregrine Phillips and R. B. Sherring. The subject selected for the Conference at which I had to speak was Luke xxiv. 32. The address was prepared with care, and committed to memory. My delivery was then very rapid, of which I subsequently heard a good deal, and I sat down, panting for breath. I noticed that Mr. Hall looked up at me several times, which did not all contribute to my composure; and on passing out I was much amused at some remarks that were made about my courage and self-possession. The good folk who made these remarks never dreamt that all the while I was trembling from head to foot.

Mr. Hall's addresses, on these occasions, had little—almost nothing, indeed—of the stately march and dignity of his ordinary sermons. They were delivered while sitting in his chair, leaning on the top of his staff. One could hardly help fancying he was a patriarch instructing his family and servants. They were always deeply interesting, plain and natural, but full of beauty and pathos—sometimes animated and fervent. Occasionally he would offer some criticisms when the passage presented any difficulty, either in the construction or the rendering, which were like flashes of light, making what was obscure very distinct and clear. His references to what his "young brethren" had said were invariably kind and encouraging, and I have often heard him remark that "they had so completely exhausted the subject as to leave him nothing to say except to enlarge on some of their valuable suggestions." He appeared to great advantage in these conversational addresses. We saw him, as it were, in undress, having laid aside the more imposing garb of his pulpit discourses. His addresses at these times more resembled the utterances of a father than those of an orator and divine. No one can wonder, therefore, that the large vestry was always filled with an interested and sympathetic audience.

To speak of all the friends in Bristol who manifested a warm interest in us would extend these reminiscences to an unwarrantable length. Mr. Walters, Mr. Morcom, Mr. Warren, Mr. Chandler our medical attendant, a gentleman of considerable mental power and originality, whose services were gratuitous and always at command, stand out very prominently. It is no reflection on them to say that Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Sherring were most conspicuous amongst them all. After Broadmead, the College stood next in his regard. Scarcely a week passed that did not see some of us around his hospitable board, where we often met ministers and gentlemen of repute and culture. He was exceeding liberal and considerate in presenting useful books to those whose means were limited, and sometimes his gifts were almost profuse. This generosity was continued up to a very recent period,

and only changed at the death of Mrs. Sherring, when the infirmities attendant on extreme age required his removal to the country to reside with his children.

There was one, however, who can never be forgotten by those who knew him—Mr. James Livett. Endowed with a fine discriminating intellect, a highly cultivated and refined taste, of a generous disposition, and warm affections, and taking a lively interest in all affairs, whether literary, political, or ecclesiastical, his society was much courted and prized. Simple in his manners and habits, he was the true gentleman. Though hospitable in a high degree, there was not the slightest trace of the vulgarity of ostentation or profuseness. Very firm and decided in his opinions, his charity was large and enlightened. Frankness and sincerity, candour and manliness, were beautifully blended together. I do not remember in all my intercourse with him an instance of his resorting to artifice in discussion, or his arguing merely for victory. His love of truth was too ardent to permit either. As a lawyer, he stood in very high repute, and I never heard that his professional integrity was ever questioned. The lustre of His Christian character was untarnished. His sudden death created a vacancy in Bristol society, and deprived Broadmead of one of its brightest ornaments.

The Mosaic Account of the Creation.*

A PAPER READ BY REV. R. CAMERON BEFORE THE LEEDS
BAPTIST MINISTERS' FRATERNAL ASSOCIATION, AND PUB-
LISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

THERE are many who consider the Mosaic account of the Creation as irreconcilably at variance with the facts which modern science has disclosed. That difficulties exist, we are not prepared to deny, but that these difficulties are insuperable we can by no means admit.

It should be borne in mind in approaching this subject, that the Mosaic account of Creation was not written from a scientific point of view. The importance of scientific truth must not blind us to the fact that there is important truth that cannot be classed under this designation. Science has to deal with the nature and grouping of physical manifestations, and constitutes only one department of universal truth. Even physical manifestations it cannot trace to their ultimate source. But Moses commences by overleaping the "boundary of experimental evidence," and at once tracing Creation to its primeval origin. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

* We assume that Moses was the writer of the account of the Creation in the book of Genesis, but any other name that is considered by any one to be more likely may be substituted for that of Moses without materially affecting the argument.

He surveys the universe as the *workmanship of its Maker*. This is the point of view from which he looks upon the order of nature. His theme is nature as coming forth in detail (though in very brief detail) from nature's God. The primary object of his brief statement was to impress upon his readers, that every work of God's hands should suggest thoughts of the great Creator. There are thirty-one verses in his account of the Creation, and the Creator's name appears in nearly every verse.

It is also to be noticed that the fields of scientific vision and of Mosaic vision are not co-extensive. Moses' field of view is wider than the scientific—wider than Creation itself.

Now, a brief and popular description from one point of view of a widely extensive field cannot reasonably be expected to give precisely the same impression, even in outline, as is obtained from a minute description of a portion of the same field from another point of view. It is only then a *general agreement* that we can expect to find between the Mosaic account and a scientific description of the changes the earth underwent in the early stages of its history. Nor was it incumbent on Moses to make any formal notification of this. Scientists are often reduced to the necessity, in giving a popular and rapid sketch of scientific facts, to make certain reservations, indicated by such phrases as "on the whole," "speaking generally," "broadly taken," and the like; and it is true such terms are not used by Moses, but it is true also, that, from his point of view, they would not be pertinent.

We say then, that the primary object of Moses' account was to connect the one God with the entire universe and every part of it, and that, for the better accomplishment of this purpose, it was necessary to bring into prominence those objects that most strike the eye of the ordinary beholder—the sun, moon, and stars, the sea, and the dry land—the commonest forms in the vegetable and animal kingdom.

But the Mosaic account seems to keep another object in view, namely, to associate the erection of man's habitation with the purpose for which it was built. It was built that men should in it live together with God. God and man were to labour together, and rest together in it. We have a work to do with God, and in imitation of God—"Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth." God's work was generally inspected by Him at the end of every day, and pronounced *good*—specially inspected at the end of all, and pronounced *very good*. Does His work need inspection? For our sakes no doubt this is written, and the condescension of the teacher is as obvious as the lesson which is taught.

Further, as we are made in the image of God, our day is the image of God's day. God made the world that men might live and work in it together with Him, that he might mould their character by unfolding His own. Hence His appearance to Adam, to Abraham, to Moses. Hence His tabernacle among the Jews. Hence the Messiah—all in beautiful harmony with the ideas of *fellowship* and *imitation*

suggested by the "reason annexed" to the fourth commandment: "Six days shalt *thou* labour, for in six days the *Lord* made heaven and earth."

Bearing now in mind the manifest end of the writer, let us briefly examine the account he gives of Creation in reference to some of its supposed difficulties.

And, first, in regard to the *day* difficulty. That the term "day" is frequently used in Scripture for any sufficiently well-defined period of time, however long, or however short, must be evident to the most superficial observer. Thus, the whole time occupied in the formation of the heaven and the earth is called a "day." "In the *day* that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." (Gen. ii. 4.) Nor is this use of language at all peculiar to Scripture, as the canine proverb sufficiently testifies.

The word cannot be taken in Genesis i. as necessarily synchronising with a diurnal revolution of the earth, for this reason, if for no other, that a different key-note is struck at the very commencement of the record. "God said 'Let there be light,' and there was light." . . . "And the evening and the morning were the first day." There was then on the earth, when light sprung up, both day and night—on the lighted side was day, on the unlighted side was night. God thus, "by the hemisphere dividing" (for this is the proximate cause of the separation, and there is nothing in the Mosaic record to show that this was not the meaning intended in the passage) between the light and the darkness, and calling the light day and the darkness night. Now, there is no synchronal correspondence between the first dawning of light and a revolution of the earth on its axis. At the outset the word is used in reference to a point of time infinitesimally small; and why, then, may it not be used to designate a length of time indefinitely great—as lengthened a period as science may demand? It is true that the words "evening" and "morning" are used as boundaries of the period here called a day; but it was first—the evening, and then—the morning, not first—the morning, and then—the evening. It was evening, before the light began to dawn; it was morning, after. The departure of evening shade and the peep of morning dawn measured the first day's work. The evening was, and the morning was,—day one.

The work done in Creation was various and gradual, and its successive stages had each an evening and a morning—an evening when on the eve of being unfolded, a morning when fully revealed to view. But if so, it may be said, what about the seventh day? Are we not to understand *that* as corresponding to a revolution of the earth on its axis? First, we reply that the definition of a day as any well-defined period of time does not necessarily exclude such correspondence any more than it necessarily implies it. Yet we think it need not even here be so taken. We do not think that the seventh day (in so far as the Divine action is primarily concerned) was intended to be understood literally any more than the other six.

Observe, it is nowhere said that the evening and the morning were the *seventh* day. This formula may at some future time be applicable to it. The six periods in which it pleased the Creator to provide all that could contribute to man's bodily sustenance and comfort, and to bring him on to the scene, have been finished, and the seventh period is now in process. This is the day devoted to man's spiritual renovation, and it is not yet finished. It is emphatically "the day which the Lord hath made"—the day to which all the other six converged, and in which they find the reason of their being. This hallowed era is doubly sacred. On God's part it is hallowed to man's redemption; on man's part it is to be held sacred to God's service.

And yet the work of this hallowed day progresses in the midst of darkness, and sorrow, and death. The shades of evening are actually dispersed but in part, and wholly so, only to the far-seeing eye of Faith. But the brightness of day is about to dawn. The Son of God has covered man's sin, sunk it in the ocean of His love, and is drawing all men to Him; and when the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready, "the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces, and swallow up death in victory." Then will the perfect dawn be witnessed, the object of Creation accomplished, and the evening and the morning have completed the seventh day.

If it be asked whether this is not a variance with the "reason annexed to the fourth Commandment," we reply that it seems rather in perfect harmony with it. The fourth Commandment says "Thou shalt do all thy work in six days, because in six days the Lord fitted up thine earthly mansion. Thou shalt rest from labour on the seventh day for a more hallowed occupation, because God rested from the work of mundane creation, which he had finished, to carry on a more sacred and spiritual operation in the hearts and lives of men. Man's weekly work and weekly rest are thus to be an epitome of God's work in the creation and redemption of the world, or rather, man's six days' secular work is a miniature imitation of the Creator's work in forming the external universe, and man's rest, or change of work, from secular to sacred, is a miniature imitation of God's rest or change of work from external formation to the sacred operation of His Spirit on the minds and hearts of men. Of course, there is an infinite difference between God's day and man's day, between God's work and man's work; but in boundless condescension, He who made man in His own image demands of men a progressive imitation of his Maker's gradually revealed perfections, in order to a nearer approach to Himself, and an increasingly higher moral and scriptural elevation of character.

The Divine procedure is, therefore, an example for man to copy after, six day's labour and one day's rest—*both* periods of wide extent in relation to Divine action—*both* narrowed down as to human action, to meet man's weakness and wants. God's hallowing His own day

was a most emphatic hallowing and sanctifying of man's imitation of it.

We venture to think that the difficulties connected with the meaning of the word *day* may be thus disposed of. The remaining difficulties concern the *order* of Creation. Before dealing with them let us see whether there appears to be any correspondence between the genesis of this mundane system, as described by Moses, and the teachings of modern science. And here we must protest against the inaccuracy with which the case is sometimes stated. It is not seldom represented as if it were necessary, in order to receive the statements of Moses, to regard the six days as corresponding to the successive geological eras of our globe. Thus even the Rev. George Gilfillan, in a letter to the *Scotsman*, of so late a date as last July, wonders why a man of Dr. McCosh's intelligence "should still fight for the six days as equivalent to the epochs of geology." Whichever party is chiefly responsible for this inaccuracy of statement, one thing is certain, that if theologians ever "fought for the six days *as equivalent to the epochs of geology*," they must have studied the first chapter of Genesis to very little purpose. The six days may cover the space occupied by these epochs, but they have a far wider range. Three out of the six have scarcely any reference to anything that is the proper subject-matter of geological study; so that what we have to inquire is, *not* whether the six days are equivalent to so many geological epochs, but whether, taking everything into account, there are any inexplicable discrepancies, and (if there are any) whether they are of greater consideration than the correspondences existing between the genesis of this mundane system, as described by Moses, and the acknowledged facts of physical science.

First, then, for the correspondences. We may arrange them under two heads—(1) In respect to the primitive condition of the world and its preparation for the support of life; (2) with respect to the *order* in which the different forms of life appeared. In respect to the primitive condition of the world, Moses gives us to understand that it was devoid of vegetable and animal life. Now, modern research has set beyond all doubt the fact that the earth existed at first in a state of intense heat such as to preclude the possibility of either vegetable or animal life—in one word, it was, as Moses describes it, "void." Again, from Moses' description, we can easily gather that the surface of the earth was deeply covered with aqueous particles. He speaks of the earth's surface as "the face of the deep," "the surface of the waters," which word "waters" is used in the sixth verse for either condensed or uncondensed aqueous particles. Well, the glowing heat of the earth would not only preclude the appearance of life, but would also extrude all aqueous particles from the interior, and throw them upon the surface. Now the description of Moses, unlike that of Thales (who held that the earth floated on water), exactly tallies, *so far*, with the present condition of science; and, though innumerable shafts have been aimed at our author for so

many years in volumes, addresses, and reviews, he still survives ; or, if the dust and smoke of conflict seem to cover him for a time, and we are about to mourn him as "buried out of our sight," he soon makes a surprising reappearance, and the glory of Hermon dispels the gloom of Nebo.

So much for the primitive condition of the earth. Now for the order in which the different forms of life appeared.

We have on the third day, the division of land and water, and the production of land vegetation. On the fifth we have the production of aquatic animals, including fowls. On the sixth we have the production of land animals, first the lower species, and finally man. Now, what we say is this, that, "taken generally," the palæontological and the Mosaic accounts of the order in which successive forms of vegetable and animal life appeared are, *so far as the outline is concerned*, strikingly in accordance. Besides the fact that both represent the preparation of the earth as a gradual process, both give precedence to aquatic animals before land animals, and the lower animal form before the higher, whilst both represent man as the last to come on the scene. Nor is the assertion of Moses, that vegetable life preceded animal, contradicted by any ascertained fact of geology. Or, as Professor Mivart puts it:—"In passing to the vegetable from the mineral kingdom we behold for the first time manifested a *vital* form. In passing to the animal from the vegetable kingdom we behold for the first time manifested a *sentient* form. In passing to the human from the kingdom of brute animals we behold for the first time manifested a *rational* form." These words are equally applicable to the Mosaic account of creation, and to the scientific views of the present day. It is difficult to believe that the striking coincidences they describe can be altogether fortuitous ; and if they are not, and the Mosaic account was, as we are so often reminded, written in "a pre-scientific age," it must own a source higher than mere human research.

And as for the discrepancies, are they altogether inexplicable ? We venture to think they are not.

Doubtless it will be said that, though Moses represents the successive appearance of mineral, vital, sentient, and human existence in true geological order, yet, instead of going into scientific details, he includes in one day's work certain details which properly belong to a subsequent day. But we think it will be granted that, as Moses did not write with a scientific end in view, there was no need to preserve such exactly literal boundaries as would prevent his periods from overlapping each other, and nothing to prevent him preferring the ideal period to the literal one if it suited his purpose—if by doing so he could produce a briefer narrative and a brighter picture. We think it is M. Ernest Renan who somewhere says that "Truth idealised is sometimes truer than the literal truth ;" and a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* for last May has this sentence:—"Though the eighteenth century, ideally speaking, was not yet over, the nineteenth

century had certainly begun." If the nineteenth century began before the eighteenth century, "ideally speaking," ended, why might not one Mosaic day begin before the previous day, ideally speaking, ended?

We believe this principle of interpretation to be especially applicable to the case of birds, of which, though created on the fifth day, we find no record in "the rocks" till after the carboniferous era, before which time many forms of terrestrial animals are said to have made their appearance. The argument is thus put:—"Birds appearing on the fifth day, and terrestrial creatures other than birds on the sixth, cannot be made to square with the evidence of geology, which shows us that terrestrial animals exist in lower strata than any form of bird. 'If this account were true we ought to have abundant evidence of birds in the carboniferous, the Devonian, and the Silurian rocks.' But not a trace of birds makes its appearance until the Oolitic, or perhaps the new red sandstone formation." Now, admitting all this, it is to be remembered that Moses does not make an extensive classification of animals, either in respect to the date, or the source of their origin. In regard to *date*, he confines himself to two periods; in regard to *source*, to the two great divisions of land and water. Embracing all lower animals in the two divisions of sea-produced and land-produced animals, how are their respective dates to be assigned? Must it not be according to general precedence? If sea productions had a *general* precedence before land productions (and we are not aware that any scientist denies this), must it not be allowed that Moses was right in assigning a prior date to the water and a subsequent date to the earth-produced animals? "Speaking *generally*," sea productions belong to the fifth, and land productions to the sixth day; and Moses might have used some such saving clause, and perhaps would have done so had his main object been a scientific one, though there would seem to be no difficulty in *inferring*, from the fact of his dividing all living creatures into two general divisions, that he meant to speak very generally indeed.

The truth is that the classification of geology is wholly chronological. The classification of Moses is partly chronological, but not wholly so. The Palæozoic, Mesozoic, Cainozoic, and Psychozoic eras represent different stages of mundane life, without reference to the *sources* of that life. The fifth and sixth days of Moses, on the contrary, although not without some reference to chronology, chiefly affect the sources whence that life was drawn. It is, therefore, only to a certain extent that the two classifications are capable of chronological comparison; but so far as they can be compared so far are they in agreement.

We conclude, then, that the brief outline of the order of succession of the Mosaic account is in accordance with geological facts so far as they have yet been ascertained.

We have thus considered the Mosaic account in its geological relations, and come now to consider it in its astronomical relations.

The chief difficulty (if, indeed, it is a difficulty) lies here—that Moses, whilst attributing the evoking of light to the first day, relegates the creation of the sun and moon to the fourth day. If there is, as some suppose, a glaring inconsistency in this representation, we should expect Moses—a man mighty in words and in deeds—to appear somewhat conscious of it. Instead of this, however, the record proceeds with the most unshackled freedom, as if the author were consciously drawing his inspirations from a higher source than his own research.

We are aware it has been said that he simply adopted “the science of the age.” The assertion would be more respectable if some attempt were made to prove it or to define the exact amount of meaning attached to the use of the phrase. Revelation may adapt itself to the science of the age without adopting it, and it is reasonable to think that it should. When elicited by some casual circumstance, or shaped primarily to meet some special case, there is no need that it should go beyond the science of the age *as it finds it*, or beyond the science of the particular individual to whom the word was originally addressed. But, in an account of Creation not elicited by any casual circumstance, and apparently shaped in its original intent to meet the case of humanity at large, and to form the basis of an important institution suited to all time, we should expect some adaptation to the science of a *future* age, as well as of the present; and it will not surprise us if we find that, throughout the account of Moses, as well in its astronomical as in its geological bearings, there are incidental anticipations of modern discovery interwoven with the higher object for which the account was written. We think we have found some traces of the kind in one department, perhaps traces can also be found in the other, and even in connection with this supposed difficulty of sunlight before the sun. Let us see.

But first of all let us ascertain the *sense* in which Moses gives precedence to sunlight before the sun. If in doing so he did not feel that he was weighting his record with an insuperable difficulty, it must have been because his reference was not to the one of these in relation to the other, but to each in relation to an earth-placed observer. Here, then, we have a clue to his meaning. For it is surely absurd to attribute to such a man a meaning that, on the face of it, involves a glaring absurdity, when another and consistent meaning is not far to seek. Now, taking this view, we ask, Where is the difficulty? Is there any law which necessitated the first appearance of the sun to be simultaneous with the first appearance of sunlight, or any analogy that would lead us to expect it? We know of no such law, and all analogy is the other way. The dawn of morn precedes the rising of the sun. The *light* of day often comes and goes all the while that the *ruler* of the day shrouds his majestic appearance. If we conclude that it was *not* so at the beginning, on what ground do we form such a conclusion?

On the other hand, if it can be shown that modern discovery

renders it probable that a considerable length of time would elapse between the first dawn of sunlight and the full blaze of sunshine, then the more ancient the Hebrew record of the fact the greater is the credit due to it.

Dr. Croll, in endeavouring to account for the origin of the continuous heat diffused by the sun during the long lapse of geological eras, calculates that the concussion of two immense bodies, each one-half of the sun's present mass, travelling to each other at the rate of 476 miles per second, would generate fifty million years' heat, and that the whole mass would be dissipated into vapour. Of course, the planets, if any previously existed, would be overtaken with untraceable confusion. We might imagine such a mighty concussion of two large bodies, or two immense streams of smaller bodies, resulting in a universe of incandescent vapour *as the means of originally conferring organic unity on the solar system*, and conceive of its formation *as a system* on the theory of Laplace. But though Laplace's theory is extremely ingenious, and perhaps to a certain extent correct, we think Mr. Proctor has shown conclusively that on that theory it is impossible, *without some modification*, to account for the relative sizes and irregular orbits of the planetary bodies; and it would seem necessary to call in the aid of multitudes of meteoric systems, travelling in different directions, to account for these irregularities. And this would be no more difficult to account for than the original concussion which Dr. Croll imagines. But to quote Mr. Proctor:—

“There are processes still at work within the solar system which seem strikingly associated with the genesis itself of that system. The sun, the planets, and the earth are undoubtedly growing, though their present rate of growth may be indefinitely small compared with the rate at which, on any reasonable hypothesis of development, they must be supposed at first to have assumed independent existence. We know that meteoric masses are falling in enormous numbers on the earth, and that they must fall in numbers inconceivably greater on the sun.” “One may well conceive that of old the solar system presented not a central sun, but a tendency to central aggregation within a group of widely-extended meteoric systems, not subordinate orbs like the planets, but a tendency to subordinate aggregations.” “Now, in considering the ultimate condition towards which these processes would lead, we must not lose sight of the circumstance that, as soon as a well-marked central aggregation was formed, its neighbourhood would be the scene of all the most rapid motions within the complex scheme of systems. This aggregation was the embryo sun of the scheme; near the central aggregation subordinate aggregations would form with difficulty, and even when formed they would grow slowly, because of their small power to influence meteoric systems travelling swiftly past them.”

We have here, then, a tendency among these “myriads of millions

of meteoric systems" to central aggregations, and a tendency to subordinate aggregations—that is, a tendency in certain aggregations to form a central sun, and a tendency among others to form subordinate bodies (planets). Suppose, then, the nucleus of the earth and the nucleus of the sun formed, shoals of meteoric bodies are travelling to the sun from all directions (many of them perhaps revolving round him), which in process of time are attracted and absorbed. But in the meantime these millions of meteoric systems might, whilst allowing a portion of his light to reach the earth, conceal his face till an immense number of them were absorbed and disappeared.

• "As yet the sun
Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourned the while."

On the diminishing of these bodies the sun might show by degrees a well-defined disc. A partial illustration of what is here intended is presented us in the appearance of the planet Saturn. The meteoric systems called "rings," which revolve round him, do actually (where the mass is most concentrated) conceal a portion of his orb.

How long a time would elapse from the first dawn of light till the full-orbed sun appeared it is impossible to say, but it might well occupy the whole of the time taken up in the formation of the earthly firmament, the separation of land and water, and the appearance on some parts of the earth's surface of certain vegetable forms. At last the faint patches of light, which probably were only *visible* at first, increase in brightness, and enlarge till they meet, and the greater light shines forth in full splendour as ruler of the day, giving at the same time a borrowed brightness to the lesser light as ruler of the night.

Only one exception can be taken, so far as we can conceive, to this theory. It may be said that the nebulae are luminous, and that our theory requires, at a certain stage of the system's history, that its luminosity should be concealed. In reply to this, we think it sufficient to say that nothing is more probable than that there are nebulae whose luminosity is *partially*, and others whose luminosity is *wholly*, concealed from our view. For there are nebulae and nebulae. Some present the appearance of an unformed sun with nebulous surroundings. Some have their surface "traversed by strange branches and sprays of faint light," some consist of a ring of light with a dark centre, and some, whose existence has been well established, have for the present entirely disappeared.

If this theory be correct, it will account for a length of time elapsing between the first appearance of light and the first appearance of the sun, and also for the darkness that at first spread over the deep, except, perhaps, as it may be thought, that the glowing heat of the earth newly fused into one mass would prevent darkness. But supposing it did for a time, yet the aqueous and gaseous particles would be thrown upon the surface, perhaps extending hundreds of miles on

all sides beyond, and as it would cool first at the furthest distance from the centre, dense clouds would probably form over and darken the face of the deep.

But whether this theory be correct or not, since it is certain that the earth was at first "without form and void," we may be allowed to suppose, till the contrary is proved, that there was a time, after the formation of the earth's nucleus, when the light of the heavenly bodies was wholly obscured, and a succeeding time when the sun's light appeared, he, himself remaining invisible. Now this darkness was on the "face of the deep" before the six day's work began. And as God designed to light up the earth, and clothe it with life and beauty, His spirit encompassed the deep waste of aqueous vapours, and brooded over it—*first*, shedding light upon it; *secondly*, making a firmament by cooling down the aqueous vapours, thus leaving an expanse above, liberating an atmosphere, and in that atmosphere balancing the clouds; *thirdly*, creating by the cooling process inequalities on the earth's surface, draining the water into its ocean bed, and clothing with verdure the land thus left dry; *fourthly*, causing full sunshine, by withdrawing from the sun's surroundings, and absorbing in his mass myriads of meteoric systems; *fifthly*, breathing as a spirit of life on the waters, by which, first the *sea* is peopled, and then the air; *sixthly*, fertilizing the land to produce all varieties of terrestrial life, and completing the work by setting over it an image of Himself "crowned with glory and honour."

We have not included the stars in this brief sketch, because the sentence "He made the stars also" is evidently parenthetical. One need only read the 16th and 17th verses together in order to be convinced of this. The reason why they are mentioned in connexion with the sun and moon doubtless is because they are associated with them in idea, and the reason why the sentence is parenthetical would seem to be because it was not intended they should be considered as the work of the fourth day.

Besides what has been said, we have in the account of Moses a unitary view of the Cosmos, which corresponds closely with modern ideas, whilst the views of Pagan antiquity are equally divergent from both. In Moses, the God of the hills is the God of the valleys also. "The heavens are His, the earth also is His." The whole universe sprang from one source, and is held in the grasp of one potent will. What a striking resemblance there is here to the fact which modern science has fully established, that there is a unitary power ever asserting its presence throughout all nature, though science hesitates to identify that power as the hand of the "Living God" of Revelation.

We have endeavoured thus briefly to notice some correspondences between the current views of science, and those which the Mosaic account seems to imply, and cannot resist the conviction that that account is much more adapted to the science of the present day than

to that of the age in which it was written. Whencesoever Moses drew his scientifico-religious views, it was certainly not from the land of his birth. The Egyptian darkness out of which this light sprang up suggests the interposition of Him who no sooner says, "Let light be," than "light is."

We have said that the science of the present day acknowledges a unitary power ever asserting its presence throughout all nature, and though some are content to think of that power as a force immanent in matter, and others as "a stream of tendency," we venture to think it will be impossible to find a resting place in either of these notions, or in any notion short of that of an all-creating power in an all-comprehending intelligence. If it is beyond the province of science to affirm an all-creating power in an all-comprehending intelligence, it is equally beyond its province to affirm a power immanent in matter as such, and the impotence of science in this direction shows us the need of another source of knowledge. For if the last word of science in answer to the question of questions is, "I don't know," it cannot be anti-scientific to ask—"Have we any other means of knowing?" And where shall this wisdom be found? Science points us to a unitary power in nature, and leaves us there. Revelation has shown, antecedently to this conclusion of science, what that power is. Science reveals the changes the universe has undergone, and is undergoing. Revelation shows us behind all these changes the finger of the changeless one. Science ascertains that order and system pervade the universe. Revelation shows whence that order is derived, and whither it is tending. They are parts of one great system, explaining and supplementing each other. They spring originally from the same source, and alike contribute to human improvement and happiness. As there is no real antagonism between them, there should be no jealousy between their respective votaries.

The finger of revelation touches the fringe of science, not to appropriate its virtue, but to educe its ennobling tendency—not to tarnish its lustre, but to tinge it with a heavenly radiance. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." Science "for its own sake," says the scientist. Science "for the glory of God," says the theologian. The *expression* varies, the *meaning* is the same. The more knowledge is desirable for its own sake, the more it must reflect the glory of Him who constituted nature what it is.

The marvels of science strike us with amazement. If we think of what has been already achieved (and which is probably as a drop of the bucket compared with what is still open to our research), we are lost in astonishment at the rich inheritance of the human intellect; but when we turn our eye to the field of revelation, we see greater things than these. We see heaven opened—we see that He who "sits enthroned on the riches of the universe" is our Father and our Friend; that He casts over all the mantle of His love; that that love

is infinite and everlasting; and not the cravings of our intellect only, but the deepest longings of our heart are satisfied, and our anxious spirit set at rest for ever.

Beaconsfield and Hughenden Manor.

I.

THE present Prime Minister of England has closely linked himself with the two localities mentioned above. Reflecting his fame, they are now thought of with interest by myriads of his fellow-men; and, therefore, a few words concerning them may not be out of place. We Dissenters, of course, are not called upon to be the political eulogists of Lord Beaconsfield, having, indeed, few favours for which to thank him. During the last fifty years the nation has made much progress in civil and religious liberty, but, as a rule, the steps forward have been taken over the bodies of the party of which he is the undoubted chief. Notwithstanding, however, our political opposition to him, he cannot but be regarded by us with feelings of great interest. He has risen from one of the lower steps of the social ladder to nearly the very highest; by sheer force of intellect and character he virtually guides the destinies of this great nation, and practically is the ruler of 250,000,000 of the human race. Such being the facts concerning him, a few statements in reference to "his local habitation and his name" may be interesting to our readers.

First as to Beaconsfield, of which Mr. Disraeli is now "the noble Earl." This place, so called, is situated on the former coach route between Oxford and London, being about twenty-five miles from the latter. It is called a "town" by the inhabitants and the people of the neighbourhood generally, though it would be reckoned a mere village in the more populous portions of England. The meaning of the word Beaconsfield seems to lie upon the surface—"The field" or place where a beacon anciently stood. The town occupies very elevated ground, and, therefore, was very suitable for the purpose. Those who have read "The Armada," by Lord Macaulay, will remember his graphic description of the numerous beacons that were used to warn our forefathers of the approach of the dreaded Spanish Navy—

"Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height."

Of course the watch-fire at Beaconsfield did not shine with the conspicuous brightness of that in Worcestershire; but, nevertheless,

it was a very prominent object of vision, as the following anecdote will testify:—The late Mr. Grove, the celebrated West-end fish-monger, had a handsome residence not far from Beaconsfield, and it was his custom to erect a huge bonfire in his grounds on the 5th of November, which could be distinctly seen from the roof of his house at Charing Cross. We may remark in passing that the first syllable of the name of the town is generally pronounced short, and the whole word pronounced as if written *Bekonsfield*. The first edition of Waller's poetry, published in 1645, has the following title-page:—“Poems, etc., written by Mr. Edmund Waller, of Beckonsfield, Esq., lately a Member of the Honourable House of Commons.”

As the connection of Waller with Beaconsfield constitutes one of its claims to notice, we will proceed to offer a few remarks concerning him. His father was Robert Waller, of Amersham, a place once rather famous in Parliamentary history, but which has gradually subsided into a quietness remarkable even for the county of Bucks. Near to Amersham is a small place called Coleshill, which, though embedded in Buckinghamshire, is practically reckoned to belong to the county of Herts; and there Waller was born, in 1605—in the year, therefore, of the occurrence of the famous Gunpowder Plot. He came of a good “county” family; was cousin to John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell; and at his father's death received estates worth £4,000 a-year. Having been educated at Eton and Cambridge, he is said to have become Member of Parliament for Amersham at the early age of sixteen years. There is some doubt upon the matter, though it seems certain that minors did sometimes sit in Parliament, being allowed, however, neither to speak nor vote. In the year 1625, he became member for the very ancient borough of High Wycombe, and, with some intervals, was member of the Legislature for a long period of years. Contemporary writers speak of him as a very lively, witty member; but as being as utterly devoid of fixity of principle as the Vicar of Bray himself. Living in stormy times, he sometimes became involved in dangerous plots against the Government of the day; but contrived, with wonderful dexterity, to escape fatal consequences by the free use of his cash, by professions of the most abject contrition, and by turning “king's evidence,” not only against his fellow-conspirators, but by falsely swearing against some who were perfectly innocent. When Oliver Cromwell was in the fulness of his power, Waller addressed a very adulatory poem to his “Highness;” and when Charles II. was restored, a similar poem was at the service of the merry monarch. Charles, having personally pointed out to the poet that he was more lavish in praise of the usurper than of the rightful sovereign, Waller's reply was, “Yes, your Majesty; but my praise of the usurper was fiction, while my praise of yourself is absolute fact.” He was too cunning to be caught napping, or too brazen-faced to be made ashamed. Pope pronounced [Lord Bacon to be—

“The greatest and the meanest of mankind.”

But as to meanness, we think that Waller deserves to be bracketed with the magnificent but culpable Lord Chancellor. In some languages the word prophet means both a poet and also one who utters predictions, and Waller undertook to perform the duties of both these characters, for he foretold to James II. the speedy downfall of the Turkish empire. He was, however, as concerns this matter, in good company, for Lord Bacon had previously assured Queen Elizabeth that the Ottoman rule could not last long. But threatened people live long; for though the Emperor Nicholas of Russia believed a generation ago that the Turk was a "sick man," the Emperor's son and subjects have proved the truth of the Scottish adage that, "It's lang waiting for a dead man's shoon." Waller lived to a good old age, retaining his liveliness of temperament to the last, for Bishop Burnet writes thus of him:—"He was the delight of the House of Commons, and even at eighty he said the liveliest things of any among them. He was only concerned to say that which should make him be applauded. But he never laid the business of the House to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty man." Thus he joked through a long life, during which he witnessed the most momentous events which any nation ever experienced, and died one year before the great revolution of 1688. He lies buried in the churchyard of Beaconsfield, and a monument over his remains records in stately Latin that he was an English senator, that his second wife made him the happy parent of thirteen children, and that the muses were so charmed with the many excellences of his poetry that they would gladly have used the English in preference to the Grecian tongue.

We have mentioned the fact that Waller was cousin to the illustrious patriot, John Hampden; and, as Beaconsfield is only about twelve miles distant from Hampden House, the two relatives doubtless often interchanged social visits—both of them possessing mansions fit for princes to dwell in. We have more than once visited both the abodes; and, so far as capacious accommodation, extensive grounds, and every appliance of elegance and luxury are concerned, we should be puzzled which to prefer. One visit of Hampden to his cousin is upon record, which was very near to bringing the patriot into trouble. The visit took place in the year 1633, and Hampden thought to improve the occasion by drilling some soldiers on the Sabbath-day in Beaconsfield churchyard. The news of this martial movement, having reached the authorities in London, it was made a "Star Chamber" matter of; but, if we recollect rightly, the patriot escaped with only a reprimand and threat. The two cousins were alike in the possession of superior natural abilities, the advantages of a good education, much eloquence, and great political skill; but Waller was an unprincipled trifler, while his illustrious cousin possessed unflinching conscientiousness, and an attachment to his country never surpassed. The patriot, as we all well know, died in his struggles for liberty, whereas his cousin joined almost every party in

the State, betrayed as many as he conveniently could, and laughed at them all. The one belonged to the "age of saints," the other to the "age of strumpets." During Waller's eighty years he lived long enough to prove the truthfulness of Macaulay's remark that "Zeal makes revolutions, and revolutions make men zealous for nothing." Waller and his contemporaries saw at least ten forms of government established in England in less than that number of years, and naturally felt but little reverence for such fragile things. Their state of mind in the matter was akin to that of the astute but cynical Talleyrand, who, when he had taken the oath of allegiance at the accession of Louis Philippe, said to the surrounding courtiers, "That makes the thirtieth time!" The statesmen of the Restoration, like Waller, were witty, clever, and unprincipled; "their power of reading things of high import, in signs which to others were invisible or unintelligible, resembled magic. But the curse of Reuben was upon each of them: 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.'"

We have said that the body of Edmund Waller lies buried in Beaconsfield Churchyard; and in one of the aisles of the church repose the remains of a far greater Edmund—the illustrious Edmund Burke. As Burke had his residence for many years at Beaconsfield, and has therefore shed upon the place a portion of his own fame, a brief sketch of his career may be deemed acceptable. Burke was born in Dublin about the year 1730, nearly forty years before "Arthur Wesley" saw the light in the same city, who commenced his military career in India about the time of Burke's death, and which, culminating at Waterloo, has filled the world with his fame. Burke was a descendant of Spenser, the author of the "Fairy Queen," and hence his name Edmund. Burke's mother was a Roman Catholic, and his wife was of the same religion. He received the rudiments of his education from a Quaker of superior talents and learning, to whose teaching he always expressed himself deeply indebted, and with whose son he preserved an intimate friendship to the end of his life. He for some time became a student in Trinity College, Dublin, where, however, he did not greatly distinguish himself; and, when about twenty-one years of age, with a fortune of about twenty thousand pounds, he launched himself upon the literary and political ocean of London life. After about ten years of hard, but honourable, work as a man of letters, he returned to his native country as private secretary to "Single-Speech" Hamilton, who had been appointed Chief Secretary of Ireland; and, four or five years later, was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, on his becoming Prime Minister of England. His party, however, did not remain very long in power, and for fifteen years Mr. Burke remained out of office; but during those years acquired great and abiding fame by his writings and speeches in Parliament concerning Indian affairs and the momentous American Revolution. When the Marquis of Rockingham again returned to power, in 1782, Mr. Burke was made a Privy Councillor, and appointed to the office—which Lord Macaulay

afterwards held—of Paymaster-General of the Forces. Previous to Burke's time the perquisites of the office amounted to more than twenty-five thousand pounds a year, which enormous sum he immediately abolished by an Act of Parliament, and accomplished a saving in carrying on the duties of the office of an almost equal amount. It is a strange fact that a man of such transcendent ability never attained to the rank of Cabinet Minister, which fact can only be accounted for upon the disgraceful theory in vogue a hundred years ago, that only men of aristocratic connections could hope to attain a first-rate position in any Government, whether Whig or Tory. Mr. Burke did not remain long in office, going out with his party, and never again returning to it. Then came his tremendous struggle against what he considered the crimes of Warren Hastings while Governor-General of India. The history of his gigantic contest is thus condensed in a popular narrative of the eventful times. For some years the affairs of India engaged his whole "heart, and soul, and mind, and strength." One of the noblest of his published speeches is that which he delivered in February, 1785, in support of Mr. Fox's motion for papers relating to the debts of the Nabob of Arcot. This was followed by what have been justly called his "Herculean labours" in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings. In April, 1786, he presented to the House the articles of charge against the Ex-Governor-General; they fill two volumes of the octavo edition of his works. On the 1st of June he opened the first charge. It was not till February, 1788, that the trial began in Westminster Hall, when the impeachment was opened by Mr. Burke, in a speech which lasted four days, and was throughout a wonderful display of impassioned eloquence, and of all the resources of his rich and gifted mind. After further indefatigable proceedings, which lasted three or four years, he finally, in May, 1794, commenced his concluding address on the impeachment, which continued for nine days. Those of our readers who wish to see an intensely interesting account of these momentous affairs are referred to the article "Warren Hastings" in Lord Macaulay's Essays, from which the following words are quoted:—"But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood

contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides ; there was Burke—ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.”

Edmund Burke honoured Beaconsfield with his residence for more than a quarter of a century—the latter years of his remarkable life. His mansion was first called Gregories, afterwards named Butler’s Court, and was purchased by him from the Waller family for about twenty thousand pounds. It stood in the midst of an estate of about 600 acres in extent, a mile from Beaconsfield on the road to Amersham. Adding to his great abilities the tastes of a country gentleman, he was assiduous in the improvement of his possession, and in the course of years increased its value threefold. His visits to Beaconsfield must have formed charming breaks in his laborious and often agitated London life. It was doubtless a welcome time to him when he turned away from Parliament Street, passed through the Tyburn turnpike, and rode on toward healthy, quiet Beaconsfield, the mighty roar of modern Babylon growing less and less distinct behind him. At last Butler’s Court was reached, and there, far away from the *Fumum strepitumque Romæ*, eagle-like he could fold for a time his weary wings, and ere long plume them for the sublimity of another flight.

Extract.

INTIMATIONS OF MAN’S IMMORTALITY.

THE clear, conclusive, glorious, blessed *proof* of man’s immortality is the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In this instance I am going to leave the sunlight for dim starlight. Many reject the sunlight ; and for their reproof and conviction we must avail ourselves of the glimmerings of their own night-light.

Great question ! Are we to perish like autumn leaves ? or are we to pass through death “more than conquerors,”—not only to live still, but to live in the exercise of a purer, higher, greater life ? Is it the law of the Creator, that the dead matter of the creation shall remain from age to age, but that human intelligence and love, for which all things are made, shall pass away like a dream which is not ? *Common sense people* answer the question first of all by a laugh, afterwards by a groan, and lastly, by turning their backs on the wisacre who raised

the question, leaving him in quiet possession of his own godless heart and foolish head. *Ancient philosophy* cries back through scores of centuries, *absurd*. Religion understands the origin of this insanity, and speaks of it as the "*perverse disputing of corrupt minds*." The denial of man's immortality virtually maintains that the head is inferior to the feet, that a lump of clay is superior to intelligence. Whereas the old visible creation is but a basis, and rude ground floor for the first days of the man—child.

I. *If a man do not survive his body there is no provision in the universe for a record or monument of its successive changes, eras, and cycles.* Is there no history of the universe? Stupendous changes have taken place. Are there no spirits anywhere who will be able to acquaint us with the causes and character of these changes? Great changes will yet take place. Has God no creatures who will survive these changes, and carry the report of them over the gulf of disorganisation into the new earths and heavens which shall be? In the wreck or dissolution of a world, are souls also wrecked or annihilated, so that nothing remains to tell the tale? Has God no heir of eternity to bring forward the past into the future?

II. *Why are boundless capacities given to man if he be doomed to perish with his body?* Why has he a capacity for knowledge so much greater than during this life is ever filled or satisfied? Why were not his powers adjusted, as the powers of other creatures are, to the requirements of mortal life? Why should he be goaded on and on by a nature to which there is no corresponding good? Why should he be made restless with a thirst for knowledge which is never to be gratified? If he is not to live in another world why was he made greater than this world? Why was he made to find interest in the secrets of the universe, in spiritual mysteries, in the being of a God,—questions which are in no way related, or necessary, to his life in the world? This restless, roaming, wide-casting spirit that is within us, must surely be destined for some far higher and more wondrous life. A creature designed to perish in this world, certainly ought not to be gifted with hopes which this world can never answer, but only deceive and confound. An Almighty Tantalizer would be a horrible character to be the Supreme Head of this universe. I have no doubt there is a horrible Tantalizer who would like to be at the head, and who has great pleasure in being thought by his friends to be at the head; but he is not *The Head*, nor likely to be. There is the ground in man of an unexampled greatness and sublimity of character. Why is the basis there, if the temple is never to be raised? Is the Creator that foolish Builder, who began to build his house, and laid its foundation, but who, not having the means to complete His work, leaves it to be mocked by wind and weather, decay and ruin? Why does man approve his condition most, and rest most in his condition, when he is in advance of the world, when he is independent of it, and of everything in it? Is this a sign that he is the mere creature of the world? How is it that spiritual satisfactions give him keener delight than those which are

sensual, or worldly? How is it that every man who is reconciled to God, feels that God, much more than the world, is *his home*? Is this a proof that he will *not* return to God, but that his life will be wholly extinguished in the earth? How is it that every man, who has commenced a life of spiritual progress, meditates with inmost delight, the prospect of *eternal* progress? Is this a sign that the hope of eternal life is a delusion?

III. *Whence is it that the idea of eternity is con-natural with that in us which thinks and hopes and loves?* We can certainly imagine ourselves to be living still and thinking still, after the lapse of millions of ages. We can entertain the thought of being happier and of possessing higher intelligence in a future world. Why should this be possible to us, if we are so soon to perish, body and soul, in this world? You cannot awaken in sheep and oxen the idea of future ages. They cannot regale their imagination with the thought of Paradise after death. Why cannot they? Why can man? Why should he alone be tantalised by the dream, if it be a dream, of an endless hereafter?

If man's being were restricted to a life on the earth, *his* thoughts would never roam beyond the boundary of death, questioning, imaging, and wondering in himself about the possibility of an *afterwards*. The fact is no man can coax himself to abandon the idea of his immortality: he can coax his tongue to deny, and the muscles of his face to laugh at the doctrine; but his fraudulent trick upon himself is no sooner at an end, than his own soul inquires very gently, "Why don't you convert *me* to your no-faith: I am *not* yet quite converted. You jackanapes, you, there is still in me, I believe, the external ground and possibility of a *man*." Promise yourself a lifetime of ten thousand years after death, and your soul will instantly treat this promise with a "beautiful disdain," she will not think for a moment of any portion of time *within* the ten thousand years, but will begin to speculate and wonder about what shall be *afterwards*. It matters not how extended the duration may be, *if it be limited*, you cannot get your mind to rest in it. The soul bounds like a hart, over every period, however distant, and will accept no heritage short of eternity. It *will* break every hedge, leap every gulf, and *will* muse on the future, and the *endless future*. If the soul be immortal, then all its tendencies and capacities are in strict and beautiful correspondence with its nature and destiny. Deny the soul immortality, and your own soul will deny your denial, and contradict your contradiction. Persist in your unbelief, and your own soul will persist in calling you "*fool*."

—"Quiet Hours."

J. Pulsford.

Reviews.

GROWTH OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY. From the First Century to the Dawn of the Lutheran Era. By the Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., B.D. Two vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1877.

HISTORICAL studies have in recent years assumed an importance which they never previously possessed, and have an attraction, beyond most others, for some of the ablest minds of our day. How our views of the past have been rendered larger and more consistent by the labours of men like Arnold, Milman, and Macaulay, Froude, Stanley, and Lecky, we need not say; and now we have to welcome another writer, of equal originality and power with most of those we have named. Mr. Matheson's previous book, "Aids to the Study of German Theology," was at first published anonymously, but it at once made its mark, and was recognised as the product of no ordinary mind. The scope of the present work is much wider. The subject is more comprehensive and varied, and it requires qualifications for which the previous essay allowed no play. The design of these two volumes is undoubtedly a bold and courageous one, and there are few men who could successfully accomplish it. Greater praise is, on this account, due to Mr. Matheson, who has not only completed a difficult task, but completed it in a manner which more than fulfils the promise of his earlier work.

History yields something more than a bare chronicle of events, which have succeeded one another in a certain order; and a student of

history cannot realise his aim by a mere narration of events, however graphic and lifelike it may be. There is a principle underlying them which he must endeavour to disclose; they have inter-relations and connections, which he must unfold; they are parts of a plan—expressions of the spirit of an age—elements of progress, or, it may be, of retrogression. And it is here that the historian find his highest and most difficult work.

Mr. Matheson's volumes are in reality a philosophy of Christian or ecclesiastical history. He is no sociologist, after the stamp of Buckle or Spencer; but he believes that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs," and he has sought to place that purpose in bold and distinct outline before us, and to show how, century after century, it has gathered to itself the best and wisest thought and the purest feeling, and how it has inspired the most heroic action. It is a purpose which has been conceived with varying degrees of clearness and force; it has been restrained and opposed, as well as aided. It has sometimes appeared to be almost crushed out of existence, but yet it has risen again with invincible might, and won fresh and more glorious conquests.

The spirit of Christianity is the spirit of self-sacrifice, and that spirit finds its highest expression in the Cross of Christ, which, of course, has other aspects, but from which this is inseparable. The power of Christianity lies in its enabling man to share the life of his Maker—to be, in a sense, one with God, as God is revealed in Christ.

The author first shows, by an elaborate investigation of the pre-Christian religions in India, China, Persia, and Greece, that there was an advancing preparation of the world for the Cross. Paganism is neither wholly true nor wholly false; and Christianity gathered to itself all that was true and good in its various religions. Its strength is seen in its attraction as well as in its repulsion—in its absorbing the glimmering lights of a few scattered stars into its own radiance.

Judaism as associated with the birthplace of the new religion is carefully examined; and Mr. Matheson traces Christianity in its transition from infancy to childhood, and depicts with great force the characteristics of its early life. The mission of the Apostle Paul is pointedly compared to the breaking up of home associations, and these associations afterwards became extinct.

In the age of Gnosticism we have the speculations of the child-life, while Montanism exhibits its moral struggles. In the age of Constantine, the child-life was under the world's tuition; and the union of the Church and the empire, which is rightly regarded, not as an act, but a process, was in many ways retrograde and injurious. Augustine's life and influence are sketched with masterly skill, nor have we ever seen a finer estimate either of the strength of his genius or the limits by which it was restrained.

The new period—that of school-life—arose after Augustine, and after the fall of the Western Empire. By this time the Christian spirit had made itself felt in many practical ways, especially in elevating the moral ideas, in deepening the reverence for human life, in promoting philanthropy, altering the standard of heroism, mitigating the evils of slavery, &c.

Old errors were not yet extinguished, and new ones were generated. Image-worship was introduced; the seeds of Mariolatry were sown. Mohammed appeared, and proclaimed a Monotheistic faith, for the best elements of which he was indebted to Judaism and Christianity. The whole chapter on his religion, apart from its relation to the whole work, is well worth consulting by those who are interested in the subject—and who is not just now? It is singularly candid and judicious.

The Rise of the Papacy necessarily occupies lengthened attention, and we are enabled clearly to see how the Roman bishop was transformed into the Supreme Pontiff. *The Church then became the World.* Hildebrand's occupancy of the Papal chair; his lofty ambition; his proud imperial assumptions, are all duly weighed. We then pass on to the Rise of the Crusaders, and their relation to the Papacy. Then follows an expanding of the Christian intelligence, in which we see the transition to University life—the rise of the theatre, which was in its origin a kind of Sunday-school, and the revolt of the Waldenses and Albigenses. And, shortly after, we have the Monastic institutions of the Franciscans and Dominicans, and the potent influence they exerted.

A new well-spring was discovered in MYSTICISM, the relation of which to the Reformation Mr. Matheson has accurately expressed. His criticisms on this system are as acute and suggestive as any with which we are acquainted. Robert Alfred Vaughan would have delighted in them, though he would not, perhaps, have endorsed them all.

Wycliffe's work in England is another of the subjects which the author has treated with conspicuous ability: and the various steps which

prepared the way for the Reformation are all carefully noted, and their relative importance determined. The work of *negative* preparation was completed long before Luther appeared. Errors were exposed and censured; prevalent evils were destroyed; the independence of youth succeeded the school-life, and a higher moral training was at work. An important part was played by Savonarola, the Italian Reformer; by the great artists, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, and Raphael; and when Luther arose, the age was fully prepared for him. The spirit of the age—the dominant forces of society, were on his side, and a new and noble era began.

A brief notice of these two volumes, such as we have given here, can convey but little idea of their full and varied learning, their fine historical insight, and their power of lucid exposition. Mr. Matheson is a laborious and conscientious student. His mastery of facts is wonderful. He seizes with a skill, which has often surprised us, the leading ideas of various systems, and expresses, in a few concise words, their relative merits. Nor is he less at home in the analysis of human character. He is content with no second-hand or surface-views either of men or systems, but penetrates to their inmost heart. As studies of character, we know nothing to surpass his sketches of Tertullian, Augustine, Mohammed, Hildebrand, and Savonarola; and he has, moreover, shown us that history, with all its anomalies, is a cosmos, and not a chaos; that it bears decisive witness to the wise and beneficent Providence of God, and to the reality of the moral order.

The tone of the book is throughout healthy and invigorating. It is especially adapted to meet the needs

of speculative minds in our own day; and if those who are in fear for the future of Christianity, because of the prevalence of Rationalism, Ritualism, and other evils, will candidly peruse these pages, their fears will be dispelled, and they will see that the course of Christianity must be as the path of a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. This "Growth of the Spirit of Christianity" is a really *great* book, sufficient of itself to create a reputation.

THE MISSION OF THE APOSTLES.

A Sermon preached by the Rev. EUGENIE BERSIER, at the Opening of the Eglise de l'Etoile, Paris. Translated by AMELIA GURNEY. London: The Religious Tract Society.

M. BERSIER'S text is the commission given by the risen Lord to His Apostles—Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. His discourse sparkles with the *élan* of the French pulpit, but it sadly lacks the expository element; and, indeed, cannot in any sense be regarded as an explanation or enforcement of the Saviour's exact words. Not the slightest reference is made to the words "baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" but that the sermon contains forcible and right words, the following quotation will amply prove:—

"In the present day we hear another language, and another sacrifice is demanded of us: it is that of the supernatural. Under the specious pretext that science has determined the exact limits of nature—an affirmation more sonorous than well-founded—we are requested to relegate to the domain of mythology all those facts of the Gospel which surpass the ordinary level of our observations.

“Well, to this pretension we shall offer the same reply as before—that we prefer to keep the Gospel entire. It is affirmed that, freed from this element, Christianity will soon recover its balance, like a vessel lightened of the lading which threatens to sink it. It is our belief that, if reduced to the proportions of a religious philosophy, it would last, at most, as long as our century. Let a trial, however, be made, and we will await the result without alarm. Still more, we believe that the great fact of the supernatural, at which this age scoffs because it sees, in contemporary legend, only clever, interested, or ridiculous imitations of it, should be studied profoundly.

“The present century needs to hear of this, as the last century needed to hear of the degeneracy of humanity; as the sixteenth century needed to hear of the austere spirituality of St. Paul, and as the Athenians needed the folly of the cross. Do you not begin to feel what there is at the base of that positive philosophy which admits nothing beyond the fatalistic laws of this world—which, in taking up and carrying out to their logical conclusion the arguments against the supernatural, forbids us to pronounce the name of God, because, for it, this name no longer involves even a metaphysical hypothesis? because in its eyes all creation is but an eternal sequence of cause and effect, and a belief in God would imply a free will and an arbitrary power—the very negation of science? Do you breathe at ease in this prison, the walls of which are ever closing in, and stifling all your generous aspirations and all your immortal hopes? Do you feel happy beneath the gaze of these vigilant jailers of your thought, who reproach as cowardice the prayer which is forced from you by the sight of your

dying child, and the glance of hope which you dare to raise from the grave where his body is to become the food of worms?

“Are you reassured when you see this science, consistent with itself, affirm that there is in entire nature but one law and one principle—force, always force, and nothing but force. Are you pleased to see introduced into the relations of men this new zoological law of natural selection, and of the struggle for life, according to which the feeble races are to be eternally sacrificed to the strong, so that the anathema must always fall on the vanquished?

“Ah! I say, the time is at hand when this word ‘supernatural,’ at which you scoff, will be for you the word of deliverance, because it will be the way of escape to heaven, the affirmation of liberty, first in God, then in your own soul, and lastly in the world at large, because—in face of the visible reality which so long and so cruelly gives the lie to justice, in face of the insolent triumphs of force—it will be the affirmation of things unseen, of the kingdom of justice and truth founded on the earth by this conquered One, this crucified One, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“Thus we will keep our Gospel in its completeness, with its mysteries, its depth, and its apparent follies, convinced that from this profound source will spring the salutary streams whence generations to come will quench their thirst. We are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; and the glory of our ministry—the only legitimate glory, the only glory which should suffice us—is to be its faithful interpreters, and to unveil it before your eyes.”

THEISM. Being the Baird Lecture for 1876. By Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1877.

THE most prominent attitude of the scientific intellect of our day is the agnostic, which has been declared by its most distinguished advocate to be equally removed from the theism which asserts and the atheism which denies the existence of God. The anti-Christian tendency of this agnosticism is of course manifest to all who give to the matter a moment's thought; but there is another position—advocated by men of a very different stamp—whose tendency is scarcely less dangerous. We refer to the belief that the existence of God, which we are compelled to admit, is necessarily incapable of proof, and lies altogether outside the sphere of demonstration. This position has been taken by well-known philosophical and theological thinkers, and its adherents are still increasing. For our own part, we regard it as invalid, and deem it a self-evident proposition that we must have adequate grounds for every belief we cherish. And the proofs for the existence of God are identical with the grounds for our belief in Him, so that the two may be said to stand or fall together.

We therefore welcome a work which is devoted to a careful and thorough discussion of this whole question. Its importance cannot be over-estimated. Ultimately it will be found to lie at the root of all other theological questions, and according to the answer we return to it, will be the light in which we regard them. Few men are better qualified for the discussion than Professor Flint. He has looked at it patiently from every side. Although he writes as a Christian

apologist, he is equally conversant with the arguments advanced in the name of physical science, and shows a complete mastery of them. As a thinker he is clear and incisive, and courageous to the last degree. He never shirks a difficulty or sets it aside until he has fairly and honestly met it. We have not for a long time seen so able a book as this. The nature and conditions of theistic proof are clearly laid down, and the two great arguments—(1) from order and adaptation, and (2) from conscience and history—and are examined with a minuteness, a comprehensiveness, and a candour which leave little to be desired. The argument from design—though the phrase is, as the author contends, a misnomer—is rescued from the contemptuous depreciation into which it has so unjustly fallen, and illustrated from the various sciences with instances which admirably confirm and supplement those with which we have long been familiar. The objections urged against the existence of God, as well as against His goodness and wisdom on the ground of the prevalence of sin and suffering, are weighed with a clearness of vision and a calmness of faith which we cannot too highly commend. No part of the book is of greater value than this. Professor Flint accepts the *a priori* argument as a fitting sequence to those we have already named, but holds—and we think rightly—that theism is not vitally interested in its fate. He further shows that valuable as theism is in itself, it is insufficient to meet the demands of the human heart. We need Christian theism for that, or the revelation of God in Jesus Christ.

The appendix contains a series of valuable notes on the various theories to which the lecturer's position is opposed. These notes compress

into small space the results of extensive reading, set the leading ideas of the controverted systems in a clear light, and contain sound and judicious criticisms upon them. We are glad to observe that Professor Flint, having been appointed Baird Lecturer for 1877, is preparing another volume, in which he will discuss at length "Anti-Theistic Theories." The two series of lectures will form together one of the most valuable contributions we have yet received towards the settlement of this greatest of all the controversies in which we are engaged.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF METHODISM and of Methodist Missions in South Africa. With an Appendix on the Livingstonian Mission. By Rev. W. Clifford Holden. With Illustrations. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 66, Paternoster-row. 1877.

THIS volume really consists of two separate books, the first part containing a history of Methodism in general, and the second a history of its missions in South Africa. It is intended more particularly for the European colonists and the intelligent converts in connection with these missions; but it is certainly worthy of a wider constituency. The former part goes over familiar ground, and describes the life and work of the Wesleys—the results of their labours in the great spiritual revival of the last century, and in the formation of the ecclesiastical organization which bears their name. Mr. Holden has acquired a thorough knowledge of all the phases of this remarkable movement, and gives in brief space a clear idea of the origin and growth of Methodism, as well as of its theological and ecclesiastical principles and methods. He is candid and liberal in his tone, and if occasionally he writes with too

partial an estimate of "his own people," we are not disposed severely to censure him. The second part of the work is to us the more interesting of the two—partly, we suppose, because the facts it narrates are less familiar, and partly because Mr. Holden is himself more at home among them, and tells us what he has seen with his own eyes. Englishmen are bound, not less on humane and patriotic than on religious grounds, to take a deep interest in the welfare of the South African races; and by recording what has been done for them, Mr. Holden shows us how much more may be done. The Gospel has been to them a civilizing as well as a regenerating power. What was once a wilderness now rejoices and blossoms as the rose. Although the work is connected directly with only one section of the Christian Church, it will be interesting and instructive to all. And it is a healthy thing for us to know all that is being accomplished by other agencies than our own.

**THE LIFE OF CHRISTIAN CON-
SECRATION.** Sermons preached at Leicester. By Alexander Mackennal, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1877.

THE title of Mr. Mackennal's Sermons inevitably calls to mind the teaching of certain modern pietists, who, under the pretence of preaching a purer and more perfect Gospel, have, in reality, departed from the simplicity which is in Christ. Against the injurious and enervating tendency of that teaching we have at different times protested, and as it is still widely at work, it is necessary to keep it distinctly in view. This, Mr. Mackennal has wisely done. On the principle that there is in every error a phase of truth, he endeavours to exhibit the truth underlying certain errors, in its pure and un-

perverted forms. His book is not controversial, but eclectic and supplementary. He starts with expounding the true ideal of Christian consecration, and shows how various are the aspects in which it presents itself, how broad and many-sided the culture it demands, how strenuous the effort it involves. Christian principle is something more than ecstatic feeling and earnest resolve, it is more than a quiescent faith and elevated contemplation. Conflict, tribulation, dissatisfaction, perils, and other such words are not unknown in the Christian vocabulary, and we are here made to feel how real they are, and how blessed may be their results to those who abide faithful. Mr. Mackennal is a careful and concise thinker. The tone of his sermons is healthy and invigorating, and he speaks as one who knows the age in which he lives. His position is equally remote from that of the dreamer and sentimentalist on the one hand, and from that of the materialist and necessitarian on the other. His teaching gathers up the elements of truth in Optimism and Pessimism alike. Young men, especially, will be profited by his sermons. They are occupied with questions of every day life, and discuss them from a manly Christian stand point. Such discourses as "The Endeavour of the Christian Life," "God's Gentleness," "God's Joy," "The Perils of Wealth," &c., are invaluable, and give us a specimen of the preaching which, in our day, we especially need.

THE BIBLE RECORD OF CREATION
TRUE FOR EVERY AGE. By P.
W. Grant. London: Hodder &
Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.
1877.

THE relations of science and scripture are discussed to-day with an eagerness and a zest—we may not

also add, with a fearlessness and a candour—which would have surprised our forefathers. Mr. Grant has entered into the discussion *con amore*. We do not know whether he is a professed theologian, or whether he writes as a layman (if we may use the term under protest), but he is certainly a man of considerable scholarship and culture. He has read extensively, both in theology and in science, and his mind has reacted on what he has read. In expounding the first three chapters of Genesis, he necessarily travels over somewhat wide ground and discusses topics of very varied character and interest. But the work is nevertheless pervaded by a unity of purpose, and is more or less an illustration of the only principle by which, in the author's view, the Scripture record can be justly interpreted. His principle is that *the order in which the creation works are recorded in the narrative was not intended to reveal the order of physical development now brought to light, more especially by the science of geology*. The author's arguments in support of this principle are as simple as they are ingenious—that is their strong recommendation, for there is nothing strained or unnatural about them, and they are, if not absolutely conclusive, as nearly so as in matters of this kind they can be. The "days" are regarded as indefinite epochs, and this being so, the vaunted difficulties brandished in the name of science disappear. If Professor Huxley would candidly read Mr. Grant's book, we venture to think that he would never again speak of "barbarous Hebrew legends." He would at least see that we have as strong and valid grounds for our faith in Scripture as he has for faith in science. There are various details, in regard to which we differ from Mr. Grant, but with the bulk of his book we heartily

agree. Let our intelligent young men who are interested in such questions by all means read it. They will find in it a storehouse of information on scientific and biblical subjects. The author has familiarized himself with the facts of physiological, astronomical, geological, and other sciences, and reproduced them in an independent and an attractive form, and his criticisms on current theories—particularly on the Darwinian hypothesis, the baseless character of which he clearly shows—are shrewd, keen-sighted, and telling. He is also a fair Hebrew scholar, and has spoken wisely on the controversy relating to the divine names as well as on other matters of general interest. The book may not satisfy all demands, but it is an honour to have produced it, and the author may be assured that it will render service of no small importance to large numbers who desire to be loyal both to reason and to faith, and who cannot doubt that both scripture and science are from God.

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THE HEATHEN WORLD AND ST. PAUL.

1. ST. PAUL IN DAMASCUS AND ARABIA. By the Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A.
2. ST. PAUL IN GREECE. By the Rev. G. S. Davies, M.A., Charterhouse, Godalming.
3. ST. PAUL IN ASIA MINOR AND AT THE SYRIAN ANTIOCH. By the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A.
4. ST. PAUL AT ROME. By the Very Rev. Charles Merivale, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Ely.

London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 77, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE idea of this series of books is in itself so admirable that it would be quite superfluous to commend it.

The life of the great apostle of the Gentiles possesses an undying attraction for men of the most opposite types of character, and its study was never of greater value than now. We cannot, however, understand it, unless we have also a clear conception of its surroundings—not merely in the geographical sense, but in respect likewise to the intellectual, the social, the political, and religious condition of the people among whom he moved. It is the aim of this series to supply in a compact and popular form the requisite information, and the aim has been carried out in a singularly effective manner. The four writers to whom the task has been entrusted are men of the highest reputation as scholars and historians, and they have displayed in these small books the same fine insight, the same powers of description, and the same soundness of judgment as have gained so hearty a recognition in their other works. Canon Rawlinson deals with "St. Paul in Damascus and Arabia"—the epoch, *i.e.*, of his conversion and of his "three years" retirement before he began his missionary labours. The section on "St. Paul in Greece," by Mr. Davies, is particularly fresh and vigorous. There is a charm about that classic land to which the most unimaginative reader must yield, and its influence is felt throughout the whole of these pages. The political position, the national character, the religion, the art and the morals of the Greeks, are all succinctly and vividly described, and to a large extent we are enabled to realise the exact conditions under which the great apostle must have been brought into contact with its marvellous, though then decaying, life. The discussion on the relation of art to morals is one of the most judicious we have seen. Of Professor Plumptre's volume it will suffice to

say that it will take rank with the very best works which this accomplished scholar has yet produced. No places gather around them more sacred associations than Antioch, Ephesus, and Galatia, and Mr. Plumptre has here told us all that, as intelligent Biblical students, we need care to know. The same may be said of Dean Merivale's "St. Paul at Rome." A book on this subject, by one who has gained distinction as the historian of the "Romans under the Empire," requires no eulogium from us. And yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of expressing a cordial appreciation of its merits. It is a model of lucid and pithy writing, revealing on every page the genius of a profound scholar and a powerful thinker. We may refer to the descriptions of the Roman law—of the nature and influence of the stoical philosophy—especially in connection with the life of Seneca and the sketch of the persecutions under Nero, as illustrations of our meaning. The work will prove an invaluable help to the student of the closing scenes of the apostle's career. In fact, the entire series demands the heartiest recognition as one of the most suggestive and helpful which has yet appeared in relation to a subject of perennial interest.

ENGLISH PICTURES DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. By the Rev. S. MANNING, LL.D., and the Rev. S. GREEN, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

THE cordial reception which has been given to previous volumes of this series, which have proceeded from the able pen of Dr. S. Manning, will, we are quite sure, be extended to this volume, in which Dr. Green also has contributed to the letter-press portion of the work.

The subjects selected for illustration are varied and numerous, and all of them famous for historical interest or picturesque belonging. The artistic portion of the volume is of the highest order, both of invention and execution. The reader of this volume who has travelled through his native land (and not to have done so in these days of facile locomotion must be either a reproach or a calamity) will recall to mind many pleasant memories of holiday entertainment. The pleasure will be heightened by the privilege of being *chaperoned* through scenes of exalted interest and bewitching beauty by the learned editors, whose vigorous descriptions will do more even than the pictorial adjuncts of the book to indent the various subjects upon the memory. Our readers will be troubled to find a volume equal in beauty and usefulness to this at three or four times its very moderate cost of eight shillings.

PURE GOLD FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. A new collection of Songs. Prepared and adapted by the Rev. R. LOWRY and W. HOWARD DOANE. Edited by DANIEL SEDGWICK. London: Sampson Low & Co. Price 4d.

THE ROYAL DIADEM. Songs for the Sunday School. Prepared and adapted by the Rev. R. LOWRY and W. HOWARD DOANE. Edited by DANIEL SEDGWICK. London: Sampson Low & Co. Price 4d.

THE former of these little books contains one hundred and seventy-three, and the latter one hundred and sixty-nine compositions for the use of Sunday Schools. By far the greater portion of the two collections consists of the productions of American authors, and of the jingle-jangle species of versification, which, in our humble opinion, is already

sufficiently represented in modern hymnology. No imputation whatever is intended by our criticism of the excellent motives of the authors, editors, and publishers of these recent additions to the psalmody of the church; but, in the interests of the rising generation, we must enter our protest against the lowering of the standard of taste, and the ultimate enfeeblement of the service of song to which the use of such compositions will infallibly tend. Confused metaphors, imperfect rhymes, forced analogies, inaccurate rhythm, strained epithets, and tortured verbiage, are never more out of place than in the hymnology of the young. We do not wish to imply that there is nothing in these little books which may be wisely included in children's services; but

there is far too much of the labouring-after-effect, at the cost of weightier matters, to enable us to give our unqualified approval, and, therefore, we reluctantly decide that the "gold" is not "pure gold," and the "diadem" has mingled with its gems a considerable proportion of paste.

THE SALE OF CALLOWFIELDS. By Mrs. PROSSER. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THE name of Mrs. Prosser is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of any volume which she publishes. All things considered, we do not think any of the numerous productions of her pen superior to this bright and pleasing story.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Birmingham, Selby Park, September 27th.

Leeds, York Road, September 18th.

Todmorden, September 6th.

Tooting, Surrey, September 28th.

Umberslade, Warwickshire, September 18th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Hawkes, Rev. S. (Braintree), Nelson, Lancashire.

Hilton, Rev. E. (Gretton, Northamptonshire), Willenhall.

Parker, Rev. J. T. (Moulton, Northamptonshire), Castle Donnington.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

Frome, Barton Chapel, Rev. J. Walker, October 9th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Carrier, Rev. T. H., Foxton, Leicestershire.

Gibson, Rev. E. G., Crayford, Kent.

Mursell, Rev. A., Stockwell, London.

Phillips, Rev. J., Astwood Bank, Worcestershire.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1877.

Contemporary Preachers.

XII.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

NO series of articles, such as we now bring to a close, could make the slightest pretension to completeness, or convey an accurate idea of the modern pulpit, if it omitted from its list the name of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. His position is in every way so unique, his influence so wide and commanding, and he has given so distinct a tone to much of the religious life of the last quarter of a century, that we are on every side brought into inevitable contact with him. To write on "Contemporary Preachers" and pass over Mr. Spurgeon, would be as wide of the mark as the attempt to present Shakespeare's Hamlet with no mention of the Prince of Denmark. The most prominent preacher of the age cannot be overlooked.

And yet we have had considerable hesitation as to whether we should include his name in our list, and the grounds of our hesitation will easily be understood. For one thing, the story of his life is already so well and widely known, that it is a sheer impossibility to say anything new or unfamiliar about it. The readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, at least, are no strangers either to Mr. Spurgeon's preaching or to his work in other directions, and whatever facts we may record in relation to him, we strongly suspect that they will necessarily evoke the thought "we knew them all before." Then, again, we expose ourselves to the charge not only of a want of novelty, but of fragmentary incompleteness. It is a very difficult thing to compress into the limits of a short sketch even a tolerable outline of a life so full and varied. Mr. Spurgeon will, as it seems to us, be mainly remembered as a great preacher. But he is far more than a preacher. He is

evangelist and pastor, professor and philanthropist, author and editor, lecturer and commentator, and we know not what else in one. To do anything like justice to his many-sided labours would require not merely the space we can command, but the entire number of our magazine. And as we have no wish to essay the impossible, our hesitation can scarcely be a matter for surprise.

It has, however, been entirely overcome, and we are, on mature consideration, willing to run the risks at which we have hinted, for the sake of saying something of a man whom it is good for us to know, and whose life will bear the strain of a more than "twice-told tale." Our re-perusal of his history has had a healthy and stimulating effect on our own mind. It is refreshing—it is, in the best sense, helpful to be brought into contact with him. Few of us can think of what he has done and not be roused from our comparative indolence and self-complacency. The form of his works we may have no wish to imitate, but his spirit we do long to share. His greatness we cannot acquire, but we may possess that which has made his greatness greater, and rendered it of such high worth in the service of Jesus Christ and in the best interests of men. As an American poet expresses it—

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

For this reason then—to say nothing of the high regard in which we hold Mr. Spurgeon, and the pleasure it gives us to express our appreciation of the worth of his services to the Church of Christ—we are venturing on this somewhat hazardous task.

We must, however, distinctly remind our readers that we are not about to write a biographical sketch. Many well-known incidents will receive no mention, for the simple reason that our space will not allow us scope to narrate them. We have, moreover, to do with Mr. Spurgeon mainly as a preacher, and on this account we shall say comparatively little of the work of his College, his Orphanage, &c. To do this would be a task in which we might delight, but it exceeds our present purpose, and is, indeed, beyond our power. Our readers must therefore bear in mind the sage advice—

"In every work regard the author's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend."

Mr. Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1834. His father, the Rev. John Spurgeon, a man of kindred spirit

with himself, is a highly-respected minister of the Independent denomination, and so also was his grandfather. The spirit of domestic piety has rarely been more beautifully exemplified than in Mr. Spurgeon's youthful home, and its influence in forming the character never more conspicuously shown. The instructions and prayers of a loving mother were not in vain, and their fruit is visible to-day.

Like most other great men, Mr. Spurgeon showed his proclivities at an early age. We can remember his being frequently proscribed as the boy-preacher. He was, we believe, a child-preacher, and often discoursed eloquently from chairs and from door-steps to his little comrades, who regarded him as quite a hero. The visits of the sainted Richard Knill to his father's house were not more delightful to the parents than they were helpful to the children, on one of whom they have probably had a more powerful and momentous influence than can now be distinctly traced. A man of Knill's temperament created, wherever he was, an atmosphere of "sweetness and light." He breathed the spirit of Jesus Christ, and diffused around him a sense of "grace and peace." A child of Mr. Spurgeon's mould—sincere, intense, and courageous—would feel an irresistible charm in a character so pure, so beautiful, so strong and heroic; and Mr. Knill would be no less irresistibly drawn towards the child. They were often together, conversing about Christ and His salvation, and especially dwelling on the privilege of winning souls. On one occasion, when the family were assembled, Mr. Knill placed the child on his knee, and said, "I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the Gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure I am of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's Chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn beginning,

" ' God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.' "

These words were never forgotten by any who heard them, least of all by the one who was most concerned in them. He "kept them in his heart," and there can be little doubt that they largely determined the current of his life, and so laid hold of him as to ensure their own fulfilment.

This "high-spirited and daring" boy was sent to school, first at Colchester, and afterwards at Maidstone. Later still, he accepted an appointment as assistant master in a school at Newmarket. It was not until he was sixteen years of age that he became a decided Christian. The story of his conversion has been too frequently told to need repetition, and the Primitive Methodist "local," who was instrumental in effecting the great change, has earned the gratitude of thousands. No greater honour could God have placed upon him than He gave to him, when his words directed that then unknown lad to look unto Christ.

It was not in Mr. Spurgeon's nature to find Christ himself, and then be silent about Him. He at once set to work to make Him known to others—first in common conversation, and then by preaching. His first sermon was a very humble effort. It was delivered in a cottage, and was, to a large extent, impromptu, for he had gone to the service in company with a friend older than himself, who was, as he understood, to be the preacher of the evening. He never imagined that the duty would devolve upon himself, and he was greatly agitated when he learned that it would. But then, as now, when duty called he obeyed, and the sermon was worthy of a larger audience. Other efforts in cottages and village chapels followed, and the fame of the young preacher rapidly was noised abroad.

In the meantime, he had, as the result of his conscientious study of the New Testament, abandoned his Pædobaptist views, and become a Baptist. In 1852, when he was, therefore, but eighteen years of age, he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Waterbeach, near Cambridge, and the old-fashioned, thatched chapel, began to show signs of life and animation, which astonished everybody. Strange things, such as no one remembered, were seen. The simple and unlettered villagers were not slow to appreciate the boy-preacher. His speech had a power to which they had been previously unaccustomed. His youth was no barrier to their hearty and generous delight in his ministry, for had he not all the wisdom and experience of age? "And, best of all, God was with him." The little chapel was crowded, souls were saved, Christ was glorified. There was only one drawback—his wonderful power could not be kept a secret. His fame extended not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but reached even the great and mighty London. "His name was mentioned" (as the phrase goes) to the deacons of a church which, after a run of remarkable prosperity, was then in a low and languishing condition, and which sorely needed—what, as yet, had not been found for it—an efficient pastor.

It was on one of the last Sabbaths of December, 1853, that Mr. Spurgeon first preached in New Park Street Chapel, and it seemed to him "very large and very gloomy." But in the evening of that first day there was a marked improvement, which became still more striking on subsequent Sabbaths of the following month. The young preacher was asked to supply for six months on probation, but long before the six months had expired he became pastor of the church in New Park Street, and a successor of such men as Benj. Keach, John Gill, John Rippon, and Joseph Angus, who, with others, had laboured there amid abundant tokens of the Divine blessing.

The chapel, which held 1,200, was from the outset too small, and it had to be enlarged—the congregation meanwhile worshipping in Exeter Hall, which also had the same fault. "To return to New Park Street (enlarged though it was) resembled the attempt to put the sea into a teapot." The inconvenience was greater than ever. The morning service was therefore held in New Park Street, and

Exeter Hall was again hired for the evenings. In October, 1856, the Music Hall of the Royal Surrey Gardens, which held about 7,000, was secured for the evenings; but in consequence of the lamentable accident—occasioned by some evil-disposed persons, and on the details of which it is unnecessary to dwell—the time was changed, and the service was held there for three years in the morning. The hall was invariably crowded; and among the constant attendants were noblemen, statesmen, and others of distinguished name.

The first stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was laid on August 16th, 1859, by Sir Morton Peto, and it was opened free of debt in April, 1861, the cost being £31,332 4s. 10d.

“The Tabernacle,” says Mr. Spurgeon, “is 146 feet long, 81 feet broad, and 62 feet high. There are some 5,500 sittings of all kinds. There is room for 6,000 without excessive crowding; and we have also a lecture-hall holding about 900, schoolroom for 1,000 children, six class-rooms, kitchen, lavatory and retiring-rooms below stairs. We have a ladies’ room for working meetings, young men’s class-room and secretary’s room on the ground floor; three vestries, for pastor, deacons, and elders, on the first floor; and three store-rooms on the second floor. The accommodation is all too little for the work to be carried on, and we are glad to use the rooms at the almshouses and the college.”

The membership of the church, which in 1854 was 313, is now, we believe, over 5,000; and, in addition to this, large numbers have been every year drafted off to aid in the formation of new churches.

In 1867 it became evident that Mr. Spurgeon was overstraining both his physical and mental powers, and his brother, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, was invited to become co-pastor with him; and this arrangement has been attended with the happiest results. “No more efficient or sympathetic helper could possibly have been found.” It has, in fact, been Mr. Spurgeon’s happiness throughout to be surrounded by a band of able and willing co-workers—men of one mind with himself; and he has often declared that without their generous sympathy and help he could never have undertaken the work which he has been enabled successfully to accomplish. And this we can well believe.

For it is a work to which we can scarcely find a parallel, either in ancient or modern times. In addition to all that arises out of so enormous a church, there are the seventeen almshouses, with two schoolrooms and a classroom, occupied by 380 children on week days, with a house for the schoolmaster. “At the present time, a Sabbath-school, special children’s service, and an evangelistic meeting, with many other good works, are in constant operation at the place, including most of the machinery connected with places of worship.”

Then comes “The Pastor’s College,” which, during the twenty years of its existence, has sent out some 365 men into the ministry, besides an immense number of city missionaries, street preachers, and workers of various kinds. The college-buildings were erected and

furnished at a cost of £15,000. The weekly offerings of the Tabernacle are devoted to its maintenance. Funds have never been lacking, although no less a sum than £120 is required weekly. Mr. Spurgeon's lectures to his students are among the happiest of his productions; and it is known that he takes a peculiar delight in this work. "Each year," we are told, "the brethren educated at the Pastor's College are invited to meet in conference at the Tabernacle, and they are generously entertained by our friends. The week is spent in holy fellowship, prayer, and intercourse. By this means, men in remote villages, labouring under discouraging circumstances, and ready to sink from loneliness of spirit, are encouraged and strengthened; indeed, all the men confess that a stimulus is thus given which no other means could confer."

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE is one of the noblest institutions with which we are acquainted. The buildings were completed in 1869, at a cost of £10,200. Since then an infirmary, bath, and laundry have been added; two of the houses have been elevated another storey; and the money has been found for all. The endowments of the institution are valued at £30,000. There are 240 children enjoying its advantages; and, in addition to the income from property, £4,000 are needed—and, what is more, are secured—annually. The story of the manner in which, from year to year, the money has been raised "reads like a romance."

Of the Colportage Association, and the other institutions connected with the Tabernacle, we cannot now speak, greatly as we should like to do so; but let those who are ignorant of them by all means purchase the History of the Tabernacle, and become acquainted with them.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons have been published weekly for the last twenty-three years, and have in English a sale of not less than 30,000. They have an enormous sale in America also, and have been translated into French, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, &c. "Besides these (volumes, *i.e.*, in the foregoing tongues) there are single sermons in Spanish, Gaelic, Danish, Russ, Maori, Telegu, and some other tongues, and permission has been sought and gladly given for the production of a volume in the language of Hungary." The celebrated Baptismal Regeneration Sermon has attained a circulation of 250,000, and "John Ploughman's Talk" is little, if at all, below it.

THE TREASURY OF DAVID is probably Mr. Spurgeon's greatest work. The original comments on the Psalms are pithy and vivacious, full of genius and fire, and display an unrivalled power to bring home the truths of these sacred songs to the hearts and consciences of men. The illustrative extracts also are aptly chosen, and the whole work, even in its unfinished state, must have involved an amount of labour which would occupy more than the lifetime of an ordinary man. For textual criticism and exegesis, we must have recourse to writers of a different class. Even the "Treasury of David" cannot supplant such works as Delitzsch, or Perowne, but it is unquestion-

ably *sui generis*, and, taking it all in all, is the most generally useful and important book of the day.

The "Lectures to My Students" are worthy of a place in the library of every minister in the kingdom. They are upon topics of supreme importance. Everything that relates to the aim, the methods, the discouragements, the failures and successes of ministerial life, is passed under review. Such lectures as those on "The Preacher's Private Prayer," on "The Matter of Sermons," on "The Voice," "Attention," "The Faculty of Impromptu Speech," and "The Minister's Fainting Fits," are invaluable, and they are written in a style which we do not usually associate with college prelections. "They are colloquial, familiar, full of anecdote, and often humorous." They are never dull or common-place. We cannot remember a tame or spiritless line in them. They are everywhere bright, genial, and sparkling, weighted with solid instruction, but conveyed in forms which might convert Dr. Dry-as-dust himself into one of the liveliest and most cheerful of companions. The lectures gain their worth from the fact that they are full of Mr. Spurgeon himself.

The companion volume, entitled "Commenting and Commentaries," is less attractive to the general reader; but the two lectures in the early part of it are as piquant and racy as anything of Mr. Spurgeon's we have read; and the list of commentaries is likely to prove of immense service. Nearly fifteen hundred works are named, and their general character tersely indicated. As a rule, Mr. Spurgeon's estimate of these works is fair and judicious; and he is not backward in acknowledging the merits of writers who belong to other schools of theology than himself. But he is, as it seems to us, somewhat prone to depreciate "the Germans." We set a higher store than he does on "The Speaker's Commentary," and we have certainly not found in "Candlish upon Genesis" anything that could induce us to speak of it as THE work on Genesis. We were, on the contrary, bitterly disappointed in it, and pity the writers who, on this ground, have been eclipsed by one whom we gladly acknowledge to have been the greatest ecclesiastical debater of our age.

When Mr. Spurgeon first came to London, the opposition he encountered was proportioned to his popularity. He was denounced as an ignorant and vulgar charlatan. "The most ridiculous stories were circulated, and the most cruel falsehoods invented." Caricatures were seen in the printsellers' windows, and were hawked in the streets. Jealousy, envy, and other evil passions did their utmost to malign him and destroy his growing influence. But it was all in vain. He lived down all opposition—generally by taking no notice of it, and quietly persisting in his own path.

There was, too, a time when he was not treated, even by Baptists, with excessive generosity. It was not an uncommon thing for "brethren in the ministry" to declaim against him, and to speak of him as "a nine days' wonder." But now all this is changed, and there is no man among us more thoroughly trusted or more intensely

loved. His manliness, his sincerity, his fervent piety have won for him the esteem of all who know him, and turned even detractors into friends.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Spurgeon himself has throughout every year of his life grown in solid worth and power. He has thrown aside most, if not all, of the things which in his early ministry were most objected to. His doctrinal beliefs, while substantially the same, are more matured and consistent. They are less partial and one-sided than they once were, and few men observe more carefully "the proportion of the faith." He is withal more tolerant of those who differ from him, and gives greater and more frequent prominence to those essential points which are deeper than all our differences. His style is free from the extravagances which were at one time charged against him, and for which a greater allowance ought surely to have been made. Considering his extreme youth, the absence of a college training, and the unparalleled number of his preaching engagements both in London and in the country, the marvel is that in those early days he reached the excellence he did. We can recall passages from sermons we heard him deliver then which were as pure and classic in style as the most fastidious critic could desire. And those of a contrary sort have become fewer and fewer.

The Autumnal Sessions of the Baptist Union would not have been fruitless if they had done nothing more than suggest the formation of the London Association. That Association has rendered effective service to our denomination, and, beyond any other agency, it has fostered a feeling of brotherhood between Mr. Spurgeon and his ministerial brethren, which has unquestionably been a "means of grace" both to him and to them. He and they are alike stronger and happier for it, and to the churches at large the gain has been great.

We do not intend to attempt any task so presumptuous as "an analysis of Mr. Spurgeon's power," but to one or two conspicuous elements of it we may direct attention.

That he possesses in an unusual degree the physical, the mental, and the spiritual qualifications requisite for the work of the ministry, it is superfluous to remark. He has a constitution of remarkable strength, capable of doing and enduring the work and strain of a dozen ordinary men. His voice is both sweet and powerful. Its notes are rich and varied, and he uses it so naturally, and yet so skilfully, that he is unto men "as a lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." It is not only clear and distinct—there is melody in its every sound; and in Mr. Spurgeon's most impassioned efforts, in which he employs at one moment argument and at another entreaty, in which solemn statements of truth alternate with tender pathos, and gentle invitations are followed by faithful warnings, it is, to quote words applied to another, "as if the various stops of a fine organ were being by turns employed at the will of a great player, calling into action the full power of the instrument in a

rich and magnificent combination of all its qualities." There is one peculiarity of Mr. Spurgeon's voice which is worthy of special note. We have sat within two or three yards of him on the platform, and it was not in the least too loud; we have been at the opposite end of the Tabernacle, and not a word was lost. He is reported to have been heard at the distance of a mile, but we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report.

The structure of Mr. Spurgeon's mind is favourable to his efficiency in the pulpit. His perceptive powers are of the first order. He sees quickly and clearly, and his vision is not bewildered by mists and shadows. His judgment is sound and practical. No man displays stronger common sense than he, or understands more perfectly the needs of ordinary life. His memory must be singularly tenacious, and his readiness for any and every emergency is surprising.

The theology of the great Puritan writers he has completely mastered, and made in every sense his own. And there is, probably, no living author or preacher who in this field can compete with him. There is, however, one respect in which he is by no means Puritanical, and that is in the clearness and force of his style. With their minute and endless sub-divisions, their involved and complicated sentences, their Latin quotations and other antique fashions, he has shown no sympathy. He is, on the contrary, simple, pithy, and forcible. His words are mainly Saxon terms of every-day use in the house and in the street, in the market-place and on 'Change. There is nothing "bookish" about them, they can all be "understood of the people."

He has, of course, fine powers of illustration. He does not disdain a good anecdote when it will serve his purpose, but it must be a good one, and capable of aiding his main design. His sermons abound in natural and expressive imagery. He often thinks in metaphors, enforces his statements of spiritual truths by analogies and resemblances drawn from all quarters, and so brings the recondite near. Along with Mr. Beecher, whose power in this direction is unequalled, and Dr. Maclaren, whose range, though higher, is perhaps more limited, Mr. Spurgeon may be pronounced "A Prince of Illustrators;" and if his sermons were sifted with this end in view, they would yield thousands of "choice extracts," such as would delight those who cannot discern or invent for themselves.

Of his intense and all-absorbing interest in his work it would be superfluous to speak. His honesty of purpose, his strong and overmastering convictions, his uncompromising zeal, are too patent to be ignored even by unfriendly critics. He has what Dr. Chalmers described as "blood earnestness." He knows what he believes. He means what he says. He is aglow, not merely with his subject, but with the love of souls. His sermon is no mere literary production, no mere exposition or illustration of abstract truth, but an instrument of spiritual power, palpably designed to convince of sin, and to lead

unto Christ. Such pleading as we have frequently heard, so winning and tender, so persistent and unwearied, it seems almost impossible to resist.

Mr. Spurgeon always speaks "because he has something to say, and never because he has to say something." He has a broad and powerful grasp of the essential truths of the Gospel, and if he holds them, they also hold him. He could not preach as he does unless he lived in close fellowship with God; and he rightly insists on the need of constant dependence on the Holy Spirit both in the preparation and the delivery of sermons. "To me," he has said, "my greatest secrecy in prayer has often been in public; my truest loneliness with God has occurred to me while pleading in the midst of thousands. I have opened my eyes at the close of a prayer and come back to the assembly with a sort of shock at finding myself upon earth, and among men." Can we wonder after this that his word should be with power?

This dependence upon God delivers him from the fear of man, keeps him calm and confident, and frees him from those forebodings of failure which have hindered the success of many a ministry. This we believe to be one great secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power.

It is a mistake to suppose that the majority of his sermons are literally off-hand and extemporaneous. They are carefully prepared as to their matter and substance, though not as to their forms of expression. The outline has been mastered beforehand, and so have the leading ideas. It is the language only which is left to the inspiration of the moment. He can, of course, speak impromptu, as few others can; but that is the result of hard work. He advises his students to collect a fund of ideas and expressions to aid this power. "He who has much information well arranged, and thoroughly understood, with which he is intimately familiar, will be able, like some prince of fabulous wealth, to scatter gold right and left among the crowd. . . . Get at the roots of spiritual truths by an experimental acquaintance with them, so shall you with readiness expound them to others. Ignorance of theology is no rare thing in our pulpits, and the wonder is, not that so few men are extempore speakers, but that so many are, when theologians are so scarce. We shall never have great preachers till we have great divines. You cannot build a man-of-war out of a currant-bush, nor can great soul-moving preachers be formed out of superficial students. . . . And second only to a store of ideas is a rich vocabulary. Beauties of language, elegances of speech, and, above all, forcible sentences, are to be selected, remembered, and imitated. . . . You must be masters of words; they must be your genii, your angels, your thunderbolts, or your drops of honey."

It is a still greater mistake to imagine that Mr. Spurgeon possesses no learning, and in fact despises it. A scholar, in the technical sense of the word, he is not, though he might have been had he not had other and higher work to accomplish. But he is an exceedingly well-read man,

and is said to know more Latin and Greek than many whose pretensions are far loftier than his. He contends that "every minister should be able to read the Bible in the original. He should aim at a tolerable proficiency both in the Hebrew and the Greek. These two languages will give him a library at a small expense, an inexhaustible thesaurus, a mine of spiritual wealth. Really the effort of acquiring a language is not so prodigious that brethren of moderate abilities should so frequently shrink from the attempt. A minister ought to attain enough of these tongues to be at least able to make out a passage by the aid of a lexicon, so as to be sure that he is not misrepresenting the Spirit of God in his discourses, but is, as nearly as he can judge, giving forth what the Lord intended to reveal by the language employed." These are wise words which every preacher should "mark, learn, and inwardly digest;" and if he has not now the requisite knowledge to enable him invariably to consult the original in every sermon, he should set himself, if possible, to attain it.

Mr. Spurgeon's comments as he reads the Scriptures are too notable a feature of his service to be passed over in silence. We have often felt them to be even more profitable than his sermons. They are short, racy, and suggestive—not critical, of course, but always sensible, judicious, and to the point. Few men can do this work well. We have witnessed many failures. It should never be attempted by any who are not prepared to devote to each chapter not less time than they give to the preparation of a sermon. The Word of God is too sacred to be associated with the commonplace, easy-going, and careless remarks we have heard from men who have neither Mr. Spurgeon's spirituality nor genius. We cannot rightly serve God or benefit men "with that which doth cost us nothing"; and, while we fully endorse the great preacher's commendation of this practice, and delight in his own expositions, we earnestly deprecate all attempts to do this work in that off-hand and superficial fashion which some men evidently think sufficient.

Our subject is not exhausted, but our space is, and we must reluctantly close. Our article is sadly incomplete, as we warned our readers it would be. It could not be otherwise; and we will only further say that if our remarks lead others to study for themselves, or to study anew a life so strong and inspiring, and if any are thereby induced—not to imitate Mr. Spurgeon either in the pulpit or out of it, for that is weak and contemptible—but to accept the truths he so powerfully proclaims, to seek a supply of the spirit by which he is animated, and to labour with similar zeal and fidelity, we shall be amply rewarded. For we are guilty of no exaggeration in asserting that the nineteenth century has produced no nobler man and no greater preacher than Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Reminiscences of Bristol.

V.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Hall began in the year 1826, while I was still residing at Falmouth. The circumstances which led to it are somewhat interesting. The curate of the parish—a very narrow, feeble-minded person, and as arrogant and bitter as he was narrow and feeble—had been making some strange remarks, in several sermons, about Nonconformists. Among other things he stated, that the celebrated Mr. Hall had so profound a respect for the Established Church as to induce him to send one of his sons to be educated at Cambridge University. This statement, publicly made, soon became known through the town, and, while Church-folk were exulting over us, many of our friends were greatly annoyed. We could not deny the statement, though we questioned its accuracy. I ventured to suggest that Mr. Hall should be written to on the subject; but it was objected that he allowed his letters to accumulate for long periods, and they were often left unanswered. Not crediting this assertion, I wrote, and, to authenticate my letter, referred him to Mr. Warren, one of his intimate friends, with whom I had had considerable business transactions; and my pastor, Mr. Burchell, sent a courteous message to his former tutor, Mr. Isaac James, Mr. Hall's brother-in-law. Contrary to expectation, I received, by return of post, the following reply:—

May 10th, 1826.

DEAR SIR,—I duly received your favour, and my reply will demand but few words. I never sent any son of mine to Cambridge University, and should think it not very consistent with my character as a Dissenter, and still less as a Dissenting minister, to have done so. I respect the University of Cambridge very highly, and have received many civilities from particular members of it; but as it is essentially a clerical establishment, and closely connected with the system of the Church of England, none but members of that Church, in my opinion, can, with propriety, educate their children there. I am a steady and conscientious adherent to the principles of Dissent.—I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

R. HALL.

Mr. Isaac James desires his kind respects to the Rev. Mr. Burchell.

This letter turned the tables completely, and I was warmly congratulated on receiving such a document. A copy was immediately sent to the curate, with an intimation that as he had been misinformed, and had published a statement injurious to the reputation of so distinguished a Nonconformist, he would be expected to give equal publicity to Mr. Hall's letter. Shortly after, he called at my office, handed me a letter, and, bidding me "good morning," left. In his reply he evaded compliance with my request, alleging as a reason that he had not said that Mr. Hall had sent his son to Cambridge, but to one of the Universities. I informed him that his reply was untruthful, and that, in justice to Mr. Hall and ourselves,

the correspondence would be published. The result was decisive. The taunts of the Establishmentarians were silenced, and many of the more candid and intelligent, expressed their regret that the curate should have stated publicly that for which he had no authority, and that when his error was proved, he had not had the manliness and honesty to acknowledge it.

Soon after my residence in Bristol commenced, Mr. Warren invited me to tea, and, as he expected Mr. Hall, kindly offered to introduce me to him as a personal friend. On his entrance, pipe in hand, Mr. Hall most courteously saluted those present, and on Mrs. Warren asking for Mrs. Hall, he replied, "Sorry to say she can't come, ma'am. She is not well, ma'am." "Now, Mr. Hall, I know better, for I saw her this morning, and she told me how pleased she would be to come. You have been vexing her; I know you have." "Well, ma'am, Mrs. Hall *was* displeased because I would not change my breeches. Black cloth is very cold, ma'am, and drab is warm. But my stockings, ma'am, are silk—pepper-and-salt colour, but silk, ma'am." Not being then aware of the intimate friendship subsisting between my friends and Mr. Hall, I was surprised at Mrs. Warren's sally; but still more at the perfect simplicity of Mr. Hall's reply. We sat down to tea, and the conversation soon became general and lively. Being introduced to Mr. Hall as a student who had just entered the Academy, he, in exceedingly kind and courteous terms, expressed a hope that my residence would prove pleasant and profitable, and invited me to take a seat by his side.

He began at once to inquire about my native town, its shipping and general trade, and was much interested in my account of the Packet Establishment, which had flourished there for more than two centuries, consisting of some thirty armed vessels carrying only the mails, passengers, and specie, and particularly in the description of various actions between these packets and French privateers. He asked many questions respecting the mines and fisheries—the general condition of the people, social, moral, and religious—the progress of Methodism, and the number and state of the churches of our own denomination. Referring to the visits in ancient times of the Phœnicians and Romans for the purchase of copper and tin, he observed, "The Cornish must be a remarkable people, sir. Their motto—**ONE AND ALL**—suggests the existence of a powerful feeling of clanship; and, descended from the Ancient Britons with a dash of Oriental blood, they have something of the fire of the East, added to the impulsiveness of the Celt. Is their language extinct, sir?" "Yes, Mr. Hall." "Sorry for that, sir; what was it like?" "The Welsh; of which, in fact, it was a dialect." Not wishing to engross his attention any further, I thanked him for so kindly replying to my letter. "What letter, sir? I had no idea that you had done me the honour of writing to me. What was it about, sir?" Having, as briefly as possible, informed him, he quickly rejoined, "I remember it now, sir. I was very much interested at the time. Tell me all

about it, sir. Don't leave out anything." When I had finished he said, "Obliged to me? No, sir; the obligation is all on my side, sir. You defended my reputation. I had no idea, until I received your letter, that my name had penetrated to so remote a province of the empire. I thank you most sincerely, sir, and I shall not forget your kindness."

It was Mr. Hall's custom to invite one or more of the students to supper after the service of the Lord's Day, and he would say to the one to whom the invitation was given, "Bring one of your friends with you, sir. You won't forget, I hope. Shall quite expect you, sir." His reception of us was most kind and cordial, and his manner perfectly free from the appearance even of condescension or patronage. He treated us as guests, and encouraged the freest talk. In the case of those who came for the *first* time, he would inquire about their native place, its religious condition, the occupations of the inhabitants, and such local topics. The conversation went on naturally, and was not confined merely to religious subjects. After several such interviews, I found that Mr. Hall thought godly people might talk about anything, and at any time. We were soon perfectly at ease in his company, and the simplicity of the family arrangements greatly contributed to our enjoyment, and it was enhanced by the cordiality and warmth of our reception.

Those who have only seen Mr. Hall in public—how few they must now be—or who have derived their impressions from the perusal of his works, or from reading descriptions of him, would naturally expect to see great dignity, force, and stateliness in his manner and appearance. And in one respect this is perfectly correct, but not correct as applicable to him in social life, or in the family circle. The dignity natural to him was never absent, but it was surprising how easily and perfectly he could, without the slightest effort, make himself one with those among whom he mingled. This was eminently seen in his intercourse with the humble pious poor. He was so kind and sympathetic, entered so fully into their views and feelings, their habits of thought and expression, that no one seeing him in such society for the first time, would for a moment suppose that they were looking on the celebrated Mr. Hall. Whatever admiration he cherished for genius, or whatever respect he had for rank, ardent piety and real goodness exerted far greater power over his mind. When these qualities were seen among the lowest of the low he was irresistibly drawn towards them, and his intercourse with them was pervaded by the strongest feelings of Christian regard.

In the incidents which follow there will be seen some striking illustrations of these remarks. I wish, however, more especially to portray him *as he was to us students*, and, as we rarely met him in general society, our intercourse was chiefly confined to his own house, in the midst of the family circle. Our conversation seldom passed into abstruse subjects; he preferred to talk on ordinary topics and the occurrences of the day. Sallies of humour and wit, mingled with

vivid descriptions of persons and incidents of bygone days. Anecdotes of remarkable men were always relished, and if any of our stories at all touched on the supernatural, they were relished still more. He not only permitted, but by his own example encouraged the expression of humour and pleasantry, and we felt no hesitancy about it, since Mr. Hall himself and his family so heartily joined us in it. The evenings thus spent can never be forgotten. They are now recalled with feelings of intense delight, mingled, however, with sadness as the light of them is so fast fading away.

Though not coming under my own notice, yet as occurring but a short time prior to my residence in Bristol, an incident, which I have heard my honoured friend Mr. Mursell relate, may appropriately be mentioned here, though it is impossible to give in words an adequate description of *his* vivid account of it. When Mr. Hall had accepted the call to take the oversight of Broadmead Church, the deacons, naturally supposing that the students would be sure to attend his ministry, were anxious that a seat should be allotted to them where they could hear with comfort, and not be intruded upon by strangers. The proposal occasioned much discussion, and those who opposed it remarked that a great deal too much fuss was made about the students. Some such observation happened to be made one evening when Mr. Hall was taking tea at a friend's. Not hearing it quite perfectly he turned to the speaker and asked, "What was that you said, sir?" "Oh, nothing of any consequence, Mr. Hall." "I beg your pardon, sir. Whatever you say, sir, is of consequence." "It was only a passing remark." "I am perfectly aware of that, sir. It passed me, sir, and I wish to arrest it." It was repeated, but *sotto voce*. Mr. Hall, with some severity, rejoined, "I am surprised at such a remark from *you*, sir. What is Broadmead but an ordinary Baptist Church? If it be distinguished from other churches, sir, it is owing to its connection with the Academy. Under God, the students are the hope of the denomination. If I have any influence, sir, they shall have the best seat in the place; and when there, sir, I would cover them over with cloth of gold." It is almost needless to remark that this emphatic utterance completely settled the matter. It may be added that Mr. Hall would never permit any observations which were in any way disparaging to us, to pass without rebuke. On one occasion, at supper, when Mr. Anderson was the only other guest, I joined freely in the conversation, as I had been accustomed to do. To my great surprise, Mr. Anderson stopped me. Mr. Hall turned to him at once, and asked, "Don't you know that that gentleman is my guest, sir?" "Yes, Mr. Hall, one of my young men"—words in which he often spoke of us, and more from affection than any other feeling. "No, sir; Mr. Trestrail is my *guest*, sir. We will drop the tutor here, sir, if you please." When another minister occupied the pulpit, he would occasionally take a seat with us in our pew. The effect of this uniform kindness on our position was very marked, and it excited our liveliest gratitude.

On the first occasion of my supping with Mr. Hall, he turned somewhat suddenly to me and said, "I beg your pardon, sir. I quite forgot to thank you for that admirable conference you gave us the other evening. It was one of the most remarkable I ever heard, sir. I sat there wondering at your marvellous rapidity of utterance. Why, sir, you can speak faster than some people can think. Hitherto I have been considered the most rapid speaker in Europe. My glory is gone now, sir. An extraordinary performance, sir—pregnant, no doubt, with profound thought. Of course it was, sir. But I didn't understand one word of it." We all burst into laughter, and it was interesting to see how he himself enjoyed the fun. When we had ceased laughing, one of the young ladies remarked—"I hope, sir, you don't think papa is exaggerating. It seemed to me as if every word was scuffling in your mouth which should get out first." "Don't you think that is very clever of my daughter, sir?" "I do, indeed, Mr. Hall, and I fear it is a very accurate description of my speaking." "My dear, I shall quote that when I have the opportunity." "Well, papa, when you do, I hope you will quote your authority, for I don't think that even *you* should shine in borrowed plumes."

Of this rapidity of utterance I was wholly unconscious; but in the lecture-room I had frequent reminders of it. I was often stopped, when reading an essay or a sermon, by some such a remark as this from one of the senior students—"No doubt, sir, what you are reading is well worth hearing, but we cannot make out a single word." I tried, of course, to be more deliberate, and then I began to stutter. On one occasion, after two or three such interruptions, Mr. Anderson's patience was exhausted, as well it might be, for it was, perhaps, difficult on his part to repress the suspicion that this rapidity was *intentional*, and he broke in before I had finished—"Well, mister, if you will gabble like that, you had better shut up your manuscript." Though not exactly a reminiscence of Bristol, an incident which occurred a few months after my leaving may not be inappropriate here.

At Dr. Cox's request I took an evening service at Hackney, having previously accepted an invitation from the Rev. Isaiah Birt to sup with him. Detained by several friends who came to speak to me after the service, I was a little behind time. On entering the room, and greeting Mr. Birt, I was met by the inquiry, "Young man, are you long winded?"—"No, indeed, sir; for if I were, considering how fast I speak, a week would not be long enough to compose a sermon." "They do tell me you go on at a wonderful rate." "I try to speak more deliberately, but I fail, and am so discouraged that I sometimes think of giving up." "Nonsense!—Give up? What for? No, no; go on. Of course, you don't think what you have got to say *now* is much worth hearing, do you?" "Really, sir, I did not think it was *quite* so bad as that." "Well, then, go on, and do your best. When you *are* worth hearing you will be slow enough, and take this comfort—you will never become an old drone!" Those who knew

Mr. Birt will remember the keen, incisive style of his talk. The evening, as may be supposed from this beginning, passed most pleasantly, for he was as kind as he was keen. His great intelligence, and large and varied experience, imparted to his wise and judicious remarks wonderful vivacity and life.

That Mr. Hall was not, any more than very inferior men, indifferent to the presence of distinguished persons in the congregation, I had several opportunities of knowing. If their presence was discovered by him unexpectedly, or was made known at some unsuitable time, or in an unsuitable manner, he was, to use a homely phrase, "a good deal put out." Occasionally he could not repress the manifestation of annoyance, as when it was said, on one occasion, somewhat abruptly, by a gentleman in the vestry, "I hope, Mr. Hall, you will preach well to-night." "Why to-night, sir, more than any other night?" "I understand, sir, that the celebrated Dr. Chalmers is coming to hear you." I noticed that, contrary to his usual manner, Mr. Hall kept his eye steadily fixed on the clock during the sermon; and though it was quite equal to his general discourses, there was an absence of the fire and freedom, both in expression and gesture, which almost invariably distinguished the peroration.

On other occasions one saw this effect, when, for example, he was told, after the service, of the presence of any remarkable person. He was perfectly well aware that usually there were among his hearers many who were distinguished for their social rank and high culture. That, however, was quite a different affair, and their presence scarcely affected him in the way I have described. Perhaps it was rather a stimulus to his intellect than otherwise. What I mean will best be understood from the following incident:—

He invited me to supper one Lord's Day evening, and as most of my fellow-students were engaged, I was the only person present except his family. For two or three weeks his discourses had not been, intellectually, up to the usual mark, and on this evening his subject was the stone raised by Samuel, which, in commemoration of the Divine goodness, the prophet had named "Ebenezer," saying, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." He applied it to Brick Street, the Academy, and Broadmead. The closing part was both eloquent and fervid; but it was more like a flash of light, than the peroration of a well thought-out and sustained discourse. So during supper Mrs. Hall remarked, "Well, my dear, if you go on preaching so poorly as you have lately done, our friends will begin to think your intellect is decaying!"—"Quite a mistake, quite a mistake, my love. There may be less brilliance and play of imagination, but quite as much force, and, if plainer, more useful."—"But, Mr. Hall, just think of to-day's sermons, especially the one this evening. They were poor indeed."—"No, no, my dear, very useful and very pious. You are quite mistaken." Turning to his eldest daughter he said, "Eliza, what do you think?" "Well papa, if you wish my opinion, all I have to say is

this—that you seemed to me like a blind man groping about for an idea and could not catch one.” “Mr. Trestrail, did you ever hear anything like that?” Of course, I held my peace. So turning to his other daughter, he said, “Jane, my dear, what do you say?” “Well, papa, I think I could find quite as good in any little twopenny-halfpenny religious book.” I saw he was a good deal mortified, and that he felt the criticisms were, for the most part, just. But he was not disposed to give in, and so he turned to me, saying, “Now, sir, you know something about this matter, for you both make sermons and preach them. What do *you* say?”—“Mr. Hall, if you will kindly excuse me, I would prefer being silent.” “Why, sir? Why, sir?”—“You see, Mr. Hall, if I give an opinion contrary to the ladies, that will be ungallant; and if contrary to yourself, I shall come within the stroke of your mighty arm.” “Very ingenious, sir, but very slippery. Don’t take to slippery ways. I always respected you for your frankness and candour: don’t give them up for slippery ingenuity. Speak out your mind, sir.”

I scarcely knew what to do, or what to say, and Mr. Hall was evidently expecting a reply. “If you insist on an answer, sir, I can only say that as the celebrated Sydney Smith, whom you once lashed so severely, was present, I did wish that your discourse had been equal to those you usually preach.” His countenance instantly changed, and he was evidently exceedingly annoyed. “Sydney Smith there, sir? Impossible, sir; you don’t know him, sir.” “Quite true, Mr. Hall, I don’t *know* him, in the ordinary sense of that word, but I heard him preach this morning.” “That you didn’t, sir, for you heard me. I saw you taking notes;” and bowing to me with marked courtesy, and wishing to intimate his gratification at my doing so, he added, “You always pay me the compliment of taking notes. I hope you find your labour is not always lost. But you could not hear Sydney Smith and hear me too.” “It may appear extraordinary, Mr. Hall, but I *did*.” “Why, you know, sir, it is simply impossible.” Mrs. Hall quietly remarked, “Let Mr. Trestrail explain. See how flatly you are contradicting him.” “Beg your pardon, sir. Beg your pardon, sir. But you could not, you know, sir, be in two places at once.” “Nor was I, Mr. Hall. Our service began at 10.30. Mr. Smith preached in the mayor’s chapel, where the service did not begin till 11.30. So when you had finished I slipped out, and was there before he began to preach. Besides, no one who had once seen his face could ever forget it. He sat this evening in Counsellor Smith’s pew, just under your right hand.” “Well, sir, I knock under. I preached very badly. Mr. Birt was with me all the week, and we talked incessantly. He is a very remarkable man, sir, and old men love to talk of old times. I had no time to think, sir, and I cannot preach without thinking, sir. The sermons were plain and useful, but they *were* poor, sir, very poor.”

Very naturally the conversation turned on Mr. Smith’s sermon—the text, the style, and the general treatment of the subject. “What

was his text, sir?" "The words of JOB, 'I would not live always.'" "How did he treat it?" "He brought forward many reasons which should reconcile us to death, as for example—We become old, and unable to participate in life's duties, in its pleasures, in its enjoyments. Moreover, we lose our friends one after another; many hopes are blasted, and many plans frustrated—weakness brings weariness, and we long for rest." "Was that all, sir? Nothing about the present happiness which religion imparts—its consolations, the hopes it inspires, and the glory of the future life?" "No, not a word. Many parts were eloquent and beautiful, and here and there were touches of deep pathos, but no stress was laid on the higher and nobler topics of Christian truth." "I am amazed, sir. Perfectly heathenish.* Why, sir, Plato would preach as well as that."

Everyone who has read or heard anything about Mr. Hall must be aware that he was a great smoker. He sportively attributed the origin of the habit to his first meeting with the celebrated Dr. Parr; and to "qualify himself for that interview," he began to smoke. If anyone called to see him, his first salutation would be followed by the well-known words, "Take a pipe, sir." As he was pleased when this invitation was complied with, the students, who *could* smoke, always did so; and if any objected, or suggested that smoking was disagreeable to many persons, he would reply, "Quite a mistake, sir. It is the spitting they don't like. Smoke, but don't spit, sir." And it was remarkable how little inconvenience *his* smoking occasioned. He did not pour out an incessant volume of smoke. You would scarcely know he was smoking at all. No doubt it was some slight alleviation of the intense pain, often amounting to agony, which he endured. The wonder was how any man, with such suffering, took so lively an interest in social life, and enjoyed the pleasures of social intercourse so thoroughly as he did. His power of enjoyment was extraordinary. I well remember a remark of his, to one of his daughters, in reply to her observation that the evening had been very dull, and with very little to enjoy in it. "Dull, my dear? No, no; very pleasant, my dear. *I enjoy everything!*"

Mr. Foster, in his "observations," has some striking remarks on Mr. Hall's grateful appreciation of little acts of kindness and attention. How true they are I can testify. Considering the great difference in our age, position, and relations, he might well expect that we should be on the watch to show him any courtesy which opportunity might afford. It was plain that he entertained no such an idea. He was the least exacting of men. The interest which he took in social intercourse was so thorough that he often forgot his pipe, which would frequently, in the course of an evening, go out. To light it again, necessitated his rising from the recumbent posture, which he almost invariably was obliged to assume. A light was

* The Editor takes the liberty of adding that he also heard this sermon preached by the witty Canon, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and can never forget either the sonorous eloquence, or the utter absence of all Christian truths.

always ready for such occasions, and when it was handed to him a stranger would have thought, from his warmly-expressed thanks, that some real favour had been bestowed.

An instance occurs to me of the way in which he would receive what seemed very much like a reprimand from an inferior, especially if there was the slightest ground for it. The principal chapel-keeper of Broadmead, in my time, was Mrs. Thomas, a very strong-minded person, and quite a character, who felt perfectly at liberty to express her opinions very freely to everybody, not even excepting Mr. Hall. Certainly she never spared *us*, if she thought an admonition necessary. But she would never allow any other person, in her presence, to express an opinion reflecting on Mr. Hall. That, she seemed to think, was her sole prerogative.

On leaving the vestry one evening after the service, Mr. Hall asked for his hat. Search was made, but it could not be found. "Very extraordinary, sir, that my hat can't be found. It is too big for anybody else, sir." After hunting everywhere without success, it struck Mrs. Thomas that it might have been left in the pulpit, as he always, from a feeling of sympathetic respect, took it up with him when a hat-band had been sent on the occasion of the death of a friend. And so it proved in this case.—Mrs. Thomas bore the missing hat in triumph into the vestry.—"Here is your hat, Mr. Hall; and if your head was not fastened on your shoulders better than your hat on your head, you would have lost *that*, too." "Sorry to have given you so much trouble, Mrs. Thomas. You are quite right, ma'am. It is a merciful provision of Providence that our heads are so well fastened on, or I am sure I should have lost mine long ago." Mr. Hall was well aware that beneath this roughness of manner in Mrs. Thomas there ran a current of deep, nay, almost passionate, regard. But I wonder how many of us would manifest so much forbearance under similar circumstances.

Mr. Hall was not only a great smoker, but he took excessively large quantities of opium. When I knew him, he used to carry it in a tin box, ready for use in those paroxysms of pain to which he was subject. Many times have I seen him take it during tea, and yet, from his manner, no one would suspect he was suffering so intensely. It was striking to observe how seldom even he alluded to the malady which afflicted him. He was rarely heard to complain, and his power of endurance was marvellous. I remember remarking one Lord's Day evening at supper how well he looked, and what unusual brilliance and force pervaded his discourse. "Indeed, sir! Then appearances are very deceptive. I have been in an agony all day; I have suffered a martyrdom, and have taken opium enough to kill a score men." And yet he was carrying on a lively and instructive conversation with students, and evidently enjoying their society!

It has often been remarked, as scarcely to be accounted for, that Mr. Hall's health was not impaired by so free a use of opium. The terrible effects that follow when it is taken merely as a stimulant are

well known. We have sad examples in the cases of De Quincey and Coleridge, and in the physical and mental ruin of the opium smokers in China. On Mr. Hall no such effects were produced. He used it, not for the purpose of self-gratification, but as a soother of pain. It was a medicine to him, and taken only as such. Anyone who has read Mr. Chandler's able account of Mr. Hall's fatal illness, and seen the drawings of the calculi, some of them armed with spines sharper than any needle, will understand how appropriate and true is Mr. Foster's language, when he describes them as "an apparatus of torture!"

The doctrines of Materialism, advocated by men eminent in physical science, were not so widely accepted fifty years ago, as they are in the present day. We can imagine a person holding these doctrines, well aware of Mr. Hall's constant and intense suffering, suddenly introduced into a company where he was present. Our Materialist could not but be struck with the spectacle of one who was nearly always in agony, taking an animated part in general conversation, repressing all signs of suffering, and showing a courtesy to every one present, which would be thought graceful in one not suffering at all. In the presence of so marvellous an instance of the power of the will overmastering the sense of the sharpest pain, and of a consideration for others, so unselfish and generous, might not the old idea of the existence of the *spiritual* in man, recur with an almost irresistible force? In retiring from so striking a scene, might he not say—"Well if there *be* what is called *mind*, I have certainly beheld an extraordinary proof of its power over matter"? And what he saw and what he heard might, perchance, suggest that the cause of this triumph over bodily torture was the old despised religion—that RELIGION which, in Mr. Hall's own unequalled words, is "the final centre of repose, the goal to which all things tend, which gives to time all its importance, and to eternity all its glory; apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes which surround him, as incoherent and unmeaning as the leaves which the Sybil scattered to the wind."

Newport, Isle of Wight.

F. T.

Beaconsfield and Hughenden Manor.

II.

AS the social tendencies of Mr. Burke were strong he easily gathered around him, in his pleasant home, the *élite* of English and European society. As a matter of course, his great and good friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was a very welcome visitor there. It was during one of these visits, and while Burke was pointing out to the moralist some interesting portion of his pleasant domain, that the Doctor somewhat churlishly said—

“ *Non equidem invideo ; miror magis ;* ”

“ Indeed, I do not envy ; I the more admire.”

Now and then we may suppose that the silly Boswell accompanied his demigod, and, of course, did not neglect an opportunity of strutting up and down the broad street of Beaconsfield, to excite the wonder of the natives at his lace ruffles, his foppish sword, and other specimens of London finery. When the great Doctor was in an especially good mood with his gifted host, the latter now and then would venture upon those classical pleasantries, a few of which have been preserved, and of two or three of which we may make a passing mention. Discoursing once concerning landed property, Mr. Burke quoted a well-known line of Horace, as containing a good description of a desirable tenancy—

“ *Modus in rebus certique fines ;* ”

“ A *modus* in the tithes and fines certain.”

The great critic gave his approval of another classical jest, this time at the expense of the notorious John Wilkes, whom Mr. Burke stigmatized by quoting from Horace—

“ *numerisque fertur*
Lege solutis ; ”

“ Carried upon the shoulders of lawless mobs.”

Tradition tells us that when Mr. Burke and his guests were in an especially good humour, they condescended even to conundrums, and has delivered to us a specimen of the skill of the former in that species of light literature. Mr. Burke's conundrum is as follows—
“ What is majesty without its appendages ?—A jest.”

Another welcome guest at Beaconsfield was the amiable and gifted Sir Joshua Reynolds. Some of our readers have doubtless seen Sir Joshua's picture of “ Hercules strangling serpents in his infancy,” and have probably noticed the unusually plump limbs of the future demigod. It is the firm belief of the people of Beaconsfield that one of their own babies was the model from which the artist produced his stalwart child. The baby grew up to be a healthy and

prosperous man, became a favourite tenant on Mr. Burke's estate, survived his great landlord for many years, and lived long enough to witness the great agitation against the corn laws, which laws he tried to prove, by quotations from Mr. Burke, to be one of the firmest foundations of England's greatness. Cobden and Bright, however, proved too strong for "Hercules;" the corn laws went to the wall, and England has not yet gone to the dogs. Some of our readers remember the famous "dagger," made in Birmingham, for the murder of kings and priests, which Mr. Burke, in sublime anger, flung upon the floor of the House of Commons as a proof of the prevalence in England of the accursed principles—as he deemed them—of the first French Revolution. This renowned dagger is supposed, some way or other, to have got into the possession of Mr. Burke's tenant of whom we have been speaking, and was often shown by him to his wondering friends. We have read of a monastery in Spain having in its possession many sacred relics; among which were a few drops of the maternal milk of the Virgin Mary, a feather from one of the wings of the angel Gabriel, the "live coal" which touched the lips of the prophet Isaiah, and the sword with which Balaam struck his ass. A Protestant visitor, on being shown these remarkable rarities, allowed the first three to pass unchallenged, but objected to the fourth by saying, "Balaam had no sword; he only wished for one." The monk, however, was too many for the heretic, and replied, "This is the very sword he *wished* for." So we may remark concerning Mr. Burke's celebrated "dagger;" for as, in all probability, the orator did not throw it down, the present owner of it may console himself by saying, "This is the dagger he might have thrown down."

Another very welcome visitor at Beaconsfield, at least for some years, was the renowned Charles James Fox; but politics parted these once fast friends, and they interchanged social visits no more. When Mr. Burke was in his last illness Fox hurried from town to seek a reconciliation, but the dying man, we are sorry to say, was inexorable, and refused an interview. The death of Mr. Burke took place in 1797, and is supposed to have been hastened by the early decease of his only and much-loved son. The great man is said to have given directions that his body should not be put in a leaden coffin, lest some future revolutionists should steal the metal to make into bullets with which to blow down the parish church. The revolution, however, did not come; the honoured remains of the thrice great man have safely reposed for nearly eighty years in one of the side aisles of the church; a plain mural tablet records the fact, and a "brass," lately placed in another aisle of the church by the Burkes of the United Kingdom, records their reverence for "the greatest of their name."

Taking for granted that our readers would like to hear something of the religious state of Beaconsfield, we will make a few remarks concerning it. The Church of England is strong in the town and neighbourhood, the complexion of it being of the Ritualistic school.

The living is worth upwards of £700 a year. It belongs to Magdalen College, Oxford, and the present rector has probably not much love for dissenters of the parish; judging from the fact that two or three years ago he extemporised a wake, in order, it is supposed, to neutralise the ill effects of certain services which nonconformists were about to hold. There are three or four dissenting places of worship there; one of which belongs to the Congregationalists, and has lately been rebuilt, a considerable portion of the cost of which was contributed by an Episcopalian lady of the neighbourhood as a protest, it is said, against the Romeward tendency of the parish church. There was formerly a Presbyterian church in the town, which, having embraced Arian opinions, has now become defunct. Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," was, in the last century, for a little while its minister, and we have heard of the existence of a receipt given by him for his ministerial salary, amounting to the munificent sum of £14. When last at Beaconsfield we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, who was kindly making an evangelical tour through the country, doubtless not without good results. We trust he will be spared to undertake many similar services, and be able also to induce others of his brethren to follow the excellent example.

The question has naturally and often been asked, Why did Mr. Disraeli choose Beaconsfield to give name to his earldom? Of course we do not profess any acquaintance with his lordship's personal matters, but it is not wrong to give a guess. Probably one reason is to be found in the fact that the few large towns of South Bucks were all preoccupied by the peerage, excepting Beaconsfield. High Wycombe might seem to be another exception, but the name "Lord Wycombe" is, we believe, one of the titles of the Lansdowne family. If we are mistaken in this last remark, the fact remains that the borough of Wycombe rejected the political blandishments of Mr. Disraeli forty-five years ago; and, though politicians are said to have short memories, probably his lordship has not forgotten his defeat—" *spretaque injuria forma* "—and need not, therefore, be anxious to shed much of the glory of his later career upon those who were not wise enough to discern the beams of the rising sun. Of course, his lordship, in common with all educated men, holds in high estimation the career of Mr. Burke, and probably that is the chief reason which led to the choice of Beaconsfield as the name of his earldom. The residence of Mr. Burke has been in ruins, through fire, for more than sixty years, and we have heard that Mr. Disraeli once entertained the idea of rebuilding the mansion and taking up his residence there. For some reason or other the idea did not become a fact, and the memorable spot is still a desolation. The well is yet there which often slaked the thirst of fair ladies and famous men. We ourselves have tasted the water and found it sweet. The ice-house is still standing, from the former contents of which Dr. Johnson cooled his wine in the dog days, and then puffed out his emphatic approval. The stables are also standing; but when we were last there heaps of sheep-troughs

were piled up were Sir Joshua Reynolds had seen and admired the well-conditioned carriage horses. The mansion itself is gone; but there remain near to its site many strong pieces of brickwork in the form of drains and sewers, which show that "sanitary measures" were no strangers to the comprehensive mind of the great orator. It would doubtless have yielded much satisfaction to Mr. Disraeli to rebuild the mansion and possess the estate once owned by so renowned a man; and, failing in that pleasure, he has successfully resolved to link his name with the memories of a spot graced by the genius of one of the most gifted of mankind. Mr. Burke when he died was several years younger than Earl Beaconsfield now is, but we trust the end of the latter is not near, and that it may be long before he becomes what the former now is, "*Umbra nominis magni*"—The shadow of a great name.

We have yet to speak concerning "Hughenden Manor," the pleasant country abode of the Prime Minister. The parish of Hughenden is a long, straggling one—having no village—portions of which are about a mile distant from the town of High Wycombe; and one of the county histories writes thus of the place:—"Huchendene was the property of Queen Edith before the conquest, and after that great epoch in English history it formed part of the possessions of Odo, Bishop of Bayeaux, and Nigel, son of Roger d'Albigni or Albini. The Bishop's lands here and elsewhere were forfeited, and the manor seems to have remained in the Crown until Henry the First granted it to Geoffrey de Clinton, his Chamberlain. This Geoffrey is recorded to have made the manor of Hitchenden part of the endowment of his priory at Kenilworth. . . . The priors of Kenilworth continued to be lords of the manor until the dissolution. In 1540, Henry the Eighth granted the manor to Robert Dormer." It subsequently came into the hands of different families, and, about thirty years ago, it was purchased by the "elder Disraeli," and is now the property of his famous son—Earl Beaconsfield. Some might suppose the estate a small one, considering the rank of its possessor, and the lands of some of his fellow-ministers are many times larger; but, as he makes up in brains what he lacks in acres, we will not further dwell upon the matter.

Hughenden is not far from the small village of Bradenham, the former residence of the elder Disraeli, and where the Prime Minister spent a portion of his youthful years. Geographically considered, Bradenham is a small place, but it has been, nevertheless, the scene of some interesting historical events, as the following quotation will show:—"The estate and manor-house belonged in the thirteenth century to the Earls of Warwick, who held it of the King in free soccage (whatever that may be), from whom it passed by purchase to a branch of the same house, called in the records, Robert of Bradenham. From him it passed through several obscure families, until in 1529 it became the property of Sir Agnew Windser, who was created Lord Windser of Bradenham. The second Lord Windser built the present house, and was Sheriff of Bucks in 1558, and there his son, the third lord,

entertained Queen Elizabeth with great state on her return from a visit to Oxford University." This somewhat famous manor had the doubtful honour, about three centuries later, of being in Chancery, and, during a portion of the time of litigation, the mansion was occupied by Disraeli the elder; there the future Lord Beaconsfield spent many happy days, during which he often walked to the neighbouring parish of Hughenden where his residence is now fixed. One of the literary productions of his lordship's father was in honour of Charles the First, and procured for him a D.C.L. from Oxford University. In the diploma which conferred the degree, he is styled "*Optimi regis optimus vindex.*" We pass by the optimism of the Stuart, only remarking that the author of the eulogy could not have been the author of the Radicalism with which Lord Beaconsfield was infected in his early years. Mr. Disraeli died at Bradenham in 1848. Over his pew in the small parish church is a tablet containing the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memories of Isaac Disraeli, Esquire, D.C.L., of Bradenham House, author of 'Curiosities of Literature,' who died January 19, 1848, in his 82nd year; and of his wife, Maria, to whom he was united for forty-five years. She died April 21, 1847, in the 72nd year of her age. Their remains lie side by side in the vault of the adjoining chancel."

The park and grounds of Hughenden Manor consist of about 300 acres, which are well wooded; a trout stream runs from one extremity of the park to the other. Among the trees are to be seen some flourishing young cedars, the seeds of which are said to have been brought from Lebanon by the present owner of Hughenden, and sown by his own hands. The mansion is "beautiful for situation," and of moderate size. When we visited the interior some ten years ago, we noticed that each apartment contained some picture or marble effigy of its talented owner—the result doubtless of the affection of his late devoted wife. On going lately through his lordship's dormitory, we noticed that his couch was of very plain order, like those of Pio Nono and of the great Duke of Wellington. The people of England were reminded by a remarkable parliamentary debate, last autumn, that Lord Beaconsfield is the patron of the vicarage of his parish. The church is near to the mansion and has lately been restored, mainly at the expense of a relative of the vicar. The church is small but deserves a passing notice—first, because it contains "some very ancient Norman and early English work," and also because of "the tombs in the Montfort Chapel." These tombs are supposed to contain the dust of some of the descendants of Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester. The matter is surrounded with some doubt; but a painstaking antiquarian gives 1286 as the date of one of the tombs. Of course, strangers now and then visit the church chiefly for the purpose of seeing the pew and the person of the lord of the manor—for whose piety the vicar lately vouched, in a letter to the public papers, by referring to the devout manner in which his notable parishioner takes the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The

clergy of the Established Church are supposed to stand upon a spiritual line ranging

“From lowest Newton up to highest Neale.”

If so, the Vicar of Hughenden stands nearer to “Neale” than to “Newton.”

The spiritual instruction of the villagers is not exclusively confined to the care of the vicar, there being at least two or three Nonconformist places of worship in the parish—he having sufficient influence, however, to prevent the formation of a School Board within its precincts. One of the Nonconformist places of worship must be especially disagreeable to a High Church clergyman, being almost entirely sustained by a nominal member of the Episcopal Church, partly as a protest against the “Ritualism” of the parish.

As we are naturally curious with reference to the private life of great public men, our readers will perhaps expect us to say something concerning that of Lord Beaconsfield. Having lived in the neighbourhood of his residence for some years, we have heard, we are happy to say, very little to his prejudice. As a landlord he is probably neither better nor worse than the average of his class. We have never heard his tenants complain of him; and although most of the cottages on his estate give few signs of architectural beauty, like those of the pet village of Chenies, neither are they open to the charge of gross neglect. Some people perhaps think that as Lord Beaconsfield is at the head of the Tory party, he ought in his private capacity to frown sternly upon every form and manifestation of dissent—but his lordship does not so frown. In proof of which we may state that his local man of business is a Nonconformist, and that one of his tenants, lately deceased, was a deacon of a neighbouring Baptist church; in whose comfortable kitchen we have often preached, without any intimation of displeasure on the part of the lord of the manor.

In the pleasant graveyard of the parish, near to the chancel of the church, is a vault containing the remains of three persons, and sufficient space for those of a fourth. There are buried there the Countess of Beaconsfield, a brother of the earl, and that enthusiastic admirer of his lordship, who some years ago left him a large legacy on condition of lying side by side with him in the same tomb. Between the time of his lordship's decease and burial, his character will be criticised by half the newspapers of the world. They will say concerning him good and evil, truth and falsehood, including something like the following estimate of him:—He was a popular writer, a powerful speaker, an astute manager of men; and though he did but little to enlarge the boundaries of political science, or personal liberty, he secured in spite of many difficulties great Parliamentary power, and will take his place in history among the chief rulers of the renowned British realm.

In Memoriam.

THE REV. THOS. HORTON.

OF the good and useful men our denomination has recently lost by death, there were few who had better title to the name than our late dear and valued friend, the Rev. Thomas Horton, of Devonport. He belonged to a generation of which there are but few survivors, and for several years before his death was disqualified by age and physical infirmity from doing any external ministerial work. But until he had reached the years usually allotted to man, there were not many whose labours were more abundant, or who, in their own immediate sphere, were more signally blest; there were none more cordially beloved and esteemed, or who have left behind them a memory more deservedly fragrant for right and noble deeds. Though loving the shade, and never aspiring to popularity, his were the actions "which smell sweet and blossom in the dust." He was a saintly character. We were privileged to know him before his days of active ministerial work were over; it was our happiness also, to the last, to be admitted to the inner circle of his friendship; and certainly none whom we have known seemed more to justify the lines dear Vince was accustomed to quote:—

“When he who holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingled with us meaner things;
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
Which tells us whence his treasures were supplied.
As when a ship well-freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropt her anchor, and her canvas furled
In some safe haven of this western world;
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.”

So with our departed brother. His mental gifts were of no mean order. As we have sat and listened to his flow of intelligent discourse, frequently lighted with the play of an innocent mirth, and not seldom pointed by the well-told anecdote, and the aptly-repeated classical quotation, we have often been delighted and amazed. But it was his moral excellences which were his chief charm; his manifestly close and constant walk with God, his pure sensibility, his great tenderness of heart, together with inflexible truth, fulness and sustained integrity, which so endeared him to our hearts, and made us feel that he was indeed “a good man, and *full* of the Holy Ghost.”

Our friend's habitual modesty dictated that at his decease everything should be conducted as free from ostentation as possible; even a funeral sermon was not preached. Nevertheless, some who knew him and prized him highly, have thought it was due to the grace of God which made him what he was, to put these few memorials on record.

He was born at Mowsley, in Leicestershire, 1796. His parents belonged to the respectable middle class, and were accustomed to attend the chapel at Arnsby—"dear old Arnsby," as our friend used to term it, so rich with the inspiring memories of the Halls. Here both his parents were members, and hither, week by week, were accustomed to bring their youthful family, in company with surrounding villagers, to train them in the ordinances of God's house. From our friend's grateful reminiscences we should judge his mother to have been a singular admixture of judicious firmness and gentleness. The means of his conversion was a pious joiner; the pastor who baptized him, a Mr. William Curtis; the occasion, one so cold that the ice had to be broken before the baptismal rite could be administered. Two years afterwards, when in his twentieth year, it was the opinion of the church that he possessed ministerial gifts, and at their request he proceeded to Bristol Academy. Here he had for fellow-students the late Dr. Thomas Price, Mr. Bunce, Dr. Steane, and many others with whom he formed life-long and endeared friendships. How gratefully he regarded the instruction of the venerable Dr. Ryland many of us can testify who have heard him talk refreshingly of "auld lang syne." It was, however, the spirit-stirring associations of the village centre from which he came, and the remembrance of the great preacher inextinguishably identified with that locality, which exerted the greatest formative influence on his mind. Mr. Hall he personally knew, often used to hear, never was tired of talking about, till we "puir bairns" of yesterday began to think we had never heard preaching. Some of our deepest impressions of the extraordinary power of that remarkable man were derived from listening to Mr. Horton. In 1820, when only twenty-four years old, he was called to the ministry as assistant pastor of the Baptist Church at Devizes; and in the following year he received a call from the important and influential church at Morice Square, Devonport, where he laboured with ability and success for the next thirty years. Toward the end of this period Mr. Horton's sentiments on the subject of communion came into such manifest collision with those of a section of the Church, that he was justified, in his own opinion and that of most of his brethren, in withdrawing and erecting the handsome and commodious building known as Hope Chapel, Devonport. The step, besides being a grave one, was one which involved to his kind and sensitive nature not a little pain; it was one, however, in which he had the moral support and sympathy of some of the best men in the West of England. The chapel was opened in the year 1855, when a characteristic sermon was preached

by the late Dr. Brock, on 1 Corinthians i. 22, 23—a sermon of remarkable evangelic power and excellence, remembered with gratitude to this day by those who heard it.

It was in the year after this that our intimacy with our dear friend began. He was then gathering the nucleus of a very respectable church, and with “neither his eye dim nor his natural force abated.” With his dear and honoured friend, the Rev. Samuel Nicholson, of Plymouth, he was a leading representative of the churches of Devon and Cornwall, sharing the respect and love of the neighbourhood, and the very prince of pastors. In all our associations and acquaintances, we have known no one whom we should so warmly extol in this respect as an example or model to our younger brethren; not a gossip or lounging, not a hanger on of the skirts of the rich or a factious leader of class movements and class ideas; a sympathetic, hard working, Catholic spirited man; not afraid to speak his mind, and yet the very pink of kindness and courtesy; as mindful of the wants of the poor as of the well-to-do, and equally at home in the poor man’s cot and the rich man’s mansion. He was framed for sympathy, and his wide and varied experience enabled him to exercise it most judiciously and in a way generally helpful to the Christian Church. In times of sickness all parties sent for him, often irrespective of grade or sect; and wherever he went he always carried with him a radiant face and the message of a Saviour’s love. He never neglected the pulpit; on the contrary, he conscientiously and diligently prepared for it, and many are they who can faithfully attest how he fed them “with knowledge and understanding.” But it was in the home of sorrow, in the crisis of bereavement or desolation, “when the fig-tree ceased to blossom and the labour of the olive failed,” or by the bedside of the sick and dying in the accident ward, the workhouse, the barracks, among the stricken of fever and of cholera, our dear friend especially shone. It is not irreverent to say that, like his Divine Master, “he went about doing good.” In times of epidemic, such as a long pastorate in a crowded garrison town is sure to involve, he never flinched. There were at least two visitations of cholera, during which he spared neither strength nor leisure in repairing to the worst haunts of the fearful malady, and, not seldom in the intervals of deadly coma or of spasmodic pain, he pointed the trembling one to Jesus, it is believed, frequently with saving results.

In making these remarks we by no means wish to detract from our brother’s excellences as a preacher. Whenever we heard him he was always earnest, always fervent, always intelligent, pressing home with tender emotion the well-thought-out subject of discourse. He was “a scribe well instructed” in matters relating to the kingdom of heaven, and brought forth out of its treasury “things new and old.” The Bible in more respects than one was his text book, and Christ Jesus and His cross the abiding theme. He was a consistent politician, and a keen observer of men and things; he must have been some time or other a hard student, and was not ignorant of the lighter graces of

literature and poetry. Yet whilst he believed and often showed that the gospel touched and transformed our whole social life, everything was subordinate to preaching Christ. It was not merely preaching about Him, it was preaching Christ. And many were the testimonies to the success of his message. Long after he had been laid aside from active work he used to be gladdened with instances of saving good accruing from his instrumentality. Perhaps the tidings came from a distant part of the country, perhaps from one of the colonies whither a pious soldier or emigrant had gone, perhaps from a sailor afloat; whenever it came and whencesoever, it always gladdened the aged saint. Particularly among the young was he blessed; several of whom, brought to Christ by his means, came afterwards to occupy important places in the Christian ministry. Among such are our African veteran, the Rev. Alfred Saker; the Rev. Jno. May, once an honoured missionary in Jamaica, and long since the much-respected pastor of the Baptist Church, Saltash; the Rev. Jno. Haddy, Mr. Horton's successor at Hope Chapel, Devonport; Geo. Moses, once of Norwich, now of the United States; W. Hobling, and others.

It was the happiness of our brother to enjoy the friendship of, and co-operate with, the most distinguished men of our denomination in the west. We have mentioned the name of Mr. Nicholson, the well-known and much beloved minister at Plymouth, whose memory is so fragrant and whose influence is still one of the most vital forces in the neighbourhood. Beginning their ministry about the same time and at the same age in such closely adjoining towns, the young men naturally became much attached, and it was an affection which "grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength," and which lasted to death. Mr. Horton was also closely associated with the gifted Mr. Wilcocks. The two compiled a volume of poetry, selected from our best authors, on "moral and sacred subjects;" also a Hymn-book for the use of Congregational worship. The latter was especially esteemed and extensively adopted, and for many years held its place securely in Devon and Cornish churches. Besides these productions and an occasional sermon, an address to Bristol students, and two admirable tracts, called "A Minister's Experience" and "Dying Scenes," our friend did not venture into print. His correspondence was extensive, and sustained pretty nearly to the last. To any one who would take the trouble to collate it, it offers a rich field of Christian experience, and wise, devout sentiment. We know of no one whom in difficult circumstances we would sooner consult, and no one whose judgment would be more frankly given, accompanied with a kindness and grace which prepared for it the most respectful consideration. In seasons of fraternal depressions and perplexity how often has he been like "the still small voice of God" to us when the terror of the earthquake and storm has passed, directing us where to look and what to do.

In 1870, in consequence of advanced age and growing infirmities, Mr. Horton finally gave up the ministry; and then began another,

order of testimony, scarcely less useful and pleasing, though more restricted. In the well-known lines we are told

“ It is the sunset of life teaches mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

It was during our brother's physical decline we caught gleams of the coming glory, and learnt to feel the certainty of that Rock on which he emphatically reposed. Truly beautiful was that moral sunset. It was often clouded with seasons of prolonged pain and acute agony, yet always suffused with the golden tints of peaceful resignation and rejoicing hope. With holy Baxter, he would say, in substance if not in words, “There is no dispute about the pain, but, thank God! there is none also about the consolation.” How often has he said he almost regretted the passing away of pain because of the great joy he experienced amidst it all in redeeming love. On one occasion, after an “intense agony of twenty hours,” he writes, “I am very happy. Oh, what a rock is our Rock! If I could speak to the whole militant Church I would say—

‘ No fearing nor doutting ;
With Christ on our side
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.’ ”

On another occasion, after a similar period of pain and weakness, he says, “Oh, blessed be His name! He can't take me in any way but the right way. I am sure of that. And then the darkness, ALL the darkness will pass, and the day of eternal brightness will break upon my soul. Oh, I am almost overwhelmed by the very thought! ‘Excelsior’ should be our motto. I want to bless and praise God, not only *in* my affliction but *for* my affliction.” Would that some of our leading scientists, and men who talk of passing into the darkness, had witnessed that end! They might have desired such a departure, even if they had ascribed it to enthusiasm. It was not enthusiasm, however, excepting in the highest and best of all senses. Our departed friend, in the intervals of these paroxysms and seasons of great weakness, continued to take interest in things around him. Though never to the front in things political, and though sustaining a friendly relation to all sections of Evangelic Christians, he was ever a staunch Nonconformist. Nothing, however, so delighted him as intercourse with his Christian brethren concerning the Church of Christ; missions to the heathen; or any record of the triumph of truth at home. Nothing which pertained to the progress of man was a matter of indifference to him; but it was this—the condition of the Christian Church—which to the last engaged his interest and prompted his prayers.

The end came suddenly and unexpectedly. But it was peace. He had been worse only a few days. His only surviving brother had come to see him. In the presence of his wife and family he breathed

his last, on Monday, the 6th of August, 1877, in the 81st year of his age.

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

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

G. S.

Three Sonnets on the Nativity.

“He came unto His own land, and His own people received Him not.”

I.

CHILL is the night, and gently fades the year,
The earth is wrapt in silence, as of old,
When shepherds watched around the wintry fold,
And saw the angel of the Lord appear,
And heard the strains unknown to mortal ear.
Peace and goodwill the heavenly anthem told,
Such joyful tidings made the shepherds bold
To do the bidding of the voices clear.
But who beside them sought that lowly bed
To worship, and to wonder, as He lay,
The Child Divine, who unto us was born?
None, save the strangers from the East star-led,
None of His own would hail His natal day,
Or bring a fairer crown than one of thorn.

II.

Now festive carols fill the midnight air,
With flowers and light the houses are aglow,
From lip to lip joy's cheerful accents flow;
The tables gleam with welcome Christmas fare,
And Love and Friendship cordial greetings share,
But, mid the feast, how blest are they that know
The deeper truth, the joy of joys below,
In us the Christ is born who shall repair
Our nature's ruins, and restore the love
Of God the Father unto souls impure.
For this He died, for this He lives and reigns,
That childlike hearts, set upon things above,
May find in lowly service and obscure
The Christ whose life was poverty and pains.

III.

Long hast Thou stood without, my gracious Lord,
 Thy locks with dew are wet, Thy limbs are chill,
 With meekly waiting on my churlish will,
 That, rude and stubborn, grudges to afford
 Thee a free welcome at my wretched board.
 I sleep, but my heart wakes, and waking hears
 Thy voice, and rising with unfeigned tears
 I give Thee salutation Christ adored.
 Lo, now, with trembling haste, I open wide
 The portals of my heart, that evermore
 Thy blissful presence may with me abide.
 Since I have set for Thee an open door
 Pass me not by, Thou much neglected guest,
 But sup with me, and make with me Thy feast.

Tunbridge Wells.

W. K. ARMSTRONG.

Reviews.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST: Studies in the History of Religion and the Inner Life of the Church. By Otto Zoekler, D.D. Translated with the co-operation of the Author, by Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1877.

WE have not hitherto possessed in English anything like a complete treatise on the Cross of Christ as the distinguishing symbol of the Christian religion, and the representation of the one supreme truth, which encloses within itself all other truths. We may indeed find detached essays upon it in our larger reviews and in our Church histories, but nowhere is there such an exhaustive investigation of it as we have here. The design of the volume could only have been suggested by the profoundly penetrative spirit of modern times, which prompts us to

get as far as possible to the root of things, and unveil their inner life.

Dr. Zoekler has taken his subject in hand with all the glow of youthful enthusiasm, combined with the ripe and mature experience of age. We were favourably impressed some years ago by his contributions to Lange's *Biblewerk* (the Solomonic writings), and we now recognize in him an equally able historian.

In the first chapter on "The Cross in the pre-Christian and extra-Christian Religions," there is much that will be new, and perhaps startling, to many readers, and which will prove deeply instructive. The use of crucifixion as a punishment—its painfulness, its ignominy, and the extent to which it prevailed are carefully examined, and then comes a reverent narration of Christ's crucifixion, and a collocation and a critical estimate of the passages which in the gospels

and epistles determine its significance.

Constantine's vision of the Cross—a *dream vision of providential origin*—is handled with remarkable sobriety of judgment and psychological skill, and "the discovery of the true Cross" by Helena, is rightly discredited. It was about this time that the sensuous-external adoration of the Cross began, and continued for so many centuries to weaken the spiritual life of the Church. Naturally a large part of the work is occupied with the Middle Ages, and this is in some respects the most valuable part. We are shown how the idea of the Cross influenced Christian worship, and ecclesiastical art, especially in the construction and ornamentation of churches, cathedrals, &c., how also it determined the forms of asceticism (*the stigmata* of St. Francis and others) as well as the profounder aspects of the mystical theology. Then follows "The Cross in the Theology and Church of the Reformation," in which we are brought face to face with the great and momentous problems which Luther and his associates had to solve. The theology of the Reformation, while it protested against the external and mechanical use of the Cross, restored it to its true place. It brought into prominence the crucified Christ, and laid stress upon the inward and spiritual, which amid a heap of ceremonies had been overlaid. This section is in fact a powerful exposition and defence of the reformed theology, and necessarily discusses the culture, the art and the poetry, as well as the doctrines in which we have obtained a priceless inheritance.

Further meaning will yet be discerned in the Cross, and it may be that "the church will have to be more deeply immersed in the baptism of sufferings, and to be kept in the school of the Cross, for the gathering

of yet more abundant and precious experiences than she has yet made." But as the *ignominia* is invariably followed by the *gloria*, we should be ready for the trial, that the power and majesty of God's kingdom may be more widely known and keenly felt.

It is not easy to over-estimate the worth of a book like this, so thoroughly does it enter into the essence of the Christian faith, and so numerous are the problems on which it touches. The research involved in its production is enormous, and both to Dr. Zoeckler, as author, and Mr. Evans as translator, English students owe a debt of gratitude, which we trust they will cordially repay.

The engravings of cruciform images, inscriptions, &c., add greatly to the value of the work, and make it as complete as can be desired.

NINE LECTURES ON PREACHING.

Delivered at Yale, Newhaven, Connecticut. By R. W. Dale, Birmingham. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1877.

WHEN Mr. Dale received the invitation to deliver these "Lectures on Preaching" he felt that he could not honourably decline it. We are glad that he accepted it. The Lectures will be read with interest on both sides the Atlantic. The subject is certainly not a novel one, and it has in recent years been discussed perhaps too incessantly from professors' chairs and pulpits, in the pages of stately reviews, and the columns of daily newspapers. We have now six series of "Yale Lectures," to say nothing of similar work by the late Principal Fairbairn, by Dr. Vaughan, and by Mr. Spurgeon. And yet the thoughts and counsels of a man like Mr. Dale, whose individuality is strongly marked, and whose ministry has

been so powerful for good, can never be unwelcome, and we know that his volume has been awaited with eager interest. And it is thoroughly worthy of that interest. It is, as all such books ought to be, a self-revelation of its author, and gives us the result of years of earnest thought and experience in relation to this grandest of all vocations. Mr. Dale dwells on the intellectual qualifications for the ministry more than on the spiritual, although the latter are by no means ignored. They are, in fact, taken for granted as of primary importance. The directions as to honest, intellectual work, the class of books which should be read, and the manner in which they should be mastered and their contents utilized, are among the wisest utterances we have seen. We are thankful that the author has protested so vigorously against the habits of "indolent activity" into which ministers may almost unconsciously fall, and that he has exposed the serious perils which on this score endanger their success in the pulpit. There is a good deal of common sense, too, in the caution against yielding to the demand for sermons which bring "intellectual repose." Ministers are teachers and expositors as well as heralds. So again the remarks on old sermons are sensible and weighty, as are those on extemporaneous and evangelistic preaching, and still more the section on "moral" sermons. And if on some points, of by no means secondary moment, we are unable to agree with Mr. Dale, we always feel ourselves to be in the presence of one who is "every inch a man." He knows well the age in which he lives, and understands the preaching which is most thoroughly adapted to its needs. In none of Mr. Dale's books has he given clearer proof of his large and varied culture, his intellectual prowess, and his robust and often glowing elo-

quence. There are a number of sentences which would anywhere stamp the book as Mr. Dale's, and if the Lectures had been compressed into smaller space, and freed from repetitions, which, however necessary in spoken addresses, are out of place in print, it would have been better. But where this is the chief fault, there is little ground for complaint.

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A TREATISE ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By Charles Elliott, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Exegesis in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Elliott modestly insists that he has written not for learned but for common readers, he has composed a treatise which no scholar need be ashamed to read, and which will materially contribute to clear and accurate views of a very difficult question. In the first part of his work, he discusses the Canon of Scripture, the integrity, the historical credibility, and the scientific accuracy of its several books. The second part he devotes to the various proofs of inspiration, and it is here that he shows his greatest strength and skill. The proofs he adduces are, no doubt, such as have been frequently advanced by apologetic writers, but he has exhibited them in a very powerful light. The chapter on "the diversity and unity of the Bible" and that on "its beneficial effects on the world" are admirable, and no honest enquirer can read them without feeling constrained to admit that the Bible is in every sense an unique book, a book which is indeed of God. The third part of the work discusses the various theories of inspiration and all matters pertaining to it. Dr. Elliott's view, which he calls the theanthro-

pic, as including both the Divine and the human elements of Scripture, will commend itself to the great bulk of our readers. His thoughtful and well-considered remarks will prove of great service to all who wish to acquire an intelligent idea of the origin and composition of the Divine revelation.

INSPIRED ETHICS. A Revised Translation and Topical Arrangement of the Book of Proverbs. By John Stock, LL.D. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1877.

OF Dr. Stock's translation of the Proverbs we can speak in terms of cordial approbation. It never departs from the authorised version without an adequate reason; but it is a decided improvement on it and preserves better the spirit of the original Hebrew. The classification of the Proverbs into seven separate groups (with sub-divisions), according to their subjects, is a capital idea, and the author has evidently bestowed great pains upon it. We may get from the Proverbs a complete ethical system—a system which covers the entire range of human life, and brings all its aspects and relationships into connection with the Divine will. A student of this little volume will find it fruitful in suggestions; on whatever point of human duty he wishes to acquire knowledge, he will find here the most apposite laws and illustrations.

LECTURES TO MY STUDENTS. Being Addresses delivered to the Students of the Pastor's College. By C. H. Spurgeon. *Second Series*. London: Passmore & Alabaster. 1877.

How Mr. Spurgeon can find time to do so much work, and to do it so well, we are at a loss to conceive. His Lectures to his Students are simply inimitable, and while the

first series necessarily "take off the cream," there is in the second series no lack of vigour, raciness, and pith. Every minister, as well as every student, will not only be quickened in spirit by these stirring words, but learn much for the improvement of his methods. Some of the Lectures are on the spiritual aspects of the ministry; the Holy Spirit in connection with the Ministry; the Necessity of Progress; Earnestness; Conversion as our Aim, &c. Others are occupied with minor, but at the same time important matters, such as Posture, Action, Gesture, &c. This section is enlivened by illustrations, which have evidently been produced at great cost, and which will warn men of mistakes which often mar an otherwise useful ministry. "The Blind Eye and the Deaf Ear" contains some of the wisest and most helpful counsel to which we have ever listened. The first series is already in its twenty-fifth thousand; may the second soon be so too.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By James Martin, B.A. Third edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1877.

THIS small book, written by one whose name we recall with regretful affection, has deservedly won for itself a high place in Biblical literature. It is scholarly in design and execution, candid in tone, and exquisitely simple in style. We have no other work which, in such small compass, gives so much useful information on a subject of the first importance, and we trust that the third edition will be exhausted as quickly as the first and second have been. Sunday-school teachers, conductors of young men's classes, and others will do well to secure it.

MEMORIALS OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM BEST, B.A. With Introductory Reminiscences, by the Rev. C. M. Birrell. London: Yates & Alexander. Price 1s. 6d.

A PORTION of these touching memorials appeared in this Magazine in the earlier months of the present year. The intrinsic worth of the "Letters," and the interest they have awakened, amply justify their republication in a separate form. A selection from Mr. Best's poems has been added to them, and the whole prefaced by a delicately written biographical sketch from the pen of Mr. Birrell. The modest pamphlet thus produced will have a peculiar value wherever Mr. Best was personally known, but it will also bring many, who did not know him, into contact with his singularly noble and tender nature. A many-sided character is abundantly indicated in the letters. From the first William Best was an independent enquirer after religious truth, and almost from the first a loyal defender of "the things most surely believed amongst us." While he was heartily at one with his denomination, his heart did not wait for any Shibboleth before it went out towards a like-minded friend. He was a staunch Nonconformist, but one whose native courtesy and fairness always secured the respect of his opponents. The fibre of his mind had nothing weak or flaccid about it, yet surely no letters of consolation were ever more gentle and heart-full than some of those printed in this volume. His piety was devout and manly, and along with this there was that keen sense of the ludicrous which is one of the elements of power, and almost essential to success in public life. Indeed, the only criticism we feel prepared to pass on these selections is that they show us the different *facets* of the character without being full enough to make up the whole form.

It is possible for some persons to feel a difficulty in piecing into one whole the grotesque humour of one passage with the plaintive seriousness of another. The picture is deficient, not the man.

The poems strike us most in their musical versification. The thought is not tame, nor is it specially profound; but the rhythm is always sweet, and sometimes exquisitely so; *e.g.*—

"The worldless music of the air,
The flowing streamlet's liquid lays,
The loving looks of all things fair
Stand not instead of conscious praise."

The "Lines Written at Midnight" seem to pant and throb with power; and there is a tender, quiet beauty in the stanzas headed "Waiting" which many will not fail to appreciate. But the most striking poem is that which comes last, and is in reality a retrospect of years of change and trial. It is impossible to select from it. It is a whole, and must be read as such. The sonnets were evidently produced under the spell of Wordsworth. They are all, judging by the dates, the product of early life, and show that intense appreciation of natural beauty which always characterised Mr. Best to the end, when he revelled in the beech trees and parks of Hertfordshire.

Mr. Birrell's reminiscences have only one defect: they are too brief. William Best was a youth in Mr. Birrell's congregation at that critical time in a young man's life when, to quote one of his own beautiful phrases,

"Doubts, which are the dusky dawn of faith,"

were troubling his enquiring spirit. He went from Pembroke Chapel to college, and Mr. Birrell closes his sketch by saying that at the last communion service Mr. Best conducted, little more than a week before he died, he himself was present. "Just twenty-five years

before, I received him at his first communion, and now he received me at his last."

We lay down the small volume with the feeling that we have been in communion with one of those pure and true-hearted men whose words possess a peculiar power over us because of the noble life which is behind them and rings in every accent. Here strength and sweetness seem combined in equal measure, but that which makes itself felt above and through all is the "beauty of holiness." "His place above was ready, and the memory of his life has yet fruit to bear on earth."

THE QUIVER. An Illustrated Magazine for Sunday and General Reading. Vol. XII. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 1877. 7s. 6d.

THERE is not a better magazine for family use extant than the "Quiver." It meets the wants of old and young in all classes of society, and blends the grave and the gay without compromise of truth, and with a delightful freedom from dulness. The wood engravings which embellish the volume just published are befitting the superior literature which they illustrate.

CHRISTIAN SUNSETS; OR, THE LAST HOURS OF BELIEVERS. By James Fleming, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. Price 5s.

We congratulate the excellent indefatigable minister of the Congregational Church at Kentish Town on the academical distinction conferred upon him, and for the first time made known to us by this volume. May he long be spared to rejoice in everything that can add to his usefulness, honour, and comfort. His volume now before us is a collection of instances of the power of religion in the last moments of life. The examples are derived from

all classes of society, commencing with Prince Albert and terminating with the case of a French governess. This department of Christian literature is by no means to be despised, but it is supremely difficult to employ for the highest spiritual advantage. The evidence is so encumbered with the shadows of the grave, that we rise from the contemplation of this and kindred works with the intensified conviction that it is the LIFE, and not the death on which all human prospects depend. Nevertheless we wish all success to Dr. Fleming's well-meant work.

SONGS OF ZION: A Book of Hymns and Christian Songs. Edited by Rev. J. H. Wilson, M.A., Edinburgh. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons. Cloth boards. 2s.

THIS is one of the most useful, complete, and elegant collections of sacred music we have yet seen. It contains 300 tunes, set to appropriate hymns, including most of the standard old church music, and many of the modern songs of the American evangelist school.

HOME TO GOD: A GUIDE ON THE WAY. By Samuel Pearson, M.A., Liverpool. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 1s. 6d.

THE design of this book, as its title implies, is to render help to the soul in returning to God. It is written with marked ability, is Scriptural in its directions, lucid and impressive in its style, and will command the respect of the most cultured readers. We confidently recommend it to be placed in the hands of the thoughtful and anxious, and believe it will attain to the usefulness of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion" and James's "Anxious Inquirers."

THE KING'S SON; OR A MEMOIR OF BILLY BRAY. By F. W. Bourne. Illustrated edition. Hamilton, Adams & Co., Paternoster-row.

FOURTEEN editions have already been exhausted of this biography. If our readers have not yet made the acquaintance of the remarkable man who is its subject, we strongly advise them to obtain a copy of this improved edition of the life of a modern Cornish saint.

A HELP TO FAMILY WORSHIP. Short Forms of Morning and Evening Prayer for Four Weeks. By Rev. F. Bourdillon, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 1s.

THE author wishes that they may not be used "formally, slavishly, and exclusively," but considered and employed as a help *only*. The little volume will be found very suggestive to the most experienced conductors of family worship, and will prove a great boon to those who are unable to pray extemporaneously.

THE BIBLICAL MUSEUM: Notes Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. Old Testament Vol. II. By J. Comper Gray. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

WE have so repeatedly spoken in commendation of this work, that we need only announce this volume and say that it betokens the care and skill which distinguished its predecessors. Mr. Gray has now, in our opinion, passed the greatest difficulties of his gigantic task. No Sunday-school teacher should be without this most valuable work, and there is no minister who would not be the gainer by a frequent consultation of its pages.

SACRED HOURS FOR YOUTH. By Rev. Hugh Lawson, M.A. London: J. Snow & Co., Ivy Lane.

THE author's design is to instruct and aid young people in practical religion. He has embodied it in about twenty essays on important epochs in life, each having appended suitable stanzas of poetry. The book is one that thoughtful, cultured young people will be sure to appreciate, and will not fail to derive profit from its perusal. We regret that we cannot spare more of our scanty space to commend it to our readers.

THE PREACHER'S ANALYST: A Monthly Homiletical Magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

SIX months of this periodical are bound together in this issue. Its contents consist of outlines of sermons; their variety ensures suggestiveness, while the brevity of each of them precludes the encouragement of indolence.

ALMANACKS AND POCKET-BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED SHEET ALMANACK. 1878. 1d.—**THE POCKET BOOK ALMANACK.** 1878. 1d.—**THE ILLUSTRATED PENNY ALMANACK.** 1878.—**THE SCRIPTURE POCKET BOOK.** 1878. Price 2s.—**THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S POCKET BOOK.** 1878. Price 1s. 6d.—London: Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

ALL of these publications reach the high standard of excellence which has marked their predecessors. We regret that the space at our disposal does not admit of a more extended notice of them all.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

PET'S POSEY OF PICTURES AND STORIES, published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, at half-a-crown, and LITTLE TALKS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE, at the same price, are most fascinating books for children. Every alternate page in each of them is a highly-finished picture, and the brief explanations or stories which accompany them are full of information—historical, geographical, and moral.—THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE GIPSY GIRL (Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row), price 1s., is one of Miss Sibree's (Mrs. Hall's) most effective stories, and we are glad that it is published in this detached form.—THE STORY THAT LIZZIE TOLD (Hodder and Stoughton), price 1s., is a very touching account of a poor, crippled girl, very naturally told by her own lips, and well calculated both to show the support afforded by religion, and to encourage sympathy with the afflicted in the hearts of the young.—GOOD OUT OF EVIL: A Tale for Children. By Mrs. Surr. London: T. Nelson & Sons. There is no firm of publishers that more energetically provides sound suitable reading for the young than Messrs. Nelson. For school prizes and family gift books they occupy the front rank. Mrs. Surr is always at home among the birds; and in this, as other of her works, makes them parables for conveying useful lessons to the young.—AUNT EMMA'S PICTURE BOOK, with 100 illustrations (Nelson and Sons), is a nursery album, with descriptive sentences, and is a good shilling's worth.—THE MOTHER'S FRIEND, Vol. IX. (Hodder and Stoughton), price 1s. 6d., in the excellence of its letter-press contents, compensates for some shortcomings in the artistic portion of this useful work.—THE YOUNG

LLANERO: A Story of War and Wild Life in Venezuela, by W. H. Kingston (London: Nelson & Sons), is a grand book for boys. Full of adventure and natural history, exquisitely illustrated, and in all respects a beautiful specimen of book production. Mr. Kingston has here provided many a boy with his best Christmas present. It would be a curious discovery if we could find out how many boys this veteran of the pen has sent out scouring the wide world. Happily he always writes so as to make them manly, brave, and good.—THE VIVIAN'S OF WOODIFORD, by M. A. Paull (London: Nelson & Sons), charmingly illustrates the truth that human happiness is secured by making others happy. Our young friends who remember "Tim's Troubles" will be glad to see this equally agreeable story from the same authoress.—GOLDEN CHRISTMAS. Being Longley's Annual for 1877. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane. 1s. There is so much worthless rubbish palmed off upon young people under the covers of Christmas Annuals, that it is refreshing to find a healthful collection of stories for the long evenings like those contained in this collection.—WAITING FOR THE SHIP. By W. H. Coates. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 1s. A vigorous little story, in which a child who has literally understood the familiar expression "When my ship comes home," meets with a judicious friend, who instructs her to seek after surer hopes and expectations.—THE TRACT MAGAZINE. New Series. Vol. 8. Religious Tract Society. Price 1s. 6d. We are never disappointed with this old favourite. Its contents are always pleasing and profitable, and never more so than in the volume now before us.—THE CHILD'S COMPANION, 1877. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 2s. 6d.

Some of our readers, like ourselves, will remember the time when this publication was a little, wizened, feeble affair. It has now grown into becoming the foremost of the combinations of art, colour, and literary skill, specially addressed to the young. The volume for 1877 is fit for any drawing-room in the country, and almost makes us envy the children the joy they will experience at its reception. No uncle or aunt could make a better investment of a half-crown at Christmas than in its purchase.—**SKETCHES OF COUNTRY LIFE AFTER BIRKET FOSTER.** Price 1s. 4d. **CHRISTMAS WISHES AND PROMISES FOR THE NEW YEAR.** Price 1s. Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row. The former of these two packets contains a dozen chromo-lithographs

of rural life and industry; and the latter is a collection of Christmas and New Year's Cards, as far superior in their artistic merit as they are in the consecrated language they contain to the ordinary missives which modern usage has adopted.—**THE COTTAGER AND ARTIZAN.** 1877. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 1s. 6d. Full of profitable reading and pleasant pictures. Would that all the cottages in the land could be supplied with such wholesome spiritual fare.—**CHRISTMAS CAROLS.** Music and Words. Staff Notation and Tonic Sol-fa. 1d. each. London: Religious Tract Society. Twenty-one carols, in the old and new modes of notation. Old and young will rejoice in these appropriate songs for Christmastide.

News of the Churches.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Grimsby, November 6th.
Llanidloes, October 23rd.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Bird, Rev. A. (Oxford), Penzance.
Cruickshank, Rev. J. (Prescot, Devon), Crewkerne.
Davies, Rev. D. (Cardiff), Weston-super-Mare.
Edwards, Rev. J. (Pontypool), Blaenavon.
Palmer, Rev. L. (Woodstock), Taunton.
Sones, Rev. E. G. (Croak, Durham), Haddenham.
Stephens, Rev. J. M. (Sheffield), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bexley Heath, Rev. G. Smith, October 16th.
Cothill, Abingdon, Rev. S. Case, October 24th.
Milnsbridge, Huddersfield, Rev. E. Speed, November 8th.
New Malden, Rev. G. Simmons, October 16th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Hosken, Rev. C. H., Cossey, Norfolk.
Rodway, Rev. E. J., Weston-super-Mare.

DEATHS.

Barnett, Rev. J., Blaby, Leicestershire, November 7th, aged 80.
Hockin, Rev. J., Niton, Isle of Wight, October 21st, aged 71.

P.S.—Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Birrell's *Memoir of Dr. Brock* will be published in a few days by Messrs. Nisbet; price six shillings. We hope this book will be among the many Christmas presents which we trust all our ministers will receive.

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THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Outlook.

THE beginning of a new year is, almost instinctively, a time of hope. It is a happy peculiarity of our human nature which leads most of us to bid farewell to gloom, disappointed feeling, and memories of sadness, at the same time that we reckon a year as past, and to invest the future, all unknown as it is, with anticipations of good. Even when there is reasonable room for forebodings of coming trial, the feeling of hope is still strong, and will even assert itself as "hoping against hope." We are thankful for this, and we are anxious to derive all the comfort we can from this common tendency. At the same time it behoves us as wise men, to ascertain the grounds of our hopes, the circumstances that make them reasonable or otherwise, lest we should be sickened by "hope deferred," or shamed by hope disappointed.

The year just closed has been one of anxiety and difficulty for our mission in several ways. We have had to face the awkward and discouraging fact of a large debt, and that, in the presence of a necessarily increasing expenditure in the maintenance of our existing agencies; of the natural growth of the work already in our hands, and of the frequently repeated inducements to multiply the fields of our activity. Most gladly would we have yielded to these inducements, but we have thought it prudent to hold back, until the results of the various methods we have adopted to meet our case should be known. Mere impulse would have prescribed a different course, and, perhaps some will suggest that a stronger faith would have done the same; but the former is seldom wise, and the latter needs encouragement from without. Of true earnestness and faith, we believe there has been a good measure, by the mercy of our God, but every consideration of right and prudence has prescribed the course we have adopted. We have held our own, so far; the range of our operations has not been narrowed, and now we hope that whilst continuing to hold what we have, we may, during this year, enter upon a course of extension too.

Now what are the grounds of this expectation? They are few and simple

and they can be very briefly stated. Our friends need not be reminded of the various appeals which we have made for special gifts towards the liquidation of the debt, and for more systematic contributions in order to a regular increase of our income. The first have not hitherto met with the response we had anticipated. Some very generous offerings have come into our treasury, but the number of them has been small. It is possible, however, that many friends have merely postponed their action till more fitting opportunities, and that the interval between now and the close of our financial year will furnish these. Nor have the second realised the wishes of our more sanguine friends, but we know that at least a hopeful movement has begun. With few exceptions, the collections at missionary sermons and addresses have been an advance on the previous year, and the plan of systematic, periodical giving has been adopted in many cases. As one of the latest illustrations of this, we may be permitted to quote the case of the church at Upper Hill-street, Wisbeach, where an auxiliary was commenced last year. No fewer than *one hundred and fifty-nine* names of regular subscribers appear on the recently-published report, contributing £71, whilst in addition the Sunday-school has contributed £28 10s. Let this example be fairly followed, and we shall speedily be able to accomplish wellnigh all we desire. We are much indebted to our deputations, who have been quite in sympathy with us in this matter.

Another ground of our hope is in the way in which our brethren who have visited the churches have been everywhere received. The Rev. James Smith says: "All the meetings I have attended have been good, and the missionary spirit is growing rather than decreasing." The same testimony is borne by Mr. Pigott, Mr. Trafford, and the rest. In not a few instances old prejudices which had stood in our way have been removed, and in many places young men's auxiliaries have been formed.

Will our readers make careful and prayerful note of these facts, and each one, in his own sphere, seek for opportunities to emulate the example thus set before him? Specially, will our ministers *increase*, as well as continue, their kind co-operation. Organisation is an absolute necessity; but with it, by the blessing of God, our success is sure.

Let us all seek, by devout thought and prayer, a renewed and deeper sense of our obligations and our privileges. Gratitude for a personal salvation, the sense of the unspeakable value of even one soul, sympathy with our Saviour, and a supreme love to Him; let there be these, and the service of willing hands will follow fast on the impulses of quickened hearts.

The Storm Wave and its Results.*

WE have to-day an urgent, even an imperative duty, and that is to respond at once to the call of a correspondent whose word on such a subject it would be sinful to question. We refer to the sufferings of the people in Eastern Bengal, more especially to the survivors in the district visited and devastated by the late cyclone. Again and again, in times past, have we had occasion to listen to the same correspondent, and even on the most severe testing we have not known him to fail from error or exaggeration. Calm, sober, truthful yet plain, he revealed to us, and through us to the public, the terrible oppressions that were practised upon the people in the imposition of the income tax. In cases of fever and famine we have found him equally trustworthy; no tendency to exaggeration; no laying on of glowing colours in an attempt to paint the lily that stood in its simplicity before him; his words have always been, indeed, like those of Paul before Festus, the "words of truth and soberness." In the conviction that they are so now, and that the need he expresses is truly great, we give the utmost prominence to his report, or fragment of a report, that he tells us he cannot fully give. In a private note he says, "I feel unable to write more; and there is little variety in the horrors through which I am sailing. But for sailing, I could scarcely get along at all. You will, I doubt not, raise your voice to help the people. Steamers laden with rice should be sent at once. The people are becoming mad for food." In answer to such an appeal, we cannot but urge upon the authorities the importance of immediate measures of assistance. The words we print this morning were written a week ago, and this maddening must have been going on all this time over a vast area, with little or no means of relief, while the demand is from thousands. Surely Sir Richard Temple has anticipated the needs set forth by our correspondent, and has sent relief. But it may not be wise to act upon the supposition that he has done all that is required. He may have done all that he can with the means at his disposal: but the suggestion is that Calcutta should move at once. We give the letter of our correspondent to show the need for action, vouching for the truth of his statements, which are as follows:—

"Off the Island of Dukhın Shabazpore,

November 5, 1876.

"I do not know when or how I shall be able to send you this, but I write as I go along. I left Burrisal early on Saturday morning for Dowlut Khan, having loaded my boat to the utmost limit of safety with rice, dholl, salt, and

* The extracts in this article are from the pen of our Brother Kerry, and the article itself is from the *Indian Daily News*.

oil, supplied by Mr. Barton, the magistrate, as well as Rs. 800 for distribution among the survivors from the almost unprecedented calamity that has come to the south-eastern parts of Burrisal, especially to the island of Shabazpore. By sundown last night I reached the edge of that part of the district which has been devastated by the storm-wave; the stench from putrefying dead bodies of animals was very bad, but I managed to bear it. Since daylight I have been passing through the most painful scenes I have ever witnessed. The farther I go the worse it is. I have passed by villages and homesteads with scarce a vestige left but a few sticks. Since noon I have been passing along the north-western and north-eastern shore of the island of Shabazpore. The villages are a mile distant, having a wide plain between them and the immense river. This plain is strewn with dead bodies of men, women, and children and cattle. These, I am told, have been washed over from the opposite shore. The villages in sight, I am told, have lost half their inhabitants. I have been stopped continually by crowds of people clamouring for food. They said there is literally nothing left to eat. The stores of the dealers have been washed away with those of the people. I have given a little to all comers. Just now I was stopped by more than a score of people who were mad for food. The sight of them was almost too much for me, and I do not think I am an exceptionally tender-hearted man. Up to the present time I have only been skirting the wasted tract of country. Before I had come thus far, I had tried to hope that the wild tales which had come to Burrisal were the exaggerations of fear and panic, but I see they are not. The promptest and most energetic measures will be needed to prevent a more terrible calamity than that of the storm-wave, for that killed at once, whereas starvation kills slowly and maddeningly.

“Sunday Night, November 5.—The horrors of the scene grow more and more terrible. I have to-day given temporary relief to upwards of 600 people. When they will get more it seems impossible to say. Help is wanted immediately; but it is not easy to get immediate help, though I am certain it will be sent as soon as possible. I have been for two hours superintending the distribution of rice, dhol, and salt to the people of Goonespore, on an island *chur* north of Shabazpore. The destruction here is as complete as it can be. How many have perished it is impossible to say. One man was the only survivor out of a family of thirteen; from a family of twenty, five have been lost. How any children escaped is a marvel. The storm-wave came with a sudden rush to the height of fourteen feet here at Goonespore. Many of the homesteads are so clean washed as scarcely to be recognizable as homesteads at all. The open space between the village and river where my boat is now moored is strewn with rotting dead bodies, human and animal. The people will do nothing to remove them, and the stench is sickening. It is not easy to eat or drink under such circumstances. An epidemic must almost certainly break out as a new terror and cause of ruin.

“The inhabitants of these island *churs* have been generally well off, having fruitful lands, plenty of cattle, and other sources of agricultural wealth. Suddenly, within one half-hour, tens of thousands have been destroyed, and the remainder deprived for a time of all their stores of food, and of the means of getting food elsewhere. Every shop and bazaar is gone. I have money with me, but at present it would seem almost a mockery to offer the people money, or they cannot spend it here. No one has asked for money. The one cry is,

'Give us food.' Since Wednesday morning last the people have had little wholesome food. They have been living partly upon green plantains gathered from their broken trees, but even this and whatever else there may be of the kind in their spoiled gardens cannot last long. And thus, while the people are living on unwholesome food, the air is being poisoned by foul effluvia. Their report of the state of the growing paddy is almost hopeless. What will become of these wretched people?

"November 6th.—I had to anchor last night in small khall in the Guneshpore *chur*. The people of this *chur* have suffered terribly. As I passed by its shore this morning my boat was often impeded by fiercely-hungry people clamorous for food. I have given a little and passed on. Language fails to describe the utter ruin and devastation which have taken place here. The farther I go the worse it seems. How the necessary supplies of food are to be sent I do not know. It would be a good thing if a river steamer and flat or two could be chartered and sent with grain (rice and dull) and salt. The people are in imminent danger of perishing. Help, to be effective, must be prompt. I have just heard from passing boatmen of gangs of hunger-maddened people commencing violence to get food.

"As I pass along, I can scarcely write—the scenes are so painful, and the cries of the people for food are heart-rending. I feel unable to write a very clear and connected account of the state of things."

Such are the facts of the case very imperfectly given as to detail, but horrible enough in their general aspect, and, if possible, still more so in their suggestiveness. It may be assumed that Sir Richard Temple, being much nearer the spot and nearer supplies than Calcutta, has done something to meet the primary need—food from day to day. But while the people "fiercely maddened by hunger" clamour for food and proceed to violence in the effort to obtain what is not obtainable, we learn that they are indifferent to other evils that are more remote, though nigh at hand. They have no potable water in many places, and the very air they breathe is becoming pestilential from rotting carcasses and blighted vegetation. But what are these things to starving, houseless, ruined, hungry people? What is it to them that they may die of pestilence if they must die of famine? That is their view. But what of ours? What good shall we do to them if we save them from the famine only to see them carried off by the plague? It is said to be a common experience that disease of terrible severity always follows these salt-water inundations: and if that be an ordinary result, what may be expected from this extraordinary one, where the effects are intensified, and the means of mitigation are all swept away? Something should be done, and that quickly. It is not a time to delay as to measures, and there is not much room for mistakes except as to the great one of doing nothing, and leaving starvation and disease to complete the work of this terrible cyclone.

Writing to the Secretaries of the Mission, under date November 15th, Mr. Kerry says :—

“ You will have heard, I doubt not, before this reaches you, of the terrible storm which, on the night of the 31st October, devastated a large portion of the district of Barisal, but the south and south-eastern parts of the district were also swept by a great storm-wave, coming in from the head of the Bay of Bengal, which rushed up the great mouths of the united rivers, Megua and Ganges, and flowed over large and populous tracts of the country. The wave rose in many places full twenty feet in height, and carried all—men, women, children, cattle, and houses—before it. This happened in the dead of the night, with the wind blowing with hurricane fury, and rain falling. Then commenced a fearful and mighty struggle for life. The destruction of life and property has been very great; at present it is impossible to tell how much, but the wonder is that so many people have escaped.

Dukhin Shahbazpore is an island formed by alluvial deposits from the Ganges and Megua, and has the Bay of Bengal to the south. It is about forty miles in length, by twenty miles in breadth, and contained, according to the recent census, a population of 221,000 people, of whom over 180,000 were Mohammedans. The island was exceedingly fertile, and the people were, I suppose, as prosperous as any people to be found anywhere in Bengal. Palm trees of all kinds flourished; almost every house was surrounded by groves of them. Cattle were plentiful. The people scarcely knew what want was, they had abundance of the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life produced by their own fields and gardens; and in one short hour all was swept away!

And the people that were left in hunger and nakedness were for a few days filled with despair.

On the tidings of this sore calamity reaching Barisal, as it did early on Friday morning, the 3rd November, I at once called on the magistrate of the district—Mr. Barton—and offered my services in carrying and distributing relief to the suffering people. He gladly accepted my offer, and as soon as I could get boatmen and supplies, I started in the mission boat with grain, salt, and cloth, and money. I have seen such sights of misery and ruin as I shall never forget. Despairing men hungry for food, and especially salt for many of them had recovered from their ruined homesteads rice, which they had dried in the sun, and could eat, but they could not recover salt. I have seen men of considerable wealth, and accustomed to live in ease and comfort, earnestly pleading for a supply of grain and salt. They were willing to pay for what they took. They had money, but they could not buy, every bazar and granary having been levelled with the ground, and the contents washed away destroyed.

At Dowlat Khan, the civil station of the island, the banks of the small creek and the ground of the place was strewn with dead bodies of men, women, and children. Upwards of a thousand were killed there, besides cattle. It has been the work of several days to clear away the dead. Here it was nearly as bad. From careful inquiry, I find that out of 7,586 people, 1,164 have been drowned in this neighbourhood. This is but a part, as the inquiry has not been completed, but there has not been less

than fifteen per cent. of the population killed.

I felt it my duty to do all I could to aid in relieving the great distress, and I feel confident you will think I only did what I ought to do. I had some considerable anxiety about our Christian people in the district; they have suffered in their houses and property, and, to some extent probably, in their crops, but they had no storm-wave, and the storm itself was not so violent in the north-western parts of the district, where our Christians live, as in the south and

east. I felt also that Mr. Martin and John would be able to care, for the time for the Christians who needed help. On Sunday the market was re-opened here, and I had a good opportunity of preaching. The Mohammedans listened as they rarely listen in this district. Their hearts were evidently somewhat softened. I hope the time will come when our Mission staff shall be so strengthened that evangelistic work may be carried on here, in this almost inaccessible region.

Writing to his wife, who is now in this country, Mr. Kerry adds:—

“I shall, I fear, have to send you a hurried note this time, as we have had in this district a terrible storm, the effects of which are not fully known here yet. But sufficient information has come to fill us with sad apprehensions.

“I have offered my services in administering relief, and the magistrate has gratefully accepted them, so that if I can get boatmen, I start to-night, and do not know how long I may be away. So that possibly you may not get a letter by the following mail; but I will try not to disappoint you.

“We had the storm here very sharply. Martin and I were up all night on Tuesday. The storm began at about ten o'clock on the 31st October, and continued till the morning.

“The verandah of our house is damaged, and some of it blown quite down. The little house has suffered in the same way; kutchha (mat) houses had no chance whatever. John's house is completely gutted; the other two preachers are also houseless. All the bazar is in ruins. Innumerable boats are sunk.

“But to the south-east the storm was worse than here, and was accompanied

by the terrible storm-wave, which swept all before it. The island of Dukhin (south), Shahbazpoor, containing a population of 220,000 people, has, I suppose, been almost swept away. John's son is in the police, and was stationed at Dowlat Khan, the chief place on the island. He had just gone to bed when the storm burst in its fury. He escaped perfectly naked, and in the morning found somebody's cloth floating, with which he covered himself. He reached here this morning half-starved. He says the jail, thannah (police-station), post office, cutcherries (Government offices), and bazar, are all gone. The doctor (a native), Moonsiff, sub-registrar, and a Mr. Benbow (an East Indian) are lost. The deputy-magistrate and his wife narrowly escaped, but with the loss of six children. What more destruction has occurred it is not possible to say. I feel very sad at all the misery around.

“I hope the storm did not affect the north of the district much, so that our Christian people have not suffered so much; but I do not know certainly. I have heard of one of our chapel: being blown down.

“Since writing the above, the magistrate has supplied me with a crew, and I expect to be off to-night.

“I take with me 800 rupees in cash,

100 maunds of rice, 20 maunds of dall, 10 maunds of salt, 10 maunds of oil, and 20 pieces of cloth.”

Letters of the Late John Chamberlain Baptist Missionary.

(Hitherto unpublished.)

No. III.

Olney, January 19th, 1802.

DEAR Father and Mother of my Dear Hannah,—I presume that you know that I have left Bristol, and that you are fully acquainted with my design in so doing. Thinking that you may be anxious to know a few things respecting myself and your dear daughter, I now write to relieve your mind if possible. Probably you are expecting to see us at Walgrave; indeed, we are desirous of seeing you, but the weather having changed, we think it best to defer our coming a week at least. As it is hardly probable that we shall leave England this two or three months, perhaps we may wait a little longer. We are at a loss to know by what means we shall reach W., so as to be comfortable. The distance is so great, that I am unwilling that my dear should come on foot, were it ever so fine weather and good walking; but as it is, it cannot well be so had we inclination. To hire a horse will be very expensive, and not very convenient. We are sorry to put you to any trouble, but we don't see how we can well come without your aid part of the way. If you could procure a horse to meet us at Wellingborough, we could come thither by coach, on a Tuesday evening, though it would be late before we should reach W.; and in order to return by the coach on Friday morning, we must go to Wellingborough on Thursday evening. Could you procure a horse, I could come to Walgrave before, and take it to meet my dear at W. This would take a little trouble off your hands. I can think of no other way by which we can come. I should be glad if you would send your advice respecting this matter as soon as you can, and send us word when you wish us to come, and by what means.

I am sensible that you feel very much in the prospect of parting with your beloved daughter. Be assured I feel also. We all feel. But what shall we, what can we, say to these things? Jehovah, God of Hosts, is the

great Disposer of all events. Where He commands, it must not be denied. Who dare dispute His will? According to the disposition of Divine providence, it appears that I am to embark for a distant land, in a very important undertaking. I stand astonished, and say, "O Lord, why is it so? Why am I thus distinguished from others?" But a consideration of His uncontrollable sovereignty checks my inquiry, and heightens my wonder. Reviewing the way in which Jehovah has led me, I cannot doubt but that it is my duty to offer myself to serve the Lord among the heathen. The consequences attending this, I am convinced, are serious and affecting. But having, as I hope, counted the cost, and well considered the affair, I find my mind calm and composed, determined and resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to do and to suffer His will. I am persuaded that you must be aware that in this important affair I have not proceeded presumptuously, nor acted without thought. It is now near six years since I first began to think about this matter. For four years it has been the chief thing which has occupied my attention, and possessed my heart. Various have been the exercises of my mind; many painful feelings I have experienced within this space relative to this important concern; many things have taken place which have tried me exceedingly. At times I have been greatly discouraged, and have thought and said that it was not probable that I should be engaged in this arduous and glorious work. Ever since I left Olney, things have sometimes appeared very dark respecting my going, and never very flattering. Nevertheless, I now plainly see that I have all along had a secret hope that I should one day be engaged in this noble service; and this has been the object of my prevailing desires. Indeed, in this matter, if I am not deceived, I have experienced something like Abraham, who against hope believed in hope. Blessed be God, my way is now enlightening, my prospects are brightening. He bringeth the blind by a way that they know not. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. A man's ways are from Jehovah, and He pondereth his goings. I have this consolation, to reflect that this important matter is from the Lord, and not from myself. It astonishes me to see how it has been brought thus far without any forecast of my own. I don't recollect that there has been one single circumstance happened which has been the consequence of my own devising. I write these things that you may be the better reconciled to part with her who is so near and dear to me and you. I trust that you will say, as the parents of Rebecca said in the prospect of parting with their daughter, "The thing proceedeth from Jehovah, and we cannot say either good or bad; behold she is before thee, take her and go and Jehovah be with you."

I hope that you will make yourselves as easy as possible about your dear daughter. I do not wonder that you are reluctant to part with her ; I expected no other. In such a case Nature must feel, it would be more than brutish if it did not. I feel much on your account. We both feel very much, and the thought of parting with you who are so dear to us in paternal ties, affects us more than all other things. I am persuaded that you do not, cannot think that my dear Hannah is wanting of affection to you. Her affection to me can by no means imply the contrary to you. No, far from it. She loves her dear father and mother ; her dear brothers and sisters, very tenderly. But the nature of our connection is such, so dear and so intimate, that it is indissoluble to everything but death. We cannot be separated ; nor can I think that you wish we were. I am fully convinced that we feel as reluctant to part with you as you do to part with us, and that we shall feel so when the affecting time arrives. But this we trust will support our minds when most affected, that we are obeying the will of our blessed Saviour, and this, we hope, will support yours also. God is a Sovereign ; He must be obeyed ; His high command must never be denied. Then let us now our all to Him resign, for He alone is worthy of ourselves. I certainly say that I never felt my mind as composed as now, and this I trust arises from the conviction that it is the will of God that I should engage in this momentous affair. I believe that my dear Hannah experiences much tranquillity of mind relative to this matter, arising from the same source, as you, my dear friends, will, I hope, enjoy the same. What matter is it where we live or die, so that we live for God and perform that He hath appointed for us ? This life at longest is very short ; we shall soon have done with all sublunary objects. Soon shall we reach the Eternal state, where we shall have done with all terrestrial things. O may it therefore be our aim and desire while we live to live to the Lord, that dying, we may die in the Lord ; and then, O how blessed we shall all be ! Leaving this transitory world, we shall meet in happier climes ; resting from our labours, we shall enjoy uninterrupted intercourse together, and forget all our former pain and tears. It will not then be a matter for sorrow to you that your daughter went to Bengal, far from your reach and sight. No ; but if we are so happy as to meet in heaven, will it not be cause of unutterable joy to all ? May we therefore, seeing that it is probable that we must soon take a final farewell of each other in this world, may we all be peculiarly solicitous to make our calling and election were that so an entrance may be administered to us abundantly into the Everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the most important point of all. If any fail in this the consequences will be awful

and eternal. To be separated in this world is a trivial matter compared with a separation in the world to come. O may we all be so devoted to God, so zealous for the cause of the glorious Emmanuel here, that hereafter we may be found in the Lord Jesus and stand before Him in triumph and joy. An intimate acquaintance with Divine things, and an entire affection to the blessed Redeemer of sinners, is the only effectual support under all the trials we may here endure. This, we trust, will be our comfort by sea and by land, and should we safe arrive at Bengal, there we hope to live on the Saviour, and to enjoy His smiles; and we earnestly pray that this may be the blessed experience of you all.

We remain, yours in the tenderest affection,

J. CHAMBERLAIN and H. SMITH.

P.S.—Respecting our coming to W., we think that nothing can be determined until next week, when we expect Mr. Fuller will return from London. We wish to hear from you as soon as you can make it convenient; my health seems somewhat better than it has been for sometime past. The country air, I hope, will prove an effectual remedy. J. C.

Mr. Timothy Smith, Walgrave, Northamptonshire.

The Native Pastorate of Ceylon.

IT is specially as a sign of the times that we wish to call attention to this subject. The question is often raised, What success do modern missions show? and those who have not learnt to look below the surface of things frequently turn away with disappointment from the results they are referred to, because they seem to them so small. But, as Archbishop Whately remarks, "the man who is in a hurry to see the full effects of his own tillage must cultivate annuals, and not forest trees." If the fathers of the evangelical missions in Ceylon, who laboured here fifty, forty, nay, only twenty, years since, had foreseen the results of the present day how greatly would they have rejoiced. Numbers of native churches subscribing largely to the

support of their pastorate, and several of them entirely independent of foreign aid; numbers of native ministers as thoroughly devoted to the work of the ministry as ever those pioneer missionaries themselves were; Christian schools spread as a net-work all over the land; and filled not only with boys, but also with girls! And all this in little more than half a century! One of the very earliest missionaries in the north of the island has only lately passed away; the first convert who joined the mission churches still lives and works; girls, in hundreds, who could only be enticed to the boarding-schools by bribes, are not yet old women, and are now glad to pay that their grand-daughters may enjoy the privileges which they themselves got

for nothing. The missionaries who found themselves sixty years ago amongst a heathen people, destitute of even the faintest glimmer of Gospel light, were themselves totally ignorant of the very alphabet of the language, every word of which, required for theological purposes, was possessed of a devil, which must needs be cast out before the spirit of the blessed evangel could enter and breathe through it. These missionaries were then without a single printed book, without a grammar, without a dictionary, without a tract, without even a Bible in the vernacular, and if they now look down and mark the changes we treat so lightly, will they not joyously exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"

The native ministers connected with the American Baptist Church and Wesleyan Mission, in 1866, were, as nearly as we can ascertain, thirty-three. They now number more than seventy. We omit the Propagation Society because, in many cases, the native clergymen in that society can hardly be said to be engaged in mission work, and are paid by Government. According to the statistics before us the ordained pastors of the S. P. G. are about the same in number as they were a decade ago. Apparently the Church Mission has not, in the number of its native pastors, advanced *pari passu* with the other three missions named, but the difference is only apparent. Many eligible paid catechists are ministers all but in name, and in the administration of the sacraments, and would, we believe, have been ordained long before this by any of the other missions. The

reason of the reluctance to present these excellent helpers to the bishop has lately been proved to be no unfounded one.

The growth of the native ministry in Ceylon, in influence and in usefulness, is much more remarkable, according to thoughtful witnesses, than its increase in numbers. Ten years ago the position of a native minister was very undefined. He might do good work as a subordinate, but the Christians of his flock were apt to regard him simply as an assistant to the missionary, instead of as their legitimate pastor. If their children needed baptizing, or their young people marrying, or their sick visiting, or their dead burying, or a thousand other cases attending to, the foreign missionary must do it all, or the people regarded themselves as ministerially neglected, however diligent the prophet who was in his own country might be. It was the missionary who must take the principal Sabbath services, and preside at the Lord's table, and superintend the native Sunday Schools. The native minister might be an excellent stop-gap, but that was all. We do not suppose that this sentiment has entirely passed away, and in some districts it may still be prevalent and strong, but competent authorities tell us that it is very greatly modified. More and more the native ministers are becoming pastors of the settled native churches, trusted and beloved by their members, whilst the missionary takes his proper place of evangelist, breaking up new ground, and guiding infant beginnings."

Mrs. Wall's Work among Roman Beggars.

THIS year the attendance at the Beggars' Meetings has increased beyond our anticipation, and we feel great pleasure in communicating the information to those who have enabled us to continue this effort, that we may rejoice with thankfulness together. We re-commenced last October if the Sala Cristiana, Piazza in Lucina, with an attendance of sixty men and seventy women. Finding it was undesirable to assemble the beggars in a room used for the public preaching of the Gospel in the very centre of Rome, we sought and, after much difficulty, found one in a poor quarter on the city. Here they came twice a week, and two weekly evangelistic services were held for other classes. The priests, however, prevented our continuing there, and, being unable to find another room, we returned to Lucina. After continued search, we found and rented a room in Trastevere capable of accommodating one hundred the eighty persons. Though large this room is not suitable. Situated on the banks of the Tiber, close to the river, the floor below the level of the street, and ceiling insufficiently high, badly ventilated, the walls saturated with damp, when it is packed with unwashed, ill fed, and sometimes diseased beggars, the air becomes so vitiated that the attention of the people flags and our own health suffers. We, therefore, purpose leasing a place for some years, and adapting a room to our use, or purchasing a site and erecting a hall, or an iron room which, in that thickly populated quarter, would be used also for ragged and Sunday schools, and for the public preaching of the Gospel.

The sum required for this object would be *less than a thousand pounds*, and we have no doubt that the Saviour of these poor outcasts will lead friends to help them in the way we propose, and to do so promptly.

The order and attention of these poor people to the simple Gospel address regularly given at each meeting is surprising. They listen with the greatest interest and the gratitude they show for the pittance of bread they receive is proof of their great need. We not only seek to explain to them the way of salvation in the clearest manner but always insist on their learning by heart, and repeating, several verses of Scripture and hymns used in our meetings. At first it was very difficult for them to retain a single line of Scripture in their minds, but their memories so improved that the learning of whole verses became comparatively easy. These portions of Scripture and of hymns were a means of comfort to some while lying sick in the hospitals. An old woman told us she never left her room in the morning

without repeating her verse of Scripture. The hymn she seemed to prefer is "Just as I am."

Several have passed from our meeting to their eternal home during the winter. One of them, a poor man, gave testimony to the power of God's Word. The priest could not persuade him to confess to him, though he made repeated efforts, even while our friend was dying.

One of the most ragged and destitute, on being asked what he had in his pocket, took out the New Testament and said: "I take it with me wherever I go; when worn out with hunger, I sit on a door step to read the precious words, and they do me good."

At Christmas, some friends enabled us to give them a treat. Each one received a small packet of food, and they were shown dissolving views, in connection with which the Gospel was set before them. Some were too feeble or too old to come so far. To each of these a packet was taken in the evening. One of these, a poor old man, we found in a long dark stable where carts were kept. He was sitting on a box, before an old chair which served as a table, on which were the contents of the Christmas packet. Asking where he slept he pointed to a sack of leaves in a corner. During conversation he expressed thankfulness that he had ever been to the Beggars' Meetings.

The meetings were closed, for the summer, by a very solemn address from Mr. Wall, who before concluding desired them to give some manifestation of their mental and spiritual state. They had been somewhat prepared for this by questions put to them in former meetings, in order to ascertain what had led them into their present misery, and what their hopes were of ever escaping from it. The first query was: How many of you continue to frequent the churches and purpose remaining with the priest, confessing to him, dying with him, being buried in his cemetery, and going to his purgatory?

Of the two hundred and seventy present only five or six raised their hands in token of such desire. The second query was: How many of you are unable to believe in the priest, and willing to come to Christ as the only Saviour? Nearly a hundred and seventy beggars at once raised their hands. After the third query: How many of you have trusted Jesus and received Him into your hearts; about seventy responded, some raising both hands and loudly thanking God.

Some of these people come from the towns of the Roman province, driven to the city by want of labour or sheer famine; others are recovering from illness in the hospital, generally Roman fever, which leaves them weak and languid for weeks, or sometimes even months, while others are thrown out

of service through the constant removal of persons from Rome. One of these had passed several weeks without finding employment, though furnished with the best recommendations. When he came to us asking for work, he received some bread, a few tracts, and a detached gospel. Thinking it useless to seek more for employment, he went to the public gardens and lay down on the grass, to eat his bread and read the books. He had not read long before he felt encouraged to ask God to help, and to give him work. A few days after, he returned to us bringing his son with him. He had found employment as timekeeper in a quarry, and now desired tracts to distribute to the men under his supervision. Both father and son manifested deep interest in the truth.

In the spring, many who attend these meetings return to their villages where they find work in the fields. Some of them take tracts with them; each one can recite the verses of Scripture which he has been taught, and all sing the Gospel melodies. We believe this to be one of the very best methods of reaching many of the small villages.

We find, when the Gospel quickens the dormant faculties of these people, that mendicity becomes an intolerable burden to them, and they seek earnestly to escape from it. It is, however, very difficult, when once numbered with these social castaways, to find employment in the same city.

Down a long, dirty alley, in a room which received a glimmer of light from a single pane in the wall, and in which two or three stools and a couple of sacks filled with maize leaves were the sole articles of furniture, we found a widow with three small sickly children. The husband, in the struggle for bread, had succumbed to consumption, leaving her with a baby at her breast. We learnt that all she could possibly earn at cotton winding was fivepence per day, and that she often went to rest without food that the children might have bread. On receiving the Christmas packet, their pale, thin faces lighted up, and, beaming with gratitude, seemed strangely beautiful.

After visiting many such bereaved and destitute cases, we returned, thankful for the privilege of being able in at least some small measure to cheer them.

Several who attend our meetings have not the appearance, and indeed are not beggars, except for the moment, and this in consequence of accident, sickness, or want of work. The diffidence and hesitancy with which they apply for admission tickets, and their reluctance in giving name and address, are further evidence that it is the very stress of trouble that obliges them to come to us for shelter.

Occasionally, when a family has been on the verge of ejection from the

room occupied, to save them from the streets we have added a trifle to each franc they themselves could procure for the weekly rent. Or, when one had obtained some kind of employment and was anxious to leave the straw of the public dormitory and take a room for himself, we have done the same. It is no small event in their lives, and no small pleasure to us when some widow mother, or friendless girl, is taken from the dirt and peril of such places and located where she may honestly support herself.

The distance between these poor people and other classes of society is so great that it cannot be passed without effort. We, therefore, desire to render the passage less difficult by finding temporary work for such as desire to cross over, until they procure something more permanent. At present we cannot do this for the men, but we purpose having a sewing class for the women in which they will be employed to make articles, which may be sold at a cheap rate, for their benefit. While thus earning their bread, and waiting for permanent employment, they would be under our care, and their spiritual needs would not be overlooked. For this purpose we appeal to friends to furnish us with remnants of calico, linen, prints, flannel, or any material that could be worked up into garments.

Rather than encourage mendicity, we consider this the way to grapple with it, in a city where it has the sanction of religion, and where the Popes had raised it to the dignity of a profession. The Romans were all expected to support this institution by public or private, by stated or occasional offerings. The beggar sat at the door of the church and the gate of the convent. His prayers were efficacious. Angels are said occasionally to have appeared in his rags, and they carried him after death in triumph to Paradise. Hence he seldom desired to leave a state in which he could gain support without work, and merit without penance.

With us, all this is reversed. Their rags and dirt and disease are the results of ignorance, idleness, and vice, and indications of iniquity within. The Gospel is the remedy. Like a spring of divine life it wells up in the believing heart, widens its clear circle in the putrid nature, pressing out, and off, and away, the impurities within, the stagnant surface, the lingering malaria. If converted, the heart will be changed in the sight of God, their life in the sight of men, and their influence will be healthful to society at large. Those who have left the life of mendicants for that of honest labour have proved that the above is not mere theory but simple fact.

It is, therefore, with confidence that we appeal to friends to assist us in continuing this Mission to Beggars in Rome. Contributions will be thankfully received by Mrs. Wall, Piazza in Lucina, Rome; and by the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, Castle-street, Holborn, London.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Concerning Finances.

IN the MISSIONARY HERALD for last month, a reference was made to the replies that had been received to the appeal of the committee for new and increased annual subscriptions and special donations in liquidation of the debt.

We are now in a position to compare actual results for the nine months ending December last with the estimated statement of income and expenditure drawn up at the commencement of the current financial year, and we are thankful to report that the actual receipts to this date for the general purposes of the Mission are £2,454 in excess of the receipts to the same date of the year before. In consequence, however, of many items of unforeseen expenditure, this still leaves a deficiency of £2,200 on the year's estimated balance-sheet, in addition to the large debt of £4,354 due to the treasurer on last year's account. From this statement it will be at once seen how *pressing* and *urgent* is the need for largely increased exertions on behalf of the Mission during the remaining two months of the current financial year, so that, not only may the deficiency on the year's account be met, but the outstanding debt from last year cleared off also.

As we said in the last number of the HERALD—"Doubtless many friends have merely postponed their action until more fitting opportunities;" and we cannot but hope that the interval between now and the close of our financial year will furnish such. Indeed, numerous friends in all parts of the country, replying to the appeal of the committee, have promised that special efforts shall be made in February or March, and we venture, therefore, very earnestly, to remind such that it is most important that *action* in this direction should be *taken at once*. The appeal of the committee issued in May last was mainly an appeal for more efficient and systematic missionary organization in the churches, with a view to secure a large *accession of new annual subscribers to the Society*, and also an increase in the amount of present subscriptions, so that the *regular and permanent* income of the Mission might be considerably enlarged, and the cost of the rapid extension of mission operations that has taken place during the last few years be met without incurring the heavy burden of a debt.

A reference to a few of the figures relating to the annual subscription

list of the Society for the past year will show at a glance what large scope there is for such an appeal.

The BAPTIST HANDBOOK for the current year gives the total membership of the denomination at home, including the General Baptists, as *two hundred and sixty-five thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven*. The total number of subscribers to the Mission of ten shillings annually and upwards, so far as the returns sent to the Mission House set forth, is only *four thousand two hundred and fifty-four*, subscribing only £5,710 annually, divided thus:—

3,610	Subscribers in England contributing ..	£4,834	0	0
531	" Wales " ..	529	0	0
112	" Scotland " ..	346	0	0
1	" Ireland " ..	1	0	0
<hr/>				
Total 4,254	Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland annually contributing	<hr/> <hr/> £5,710 0 0		

It cannot be that the present 4,254 subscribers bear any adequate proportion to the willingness and consecration of the many thousands of church members belonging to the denomination, especially when it is remembered that a large per-centage of the amount so given is contributed by friends *not* belonging to the denomination, and by members of congregations only.

As a further proof of the earnest call for increased exertion in this direction it may be mentioned that in comparing the annual subscription list for last year with that of the year previous, it was found that the names of 311 subscribers contributing £411 had fallen out, divided thus:—

247	Subscribers in England contributing	£313	0	0
55	" in Wales " 	86	0	0
9	" in Scotland " 	12	0	0
<hr/>				
Total 311	Subscribers contributing	<hr/> <hr/> £411 0 0		

It was found upon examination that these subscribers were spread over all the Kingdom, almost every county in England having lost one or more. Either directly, or indirectly, all these lapses were inquired into, and as the result the following explanations were received:—

51	Subscribers contributing annually ..	£64	0	0
	Had died during the year.			
48	Subscribers contributing annually	74	0	0
	Were unable to continue in consequence of reduced circumstances.			
45	Subscribers contributing annually	68	0	0
	Hope this year to renew their subscrip- tions.			
58	Subscribers contributing annually	61	0	0
	Failed to reply to communications, and			
109	Subscribers contributing annually	144	0	0
	Paid their subscriptions on personal application by the officers from the Mission House.			
<hr/>				
311		<hr/> <hr/> £411 0 0		

From this return it will be seen that 157 subscribers contributing £199 annually, through death, inability to continue help, or other causes, ceased to aid the Mission during last year *alone*. Showing how urgent is the need for immediate and *continuous* exertions, not only to supply such losses, but to secure new help, by a greatly enlarged number of annual subscribers.

We commend these figures to the careful and generous consideration of the churches. A slight extra effort *in every church would furnish all the help we need, and would more than double the income of the Mission from this source.*

How the Work of Raising Funds for Missions may be done.

THE Church and Congregation under the care of the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, have recently inaugurated a plan of operations, which is so complete and so hopeful, that we rejoice in the opportunity of introducing it to our readers. It commends itself equally with that sketched out by Mr. Chandler in the December number of this HERALD. We are quite sure that the adoption and conscientious working of either would give us results gratifying beyond the common expectation.

The Liverpool plan is drawn out in the following circular, which has been put in the hands of every member of the Church and congregation :—

*To the Members of the Church and Congregation Meeting in
Myrtle Street Chapel.*

DEAR FRIENDS,—For some years past the deacons and myself have felt that, as a Church and congregation, we have not done all that might fairly be expected of us in the support of the object and aims of the Baptist Missionary Society. The Society was one of the first established to send the Gospel to the heathen. It was formed in the year 1792. At the present time the income of the Society, which is raised almost entirely by the Baptist denomination, amounts to £39,428, or about double what it was five-and-twenty years ago.

The Society has now 73 missionaries, 11 home missionaries (in India), and 222 native brethren, in its various fields of labour—that is, a total of 306 agents. In 1851, the members of the Mission churches numbered 5,913; now they number 11,095, and these figures are exclusive of the more than 100 flourishing churches in Jamaica, with their 26,000 members. Whilst all the work and agencies of the Society have doubled during the past twenty-five years, the expenses of home agency are only one-fifth more than they were in 1851.

All that we, as a congregation, have done in support of the Society for some years has been to make an ANNUAL COLLECTION in the fall of the year, amounting to from £70 to £100 per year; and if perchance the day of the anniversary should happen to be wet, or our friends absent from any other cause, then the amounts which they would have given if they had been present are, for the most part, lost to the Society for that year, while all the charges upon the Society, in the shape of salaries, &c., are going on as usual.

This plan—as our friends must see—is obviously inefficient, and our hope now is to remedy it by a better system, which, I feel sure, all the members of the congregation will cordially, and, according to their means, cheerfully support. I need not plead for the object. It is our congregational effort to give, to the heathen world chiefly, the blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the circulation of the Scriptures and the preaching of the Word.

It is intended by our plan to divide the congregation into sections, and several ladies have very kindly engaged to act as collectors for these sections. My hope is that every member of the congregation will promise a MONTHLY CONTRIBUTION, which will be collected monthly, by means of an envelope placed in the pew, and which can be returned, with the promised subscription enclosed, through any of the weekly offering boxes. I trust the simplicity of the plan will commend itself to my friends.

I have been placed on the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for the current year, and am most anxious that our congregation should take its proper position in the support of an institution which has such claims on our generous support.

The lady who has charge of the section of the chapel in which you sit is M _____, of pew No. _____, and resides at No. _____.

The enclosed form can be sent to her pew, through the chapel-keeper; or to her residence; or, if you prefer it, she will have the pleasure of waiting upon you to solicit such a monthly gift as you are disposed to offer towards this object.

I commend this subject and scheme to your prayerful consideration and very generous support.—Yours faithfully,
H. STOWELL BROWN.
26, Falkner Street, December, 1876.

On the fly-leaf is the following:—

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MYRTLE STREET CHAPEL AUXILIARY,

Rev. H. STOWELL BROWN, President. | EDWARD MOUNSEY, Treasurer.

Hon. Secs.—CHAS. A. WHITNEY, JAMES BARBERRY, THOMAS LLOYD, JOHN CHARNLEY.

About Twenty Ladies have kindly engaged to serve the Society in taking charge of the various sections.

The Collecting Books are ruled, with spaces for the number of the pew, the name and address of the seat-holder, and the monthly contributions, these last spaces being in sets of three each, as it is part of the plan that the moneys should be sent in to the treasurer once every quarter. On the cover of the collecting-book is the following label:—

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—MYRTLE STREET CHAPEL
AUXILIARY.

M _____ Collector.

PLEASE NOTICE.

1. This book contains the names, as far as they are now known, of persons sitting in each pew in your section.
2. Other names of new sitters can be added as they take sittings. Mr. Mounsey will be glad to supply these names.
3. As the circulars containing a promised monthly contribution come in, please place a tick, thus ✓ opposite the name. Those who do not reply by circular and are unticked should all be seen.

4. The Secretary for your section is Mr. _____, and he will arrange with you as to the supply of envelopes, and generally as to the manner of your receiving the gifts monthly from the Weekly Offering Boxes.
5. You are particularly requested to send an envelope regularly every month, either to the contributor's address, or to his pew (through the chapel-keeper, Mr. Wilson, 1, Cambridge-street), on the Saturday before a Sunday in each month in the year, as may be arranged.
6. Please enter, opposite each name, the contribution in the monthly column, and pay over, *quarterly*, the total amount contributed to the Treasurer, Mr. MOUNSEY,

Printed forms of reply to Mr. Brown's circular are given to every seat-holder, and each contributor is furnished with a set of envelopes, in which to enclose his contribution, which is then placed in the box at the chapel-door.*

Our friends will see that the plan is very complete. Any church wishing to adopt it may be provided with complete sets of the papers, by applying, through the Mission House, to Mr. Mounsey.

It only remains to be said that, in Myrtle Street Chapel, the movers of this undertaking are manifestly in earnest. A letter from Mr. Mounsey to Mr. Baynes (to whose recent visit to Liverpool not a little is due) abundantly proves it. May they, and we, realise our best wishes.

Get that You may Give.

IS there any such proverb as this? There ought to be. Surely it will be one of the proverbs of the Millennium!

"Get that you may give." It is simply the condensation of what Paul was inspired to say to the Ephesians, when he directed the convert to "labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

Amos Lawrence once wrote to one of his partners:—"I am sick and deprived of the sight of most of those who call; but not of the privilege of reading their papers, and giving them money. In short, I have more use for money when in the house than when able to be abroad." And again he wrote:—"The good there is in money lies altogether in its use—like the woman's box of ointment; if it be not broken and the contents poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ in His distressed members, it loses its worth. He is not rich who lays up much; but who lays out much."

And many a man who has had hundreds of thousands of dollars less to give than that princely man has discovered that it is a joy to toil for money, not in order to hoard, but to scatter it; has even found that the common world was made for common folks, and that the dear luxury of doing something for others may be felt just as really, and just as richly, by the little pauper who, with a kind heart and a love smile, gives a cup of cold water to the thirsty wayfarer, as by the millionaire among his money-bags.

* These envelopes, moreover, are of different colours, to indicate the section of the chapel to which they belong, thus facilitating the task of sorting them when they are collected.

It is a blessed thing for any man to share what he may have with others who stand upon a lower social and financial plane than he does. But it is still more blessed for him to go to work to earn money expressly that he may have it thus to share with others. This is intensifying his benevolence, and dignifying it from what might have been a mere incident of good nature into a principle and a passion controlling the life, which it makes lovely and illustrious.

Try it, reader!

Experiment with Paul's gracious wisdom.

Get that you may give, and fail not to give when you have got.—*Congregationalist*.

Rewards of Missionary Efforts.

BY THE REV. S. A. KINGSBURY, D.D., BATH, MAINE.

THIS subject may be examined from two points of view. One may be called the objective view; or, in other words, a view that has relation to the results of missionary effort upon those for whom that effort is made. The other is the subjective view, and has relation to the effect of missionary effort upon those who make the effort. It is of this I would speak, because it is more personal, and not so often presented as the objective view.

The word "effort" implies not a feeble, but strenuous exertion; not a transient, but a life-long work; not an occasional prayer, but one constantly flowing forth from a full heart. It is not a giving now and then of the smallest coin we have, and calling it the "widow's mite;" but the giving constantly, till the pocket feels it.

Now, then, what are the rewards for such missionary effort; what the rewards for such working, such praying, such giving?

I cannot count them all, any more than I can count the drops of rain falling upon a fruitful field, and, by their refreshing and enriching power, rewarding it a thousand-fold for all the fruit it bears.

Constant missionary effort—the word "missionary" used in the broadest sense—brings the Christian nearer to God, makes the Christian more like God, than any other human effort and human work; and in this fact is enclosed, as the seeds in the pericarp, all the personal reward for true missionary effort.

Nearness to God; likeness to God,—what purer, higher, nobler rewards can human hearts imagine, and human beings ask?

God is love,—so says inspiration. Not alone does God love; but the grand fundamental element of His nature, pervading every attribute, affecting every feeling, and directing every act, is love. And he who has in him the most of love, such as God has, is, of all men on earth, the most like God.

The normal state of man is a distance from God, in this respect, which cannot be measured, an unlikeness that cannot be compared. It is, at best, indifference fully prepared and always ready to spring up all alive into dislike and hatred. Against this tendency He makes war. He would have all men love; He commands us even to love our enemies: but He knows us well

enough to understand the fact that we cannot do this by the mere effort of the will; that we cannot say of one we hate, "Now I will love him from this very moment." We might as well attempt to raise ourselves to the stars by an effort of the will. Christ knows this our incapacity; and He has shown us a way by which indifference or hatred can be changed to love? "*Pray for them: do good to them.*" And thus our love for men is formed by working for them, praying for them, and doing them good; and then the love once formed increases in strength, and enlarges in area. Religion is love for man in the widest sense. It begins at the centre, but diverges like the rays of the sun; for love bears this resemblance, at least, to light: it goes out from the central heart in every direction, and to the farthest extent. It passes through the strata of consanguinity, affinity, and friendship, to all humanity. It overleaps the boundaries of country, and never ceases its advance till it reaches the end of the world. And thus we should love; for thus God loves. To love all, and to work for all, proves our relationship and likeness to God. The love in human hearts, which is felt for all, and prompts to work for all, is from God, and makes men like God.

God has stretched out before every Christian the whole world as the object of his love, and the field of his labour. He must love all men; but how can he? Do the affections obey the will? will they yield to the imperative? The whole world to love,—that is the command. How can we obey? Only by doing something for the whole world, working for the whole world. If a man will do this, he will, by the very law of his being, love the whole world. And this shall be his reward, shall be our grand reward for mis-

sionary effort,—a likeness to God. He who makes a real, energetic, continuous effort,—an effort that gives to the word "effort" its true meaning,—has a likeness to God, a likeness to Christ, a likeness to all that are holy in all the universe of God, which in itself is a reward, the very richest of all which God gives to men.

He who from a right motive works and from a pure heart prays, the most for the world, is the best man in the world. Here, then, is our reward for missionary effort,—*likeness to God*. Another is, *personal happiness* growing out of giving. Every thing that has life *gives*. When giving ceases, life ceases. Where there has never been giving, life has never been; and there can be no happiness where there is no life. All other things being equal, he who gives the most has the most life, and the most enjoyment of life.

Paul reminds Christians that Christ once said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." No such words of the Saviour can be found in the Gospels; and, among the many remarks of His not recorded, this seems to have been especially remembered; I suppose because it cuts at right angles the line of public opinion, and strikes at the root of individual selfishness. Men generally read these words backwards in our day. Perhaps they have been twisted and turned by coming down to us through the selfishness of so many centuries. But, for whatever reason, men seem to understand now that it is more blessed to receive than to give. It will be well for us, if we get it into our hearts and lives as it came from the Saviour's lips.

Blessed, happy are they who give,—who give in the right direction and for right objects. The happiest of beings are happy, because they give. God gives, and gives always to all beings,—to angels, to men, to all His creatures;

as well the meanest as the noblest; as well to the worm that crawls the earth, as to Gabriel who stands by the throne. And His gifts range from Christ, given to save the world, down to the food given to sustain life in the smallest insect that floats in the air. And, for us, every moment, as it swings from the pendulum, is a burden-bearer bringing us a new gift. Is this blessed for Him? Does it constitute in great part His happiness? And so it may constitute ours. God is calling us to give for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad,—to give freely, to give liberally, to give constantly, to give as He gives; and, after all, the call to you is only a call to be happy,—to be like Him, and, so far as may be, to be as happy as He.

Now, then, if I am asked, "What are the rewards of missionary effort?" I am prepared in part to answer: Entered into from right motives, pursued with hearty earnestness, it will fill the heart with love, and the life with peace. It will make us love with a love resembling the love of God. It will give us a happiness resembling the happiness of God.

And let me add just this one thought. As we often say to God in our prayers, so may God say to us, "Giving doth not impoverish you, nor doth withholding enrich you." The liberal giver grows rich. That is the rule. It has its exceptions; but it is the rule. If you are poor, the way to be rich is to give: if you are already rich, the way to keep your riches is to give. We must be dull scholars, if we have not already learned that earthly investments fluctuate, if they do not fail. Only those who lend to the Lord have investments that are perfectly safe. Your bonds, your mortgages, your stocks, may prove worthless. God pays His debts; and he who gives to God's creatures, to advance their highest interests, has this security, that his money shall be paid back again, principal and interest. The liberal soul shall be made fat.

And here comes in a truth we are all interested to know, and all are slow to learn,—that he who seeks comfort, rather than Christ, misses both; while he who seeks Christ, rather than comfort, finds both. He who saves loses: he who gives saves.

Letter from the Rev. Albert Williams, of Calcutta.

THE following letter is privately addressed to Mr. Bailhache, but it is altogether of so interesting and cheering a character, that it is felt it would be wrong to withhold it from our readers:—

Calcutta, 22nd Dec., 1896.

You were doubtless expecting a letter from me by the last mail, but I was unable to write owing to a pressure of engagements. Through the goodness of God we had very favourable weather for our voyage, but I proved such a poor sailor that I was

uncomfortable the whole way. Through the captain's kindness we were able to hold a service in the saloon every morning, and twice in the saloon or on deck on Sundays. Mr. Summers took his turn at these services all the way. Our attendance at the daily service averaged over thirty

nearly all the passengers regularly attended on Sundays. There was much to grieve us in the conduct of our fellow-passengers, yet we trust that some good was done. The only unusual incidents were "a man overboard" and a death. I was watching some of the Lascar crew one morning putting up the chains for the awning when I was startled to see one of them losing his balance and falling overboard. There was a considerable sea on at the time, but a boat was lowered and, as the man proved a splendid swimmer, we had the joy of seeing him brought safely on deck, much exhausted, but not seriously the worse for his long immersion. The death was that of one of the native firemen, a Mohammedan. The body was lowered to the deep by his co-religionists and his being buried without any Christian service made a deep impression on those who were proceeding for the first time to a heathen land.

Our party enjoyed remarkably good health all the voyage, and our intercourse with each other was most pleasant. I felt quite grandfatherly when sharing with Mrs. Morgan the responsibility of the oversight of so many. I hoped I behaved with becoming dignity.

At Colombo we spent a very pleasant Sunday with those devoted friends of missionaries, Mr. A. M. and Mr. J. Ferguson. They were prepared to accommodate us all for the night, but we were to be on board and on our way by 10 p.m. I had the pleasure of preaching for Mr. Stevenson in the evening and was delighted to see present such a large and attentive congregation. Some letters were awaiting me at the post-office here, but I was able to secure only one, the rest having been locked up by one of the assistants who was not to be found. For aught I know they

are locked up still. The letter I secured was from Mr. Rouse, and you know what a letter of his is—*multum in parvo*. At Madras we had a long detention (nine days), and very trying to the temper we found it. I was quite ready to forgive my enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, for they did not trouble me in the least, but I cannot say that I was in a forgiving mood as to the Government of Madras. However, it is a long cry to Argyle, and I have not heard that His Grace the Duke of Buckingham's slumbers were in the least disturbed by my fretting and fuming.

I found the friends at Calcutta anxiously awaiting our arrival. Very glad and thankful was I to be among them again. They had proved their strong affection for me in many ways—first, by extending my leave; next, by presenting me with £170 to defray the cost of my return passage; thirdly, by repairing and re-matting our house, and renewing and polishing all the furniture in it; and lastly, by adding a new room to it at a cost of nearly £200. This they have done at a time when they are hard pressed for money, for the chapel repairs have cost over £500, and it was most desirable and necessary that we should mark our sense of Mr. and Mrs. Rouse's eminently useful and faithful services by some token; and this, too, has been done. Our people have, therefore, an *extra* expenditure this year of nearly £800. And we are contemplating the building an evangelistic hall as soon as we have paid off our present debt which is about £300. Our numbers continue to increase, but our means are less. Could you and Mr. Baynes get a few friends to help us soon?

We had very fine congregations on Sunday, and a most happy gathering on Tuesday, to take leave of, and pre-

sent a testimonial to, Mr. and Mrs. Rouse, and to welcome myself and wife back to India. One of the soldiers from the Fort, Sergt. Thomas, gave a beautiful address in reference to Mr. and Mrs. Rouse's noble work among his comrades in the regiment,

in which every word came evidently from the heart.

We are hardly settled yet; there is so much to do after a long absence. This must be my excuse for this very heavy letter.

Working Christians among the Santhals.

IN their eighth annual report, Messrs. Skrefsred and Boerresen missionaries to the Santhals in India, say:—

“When the revival first began to manifest itself, and the people to come in crowds to learn more of Christianity, we were at a great loss what to do. For us personally to undertake the instruction of all, was a physical impossibility. . . . The Christians themselves, without much talk or any fuss, soon furnished a practical answer to all our doubts and fears, by quietly going out themselves to the various villages where the candidates resided, and telling them, in their own simple and straightforward manner, about their sins, and their deplorable condition now and to all eternity if they did not repent, and placing before them the free and full salvation offered by Jesus, and dwelling on his great love. As they spoke in this way wherever they went in their journeyings, the Gospel was spread far and wide, and so it came to pass that sometimes people coming from a considerable distance would present themselves for baptism, and on making inquiry we would then learn, for the first time, that they had been for months under instruction from one or other of the older Christians, quite unknown to us.

“The wives of two of the elders came to us and wanted our advice on a certain matter, saying they did not know if they had been doing right or not. They appeared a good deal ashamed, and it was only after repeatedly reas-

suring and coaxing them, that we got their story out of them. It seems that the people in two different villages had, some two months before, asked them, when passing by, to stop and tell them something of the Saviour. This they did, after the Manjee had assembled all the villagers, and sang hymns to them. By and by they were asked to come and give further instruction, which they did, each of the women taking a separate village. This was not done at the expense of any household duties, for after working at home all day, and cooking the evening meal for their husbands and children, they would go out to their pupils and teach them until ten or eleven o'clock at night, or even later. Sleeping where they were, they would return to their own homes by dawn, to resume the duties of another day. They wanted to know whether they had done wrong in so acting; but as the action and leading of the Holy Spirit were so clearly to be traced in the whole matter it was impossible for us to forbid them, and we could only encourage them to persevere, in spite of Paul's injunction, that the ‘women keep silence.’ They were wonderfully used in bringing many souls to Christ, and poor, simple, unlettered Santhal women though they are, what a grand thing it would be if our European ladies in India would follow their example!”

China.

MR. ALFRED JONES writes:—"On the afternoon of the 25th November I arrived here, and before our anchor had dropped many minutes Mr. Richard was alongside, and accorded me as hearty a reception as could be desired.

"He had quarters prepared for me, and was equally prepared for my not liking them; but we very quickly agreed to carry out his notion, at any rate for some time to come; and I am thoroughly pleased, and as comfortable as I want to be.

"He also had a teacher ready, engaged from the capital of the province, and on the day but one following my arrival I commenced operations.

"My baggage came to hand right in every respect; but, so far, of course, the unsettled state of my commissariat prevents this letter from being more than a mere 'advice' about myself. However, I am getting into shape rapidly. The people impressed me favourably—decidedly not unfavourably; and I haven't so far, and from what I've seen, a tinge of regret about coming foreign. Excuse my brevity. Mr. Richard is well, and all is square generally."

Brittany.

OUR Brother Bouhon gives the following account of his work at St. Brieuc:—

"Our regular services in town have been attended a little better than usual, and some tourists, travelling either alone or with their families, have worshipped with us, expressing their pleasure at what they witnessed of the grace of God in our midst. A member of Mr. Lewis's congregation (Bayswater), Mr. Nicolle, particularly inquired about the mission, and encouraged us in the work by his kind visit and expression of sympathy.

"The large concourse of soldiers, at the old and new infantry barracks, have furnished us with new hearers,

some of whom appear to be serious young men. One young soldier, a native of Guérande, near Nantes, and who had received a New Testament elsewhere, has desired special instruction, as he felt desirous of embracing the Protestant faith.

"In connection with the Sunday-school, we have received good news of a former pupil, who became also a member of the church. She speaks of her prospects at the normal school of Boissy St. Léger, where she studies, and desires to be kept informed of the progress of our cause here.

“With regard to outlying regions, notwithstanding the excessive and dry heat, I have been able to visit the people at Cesson, Plérin, and Ville Ains, near the lighthouse; also (westward) around the silver-lead mines in Trémuzon, and in the town of Guingamp. I have been again to Broons (eastward), and visited some farmers, with a French landlord, whose mother was a pious Protestant lady. I found access to some, who, being sick and dying, were most thankful for my visits; with others, such as young soldiers, whose friends desired them to be visited by me, I was welcomed as a Christian minister and a friend of their family, far, far away. Some ask for tracts; others, not having the Scriptures, wish me to send them a New Testament or a Bible. Thus I have been able to sell four New Testaments and two Bibles. To a family of stone-breakers, on the Brest Road, and near the mines, I gave a Bible, which the father promised he would read: these people had heard of our meetings, and desired to frequent them.

“On the 15th ult., and at the request of Mr. Lecoat, I went to Tremel to attend the annual fête of the Sunday and day schools connected with our mission. I found 250 people gathered in the chapel; some of them had come from Morlaix, and also from Guingamp, so that our gathering had quite an Evangelical Alliance stamp about it. The boys numbered 42, and there was about the same number of girls, but these are mostly taught at their homes. Mrs. Donnelly led the singing

from the harmonium; Mr. Lecoat and I addressed the friends in Breton; the children sang Breton and French hymns; portions of Scripture memorized were recited by several pupils; then I translated in French my Breton address, for the benefit of a few who could not understand the quaint old Celtic of the country-people; and, last of all, came the much-looked-for distribution of encouragements, in the shape of Bibles, Testaments, hymn or other books, and pocket-handkerchiefs. The last-mentioned gifts are much appreciated, and exercise a very civilizing influence on many. I was struck with the decent and tidy appearance of many who in former years used to saunter in where meetings were held, having the traditional pipe in their mouth. Now things are altered indeed, since lately a functionary from the St. Brieuc prefecture said: ‘Why, at Tremel the people are becoming Protestants,’ but did not see much danger in that for the State.

“On the 16th of August Mr. Lecoat and I went over to Pont Menon to ascertain what progress was made in the work of repairing and altering the property lately purchased there for mission purposes. In such a corner of the department it is not easy to get workmen, and to go quickly about work. However, the house is beginning to look neat, and more spacious than the former and ancient structure. The old Scripture-reader, Mr. Prigent, who resides opposite, looks after the property, which I trust will soon be in condition to serve our purposes.”

Educational Missions.*

WE have again to return to this subject, and to say a few words more in its favour. What we have written on it already will sufficiently convince our readers that we are not so partial to it as to be blind to its faults. What we knew to be such we have unsparingly exposed, and it is our pleasant duty now to turn to its bright side. The object of missions is to spread the knowledge of Christ among all classes of people alike, without making any distinction between the higher and the lower classes.

To us it seems that out-door preaching is adapted to the latter class. The audience that gather round our out-door preachers generally belong to the latter, and that is the most convenient way of reaching them. However wedded they may be to a blind superstition, they yet retain some degree of simplicity of mind and unsophisticated nature, as as to be susceptible of the influence of a simple address, preaching purely "Christ and Him crucified." They do not require that elaborate treatment which, from the nature of their circumstances, the higher classes demand. The *tabula* of their minds is generally full of infidel scriptures, which require a great deal of tact, judgment, and training for their eradication. It necessitates a lengthier process of operation, which a mere out-door preacher can seldom command; but educational missions afford such opportunity when they do not lose sight of their primary object. With the education of the higher classes a spirit of indifferentism has so dreadfully spread over the upper strata of Indian, especially of Bengali society, that the rising generation may be said to inhale it as soon as they see the light. It is no hyperbole to say that they have their being in it, they move in it, and they live in it. Hinduism (at least, in its current phase) requires no indoctrination save the performance of certain rites and ceremonies, the meaning of which is as much apprehended by the performer as the Egyptian hieroglyphics by the Bæotian boor. It is quite innocent of any such production as a catechism; they naturally imbibe the spirit which surrounds them, developing themselves gradually into full-blown worldlings and infidels. In thus picturing out the spiritual condition of the society we have set forth naught at random, but have put down what we know to be the sober truth.

Under such circumstances, we can never persuade ourselves to assent to

* This article has been reprinted from a recent number of the *Bengal Christian Herald*, and is interesting, not only because of the views it sets forth, but also because they are views of persons who write in the interest and with the sympathy of a considerable native Christian community.

the proposition that educational missions are not necessary as a mode of evangelistic operation. We think they afford the easiest means of access to a class which is as much in need of the spiritual aid of the Christian philanthropist as any other. In judging of the fruits of educational missions, we are apt to fall into the error of drawing our conclusions from the immediate results. This, we conceive, is a fallacious test, inasmuch as we leave out of consideration the prospective results, which are not determinable at present. Notwithstanding the innumerable difficulties which beset the path of Christianity in the shape of current unbelief, social and caste obstructions, ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, we cannot help thinking that in the distant future it has the prospect of a grand success. Some are apt to take a despondent view of the future of Christianity, taking into consideration what little hold it has on the minds and feelings of a part of the cultured classes in Europe. We do not deny that such is the case, but we demur to taking so gloomy a view of the future simply on that account. If we judge the future from the past, it will certainly justify a more cheerful and hopeful forecasting. Christianity, from its initiation down to its present progress, has never been free from inimical influences in some shape or other; but it has always not only conquered them, but also made them subservient to its own glory and well-being.

Both the early and the later history of Christianity afford us many such instances. As long as the world is what it is it will have such trials, but it will come off from them unscathed and heightened in its power and excellence. The history of Protestant Germany furnishes us with such an instance; adverse as its prevalent philosophy is to Christianity, and entwined, as it was, intricately and widely round the ideality of the German mind during the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century, it exerted a baneful influence on it; but it is now very much on the wane, and it might be said that Christianity has gained the day. Opposition to Christianity, and influences inimical to it, need not dishearten its friends; on the contrary, they should act as incentives to a higher and more energetic struggle. It is not safe always to judge of Christian work by their visible results. Man works, but "God giveth the increase." It is ours to see that the human part of the work is carried on wisely, zealously, lovingly, and piously. It does not invariably happen, that under the most favourable conditions the best results follow. We ought, then, to learn to wait and hope, and work in faith.

We are of opinion that, however unfavourable the results of educational missions may appear at first sight, they are one of the most powerful

latent agencies for bringing about the future evangelization of India. They are now sowing the seed broadcast for the future harvest. Viewed in this light, the insufficiency of their present appreciable results is somewhat compensated.

Even as mere preaching agencies, educational missions are not altogether wanting. As far as we know, there are connected with these institutions, Sunday-schools, week-day lectures and addresses, at which those also who are unconnected with the missions are invited to attend. In some cases they are very numerously attended. We have been told that at the Sunday evening addresses connected with the Free Church Institution as many as five hundred, many of whom are unconnected with the Institution, attend every Sabbath. We remember, in former years, tracts on apologetic Christian literature were widely circulated by the aid of educational missions, to counteract the influence of anti-Christian authors on the minds of educated natives rather partial to them. We are happy to see that the same useful practice has been revived, and cordially wish it God-speed. It is evident that the educational missions, besides their own special work, act as volunteers and supernumeraries in the work of preaching the Word. The press, as well as the pulpit, are pressed into service by them for this noble work. It is an error to think that educational missions are confined to teaching; they preach as well as teach, though the latter is their primary work. We need hardly say that every educational mission where this subsidiary work is not included in the programme of operations ought to rectify the error, and, if means are available, to commence it at once.

Home Proceedings.

The close and the beginning of the year are periods of great quietness, and almost of cessation in our deputation work. The local claims on our churches accumulate at these times, and thus the attention of our friends is absorbed at home. Hence, only the following meetings and services have been held:—

PLACES.	DEPUTATIONS.
Barking-road	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Belle Isle	Rev. James Smith.
Eden Bridge	Rev. John Trafford, M.A.
Lee	Rev. James Smith.
Onslow Chapel	Rev. James Smith.
Wantage	Rev. F. Pinnock.
Wigan	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Wimbledon	Rev. James Smith.

At the last quarterly meeting of Committee, Mr. Thomas Lewis Johnson, a

coloured man, and recently pastor of a church of coloured members in Chicago, was accepted for mission work in Africa. He is, however, to stay for a while at the Metropolitan, or Pastor's College, under the superintendence of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

At the same meeting of Committee, Mr. John Ewen, lately an evangelist in India, under the auspices of the Free Church Mission, was accepted for the Indian Mission field. He, too, is to go through a short preparatory course in one of our colleges. Mr. Ewen's change of views on baptism has led him to seek connection with our Society.

Missionary Notes.

The Rev. John Williams and Mrs. Williams have safely arrived at Muttra.

We regret to say that Mr. Saker has been very ill ever since his return to this country. There is, however, a hope that he is now recovering.

The Rev. J. C. Page, late of Darjeeling, and now, through ill-health, retired from mission work, has taken up his abode at St. Albans.

Of the 2,750,000 in British Burmah, 2,500,000 are Buddhists, 36,658 Hindoos, 52,299 Christians, and 99,846 Mohammedaus.

The Protestant missions of Hong Kong have gathered 2,200 native Christians of whom 1,400 are regular attendants at the Lord's table.

The Gospel in Japan has, strange to say, made most progress among the wealthier and higher classes. The most of the people are as yet little affected by it. We fancy this fact is unique in the history of Christian missions.

The native Christians of Madagascar are getting on. At a recent meeting of the Union of the Malagasy Churches of Imerina at the capital, a missionary society was formed, of which Queen Emma and the Prime Minister are active members. At the request of two chiefs from the Ibara country, whose people are very degraded, two missionaries were appointed to return with them.

It appears that the missions of the American Board in Western Turkey are in a very flourishing condition, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country. The annual report from the station of Cesarea, which has just reached the Board, shows that the work was more successful the past year than during any previous year. The Cesarea field comprises a territory 165 miles long by 125 broad, with a population of half a million, of whom one-fourth are nominal Christians. The missionaries occupied, in whole or in part, 26 places during the year. The total of members is 2,310, an increase of 808—a larger gain than had been made in the six previous years combined. From the first of January to September of the present year there has been a further increase of at least 400. The schools have 1,506 scholars, an increase of 596. One of the new outstations occupied is Chakmak. Here extraordinary progress has been made. The Armenian priest of the village has given up his congregation and left, declaring that all the inhabitants under forty years of age had become Protestants, that all over forty refused to hear him, and that he had, therefore, nothing to do.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society.

THIS auxiliary is mostly engaged with the publication of Bengal Scriptures, in which language it printed last year (at the Baptist Mission Press) 66,000 portions of Scripture, including 2,500 copies of the New Testament in small type. This latter is a reprint of the thirteenth edition of the Bengali Testament, and is a beautiful specimen of Bengali printing. Its colportage price is only three annas.

During the sixty-four years of the existence of the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society, its issues have amounted in all to 1,528,321 copies or portions of the Scriptures. This gives an average of 23,880 per annum. Strange to say, as far back as 1843, the issues exceeded those of last year by upwards of 8,000, while in 1854 also they were greater by 8,627. The issues of the last-mentioned year were greater than in any other of the Society's history, having then numbered 56,032.

Surely such a mass of pure and unadulterated truth thrown broadcast over the province of Bengal *must* be working out its object, however quietly and slowly. Let it be followed by the earnest prayers of our readers !

With the consent of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a New Testament in the vernacular was sent last year by the above Society to every Government school and college in the provinces under his rule. Thus one hundred and forty-eight copies were issued in Bengali, eighty-seven copies in Hindi, and four in Persian. The Society also proposed to send an English Bible, with another and a New Testament in the vernacular, to each of the higher and middle-class *Government-aided* schools throughout the country, provided the Government would help in distributing them. The Educational Department hesitated to carry out this latter plan ; and before it would undertake the distribution, the Society had to send a circular of inquiry as to the willingness of the schools to accept the offer. A large number have expressed their willingness to do so ; and requests for them are daily arriving. "No one," says the secretary, "has as yet sent in any expression of unwillingness to receive them." How timid is the Indian Government

about identifying itself in the least degree with Christianity! Compliance with the Bible Society's request could hardly be considered a "breach of religious neutrality." Presentation copies of the *Mahabarat* would have been forwarded at once; and we do not believe that the Christians in India would have raised an outcry that the Bengal Government was propagating Hinduism.

An edition of the Gospel by Luke, in Musalmani-Bengali, is being prepared for the Calcutta Bible Society by a sub-committee composed of missionaries of various denominations. An edition of Matthew in the same language (if language it may be called) has also been undertaken by missionaries of the Baptist Society, whose operations in Eastern Bengal are so largely carried on among the Musalmani population.

Since the return of Dr. Wenger to Calcutta, notwithstanding the extreme weakness of eyesight under which he labours, he has been proceeding with the Bengali Commentary on the Acts, with which he has advanced to the twelfth chapter, which is now in type. This commentary is one of the most useful of the manifold works for which the Bengali Church is under obligation to this venerable translator of the Scriptures. Much anxiety was lately felt when a sharp attack of illness greatly reduced his strength; but God was entreated for him, and he is now mercifully restored.

St. Helena Letter.

BY the favour of our esteemed Treasurer, we are enabled to put the following interesting letter before our readers:—

"My field of labour is not a large one. For population, our island about equals a good-sized English village, with this difference, that the people here (about 6,000) are dispersed over an island of rugged mountains, containing an area of about 30,000 acres, which involves constant travelling along narrow mountain roads, in dark nights and under tropical suns, in order to break to them the Bread of Life. Many of these roads are not wide enough for a horse to turn round in, and are bounded on the one hand by the steep and lofty hill-side,

or overhanging crags, that threaten to crush one with immediate death; and, on the other, by deep precipices unguarded by wall or fence of any kind. My predecessor, Mr. Bertram, the first Protestant Nonconformist missionary that ever came to live and labour for Christ among the neglected and mixed population of our rocky isle, was directed here by the promptings of God's Spirit, and a yearning desire for the salvation of perishing, but precious and immortal, souls. Assisted at the outset by Christian friends at the Cape, he landed here on July 14th,

1846. At that time there were only four or five persons on the island who had any experience of a work of grace wrought in their hearts by God's Spirit.

"For a considerable period the preaching of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God was carried on in such private dwellings as were open to receive this devoted servant of our Lord.

"Under his ministry the Word was a fire and a hammer in the hands of the mighty Spirit. The sword of the Lord did its work, and many who had long sat in darkness and in the region and shadow of death, had grace given them to stand out boldly on the Lord's side, contending earnestly for the faith, amid the opposition, sneers, and gainsaying of the Christless ungodly, who took up the old cry, 'Those who turn the world upside down have come hither also.' The starting of the mission was felt by many to be an unpardonable schism against the established religion, and an unwarrantable encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the Episcopal clergy, who did all that in them lay to suppress and hinder the good work; and, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, have honoured us with their warmest opposition down to this day.

"But, in spite of every opposition from earth and hell, the truth of our God prevailed. Congregations continued to assemble. Such houses as were open to receive the missionary of the Cross of Christ were crowded to overflowing. The Lord stood by defended His work, and pleaded His own cause. Sinners were converted and saved, and the Lord added to the Church such as should be saved.

"The first sermon preached upon the doctrine of Believer's Baptism by Immersion created no small stir about that way. Some, in an evil

spirit, rose up and left the place of meeting, went back, and walked no more with us; withdrew their support, and took the attitude of valiant opponents. Many, however, heard the Word gladly, and, like the noble Bereans searched the Scriptures daily to see whether these things were so.

"Unprejudiced hearers and searchers found the way of truth, became confirmed believers, and stood ready to submit themselves to the ordinance of the Lord: that, being planted together with Him in the likeness of His death, they might be also in the likeness of His resurrection.

"The first baptisms took place on the 2nd April, 1848, when forty-five acknowledged their Lord openly before a gainsaying and ungodly world.

"Other baptisms followed at subsequent periods, so that during the twenty years of Mr. Bertram's ministry, over 200 persons had been immersed on a profession of their faith in our Lord.

"During some portion of that time Mr. Bertram was, however, away from the island, visiting, successively, the Cape, America, and England, appealing for help on behalf of the mission, the ministry of the Word being supplied by a few 'chosen men of Israel' among us, whom God had specially gifted for that purpose.

"When I first arrived at the island, in December, 1865, the Church had, from various causes, been reduced in number to ninety-six members; and but few of these remain with us at this day. Some have left the Island, and many have fallen asleep rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. I was away from the island from April, 1868, till March, 1871, so that my pastoral care of the church extends over a period of about eight years, during which time it has been my joy to baptize, on a profession of faith, 186

persons, and restore nineteen backsliders to membership. In my absence, under the pastoral care of Mr. Kerr, six were baptized and two restored.

“The present number of members is, however, only 134. The great falling off in our shipping trade, and the reduction in our civil and military establishments has given rise to such general depression, that large numbers of our members have been compelled to emigrate, and find the employment at the Cape Colonies which they could not obtain here.

“Those who remain with us are, with very few exceptions, the very poor and labouring class. Since my first arrival at the island, two chapels have been erected at our country stations, Knollcombe and Sandy Bay. Also a large schoolroom in town, which are all free of debt.

“The oppressive debt, which you have so generously aided us in seeking to liquidate, exists upon the Chapel and Mission-house in Jamestown. The amount is about £568. And as the present resources of the people are taxed to the very utmost to meet current expenditure, the yearly gathering of the interest becomes a source of increasing anxiety, and prevents us from undertaking any of the repairs so necessary to be effected in the present dilapidated condition of the mission property. In 1874 we completed the *internal* repairs of our town chapel, and added raised baptistery and gallery at the end at a cost of £273 14s. This has all been substantially effected with teak wood. £450 of the debt is a mortgage which has been on the property from the time the chapel was erected. The remainder is due on account of these recent repairs.

“Our little enemy, the white ants, are, however, rapidly devouring the

old wooden roof, and it ought soon to be removed and replaced by teak and iron.

“The mission-house standing at the side of the town chapel, and intended as the pastor’s residence, is a complete ruin, the floors and all the woodwork being eaten away, and those parts of the walls that are not protected with an iron covering falling to the ground.

“The house that I have occupied for the last four years is a five-roomed thatched cottage, standing on the same small estate as our central country chapel and cemetery, at Knollcombe. But it is so sadly out of repair, and leaks so much in wet weather, that I shall be compelled to abandon it as soon as the summer season is over. I have long desired to provide it with a dry covering of galvanized iron; and, by the erection of fire-places, expel damp air in the wet seasons; but, with a sickly wife and six dear children to care for, my economical ingenuity is taxed to the very utmost.

“Its central position facilitates me in my work; and, being ten degrees cooler than town, it agrees better with my own and the health of my family. I should, therefore, feel devoutly thankful if it were the Lord’s good pleasure to open some way for getting it put in a state of tenable repairs, my strength being greatly prostrated by living continually in the burning heat of town.

“The interest awakened among the people to hear the Word preached is very encouraging. Our congregations in town and at the country stations are very good.

“Deep-rooted prejudices and superstitions are giving way, and pretensions to priestly claims are losing their hold on the minds of the people.

“Often, on Lord’s Day evenings, a congregation gathers outside the town

chapel doors almost as large as that which fills the inside of the building, chiefly consisting of 'church goers,' and the half-clad poor, who want to hear, but are ashamed to be seen inside the building. Persons who a few years since would as soon have thought of walking over a precipice as cross the threshold of our chapel door; or would have said, with Azael, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' now come frequently, or attend as regular hearers. We have also a larger number of soldiers and military men in regular attendance upon the Word preached than were ever known to attend before.

"The good moral character of these men, as contrasted with that of others in their profession, coupled with the eager attention manifested under the preaching of the Gospel, leads me to hope that the day is not far off when many of them will avouch the Lord to be their God, and become valiant soldiers of the Cross of Christ.

"We are frequently visited by a goodly number of seafaring men from passing ships; and the Judgment of the Great Day alone will manifest how many have received, and how many rejected, the counsel of God against themselves under the preaching of the glorious Gospel of the Ever-Blessed God.

"Our sittings have all, from the first, been free, and the cause entirely supported by voluntary offerings.

"Our three Sabbath schools gather in about 200 children each Lord's Day; and each month, periodicals, magazines, &c., are got out from the Sunday School Union, for distribution among them.

"We have also a small town day-school, which, from our inability to pay the salary of an efficient mistress, does not prosper as it should.

"To some extent connected with the Church is a society, called 'The Working Men's Christian Association,' its twofold object being to provide a sick relief and burial fund for its members, and, by that means, get them within our reach, so as to enlighten their dark minds with the light of the glorious Gospel of our Lord. It has been in existence four years, and now numbers between four and five hundred members, who chiefly consists of the lowest and most degraded class of our population.

"Sabbath afternoon services are conducted alternately by the president and myself. Prayer is also offered and the Scriptures read among them on Thursday nights, when they come to pay in their subscriptions.

"Although the great majority are only interested in the temporal benefits which the Society affords its members, yet very many have been wonderfully transformed in outward character, and some have become savingly acquainted with the grace of God.

"The 8th of next month is fixed for celebrating their fourth anniversary, on which occasion they march in procession from the sea-side to the chapel, listen to a short sermon, transact their annual business in the adjoining schoolroom, and in the evening I again meet and entertain them, the best of my ability, with my dissolving views apparatus.

"Mr. Bruce informs me in his letter that, having submitted his papers to the notice of the Rev. Birrell, of Rawdon College, he very kindly promised to take the matter up among his London friends.

"Should you, therefore, come into contact with him, I shall feel most grateful if you will make our case known to him as far as you can gather it from this short report.

"The amount for wanted for us as yet,

by our kind friend Mr. Bruce, is £31 8s. But he tells me that he has 'not yet exhausted all the arrows in his quiver.' I pray God that they may all hit the mark, and to His name shall be the glory.

"Doubting not that our gracious

Lord will raise up among those who may more abound in this world's goods than we do, many cheerful givers such as He loveth, and again thanking you for your practical Christian sympathy.

I am, yours, &c.,

W. J. COTTER.

Zenana Work.

PAPER BY MRS. HOBBS.

LOOKING back over a period of seventeen years, we cannot but be struck with the change that has passed over our own mind respecting the evangelization of the heathen. Could our faith have realized the fact, that the name of Jesus would one day (not far distant) be precious in Hindoo villages; that such blessed words as the following, "Jesus is with my spirit all the day and all the night: what need I more?" would fall from the feverish lips of dying Brahminees;—could our weak faith, I say, have foreseen such a result of Zenana teaching, doubtless our hands would have been nerved to 'much more active service for our Divine Master. We believed in the conversion of the Hindoo, for we knew that God had blessed the labours of His servants in various places throughout India; we knew that churches had been formed; that here and there, whole villages had renounced their idols, abandoned caste, and publicly declared their faith in, and love for Jesus. Many instances there were, of men, who having received the Gospel of Christ themselves, had brought along with them wives and children and come to live as Christians among Christians; and under the fostering care of the missionary, and in the shelter of the Christian village,

were able to bear with some degree of fortitude all the pains and penalties consequent upon the renunciation of the religion of their forefathers and the adoption of the faith of Jesus Christ. We rejoiced in these results, and hoped in some humble measure to be used in furthering them; but that unprotected women should be able to live among their Hindoo relatives, refuse to render homage to idols, refrain from heathen observances that were daily practised around them, and be able to rejoice in persecution, feeling the assurance that Jesus was sufficient for them;—this, I say again, was beyond the grasp of our strongest faith, and it was not till we had seen something of the power of the Divine word to bless and enlighten these dark homes, that we could fully appreciate the feeling of the Psalmist, when he said, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light! it giveth understanding to the simple." Blessed be God, He did not reward us according to the smallness of our faith, for He has given us to see large results already from Zenana teaching, in that many a dark home has now the light of the glorious Gospel within it, and many a tongue has learned to praise the Lord that ever the Gospel message found an entrance there.

PLEA FOR MORE ENERGY.

Should not such considerations as these, dear readers, nerve us to greater energy in this great and holy cause? Should we not by every means at our disposal seek to diffuse this light among the tens of thousands of poor women who still sit in darkness? "Time is short." The Master will soon come and call for an account of our stewardship. Will it be said of each of us, "She hath done what she could"? We confess to have often stood self-condemned, when one and another have put to us the question (in deprecatory tones), "How is it we have not heard these things before?" May we not have over-estimated the difficulties of getting at these people? Have we done quite right in paying respect so long to their prejudices, and in not taking to them the Word of Life till we could feel we were invited to do so? It is true the difficulties to be overcome are very great, but had we been more bold for God might He not have removed the barriers sooner? And the simple story of the love of Jesus, tenderly and earnestly set forth, will win its way where nothing else will make an impression. Never shall I forget a poor woman whom I was privileged to see but once. It was Sabbath morning, the last but one before I left Bengal. We had assembled for worship in a little upper room in the village of L—; singing and prayer were over, and Katie, a native Christian woman who was to carry on this service after I had left, was seated with a group of eight or nine women around her, reading to them and expounding one of the miracles of our Lord. I heard a footstep slowly ascend the stairs, and a gaunt-looking woman, the picture of grief, stood at the entrance of the room. Curiosity had led her there to see what was

going on. She did not venture nearer to us than the threshold, and stood for some minutes gazing vacantly around. I expected to see her turn and go down the steps again, but her eyes fell on the group around Katie, drinking in every word she was uttering about the loving Saviour—her manner is particularly gentle and winning—and the poor woman's attention was arrested. She drew nearer and listened for some time with rapt attention, and then suddenly striking her hands upon her bosom, she exclaimed—in such tones that I even hear them now—"O what words! they go to my heart; I never heard such words before." Katie at once rose from her seat, and entering into conversation with her new disciple, tried to show her that the religion of Jesus was suited for the heart of man or woman under all circumstances and conditions.

The following narrative of facts will serve to show our readers what a Hindoo village was without Gospel light; how that light was kindled, and some of the blessed results of the entrance of that light.

VISIT TO A BABOO'S HOUSE.

Having previously sent a native Christian woman into various villages, to make known to the people that we were desirous of giving instruction to the ladies in the Zenanas, and would pay our respects to any who would like to see us, we set out one afternoon in the cold season of 187- to visit the house of Baboo — in the village of T. The Baboo is a wealthy and influential gentleman of the old school, strictly adhering to the religion of his forefathers; and as he is the owner of the greater part of the village in which he resides, and no one there would care to do anything that he did not sanction, it was necessary for our purpose that we should get an interview with

his family first. On arriving at the village we were rudely stared at and questioned, and it was some time before any one would show us which was the Baboo's residence, or take a message from us to it. At length an old woman—hearing that we had come a long way, and seeing us fatigued by standing exposed to the burning sun—volunteered to go, and through her we made it known to the ladies, that we had brought some pretty specimens of needlework, and would like to show it to them if they would allow us to do so. It was not long before she returned and led the way to a verandah, where, behind a screen, the Baboo's wife was waiting to receive us. She was a nice-looking and intelligent lady, and was soon joined by her three daughters, a niece, and her mother-in-law. The old lady, like her son, was a rigid Hindoo. Miss W— exhibited the needlework, and asked the younger ladies if they would not like to learn to do it themselves. They thought that they would. We then told them that we could teach them to read and write also, and would be happy to have them for pupils; that many Hindeo ladies had begun to read, and we did not think they would like to be behind the ladies in other families. The Baboo's wife replied that she would much like to learn to work, and she would make known her wish to her husband and let us know his decision; her daughters also said, if that decision were favourable they would like to begin at once, if a teacher could be sent to the house; the niece expressed a wish to learn to read, but the grandmother here interfered to prevent all. The first young lady, she said, was too great an invalid to attempt working; the second was a thick head, and never could learn if she tried; to a third she said, "It will never do for you to begin working—

your husband's dinner will never be properly cooked if you do;" but to the poor girl who proposed learning to read, she said in solemn tones, "Do you wish to become a widow? you will soon be one if you do; for all the Hindoo women who have learned to read have become widows." As this is a very prevalent superstition among Hindoo women, it was easily believed, and, as my readers will suppose, was quite sufficient to check any further aspirations after learning in the young wives here present.

ENTRANCE INTO THE VILLAGE.

Thus our interview terminated, but we thought that having gained admission to the Baboo's house, we might also gain the ears of the poorer people, and so we walked through the village speaking a few words to those we met and asking them if they would not like to have a school for their girls to attend. And to the proposal a general assent was given, "if the Baboo would allow it." As we wished to gain the consent of the Baboo while the remembrance of our visit was fresh in the minds of the people, Mr. H., on the following morning, volunteered to visit him and prefer our request, and much to our gratification he consented to have a school opened for girls in the village, and to give us a room to hold it in, if we would supply the teacher. Accordingly, on the following Monday morning at six o'clock, accompanied by my husband, Mr. and Mrs. R—, and a native teacher, we set out to organize the school. The gentlemen selected the house for meeting in, and Mrs. R. and I got the children together. Nineteen girls enrolled as scholars that morning, and we were greatly encouraged; suitable books were distributed, and having seen the teacher fairly at her work we returned home,

promising to be present at the same hour the following morning. At the appointed time we set out alone for the village. The teacher was at her post, but instead of nineteen girls only ten were present, and we had again to canvass the village. On inquiring why the girls who had enrolled their names yesterday were not present to-day, we were told that if the missionary intended to find his way into the village school, the girls would not be allowed to attend; for an English gentleman could not have any good intentions to Bengali girls, and therefore they would not have a school there. We quieted their fears by telling them that gentlemen would never venture there again; that they had only gone on the first morning as the Baboo was to meet us for the purpose of giving a school-house, and making other necessary arrangements. This assurance having satisfied them, the girls returned, and for three or four weeks new scholars were added until we had about thirty in attendance.

PREJUDICE AND PERSECUTION.

In the meanwhile, two women had expressed a wish to learn to read and work in their own homes, if we would send a teacher. A teacher was accordingly sent to them, and she began her work with three pupils; but on the second day after commencing she was told by one of the women that she need not come to her again, because her neighbours had begun to persecute her. They had fastened her in her house by attaching an iron chain to the door, and she therefore feared to have anything more to do with the missionaries. One of the other women protested that she did not care what her neighbours might say or do; she intended to continue learning herself, and, if any of their

friends liked, they might come into her house to meet the teacher. Vain was her boast however, for only two more days had passed when her house was also closed; for when she arose in the morning she could not get out of her door, a heap of rubbish being piled up before it. She felt that such a manifestation of hostility boded no good to her, and that she too must give up learning. About the same time we heard that this was not the first time a school had been tried in this village, our predecessor in the mission having tried to keep a school open there, but without success, owing to the strong prejudices of some of the people; it was therefore not thought probable that we should be more successful. And yet *our school* did seem to be getting on. The children attended regularly and liked their teacher. Some of them were quick and made good progress, but we were closely watched. An old village pundit was sent to the school every day to see what we taught, and had begun to introduce books of his own to those who had gone beyond learning the alphabet—an indication to us that we might shortly expect some difficulty. One morning soon after, when visiting the school, we noticed two little girls who were reading fluently; they were the before-mentioned Baboo's own daughters, and had learned to read when Mrs. A. had had a school in the village. We were so pleased with them that we gave each of them a little book as a reward. To one we gave a little book that had been prepared for Zenana use by Mrs. Lewis—it is a pleasing narrative interspersed with Gospel teaching—but the next day it was returned to us through the teacher. The Baboo had said that he could not allow his children to read Christian books. At this we were not surprised, but we had thought it time

to introduce some Christian teaching into the school if the people would receive it.

One afternoon, about a week from this time, the teacher came to us with a request from the Baboo that we would not visit the school for at least ten days, because the people had certain ceremonies to perform which would be interfered with if Europeans came among them. We thought it strange; but the native teacher not being forbidden, we acceded and promised not to go. Before ten days had elapsed, the teacher had found out that some of her pupils were ill, some of them seriously so, and others were going about the village and even attending school covered with small-pox. All the people in the village who had not previously had it, had been inoculated with that terrible disease; it was now spreading fast in the village, and shortly afterwards several deaths occurred. We therefore suggested that the schools should be closed until the people were better, for we were really in great danger without knowing it. Mary, the teacher, had constantly come straight from the infected school and sitting down by our side had conversed and help us to prepare work for the children; besides she had three young children of her own, and had she taken the infection to them it would have spread among our Christian community; and yet when we suggested closing the school she said, "Memisahib, if we close the school we shall never get it open again, I have no fear for myself, let me go

on with it. Most of the children are too ill to come to school, but there are five or six that have not now been inoculated; they will continue to attend if we do not close it." We told her that though she had no fear for herself she might take the infection to others, and that would not be right even to do good; and so she consented, the school was closed for four weeks. At the end of that time she was back and tried to revive the school. God had mercifully kept us; no one of our people had small-pox though it had spread through several of the villages, and had been in some of the native houses in our little town. But our school had received its death-blow; more than eight or ten children never came back to it, and soon the number in attendance had dwindled down to five. Then it became necessary for Mr. H. to visit Baboo — again, to tell him that we could not afford to pay a teacher to instruct so small a number, and that unless he could induce a larger number to attend we should be obliged to withdraw her. He said he was very sorry the school should be closed, but he had no power to influence the people. We therefore tried for two more weeks, and as there was no improvement the school was closed. It was with a heavy heart that we left the people again to their own devices; but schools were by this time opened in two other places and with much more apparent success, for we were soon able to introduce a little Gospel teaching, and for this we thanked God and took courage.

Mr. Haegert's Work among the Santhals.

(From the Calcutta "Christian Spectator.")

THE following interesting account is from the pen of our missionary, the Rev. Thomas Evans, of Monghyr.

Mr. A. Haegert is a German by birth, and he came out to India some years ago as a young adventurer in search of worldly gain; and, although he did not succeed in accumulating a fortune, yet he was not without success during his secular career. His sterling integrity, pleasing manners, and business-like habits always won for him the esteem of his employers, so that he had raised himself into a position of trust under Government before he thought it his duty to give up all for the Gospel, and devote his life to missionary labour among the heathen.

His heart was greatly drawn towards the Santhals, and he became increasingly anxious to resign his situation and devote his life to mission labour among that people. While I fully appreciated his motive and deeply sympathized with his desires, I at the same time did not encourage him in his proposal to become a missionary; for I was under the impression that the somewhat singular hesitancy of speech under which he laboured would prove an effectual hindrance to his ever being able distinctly to pronounce the difficult dialect of the Santhals. I did not at first wish to tell him plainly that he could never preach to the people so as to be properly understood by them, so I hinted that the language was very difficult, and perhaps he might not be able to master it. He, however, thought that if God was sending him to the Santhals He could enable him to speak to them of Christ. I now put before him his temporal prospects under Government, and the great

disparity there would be between his present income and the small subsistence allowance he would get as a missionary to the Santhals; to which he said, "Money is no object with me; money is not worth living for; but to serve Christ and save souls is an object worthy of life. As for my support, food is all I need, and I have money enough myself to supply me for some years in food; and when my supply is gone, no doubt God will provide," &c.

I now told him plainly what my fears were regarding his difficulty of distinct articulation; and I said that my belief was that he could never so conquer this organic defect as to be able to preach *intelligibly* to the Santhals. I saw that this argument told upon him. He seemed sad and thoughtful, and said but little to me at the time; and I found afterwards that his heart was too full to speak to man, but he went home, and rolled his burden upon the Lord.

Some weeks after this I had occasion to ask him to conduct a cottage prayer-meeting for me, while I had an engagement to preach elsewhere. On the following morning he called upon me, and appeared unusually happy. After some inquiry about the prayer-meeting, he said smilingly, "We had a very good meeting; at least it was very good for *me*. You know that you have told me that my imperfect speech was a hindrance to my becoming a preacher to the Santhals. This has been a heavy burden on my heart; and I have many times of late prayed God to remove it, but without success.

Last night, however, the brethren joined with me in special request to God in this matter, and I feel that my tongue is set free, and that I am now able to speak more clearly than I used to. Don't *you* think so too?"

After his calling my attention to his manner of speech, I certainly thought there was a decided improvement in his articulation, and I could see no other way of accounting for it than that which he told me—the result of united, believing prayer; and as what appeared to me to have been an effectual hindrance in his way to mission labour had now been removed in answer to prayer, I could no longer discourage my young friend in his ardent desire to become a preacher to the heathen. The brethren at "Ebenezer" gladly accepted of his offer of service; and after due arrangements were made, he proceeded to his new work with a joyful heart, and was able, in the course of a few months, to begin to speak of the love of Christ to the Santhals in their own strange and difficult dialect.

After two years' work in connection with the brethren at Ebenezer, it was agreed that Mr. Haegert should leave that part of the country, and labour among the Santhals elsewhere on his own foundation, being no longer connected with the "Indian Home Mission." As he was anxious to secure a new field of independent labour, having now a pretty fair knowledge of the language, and a little money of his own, to make a start on fresh ground, he went in search of a suitable locality in which to settle down to work, and he found that the neighbourhood of Dhoodiana, where Mr. Cornelius had laboured for a while under the Indian Home Mission, was a most favourable place for mission work to the Santhals, it being far removed from all other missions, and being also the

centre of a district full of Santhali villages. As our young friend had no place to live in, he occupied for a time the little mud hut that had been forsaken by Mr. Cornelius when he left the place for Jamtara; but as soon as practicable, he secured a plot of ground in a still more suitable situation outside the village of Keira-bone; and there he built at his own expense a little house for himself, with a room in which to hold Divine service, and also wherein to collect the young for instruction. For some time he had to struggle hard against the prejudice and suspicion of the people; but, being able to effect a few remarkable cures among the sick, they began to regard the stranger who had thus, as they thought, mysteriously settled down amongst them as a *friend*, so that they soon gave him a welcome to their villages and houses, and often resorted to him for medical aid and help in trouble. Those who came from a distance and were sick, he took into his little house until they improved, and gave them not only medicine, but food as well; and, above all, directed them to Him who can heal the soul from the malady of sin.

For a while they could only wonder who this white man was, and why he should be so kind to the poor and the distressed; but, when they found out that he was but the humble disciple to Him who had given His own life a sacrifice for sinners, they began to ask more of the Master than of the servant; and when told what a friend Jesus was to the helpless and the lost, they became anxious to know if He would pity them too, and save them from evil. Our friend had now a fair opening for the Gospel of Peace, and he went about from village to village with medicine to heal the sick, and the message of salvation to save the lost. In the beginning of April, 1875,

Mr. Haegert began work in Kierboni; and on the 15th of May God gave him the first signal of success. At that time he wrote to me thus:—"I have blessed news. A *mahajun*, whose name is Bolai, has found peace in Christ. He has been reading a Bible he got from Cornelius for years, and is well acquainted with it. Two years ago he refused to pay the customary tribute to the village idol, on account of which his life was threatened, and the people said they would burn his house down. He had to apply to the Commissioner for protection, and by degrees hostilities ceased. About fourteen days ago he received light and salvation; and last Sunday I sold in his house sixteen Gospels to people who came to see me. In less than seven days I sold in all about forty Gospels."

Also, four other Santhals gave their hearts to Jesus—three from Telia and one from the village of Simla. Yesterday I had a long talk with them, and, on asking one of them if he thought that his sins were forgiven, he exclaimed, 'My sins are forgiven. I am so happy all day and all night that I cannot tell you.'

On the 12th of July he writes:—

"Saturday last I sent a small tent to Telia, and on Sunday morning I went there to baptize the candidates who had given evidence of faith in Christ. On arrival I found that one of them had been bound, and taken off by the head man to another village, to keep him from being baptized; but I went there and got him released, and we all went to Telia, where service was conducted, after which six men and five women professed their faith in Christ by baptism. May God keep them for His name's

sake, and make them fruitful! They are the *first* who dared to do right. Their troubles are begun already. One has lost his rice-field which he had cultivated for ten years; another's wife has left him, and the third's wife is going to forsake him; but God is with them, and all will be well."

And so it has proved. Several who drew back have again come forward, and have found peace in believing. Opposition is in a large measure giving way; and Mr. Haegert is cheered by addition after addition to the little flock which the Good Shepherd is gathering in from among the Santhals of this long-neglected district; and we may hope shortly to see whole villages coming over to the Christian faith.

My colleague, Mr. Jones, and myself were greatly delighted with what we saw of Gospel work among these people during our visit to Keiraboni in November last. It was quite evident that our devoted brother Haegert is doing a good and a great work, and we most cordially commend him and his labour of love to the sympathy and support of all who are interested in the spread of truth among the poor simple-minded sons and daughters of Santhalisthan.

We are glad to find that, although this devoted young man is not connected with any missionary society, he has received tokens of sympathy and means of support from a number of Christian friends in India, and it is to be hoped that now, when he has exhausted his own private funds, he will not want for means to carry on and extend the good work which has been so auspiciously begun, and so signally blessed of God.

Coveting Mission Funds.

A COMMUNICATION appeared in the *Tribune* recently, representing the great need that something should be done for Liberia. Facts were stated, showing that the republic is really in a precarious condition, and appealing with great force to the sympathies of all who wish well to the enterprise of planting a Christian civilised community of descendants of Africans upon the soil of their ancestral home. But the writer thought it good to mix with his appeal a gratuitous slur upon foreign missions. "Why," he asks, "should we devote so much missionary money to Hindostan, to Turkey, to China, and other quarters which other Christian nations may well attend to, and give so little heed to Ethiopia? Of all the people on the face of the earth, we of the United States are the most beholden to Africa. To bestow, as we do, some half a million of dollars every year upon the religious education of British subjects in India, and neglect our own subjects who have heroically emigrated to the barbarous wilds of Africa, reflects discreditably on our character."

In a similar spirit, we sometimes hear calls for help to local charities enforced by cutting sarcasms at the expense of people who are more concerned for the heathen of "Borriboola Gha" than for the poor at our own doors. We have even heard unwise advocates of home missions hint that home fields should have a larger share of missionary funds than they receive. They are unwise; because the most liberal donors to home missions are those who also give to foreign missions, and an attack upon them for one form of benevolence is a poor way of opening their hearts to

the claims of another. Such criticisms seem to assume that all the money that can be had for benevolent purposes in any year is gathered up, and that, if any cause comes short of its needed supply, the only remedy is to divide with some other cause. And the cause that can be drawn upon most plausibly, they suppose, is that of foreign missions. But the fact is far otherwise. Among professed Christians there are multitudes who give little or nothing to missionary or charitable purposes. Money expended in providing for ourselves comfortable places in which to worship, and appliances for the externals of worship, such as bells and bell-ringing, organs and organ-playing, is not given in charity. It is expended as truly for ourselves as if it bought clothes to wear at church, or horses and carriages to convey us thither. But if this be an extreme view, and money for church expenses of all kinds should be counted as benevolent gifts, it still remains true that multitudes of church members, and of those who feel entitled to censure church members on the subject, give little or nothing for the cause of Christ or the welfare of their fellow men. If, therefore, any form of human necessity calls for relief, the money to be called for is not that which has already been given and properly appropriated, but the money that has not been given.

Ye who think too much money is expended in giving the Gospel to the destitute and perishing, and who are, of course, not guilty of assisting in such waste, *you* are the ones who should put your hands in your pockets—not into the mission treasury—and give according to the largeness of your sympathy and the judicial discrimina-

tion with which you compare the style of charity. But there is one still cheaper — assuming to dispose with superior wisdom of money given by others. Giving to “distant heathen” is esteemed by some people a cheap

Missionary Notes.

Our friends will rejoice to hear that the Rev. John Landels, of Kirkcaldy— eldest son of Dr. Landels—has been accepted as a missionary for Italy, where his brother William is already at work. Mr. Landels proposes to leave for Italy next May.

As first-fruits of the plan recently adopted in the Rev. H. S. Brown's church at Liverpool for raising mission funds, Mr. Mornsey, the earnest director of the movement, sends us a list of upwards of *three hundred subscribers*, with the address of each. Will not many churches do likewise?

Mrs. Hormazdji Pestonji, wife of our respected missionary at Poonah, has arrived in this country. She has brought two of her children with her, the health of one of them necessitating this change.

“In the twenty years from 1855 to 1875 the number of native clergy in the South-Indian missions of the Church Missionary Society has risen from ten to seventy-five; of communicants, from 5,147 to 12,728; of baptised Christians, from 22,355, to 48,928; of professing Christians, including catechumens, from 33,231 to 63,258.”

The first Christian church in Constantinople was founded in 1846; there are now seventy-six in the Turkish empire, about a third of which are self-supporting and all self-governing. Four “Evangelical Unions” have been formed for mutual counsel and aid; one at Harpoot, in Mesopotamia, of twenty-six churches; another in Southern Asia Minor of twenty-three churches; another in Central Asia Minor of eight churches, and another in Bithynia of eleven churches. Connected with these churches are 3,303 members, and congregations numbering 13,000, with a population of over 18,000 native Protestants.

We announce, with much pleasure, that Mrs. Robert Smith, widow of our late brother, Robert Smith, of the Cameroons, arrived in New York on the first day of the year, and at her home in Rochester, U.S.A., on the second, after a pleasant voyage, and in good health.

The *Chinese Recorder* gives a very interesting sketch of mission work in Fuh-Chau. The missionaries of the American Board were the first to occupy the city. The first ten years, from 1847 to 1857, but one convert was received. Four years after the first convert was baptized, 1860, there were 13 communi-

cants. Now there are 162, of whom 50 are women. There are seven organized churches, six ordained missionaries, and seven ladies, eighteen outstations, and two colporteurs and one Bible-woman. The missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church began their work in Fuh-Chau the same year the mission of the American Board was established. They have now eighty outstations, eighty chapels, and 2,083 members. In connection with the mission there are six ordained missionaries and eight ladies. The Church Missionary Society established a mission in Fuh-Chau in 1857, but no statistics of recent date are at hand.

The New Hebrides have a population of about 200,000 savages. No missionary work has yet been done in the larger and northern islands; but there is a Presbyterian mission in the southern islands, which has won some of them to Christianity. The first attempt to establish a mission in this group was made in 1839. In that year the London Missionary Society sent out the celebrated John Williams to explore the islands, with a view of planting a mission. Mr. Williams landed on Erromanga; but the savages only suffered him to live among them a day or two, when he and his companion, Mr. Harris, were put to death. A few years later other missionaries were sent out, and Aneityum was occupied. In 1852 thirteen people were baptized on this island, as the first fruits of mission work in the group. Three missionaries have been murdered in Erromanga since Williams's death—one as late as 1872. The mission now extends to ten islands, and is carried on by the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and the Presbyterian Church of Australia. Ten missionaries are employed, who are assisted by seventy native teachers. There are 743 members, several thousand hearers, and 63 schools, with 2,000 scholars. Two of the islands, Aneityum and Anima, with a population of about 3,000, have abandoned idolatry and embraced Christianity. In the former a printing-press is established, the New Testament has been printed in the Aneityum language, and it is expected the translation of the Old Testament will be put to press next year. The missionaries have the use of a mission schooner, of 110 tons, to communicate with each other and with the several islands comprised in their field.

Subjects for the Missionary Prayer Meeting.

1. God's blessing on the brethren engaged in Bible translation, and on the circulation of the Scriptures in India.
2. The work done in the Zenanas: that God would open many more of them, and dispose the women of India to receive the Gospel.
3. Continued and increased prosperity for the work in St. Helena.
4. The work in Italy: that God will bless our brethren there and our brother recently accepted for it.
5. Great blessing to rest on the numerous missionary meetings to be held this month.

[APRIL, 1877.]

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

ANNUAL SERVICES

OF THE

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 18TH.

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Members' Meeting will be held in the Library of the Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn. The Rev. C. Bailhache will preside. Chair to be taken at Seven o'clock.

Officers of Sunday Schools and Young Men's Auxiliaries are cordially invited to attend.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 19TH.

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER MEETING.

A Meeting for Special Prayer, on behalf of the Missions of the Society, will be held in the Library of the Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, at Eleven o'clock. The Rev. Dr. GOTCH, of Bristol, will preside.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 20TH.

WELSH ANNUAL MEETING.

A Public Meeting will be held, on behalf of the Society, in the Library of the Mission House. Chair to be taken at Seven o'clock. Several speakers are engaged, and there will be certain selections of vocal music during the evening.

Lord's Day, April 22nd.

ANNUAL SERMONS.

The usual Annual Sermons in the chapels of the Metropolis will be preached as follows:—

PLACES.	MORNING.	EVENING.
Abbey Road, St. John's Wood	Collection later	this year.
Acton	Rev. C. M. Longhurst	Rev. J. W. Lance.
Addlestone	Rev. W. Hanson.	Rev. W. Hanson.
Alie Street		
Alperton	Rev. J. P. Barnett .	Rev. J. P. Barnett.
Arthur Street, Camberwell Gate	Rev. Jas. J. Brown .	Rev. J. Dann.
Arthur Street, King's Cross .		
Balham	Rev. J. Culross, D.D. .	Rev. J. Drew.
Barking		
Barking Road	Rev. R. Littlehales .	Rev. F. Trotman.
Barnes		
Battersea	Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A.	Rev. W. Sampson.
„ Surrey Lane	Rev. A. F. Riley .	Mr. C. B. Chapman.
Battersea Park	Rev. W. H. King .	Rev. A. F. Riley.
Belvedere	Rev. W. D. Elliston .	Rev. W. D. Elliston.
Bloomsbury	Rev. A. Raleigh, D.D.	Rev. J. P. Chown
Bow	Rev. J. W. Lance .	Rev. J. Stock, LL.D.
Brentford, Park Chapel	Rev. J. H. Patterson .	Rev. A. C. Gray.
Brixton Hill, New Park-road	Rev. E. Medley, B.A..	Rev. R. Glover.
Brixton, Cornwall Road		
„ Wynne Road		
„ Gresham Chapel		
Bromley, Kent	Rev. J. R. Chamberlain.	Rev. J. R. Chamberlain.
Brompton, Onslow Chapel	Rev. J. Landels .	Rev. W. H. King.
Camberwell, Denmark Place . . .	Rev. G. Short, B.A. .	Rev. J. Culross, D.D.
„ Cottage Green	Rev. G. D. Evans .	Rev. T. Thomas, D.D.
Camden Road	Rev. H. R. Pigott .	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Castle St., Oxford Mrkt (Welsh)	Rev. Seth Jones .	Rev. Seth Jones.
Chadwell Heath	Rev. D. Taylor (Apr. 29)	Mr. J. Templeton, FRGS.
Chalk Farm, Berkeley Road	Rev. S. H. Booth .	Rev. J. W. Ashworth
„ Peniel Tabernacle.		
Charles St., Camberwell New Rd.	Rev. R. Shindler .	Rev. R. Shindler.
Cheam	29th April	Mr. C. B. Chapman.
Chelsea, Lower Sloane Street . . .	Rev. G. J. Knight .	Rev. G. J. Knight.
Clapham Common	Rev. J. Smith .	Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A.
Clapton, Downs Chapel	Rev. J. Stuart .	Rev. S. H. Booth.
Commercial Street	Rev. T. Jones .	Rev. T. Jones.
Crayford	Rev. H. Kitching .	Rev. H. Kitching.
Croydon		
Dalston Junction	Rev. A. A. Bird .	Rev. A. A. Bird.
Dartford	Rev. A. Sturge . 15th	April.
Deptford, Octavia Street	Rev. E. Morley .	Rev. W. Norris.
Drummond Road, Bermondsey . . .	Rev. W. Whale .	Rev. E. Spurrier
Dulwich, Lordship Lane		
Ealing		
East London Tabernacle	Rev. A. G. Brown .	Rev. A. G. Brown.
Eldon Street (Welsh)		
Erith	Rev. J. E. Martin .	Rev. J. E. Martin.
Esher	Rev. W. Woods .	Rev. W. Woods.
Finsbury Park		

PLACES.	MORNING.	EVENING.
Forest Hill	Rev. J. T. Wigner . . .	Rev. J. W. Todd, D.D.
Gravesend		
Greenwich, Lowisham Road	Rev. J. H. Blake . . .	Rev. J. H. Blake.
" South Street	Rev. G. Barrans . . .	Rev. G. Barrans.
Grove Road, Victoria Park	Rev. A. Walker . . .	Rev. G. D. Evans.
Gunnersbury	Sermons in	September.
Hackney, Mare Street	Rev. P. G. Scorey . . .	Rev. G. Gould.
" Grove Street	Rev. T. H. Morgan . . .	Rev. T. H. Morgan.
Hackney Road, Providence Ch.	Rev. J. Bloomfield . . .	Rev. A. Walker.
Hammersmith, West End Ch.	Rev. C. Bailbache . . .	Rev. J. Smith.
" Avenue Road	Rev. R. James . . .	Rev. C. Graham.
Hampstead Heath Road	Rev. J. Smith . . .	Rev. M.A. Sherring, LL.B.
Hanwell	London Mission	this year. [April 29.
Harlington	Rev. C. W. Skemp . . .	Rev. C. W. Skemp.
Harrow-on-the-Hill	Rev. W. Doke . . .	Rev. W. Doke.
Hawley Road, St. Paul's Ch.	London Mission	this year.
Highbury Hill	Rev. J. Glover . . .	Rev. W. S. Chedburn.
Highgate	Rev. W. S. Chedburn . . .	Rev. J. Stuart.
" Southwood Lane	Rev. C. Griffiths . . .	Rev. C. Griffiths.
Hornsey, Campsbourne Park	Rev. T. G. Atkinson . . .	Rev. T. G. Atkinson.
Hounslow, Providence Ch.	Rev. T. Thomas . . .	Rev. T. Thomas.
Islington, Cross Street	Rev. O. Flett . . .	Rev. G. McMichael, B.A.
" Salters' Hall Chapel	Rev. T. M. Morris . . .	Rev. J. Owen.
James Street, Old Street	Rev. G. Chandler . . .	Rev. G. Chandler.
John Street, Bedford Row	Rev. J. Collins . . .	Rev. G. Short, B.A.
" Edgware Road		
Kilburn		
Kingsgate Street	Rev. W. H. Burton . . .	Rev. J. Bloomfield.
Kingston-on-Thames	Rev. H. Bayley . . .	Rev. H. Bayley.
Lee	Rev. Samuel Cox . . .	Rev. J.M. Stephens, B.A.
Leyton	Rev. W. H. Payne . . .	Rev. W. H. Payne.
Little Wild Street	Rev. T. Hanger . . .	Mr. H. Capern.
Lower Edmonton	Rev. D. Russell . . .	Rev. D. Russell.
Maze Pond	Rev. J. Owen . . .	Rev. R. James.
Metropolitan Tabernacle	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon . . .	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
Moor Street		
New Bexley, Trinity Ch.		
New Cross, Brockley Road	Rev. G. Gould . . .	Rev. J. T. Wigner.
" Hatcham Ch.	Rev. J. T. Cole . . .	Rev. T. Hanger.
New Malden	Rev. J. Howe . . .	Rev. J. Howe.
New Southgate	Rev. H. Wilkin . . .	Rev. H. Wilkin.
North Bow	Rev. R. R. Finch . . .	Rev. G. Stevens.
North Finchley	Rev. J. Parker . . .	Rev. J. Parker.
Notting Hill, Cornwall Road	Rev. J.M. Stephens, B.A.	Rev. E. G. Gange.
" Tabernacle		
Oaklands Ch., Shepherd's Bush	Rev. W. Griffiths . . .	Rev. W. Griffiths.
Peckham, Park Road	Rev. T. Thomas, D.D.	Rev. E.C. Mitchell, D.D.
" James's Grove		
Penge	Rev. G. Samuel . . .	Rev. G. Samuel.
Plumstead		
Poplar, Cotton Street	Rev. J. Haslam . . .	Rev. I. Birt, B.A.
Potter's Bar		
Putney, Union Ch.	Rev. C. Stanford . . .	Rev. R.A. Redford, LL.B.
Regent's Park	Rev. H. S. Brown . . .	Rev. H. S. Brown.
Regent Street, Lambeth		
Richmond, Park Shot	Rev. R. H. Bayly . . .	Rev. R. H. Bayly.

PLACES.	MORNING.	EVENING.
Roehampton, Grauard Ch.	Sermons at	later date.
Romford	Rev. W. A. Hobbs	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Romney Street, Westminster	Rev. G. B. Thomas	Rev. J. Haslam.
Rotherhithe, Midway Place	Rev. I. Birt, B.A.	Rev. E. Morley.
Shooter's Hill Road	Rev. W. Norris	Rev. Jas. J. Brown.
Spencer Place Ch.	Rev. E. D. Wilks	Rev. E. D. Wilks.
Stockwell	Rev. D. N. Jordan, B.A.	Rev. D. N. Jordan, B.A.
Stoke Newington, Bouverie Road	Rev. J. D. Rodway	Rev. J. D. Rodway.
„ Devonshire Square Ch.	Rev. J. T. Collier	Rev. J. T. Collier.
„ Wellington Road	Rev. J. Stock, LL.D.	Rev. O. Flett.
Stratford Grove	Rev. J. Tuckwell	Rev. J. Tuckwell.
Streatham		
Sutton	Rev. J. Penny	Rev. J. Penny.
Tottenham	Rev. J. W. Ashworth	Rev. P. G. Scorey.
„ West Green	Rev. G. McMichael, B.A.	Rev. W. Whale.
Twickenham		
Upper Holloway	Rev. J. Lewitt	Rev. J. Lewitt.
Upper Norwood	Rev. J. J. Brown	Rev. J. J. Brown.
Upton Chapel	Rev. W. Sampson	Rev. J. H. Patterson.
Vernon Chapel	Collection	in June.
Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth Road	Rev. J. Dann	Rev. F. Trestrail, F.R.G.S.
Victoria Docks, Union Ch.	Rev. F. Trotman	Rev. B. Littlehales.
Walworth Road	Rev. E. G. Gauge	Rev. T. M. Morris.
Waltham Abbey	Rev. W. Jackson	Rev. W. Jackson.
Walthamstow, Wood Street	London Mission	this year.
Wandsworth, East Hill	Rev. J. Drew	Rev. J. Landels.
Westbourne Grove	13th May.	Rev. J. Smith.
Wood Green		
Woolwich, Queen Street	Rev. T. Nicholson	Rev. T. Nicholson.
„ Parson's Hill	Rev. J. Turner	Rev. J. Turner.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY SERVICES.

The following services for the young will be held in connection with the Missionary Anniversary on the afternoon of Sunday, 22nd April, 1877. The Services as a rule commence at three o'clock, and terminate at a quarter past four. The Hymns, and one of the tunes, are printed in the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*.

HENRY CAPERN, Sec. Y. M. M. A.

NAME OF CHAPEL.	SPEAKER.
Abbey Road, St. John's Wood	Mr. F. E. Tucker.
Acton	Rev. C. M. Longhurst.
Arthur Street, King's Cross	(Unites with Vernon.)
Balham	Rev. B. C. Etheridge.
Battersea, York Road	Rev. J. C. Parry.
Berkeley Road, Chalk Farm	Mr. T. Pavitt.
Bermondsey, Drummond Road	Mr. A. Gurney Smith.
Bloomsbury	Rev. J. P. Chown.
Bow	Mr. W. J. Hurry.
Brentford	Mr. H. Dixon.
Brixton, Gresham Chapel	
Brixton Hill	Rev. W. H. McMechan.
Bromley	Mr. R. S. Latimer,
Brompton, Onslow	Rev. W. H. King.

NAME OF CHAPEL.	SPEAKER.
Camberwell, Arthur Street	Mr. W. Appleton.
Camberwell, Charles Street	Rev. I. Allen, M.A.
Camberwell, Cottage Green	Mr. T. L. Johnson.
Camberwell, Denmark Place	Rev. W. Etherington.
Camden Road	Rev. H. B. Pigott.
Clapham Common	Mr. S. Watson.
Clapton, Downs Chapel	Mr. J. Milton Smith.
Cornwall Road, Notting Hill	Mr. H. Capern.
Crayford	Mr. S. A. Comber.
Cromer Street	(Unites with John Street.)
Croydon, West	Mr. E. J. Hewett.
Ealing	Mr. J. Smith.
Esher... ..	Mr. S. C. Davies.
Fonthill Road, Finsbury Park	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Goswell Road, Charles Street	Mr. H. C. Patton.
Grove Road, Victoria Park	Mr. T. B. Woolley.
Hackney, Grove Street	Mr. H. M. Heath.
Hackney, Mare Street	Rev. J. C. Page.
Hackney, Providence	Rev. J. Bloomfield.
Hammersmith	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Hatcham	Rev. T. J. Cole.
Highgate	Mr. L. Tucker.
Islington, Cross Street	Mr. W. Keen.
Islington, Salters' Hall	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
James Street, St. Luke's	Mr. White.
John Street	Rev. S. G. Green, D.D.
Kingsgate Street	Mr. B. W. Chandler.
Lambeth, Regent Street	Rev. J. B. Brasted.
Lambeth, Upton Chapel	Rev. W. Sampson.
Lee, High Road	
Little Alie Street	(Unites with Commercial Street.)
Lower Edmonton	Mr. J. J. Ellis.
Maze Pond	Mr. H. G. Gilbert.
Metropolitan Tabernacle	Rev. J. Smith.
Peckham, James' Grove	Rev. H. Chettleborough.
Peckham, Park Road	
Peckham, Rye Lane	Mr. G. T. Congreve.
Poplar, Cotton Street	Mr. W. Bishop.
Regent's Park	Col. Griffin.
Romford	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Rotherhithe	Mr. W. C. Harvey.
Stratford Grove	Mr. J. C. Foster.
Stoke Newington, Devonshire Square	Mr. A. Patton.
Tottenham, High Road	Mr. S. P. Yates.
Tottenham, West Green	
Upper Holloway	Rev. J. Lewitt.
Vernon Square	Mr. C. Barnard.
Walthamstow, Wood Street	
Walworth, East Street	Mr. J. G. Plumb.
Walworth, Ebenezer	(Unites with Walworth Road.)
Walworth Road	Mr. W. C. Fink.
Wandsworth, East Hill	Mr. Alfred H. Baynes.
Wandsworth Road	Rev. F. Trestail.
Westbourne Grove... ..	Services 13th May. Rev. J. Smith.
Westminster, Romney Street	Mr. W. E. Beal.
Woolwich, Queen Street	Mr. S. W. Bowser.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 23RD.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in Bloomsbury Chapel, Holborn. Chairman, EDWARD B. UNDERHILL, Esq., LL.D., the Treasurer of the Society. Speakers: The Revs. T. V. TYMMS, of Clapton; JAS. SMITH, of Delhi; J. C. PAGE, of Darjeeling; and W. HILL, the Secretary of the General Baptist Missionary Society.

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 24TH.

ANNUAL MEMBERS' MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Members of the Society will be held in the Library of the Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn. Chair to be taken at half-past ten o'clock by ELISHA ROBINSON, Esq., of Bristol.

This Meeting is for Members only. All subscribers of 10s. 6d. or upwards, donors of £10 and upwards, pastors of churches which make an annual contribution, or ministers who collect annually for the Society are entitled to attend.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 25TH.

ANNUAL MORNING SERMON.

The Committee announce with much pleasure that the Rev. ROBERT RAINY, D.D., Principal of the Free Church College, Edinburgh, will preach the Annual Morning Sermon on behalf of the Society at Bloomsbury Chapel. Service to commence at 12 o'clock.

ANNUAL EVENING SERMONS.

Instead of the one evening sermon, there will be four in London, as follows:—

North.
UPPER HOLLOWAY CHAPEL.
Rev. Samuel Chapman (Glasgow).

East.
MARE STREET CHAPEL,
HACKNEY.
Rev. James Thew (Leicester).

South.
DENMARK PLACE CHAPEL,
CAMBERWELL.
Rev. Henry Platten (Birmingham).

West.
WESTBOURNE GROVE CHAPEL,
BAYSWATER.
Rev. James Owen (Swansea).

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 26TH.

PUBLIC MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

The Annual Meeting will be held at Exeter Hall on the evening of April 26th, at which Mr. Alderman BARRAN, M.P., of Leeds, has kindly consented preside. The Revs. W. M. STATHAM, of Harecourt Chapel, Canonbury;

CHARLES H. SPURGEON, of London ; one of the Missionaries of the Society ; and SAMUEL DANKS WADDY, Esq., Q.C., M.P., have consented to speak. The Chair will be taken at 6 o'clock.

Tickets for the Meeting may be obtained at the Mission House, or at the Vestries of the Chapels of the Metropolis.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 27TH.

A MISSIONARY BREAKFAST

Will be held in Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, on behalf of the Zenana Mission in India. Speakers: Revs. ISAAC ALLEN, M.A., and W. A. HOBBS, Missionaries from India, and the Rev. W. G. LEWIS, of Westbourne Grove.

Breakfast at Quarter to Nine o'clock. Tickets Half-a-crown each, to be had at the Mission House ; and of the Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. ANGUS and Mrs. FRANK SMITH ; and of Members of the Committee. As admission is only by Ticket, it is necessary that application should be made beforehand.

Work of the Baptist Missionary Society in Brittany.

(From the *Freeman*.)

WE have great pleasure in inserting the following communication :—

MORLAIX, March 6.

DEAR SIRS,—Will you kindly allow me through the columns of your very useful paper to appeal to my numerous friends in England and Wales, and to all those who have at heart the evangelisation of the Breton people, in favour of a work in which we need a little help just now ? I refer to that which is being carried on at the Madeleine, a village a mile from our town of Morlaix. Three years ago circumstances led us to believe that a cause might successfully be started in this quarter ; and meetings were begun for the Breton working people, who form the bulk of its population. These meetings were at first of a very humble nature, and were attended by a small number of Roman Catholics ; we met in a very inconvenient place, a kind of garret occupied by our aged colporteur, Omnes. The number of attendants began, however, to increase as our meetings became better known, and before a year had elapsed the room had become too small, and we had to look for another. One was secured in a well-situated house, and immediately fitted up for the purpose. From that time our congregation of Roman Catholics, which averaged fifty, steadily increased, and, what is better, showed a lively interest in the meetings. We had, however, hardly settled in our new quarters when the house was put up for sale and we were threatened with dismissal. Pressed by necessity, we appealed to some friends and to our own committee, and by their generous and timely aid we were able to purchase the house and the adjoining piece of land at a small cost. The meetings continued regularly, and the

work strengthened ; but another trouble was at hand. The room in which we met, and which occupied the whole area of the house, again became too small, and so uncomfortable that, lest the work should suffer, we determined upon building a larger place. Having obtained the promise of a part of the funds needed, we immediately set to work, trusting to the liberality of friends at home for the rest. The new premises will be ready for use within a month ; they are intended to supply a double need, a place of meeting and a school, which is in course of formation. The whole cost will not exceed £200, but of this £80 is wanting still.

At no other period in my recollection has the time been more favourable than the present one for a special effort in Brittany. The minds of the people are awakened, and numbers who, a few years ago, would have scrupled coming in contact with us, come and listen now willingly ; whilst, on the other hand, under the present form of government, a greater amount of freedom is enjoyed than had been known since 1848. What we are doing at the Madeleine we hope to be able to do in other sub-stations during the coming years. Only let the work be helped as it well deserves to be, and I feel confident that before long we shall hear of great things from Lower Brittany.

ALFRED LLEWELYN JENKINS.

Subscriptions to be sent directly to Mr. Jenkins, Morlaix, or Alfred H. Baynes, Esq., Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C.

A Bible Tour in Sicily.

BY THE REV. JAMES WALL.

THE condition of Sicily having recently occupied the attention of the English public, these notes of my visit to that island may be additionally interesting to your readers. I crossed over to Sicily from Reggio, where the Apostle Paul spent a day on his way to Rome, and which he left rather suddenly on account of the rising of the favourable south wind. The views around Reggio are remarkable for their loveliness. The weather was fine. The clouds had risen, and lay beyond the Sicilian mountains like a veil thrown back. The eastern shore stretched beyond our view, varying from rugged rocks to peaceful bays, now green with orange groves, or brown with fresh tilled vineyards ; now solemn with olive slopes, or gay with smiling villas ; here sinking softly to the deep blue waters, cradled, sleeping, and smiling like a child ; there rising ten thousand feet through lava fields to Etna, girdled with snow, capped with purple mist or smoke, peaceful, like an eagle on the cyrie, but waiting to spread its dark wings and grasp cities with its claws of fire. Our route lay through the Straits of Messina, between Scylla and Charybdis. We saw nothing of the

classic whirlpool. In the narrow part of the strait the current south was so strong that the steamer laboured hard and the spray dashed high. On each side this furious current there was a treacherous calm. I am persuaded that no sailing vessel could have gained the open sea without the most dexterous tacking, in executing which the danger would be great of running on the rocks; hence the ancient mariner heard the dogs howl as he passed, and saw the fatal forms shoot among the whirling water.

After twelve hours' rough sea we entered the port of Palermo at day-break. As the dawn spread among the mountains the magnificent scene seemed to open like a flower. The dim surrounding hills which enclose the city slowly unfolded as we drew near; the shores and suburbs, bright with many tints, seemed to bend back; and Palermo, with its domes and towers, came glittering in view. After the agitation of the sea the calm of the port seemed doubly calm. Ships of various nations were resting at their anchors. Busy thousands of workpeople were hurrying along the streets to the temples of toil. Passing through them, I soon found myself installed in a small, dingy, dirty room looking into a still more dirty and dingy court-yard. Evidences of the extreme superstition of a portion of the population are often seen.

Having had a box containing a thousand New Testaments forwarded to my address, I was anxious to commence selling them, and thus find myself face to face with the population. Bible work is of the utmost importance, because it gives the servant of Christ the most valuable opportunities of preaching the Gospel. Here the Bible-man is the only open-air preacher, the only itinerant evangelist. He can reach and speak to the millions who never think of entering a meeting even if they had the opportunity, and these millions form their opinion of the Gospel from him who, as far as their knowledge goes, is its only representative. His manner, dress, looks, words are closely scrutinised. If in communion with his Lord, the Gospel lives in and works through him. The enemy rages, and is thus unmasked. Hidden ones of Christ come timidly to the front. Many stand round in perplexity. The tradesmen come to the shop door, the women appear at the windows, the eye of authority is attracted, the spies of the priests are set in motion, while he searches the crowd for those eyes which express the hunger of the soul, and those faces which seem to glow with precursory grace. To such a few clear tones of Gospel truth bring jubilee. They drink in the message; they give quick-nodding assent, glance thankfulness, and warmly grasp your hand in sign of established friendship. Taking with me a large number of testaments, and several persons to assist, I went to the very centre of the city. It was difficult at first to get any

passer-by to look at us. A gentleman soon took a copy, and while he was examining it another did the same. A group soon formed, which soon became a congregation, and would have been a crowd unless I had taken measures to prevent it. In three hours we sold 221 copies of the New Testament. The persons who purchased were more generally merchants and shopkeepers, with a large proportion of civil and military officers. All listened respectfully to the Gospel which I uttered; many approved, and one, a venerable old man, raised his voice to testify to the value of the Book, and to invite others to procure it for themselves. We were neither molested by the people nor questioned by the authorities. A few Papists grinned at us from a distance, and some poor silly tool of the priest came by night and tore a Testament up before the house they saw us come from. With these exceptions, of the eight or ten thousand persons who, passing by or entering our circle, heard and saw the work, no one seemed to object, and many to approve.

After such an answer to prayer, which showed that by this mode of sale thousands of copies could be sold, and Christ announced to tens of thousands of souls in Sicily, as well as elsewhere, I sought to persuade some of the native converts to undertake the work, and succeeded in finding a bookseller who consented to sell the New Testament at his stall.

On the following morning I left for Trapani, a city at the extremity of Sicily, within sight of Africa, where for five months some brethren had been waiting for me to pay them a visit. The weather was bad, the wind blustering. A friend, who had engaged my berth, arranged to get me on board. Instead of a carriage to take us round, we engaged a boat to take us across the port. This has an opening to the sea, which we crossed with some annoyance and a partial soaking. The steamboat in which we now started was small, and crowded with soldiers on their way to repress brigandage. We had not been at sea an hour before we found ourselves in a squall. The wide-sea circle filled with trampling waves, which whitened with foam and then disappeared in rain and mist. The hail seemed to cut like glass, every cord hissed like a snake, and the ship seemed to go groaning through the storm. Below deck things were not much better. By a sudden lurch the dinner service was swept from the table, and each cabin seem to be tumbling occupants and furniture over. All this, however, soon ceased, and we reached Trapani in the evening, with the sky clear and the sun shining.

On landing I was saluted by a Christian young man, of whom we shall hear more in the future. That same evening several of the brethren, who had months before separated from the Waldenses, came to the hotel. On

the following morning nine brethren were present, and in the evening the bedroom was crowded. After prayer and reading of the Scriptures, I offered to answer any questions that might be put to me. This mode of conducting the meeting allowed me to prolong it until late at night. These brethren were most anxious to know our views on the independence of the church and the baptism of the believer. I explained to them how individuals or churches, in order to walk by faith or as Christians, must be free, and how persons who submitted to the command of our Lord on baptism must be orderly if consistent; that faith and baptism—first principles of Christianity—meant liberty and order, or order as the consequence of liberty; that Christians freed from the trammels of ecclesiastical tyrannies, and walking by faith, necessarily follow the Lord and His apostles. They were warned against those who, by preaching the apostasy of the Church of Christ, have, so far as they are concerned, buried Christianity as an abortion; and also against the subtle, many-coloured systems which, by submitting the local church to the district, or the provincial, or the national, or the Catholic, decapitate it. Lest they should entertain lofty views of themselves, they were told not to suppose they were in the 2nd chapter of the Acts of the Apostles unless they had ascended the steps of the 1st. All present professed to be convinced of the baptism of believers, and an infidel who was present desired some private conversation.

On the Tuesday evening we met at the house of one of the brethren. Judging from the queer staircase which led to it, the house must have been built in the time of the Saracen dominion. We reached the upper room, where the occupant, a venerable old man, welcomed us with a smiling countenance. This upper room extended under the roof in all directions. The walls and ceiling were dingy with the smoke of many a year. From several tall brazen lampstands the oil burnt brightly, revealing a circle, in which I saw a large bath, partially filled with water, and beside it five or six large, fine formed, and well-filled water pots. Near it stood a table, covered with a white cloth, on which were some copies of the Scriptures and some bread and wine. After prayer, singing, and a short discourse, five of the brethren present withdrew to another room, and on their reappearing, dressed in white, were immersed into the sacred Name. Parts of Scripture were then read in which reference is made to the Lord's Supper, after which the bread was broken and the wine poured in commemoration of the Saviour's death. There being no one whom they could recognise as elder, the aged brother referred to was elected deacon. They all promised to exert themselves in the dissemi-

nation of the Scriptures, and I left a deposit of New Testaments with them.

Trapani is one of the most Oriental places in Sicily. Saracen influence is everywhere observable, not only in the architecture of the place, but also in the habits of the people. At San Giuliano, a place ten miles from the coast, the costumes are Oriental. The women still wear the Eastern veil, and ravish with one of their eyes. As this was the most Oriental place I ever baptized in, so it was one in which least difficulty was met with in administering the ordinance. Where drought is possible, as in all Eastern cities through which no river flows, whether from the heat of summer or the destruction of the aqueducts in time of siege, immense subterranean cisterns are constructed to meet the emergency. Hence water in abundance, and as the water-pot is the utensil most used, and for this reason, perhaps, the most artistic, the bath was filled with facility in a few minutes.

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(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Z e n a n a W o r k .

PAPEE BY MRS. HOBBS.

(*Continued from our last.*)

WE must now pass over a period of one year and nine months, simply telling our readers that our work had prospered during that time in other places. Zenanas had opened to us in our own town, and in two or three villages outside of it. In some of these the Gospel message was received with gladness, and we had good reason to believe that there were some whose hearts the Lord had opened. Our hands were full of work, and we had almost ceased to think of the village that had rejected us, when one afternoon our faithful Lydia came in, as was her frequent custom, to report what she had been doing. Her happy face told us she had something pleasant to communicate, and she began thus: "Même, I have had some new work

to-day; I saw some women who had come into the town to enter a suit in the Magistrate's Court. There is a place in the bazaar where such persons stay till they can get a hearing, and I went and talked to them. Two of the women had come a long distance, and they said they had never heard anything like what I said to them about our holy religion. I read to them a portion from a Gospel, and they were so delighted, and said they would go home and tell about it in their own country." Thus was this good Bible-woman sowing beside all waters.

A Bengali never tells all her mind at once, so after a little silence we found she had something more to communicate. "And, Meme, I have also been to the village of T—to-day." "The village of T—!"

we exclaimed, "how did you happen to get admission there?" "I know a woman who lives there now," she said, "and so I thought I would go and see her, and she seemed very glad I had come; so I told her I should like to read to her from a book I had with me, and we sat down and I read a portion, and she liked it so much and said she hoped I would come again." Thus, the precious life-giving word enters the dark village of T—. The school had been rejected, our pretty needlework had possessed no charm, but a few words of the Gospel, spoken by a humble, simple-minded native Christian woman, with her heart full of love to souls and zeal for her Master, had found a lodgment in one human heart, and kindled a spark in that village that should one day shine forth as a lamp that burneth.

Truly, O Lord, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

The next time that Lydia visited that woman, two others joined her in listening to the Word, and in a few weeks two other houses had opened to receive her, and her journal reports six hearers. About this time, owing to broken down health, it became necessary for us to leave the work that had become so dear to us, and seek restoration in our native country. It was hard to leave our dear native workers alone, but we felt that they were worthy of trust, and that God would own their labours. When taking leave of Lydia she said, "Meme, do not fear that I will be idle because you are not with us; I will try to work all the better because there is one worker less in the field." And there is every reason to believe that she did so.

For two or three months after arriving in England, no communication reached us concerning the

work, but when it came to hand it still spoke of progress in T—. As a proof of the genuineness of the reports, we quote a paragraph from a letter received from one of our Calcutta lady-workers who had visited S— during the great annual festival called Doorga Poojah. Mrs. D. writes:—"I have again been spending my holiday in S—, and while there paid a visit to some of your old pupils; they were very glad to see me, and sent many loving messages to you. As it was holiday time, of course the teachers were not at full work, but I went with Katie to the Sunday morning meeting, and the room we met in was quite full, some standing outside even. I also went with Lydia to the village of T—. A good work appears to be going on there; between twenty and thirty people assembled to hear her read to them; indeed, she seems to have access to the greater part of the the village."

Lydia's journals contain such passages as the following:—"When I was reading to the people about our Lord Jesus raising the dead, some of them said, 'Then He must be the true God; whoever heard of any of our gods doing such a thing? they have no power at all.'"

Another reads thus:—"When I was telling the people how they continually sin against God by rejecting Him, and worshipping idols and heroes of their own imagination, some of them replied, 'Yes, truly we have been great sinners, but we have gone on in these errors because we have not known it; we will not do so any more.' And when I told them what a wonderful salvation Jesus had wrought out for them, if only they would believe on Him, some of them lifted up their hands and blessed His name."

(To be continued.)

West Africa.

LETTER FROM MR. COMBER.

WE had an easy and safe landing on the 15th ult., with the exception of a box among Mr. Thomson's cargo having been injured, I understand. My goods were all safe and in good condition, except a photo. apparatus I suppose I must have left behind me somewhere, and should like to come on in my next goods whenever any parcels or boxes shall be sent out. The hamper containing the filter I hope to receive with Mr. Pinnock, whom we expect to see early in January. Victoria seems a very pretty little place, and I like it much, so far as I have seen it—so many of the people seem respectable, have good houses, dress very decently, are cleanly in their habits. But there is not only the Belgravia of Victoria; there is an extensive St. Giles's district, chiefly composed of Bakwellih, who live in filth and squalor. These mountain people I cannot speak to, as they don't understand (some of them) a word of English. I am told that, while about thirty per cent. of the whole inhabitants understand English, nearly everyone can understand Bakwellih. As I can't do them good spiritually, I do all I can for their bodies, and find plenty of disease rising out of the dirt and filth. There is a large percentage of ulcers and skin complaints, many chest diseases—though only one very serious case—a few fevers, and many odd cases. One fellow, who thought he had the toothache, came to me about it, and was delighted when I suggested taking it

out—a firmly-set upper molar. He came the next day, wanting another out. I firmly believe the man *fancied* he had the toothache.

The chapel services are very well attended, the place being sometimes quite full on the Sunday afternoon, and the people showing the greatest attention. After the afternoon service there is always the Bakwellih address by Nako or Charles Steane, the native evangelist, who seems to speak very fluently and with great force. He goes to Fish Town to preach in the mornings. The boy Joe Fuller—the most promising young lad I have seen here, I think—went to his work as a schoolmaster at Fish Town yesterday. The Sunday-school here seems well conducted, so far as order and quietude go, and the children seem to like much to come; in fact, everybody seems to like to go to meeting—it is quite a passion with some of them. I have visited a good deal at their houses, and read and talk with them. There are two public services, and a special class meeting every week; but I have begun a service for the young and a psalmody class, just to improve the people a little in their singing.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thomson are in the mission-house, and I board with them.

My introduction to Africa has not been so rough as I expected it to be, or as the continued acquaintance will be, I hope; for, if the future be not a rough one, it will not be what I am looking forward to—a stride inwards.

Victoria, January 5th, 1877.

Home Proceedings.

The following meetings and services have been held during the past month:—

PLACES.	DEPUTATIONS.
Bath District	Rev. W. H. McMechan.
Bournemouth	Rev. James Smith.
Bourton	W. C. Fink, Esq.
Bratton and Westbury, &c.	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Camberwell.	Rev. James Smith.
Chesham	Rev. John Trafford, M.A.
Colchester and District	Rev. I. Sfubbins.
Deal and District	Rev. G. B. Thomas.
Devizes and Calne	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Eythorne District	Rev. W. H. McMechan.
High Wycombe District	Rev. G. B. Thomas.
Frome	Revs. J. Penny and A. Sturge.
Houghton Regis	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Ipswich	Rev. James Smith.
Kingston-on-Thames	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Leighton Buzzard	Revs. James Smith and J. T. Brown.
Lockwood	Rev. J. Smith.
Markyate-street	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Maulden	Rev. John Trafford, M.A.
Milnesbridge, &c.	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Reading	Dr. Underhill, Revs. G. W. McGree and R. Glover, and W. C. Parry, Esq.
Romney-street	Rev. G. B. Thomas.
Saffron Walden District	Rev. James Smith.
Sandhurst	Rev. J. C. Page.
Tring	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Wiltshire (Devizes District)	Rev. R. H. Pigott.
Wokingham and District	Revs. T.L. Johnson and J. Trafford, M.A.

Missionary Notes.

The New Hebrides have a population of about 200,000 savages. No missionary work has yet been done in the larger and northern islands; but there is a Presbyterian mission in the southern islands, which has won some of them to Christianity. The first attempt to establish a mission in this group was made in 1839. In that year the London Missionary Society sent out the celebrated John Williams to explore the islands, with a view of planting a mission. Mr. Williams landed on Erromanga; but the savages only suffered him to live among them a day or two, when he and his companion, Mr. Harris, were put to death. A few years later other missionaries were sent out, and Aneityum was occupied. In 1852 thirteen people were baptized on this island, as the first fruits of mission work in the group. Three missionaries have been murdered

in Erromanga since Williams's death—one as late as 1872. The mission now extends to ten islands, and is carried on by the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and the Presbyterian Church of Australia. Ten missionaries are employed, who are assisted by seventy native teachers. There are 743 members, several thousand hearers, and 63 schools, with 2,000 scholars. Two of the islands, Aneityum and Anima, with a population of about 3,000, have abandoned idolatry and embraced Christianity. In the former a printing-press is established, the New Testament has been printed in the Aneityum language, and it is expected the translation of the Old Testament will be put to press next year.

The *Chinese Recorder* gives a very interesting sketch of mission work in Fuh-Chau. The missionaries of the American Board were the first to occupy the city. The first ten years, from 1847 to 1857, but one convert was received. Four years after the first convert was baptized, 1860, there were 13 communicants. Now there are 162, of whom 50 are women. There are seven organized churches, six ordained missionaries, and seven ladies, eighteen outstations, and two colporteurs and one Bible-woman. The missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church began their work in Fuh-Chau the same year the mission of the American Board was established. They have now eighty outstations, eighty chapels, and 2,083 members. In connection with the mission there are six ordained missionaries and eight ladies. The Church Missionary Society established a mission in Fuh-Chau in 1857, but no statistics of recent date are at hand.

The first Christian church in Constantinople was founded in 1846; there are now seventy-six in the Turkish empire, about a third of which are self-supporting and all self-governing. Four "Evangelical Unions" have been formed for mutual counsel and aid; one at Harpoot, in Mesopotamia, of twenty-six churches; another in Southern Asia Minor of twenty-three churches; another in Central Asia Minor of eight churches, and another in Bithynia of eleven churches. Connected with these churches are 3,303 members, and congregations numbering 13,000, with a population of over 18,000 native Protestants.

"In the twenty years from 1855 to 1875 the number of native clergy in the South-Indian missions of the Church Missionary Society has risen from ten to seventy-five; of communicants, from 5,147 to 12,728; of baptised Christians, from 22,355, to 46,928; of professing Christians, including catechumens, from 33,231 to 63,258."

Subject for the Missionary Prayer Meeting.

1. God's blessing on the services and anniversaries of the month.
2. That a spirit of prayerful liberality may be vouchsafed to the people.
3. Thanksgiving for work done in France and Rome, and the encouragements vouchsafed to the brethren there.
4. Increased blessing on the Zenana Mission.
5. A blessing on Mr. Comber and his colleagues in West Africa.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

EIGHTY-FIFTH REPORT.

“**T**HE Kingdom of God cometh not with observation!” nevertheless, it comes. These two facts sum up the history of the great missionary enterprises of the Christian Church, both as regards their growth and their results. The first is apt to test the patience and faith of the earnest worker who longs for immediate success; the second is his thankful conviction, as from time to time, and even at comparatively short intervals, he reviews what has been accomplished. Looking back over the whole period of eighty-five years, the changes wrought by Missions in the heathen world have been simply marvellous; and each year’s work carries on the process with quickened speed. The leaven of Christian truth is working in the great mass of humanity, and is gradually raising it up to the position from which it will more easily pass into a wholesome and beneficial spiritual life. We believe that much more has been accomplished during the past eighty-five years than the faith of even the great and good men who started the modern missionary enterprise led them to anticipate. We are sure that much more has been done than our own devotedness and self-sacrifice have given us the right to expect. Our God has put to a Divinely generous use the small efforts of His Church, and “has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” The feelings incumbent upon us are devout gratitude to Him, humiliation for ourselves, and earnest desires for a more complete consecration to His cause. May the next anniversary show how we have cherished these feelings, and how our God has increased the blessing.

GENERAL TESTIMONIES OF BRETHREN TO THE YEAR'S WORK.

Beginning nearest home, our agents in *France* speak of their work as having been more than ordinarily encouraging. The influence of the character of the members of our churches is such as to excite inquiry concerning the doctrines they profess, and the remark is frequently made, "If the conduct of these Protestants is the result of the truth they hold, it is worth while knowing what that truth is." The year has been characterised as singularly free from official interference, the Republic being decidedly more favourable to freedom in religious matters than the Empire was. Of the work in *Italy*, from all we learn the hopes of our agents there are raised to a high degree, and they are looking forward to their realisation. A spirit of earnest inquiry is abroad; and, since the beginning of our Mission in that country, the simple doctrines of the Gospel were never more seriously listened to, nor with more manifest results. In *Norway*, the testimony of all our agents is that the year has been one of more than ordinary blessing. Mr. Svenson, of Christiania, says: "During the last year the Lord has abundantly blessed us in our work. Has it in several respects been a year of many tears, it has, however, been a year of gladness. We have had many difficulties to overcome, but the Kingdom of God has succeeded." And Mr. Sjødahl, our new missionary in Trondhem, says: "God has wonderfully worked amongst us this year." Accounts from our West Indian stations are not quite so encouraging, but the missionaries are far from speaking despondingly. It is from *India*, however, that the most cheering testimony comes. The following are among many statements of the same character:—

Mr. Guyton, of Delhi, says: "Brief as my report is, it is an outline of very pleasant work, in which I am sure I have been blessed, while I hope I have been of use to others. I cannot consider that the year has been an eventful one, but it has been, in the truest sense, prosperous."

Messrs. Kerry and Martin, reporting of the Barissal district, say: "The number of the Christian people is steadily increasing. The increase is, doubtless, chiefly from within, but there is a quiet and steady increase from the heathen constantly going on. The number

of the Christian community, counting men, women, and children, is nearly double what it was sixteen years ago. The people are learning, and evidently have learnt, that there is a high and pure morality as an essential part of the religion of Christ."

Of Jessore, Mr. Spurgeon reports: "The church has grown in unity, independence of spirit, and, I trust, also in grace."

Mr. Bate, of Allahabad, says that the last year was one of the most interesting and happy of all the years which he has spent in connection with the Mission.

BENARES.—Mr. Jones, recently accepted as a full missionary, writes: "Our Mission in India is progressing; the scoffs, the ridicule, and the calumny of our enemies, notwithstanding."

Finally, Mr. Bion, of Dacca, expresses the following conviction: "But one thing I feel surer and surer every year, namely, that a harvest is coming which shall overshadow all our toils and self-denials; when our hearts, if not in this world, then in the next, shall be filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory at the marvellous doings of our risen Saviour."

This testimony is fully entitled to our credit. It is that of earnest men who are certainly not oblivious of the difficulties that surround their work. Some of them have been in the field for many years, and have often had to speak of their disappointments and trials. They are not, as a rule, apt to take too sanguine views of things. When, therefore, they deliberately express their convictions and hopes, we may trust them and be thankful.

HINDRANCES.

So far as these spring from the depravity of the human heart, the Gospel has to meet with them everywhere, at home as well as abroad. Abroad, however, they are strengthened by the influence of ages of heathenism. We have to speak, not of these, but of such as act locally, and which arise partly from the opposition made by decaying systems of false religion to the truth as it is in Jesus, and partly from perversions of Christian truth itself. As an illustration of the first, we quote the following from the report of Mr. Bate, of Allahabad:—

On other occasions persons have been actually paid by natives of wealth and position to dog my steps and do their best to stop

the preaching. For this purpose the most unscrupulous rowdy is generally selected, and everything which a reckless disregard for truth could devise is uttered against the British Government, against the Queen and her people, against Christ, and against His followers. Of course all such cases have to be treated according to their respective requirements. It has to be continually borne in mind that the object of the opponents and of those who send them is to divert attention from the main thing and prevent the Gospel from being made known. On one occasion a Yogi (Hindu ascetic), whose speciality it is to create a most hideous and uproarious noise with his mouth (the said noise being the means by which he frightens the more timid of the people into giving him alms), comes into the midst of my hearers, and all on a sudden frightens everybody by setting up his noise. Of course his object is attained when the attention of the people is diverted and some of them go away. My only way of keeping them together, under these circumstances, is to preach on as if nothing had occurred. But the people are so priestridden that they are afraid to tell the noisy intruder not to make a fool of himself. How should they, for he is holy, and it is his way of earning his living? Besides, an imprecation pronounced against them by one so near to God as he is, would blight their families and their fields for generations yet to come. On one occasion a man brought a cage, containing a large bird which gave forth a series of frightful screams. He held the creature aloft so as to divert attention from what I was saying and to create amusement.

Of the second class of hindrances are the proselyting efforts of the Roman Catholics, who, in some of our stations, as, *e.g.*, in *Khoolna*, bribe excluded members to join them. They prefer this work to seeking to teach the Mohammedans and Hindoos. Mr. Rouse gives the following account of these Romanish manoeuvres:—

A striking feature of the work of the last few years has been the persistent efforts of the Roman Catholics to draw away the Protestants of the South from the Gospel which they have received. Thus far they have not met with much success among our people; but the Church of England Christians have gone over to them in shoals. Thirty or forty years ago the Propagation Society sent its agents among our people, establishing rival places of worship in villages where there were Baptists, and, by plentiful donations of money, drew off a great many of our people. With the measure which they meted it has been measured to them again. The Roman Catholics, adopting precisely the same tactics, have drawn away a large number of the adherents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—in some places, almost the whole of them. It is a cheering fact that thus far our people have, for the most part, held fast. Some, of course, have gone over to the Romanists—that is, as far as outwardly joining them is concerned; but they have no real faith in the system; it is the money which has drawn them over. Some who have left us have come back, and others may

come back too, especially if the money should begin to fail! And, of course, those who have left us for money were no real strength to us. But, considering the poverty and comparative ignorance of the people, the subtlety of the priest's arguments, and the convincing effect which a few rupees would be likely to have, it is certainly a cheering fact that so few of our people have gone over to them. A sermon which I preached lately at Luckyantipore led to a challenge from the priest to a public discussion, which, under the circumstances, I thought it wise to accept. It took place on February 9th of the present year (1877). I hope good may come of it. I think the trial to which our brethren are exposed in this matter will tend to strengthen their faith, and thus that God will, as He so often does, bring good out of evil. The Romish estimate of the comparative strength of our position and that of the Church of England, in resistance to their claims, may be judged of from the fact that they say the Church of England is moderate Satan, but the Baptist system is out-and-out Satan!

Another hindrance is indicated in the following extract from Mr. Carter's report of work in Ceylon :—

If our object were to employ any and all means to bring men into the Christian name, we might succeed in enrolling a great many; but as we wait till persons give evidence of disinterested piety, we find but few to approve of. We are at times under the painful necessity of exposing and seeking to counteract that soul-destroying error of baptismal regeneration to be found in the Church of England prayer-book and catechism, both in Singhalese and Tamil, in which it is translated in some passages with even more distinctness and force than it has in English.

It is to be hoped that the present ecclesiastical agitation in Ceylon will result in the Church missionaries and their society not only striking a decisive blow for freedom from man, but, what is of far more consequence, for freedom from what even they themselves regard as error. May the Spirit of God guide us all to teach only what is truth, and to build into his church only what will bear the test of fire.

And, lastly, here and there our brethren have been tried by the intrusion of Plymouth brethrenism. In Norway, for instance, it succeeded for a time in seriously dividing the church at Bergen. This was sorely felt, as it was an added trouble to the hostility of the Lutheran clergy, who represent Baptists as heretics who deny the divinity of Christ, and as hostile to the religious welfare of children.

THE NATIVE CHURCHES.

The most important consideration in connection with these churches is the character of the religious life which is being developed in them. Are the native Christians honouring the profession

they have made? Do they advance in Scriptural knowledge? Are they growing in grace? Is their influence on the surrounding heathen such as to commend the truth they have received? To all these questions your Committee can give satisfactory replies. The reports received from India substantiate the testimony which was given by an experienced missionary from Bengal some time ago; a testimony which may apply to other parts of India as well:—"They bear a character differing widely from that of the heathen. They take a deep interest in the worship of God, and evidently rejoice in the spread of His Kingdom. Their moral sense has been quickened, and, as the result of this, those immoral deeds which are exceedingly prevalent among the heathen are very rare among them. . . . Their treatment of their wives contrasts with the harsh treatment which many Hindoo women are subjected to. They treat them with far more consideration and kindness, and make them to a much greater extent, I believe, their companions. . . . I regard them as being fairer in their dealings with one another, and more honest than the heathen. In respect to the use of bad language the difference between them and the heathen is very noticeable. The heathen think little of giving false witness in courts of justice; our genuine converts shrink from doing what they have learned from God's Word to be so wrong. . . . I know a good many who have made such progress in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour that I confide in them almost, if not quite, as much as I do in our fellow-Christians in England." Equally decided is the testimony of Dr. Caldwell, one of the most experienced missionaries of Southern India:—"I maintain that the real earnest Christians of our Indian missions have no need to shrink from comparison with the real earnest Christians in a similar station in life, and similarly circumstanced, in England, or in any other part of the world. . . . I do not for a moment pretend that they are free from imperfections; on the contrary, living amongst them as I do from day to day, I see their imperfections daily, and daily do I reprove, rebuke, exhort, as I see need; but I am bound to say that when I have gone away anywhere, and look back upon the Christians of this country from a distance, or compare them with what I have seen and known of Christians in other countries, I have found that their good qualities have left a deeper impression on my mind than their imperfections."*

* Indian "Christian Spectator," 1873.

A very important question in connection with the growth and development of the native churches is that of self-help, and so of independence. That the native churches should be permanently dependent upon Mission funds and under Mission control, was never contemplated by the earliest missionaries of the Society. When, as yet, the number of native Christians was very small, the missionaries were clear that it was their duty to advise the converts to form themselves, as soon as possible, into separate churches, to choose their pastors and deacons from among themselves, and to learn to act without the interference of the European missionary. It was taken for granted, also, that, under such circumstances, the native churches would naturally learn to support their ministers and provide for the continuance of all the ordinances of Christian worship. This healthy principle, though cordially assented to, has not been carried out to any such extent as might have been expected. Till comparatively recently, everything has been done for the native churches which they were thought unwilling and unable to do for themselves. Their unwillingness was the natural outcome of their dependence, and their pleas of inability, in many instances, were exaggerated. Your Committee are now pledged to the development of native independence and self-support. English missionaries are no longer to be the pastors of native churches, except in cases where the necessity is imperative, and such cases are very rare. In this matter, as well as in the general application of the principle above stated, it is gratifying to know that the missionaries are now in almost complete accord with the Committee. Mr. Smith's experiment in Delhi has been very stimulating to others. In the native churches of the South villages, Mr. Kerry for years has carried out the Committee's instructions, and the churches have been urged to supplement, by their own liberality, the yearly diminishing help given from England. Mr. Kerry and Mr. Martin are entrusted with the same duty in the churches in Backergunge. The experiment is only a partial success, and it is just possible to press changes forward a little too fast. But neither abroad nor at home is it likely that we shall forget to use the means by which a stronger and more manly Christian life may be developed. Your Committee feel sure that, year by year, there will be increasing progress in this direction.

It is needful, however, that the churches at home should under-

stand the difficulties with which our missionaries have to contend. These are very forcibly as well as faithfully put by Mr. Kerry in a paper which was read at the late Conference in Calcutta. We abridge them here, but in substance they are as follows :—

1. "The people have not really been taught to give to the cause of Christ. In *word* probably they have been taught faithfully enough, but in *deed* (the most effective way of teaching) they have been taught the reverse. An evil custom has been established among the people—they have had only to ask and to get ; often they have got, almost without asking, from the Society, chapels, rents, mats or seats, books, pastors, and teachers. Some of the facts which have come to my knowledge make me ready to think that all has been done possible to make it more difficult to return to a more Scriptural order of things."

2. "Another difficulty arises from the natural dependence of the people. Most of those who are connected with us want to lean upon some one ; and certainly and especially was it so in the early days of the Mission. The converts became exposed, as they do still, to many new dangers and troubles when they left the faith of their fathers. But these difficulties are much less than they were."

3. A third difficulty arises from the tendency to dispute and divisions among the people.

4. General ignorance.

5. "One more difficulty arises from interference of other denominations. There are two quarters from which opposition to our Missions has come in the past—the agents of the Roman Catholic Church and the agents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Opposition has come from *both* of these amongst our people to the south of Calcutta. This opposition, so far as the agents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel are concerned, has very much abated of late years, but it has been increasing during the last five or six years from Roman Catholic priests. If we had only been opposed by the introduction of controversy, the difficulty of maintaining our ground would not have been so great, but mercenary influences were used freely by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's agents between thirty and forty years ago ; and now the priests of Rome are, I understand,

largely spending funds with the view of increasing their adherents from among the Christian communities of the South. In the first attack upon our Missions in these villages south of Calcutta it seemed at one time that all our work would be destroyed.

BIBLE AND PUBLICATION WORK.

It is hard to realize the wonderful change wrought during the eighty-five years of our missionary history in connection with the spread of the Word of God almost all over the world. Let us be permitted to offer to our friends the following brief summary. It is computed that at the close of the last century there were probably not five millions of copies of the Word of God, in whole or in part, in the whole world, and these not accessible to more than forty-five or fifty millions of persons. At that time there were districts in Scotland and in Wales in which the Bible was to be found only in the parish churches, and even in London there were whole streets in which, it is alleged, the Bible could not be found in any house. It was, primarily, to meet the home need that, in 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was formed. The whole heathen world was without the Word of God. Our first missionaries had the high honour of commencing the great, the holy, the essential work of Bible translation; and how they were specially fitted for their task, and how the Lord prospered them, need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that, not our Society alone, but all kindred societies besides, are profiting to-day by the fruit of their labours. Since the beginning of the work, the Bible, as a whole or in portions, has been translated into *two hundred and ten* of the languages spoken among men. These languages express the thoughts of nearly four-fifths of the whole human race, and the time is not far distant when men of every tribe will be able to read "the wonderful works of God" in their own tongue. Thirty-six of these languages had no written form until Christian missionaries created it. They have done the work of heroes: work which had it been accomplished for secular purposes would have secured from the world their lasting renown: but they did it for Christ, and "their record is on high."

Not only is the Bible circulated in so many of the vernacular languages of the nations, but, with the wonderful spread of the

English language, there is also a wide circulation given to our English Bible. At Madras, in 1807, a gentleman endeavoured to purchase a Bible, but failed to procure one in any of the shops there, as the Bible was not a marketable article in India. Now the English Bible may be purchased cheaply in almost every town in India, and very frequently the natives purchase it in preference to the translations in their own languages.

During the past year a good share of the work has been done by Mr. Rouse, in connection with our dear and revered friend, Dr. Wenger. Mr. Rouse reports his literary labour as follows :—

This work has been a good deal hindered by my illness. I have, however, been able to go on with the Commentary on Isaiah in Bengali. Notes have been prepared to chapter xlix., and the work is in type to Chapter xl., uniform with Dr. Wenger's Commentary on the New Testament. I hope the whole will be finished in two or three months, and that then I may be able to commence a Commentary on Jeremiah, or some other Old Testament book. I have prepared a small tract on idolatry, consisting chiefly of selected Scripture passages, which has been accepted by the Calcutta Tract Society. Feeling the great importance of providing systematic Christian teaching for our village Christians, I have also commenced the preparation of a monthly tractate called "Scripture Teaching." It contains twelve pages, 12mo., and consists of eight selected chapters of the Bible, two for each Sunday of the month, with brief and simple practical lessons. The January number will give an idea of the plan proposed :—Gen. i. (The Creation); John i. 1—18 (The Word, in the beginning, Who became incarnate); Gen. ii. (The Earthly Paradise); Gen. i. 1—3; Exodus xx. 8—11; Isa. viii. 13, 14; Matt. xii. 1—13 (The Law of the Sabbath); Eph. v. (Christian life; Sacredness of marriage, dating from Eden); Rev. xxii. (The Heavenly Paradise); Gen. iii. (The Fall); Rom. v. (Recovery through Christ). On each chapter there are eight or ten practical remarks. This is an experiment; how it will succeed I do not know; but many, of different denominations, have expressed themselves as much pleased with the idea.

Mr. Bate reports on his literary work as follows :—

I have, during the year, examined several vernacular publications of the Tract Society, and of the Christian Vernacular Education Society. At the beginning of the year a letter was sent to me from the Government of India, asking for an expression of opinion in reference to the improvement of vernacular literature. My reply received the thanks of Government, and was afterwards printed in the *Friend of India*. I send you herewith a slip containing the article. The new translation of the Old

Testament into the Hindi language progresses slowly. You were good enough to mention in your printed Report that my book, "Studies in Islam," would contain counsels to my fellow-missionaries in reference to their work. Not at all; the nature of the enterprise is adequately indicated in the title of the book. I could not presume to be an instructor of a class of men from whom I would willingly learn. The book will be rather a kind of storehouse of facts and arguments in relation to the points of difference between the doctrines of the Crescent and those of the Cross; and I am seeking so to construct the work that missionaries throughout the Mohammedan countries may find in it a sure reply to every objection which a Moslem, as such, can raise against the claims of Christ. Already I have been labouring at the work for four years, off and on; and I hope to see it completed by the expiration of the next seven years, if God see fit to continue to me life and health.

Mr. Carter, of Ceylon, says:—

In giving a report of our work for the past year we have to record with thankfulness and joy, that one work, on which the greater part of my labour for more than thirteen years has been expended, is now brought to a conclusion—the work of translating and printing the Old Testament in Singhalese. Including the New Testament, it is nearly twenty years since the work of translating the whole Bible was commenced. My hope is that I may yet be spared to put a finishing stroke to the work by revising the New Testament and issuing it uniform with the Old.

At the close of 1875 we had printed as far as the end of Ezekiel, and during the past year the remaining portions—the books of Daniel and the minor prophets—have been printed. These would have been finished before the middle of the year but that our supply of paper ran short, and it was some months before we could procure any more, and the printing was not finished till December. We have had a few copies bound, but they are done so indifferently that we must have the binding done in England. The average cost of each copy—paper, printing, and binding—will be about ten shillings. We shall generally have to sell them at much below this price, though some of our native members and friends have subscribed as much as £1 each for a copy.

In 1875 we had revised twenty-five chapters of Matthew and five chapters of Mark. We have now finished Matthew and Mark, and as far as the 19th chapter of Luke. An edition of a Singhalese Hymn-book which we had prepared, containing only fifty-five hymns, and printed about five years ago, being exhausted, and in great requisition amongst our churches, we have increased the number of hymns to 125, re-arranged the whole, and printed an edition of one thousand. These will be bound in a good permanent form, and sold at one shilling a copy. Eleven of these were made by our native pastor in Kandy, who had come to understand what was required, and the burden of the rest fell upon me; for no Singhalese persons have yet succeeded in making

verses in regular foot and accent, or at all answering to their various designations.

Mr. Ellis has completed the Bengali Manual of Christian duty, the Gospel of Matthew, in Bengali-Mussulmani. He has also translated into Bengali the first and second English reading-books of the Calcutta Tract Society. Messrs. Wenger, Rouse, and others greatly assisted him in his Bengali-Mussulmani work. Mr. Ellis was also requested to visit Delhi at the time of the Durbar, and there he presented several copies of the Scriptures to the chiefs then assembled.

Among the publications of the year we must notice the "Life of John Chamberlain," written by our respected brother, C. B. Lewis, of Calcutta, in the midst of much bodily weakness. The Committee purchased five hundred copies of it for sale and distribution. The following resolution also was passed :—

That the very cordial thanks of the Committee be given to the Rev. C. B. Lewis for his stimulating and sympathetic sketch of "John Chamberlain," which, in the judgment of the Committee, cannot fail to do good, and which they hope, in the words of the writer of it, "may awaken a spirit of kindred consecration in the minds of many who may read it."

BIBLE CIRCULATION.

This useful work is being done by all our agents, of every degree ; by missionaries, native teachers, schoolmasters, colporteurs and the visitors in the Zenanas. It is difficult to approximate very nearly to the numbers of the circulation of Scriptures in different parts of the world, but probably they have been no fewer, in all directions and from all sources, than eight millions of Bibles and portions during the past year, *i. e.*, at the rate of more than *fifteen per minute* the whole year round. Into how many hands these Scriptures may have fallen it is not possible to tell, but it will not be considered an exaggeration if we multiply the number by five, and thus suppose that some forty millions of persons may have obtained at least a sight of the Word of God. Our own share in the distribution is hard to calculate, as so much of it is done through different Auxiliary Bible Societies, but probably some hundred and fifty thousand copies have passed through the hands of our agents. In Italy alone, through the generous kindness of Mr. Rylands, of Manchester, Mr. Wall and his colleagues

have had the disposal of fifty thousand copies of the New Testament in Italian. One encouraging feature of this department of our work is the fact that the greater proportion of the Scriptures thus put into circulation are not given away, but are bought, at a low price indeed; but still they are paid for. As a proof of the awakening of religious interest this is valuable. Here and there, indeed, the circulation of Scripture is looked upon with special dislike, and some instances have occurred in which the Bible has been ignominiously torn to pieces and flung away. Even then the torn fragments have not been shorn of their Divine power. Mr. Bate illustrates this, and says:—

Let it not be supposed that the fragments of leaves of books and tracts torn up and thrown to the winds are forgotten by the Master. Instances have not been few of late years in which a piece of a torn leaf has conveyed the seed of eternal life to heathen men. You have heard of some instances, and have printed accounts of them in your *Herald*. Another instance has during the past year come to my notice. A young Mohammedan of Futtehpore, a city some 120 miles westward of Allahabad, strolling slowly along the bazar, picked up a scrap of printed paper which lay on the ground. The broken piece contained a few verses of the 7th chapter of the Gospel of John. The words were used by the Divine Spirit for the production of conviction in his mind, and the result was his conversion to Christ and his identification with His people in that city. Torn up in umbrage, as no doubt the little book was, God once more fulfilled His word, and caused even the wrath of man to praise Him.

Mr. Jenkins, of Morlaix, gives us the following interesting case:—

Passing through a small hamlet one day, our colporteur heard of a man who was said to be a Protestant. Surprised, he looked for him and found him. He was a farmer in good circumstances, of very inquisitive turn of mind. Dissatisfied with the political and religious state of the country, he went about saying everywhere that a reform was necessary and would come. What was remarkable was that although uneducated he had laid hold of the scanty passages of Scripture contained in the map book, had learnt them by heart, and attacked the clergy right and left on that ground. To such a man a copy of the Scriptures was a boon. He read it, committed large portions to memory, and went about his neighbours' houses reading the book and reciting what he knew. Apart from our influence, an interesting work has begun here. I have often asked this friend to allow me to preach in his house, but he has thought it more prudent to wait until full liberty is given; "and then," he says, "I'll put my own shoulder to the wheel."

AUXILIARY WORK.

Temperance.—There was intemperance in India before the influence of English rule and the introduction of intoxicating liquors from Europe. There can be no doubt, however, that of late years drunkenness has been on the increase. Hence the earnest efforts of not a few of our missionaries to diminish the evil. Crusades against intemperance are not the preaching of the Gospel, and your Committee would regret the diversion of the energies of your missionaries into a channel which, though legitimate enough for others, is not that into which theirs should chiefly run. We do not think there is any reason for alarm on this account. Some of your most active missionaries are among the most earnest promoters of the temperance cause, using it as an auxiliary to the Gospel. Thus, Mr. Gregson, of Agra, whose missionary activity is well known, says:—"The importance of this special department of mission work is becoming more and more recognised. As a power for good in furthering the Church of Christ in India, the work is needed among civilians as well as soldiers, and we have had great cause to thank God for the abundant blessing He has granted to this work. Many have been led to give up drinking habits and accept the message of redeeming love, and we hope that the work of Temperance will be so conducted that it may always receive the gracious approval of the Divine Master." In this wish we most devoutly concur.

Rather more than a year ago several of the members of the Missionary Conference met in Calcutta to consider the desirability of forming a Temperance Association in connection with their Mission work. Among them were brethren Rouse, Evans, Anderson, Etherington, Hallam, Jones, S. P. Buksh, and Brojonath Banerjea.

The brethren above mentioned are all interested in the good cause, and many more are so; in fact it is almost the exception not to find a Temperance Society in connection with the Stations. The native churches, particularly, have taken up the matter with some zeal. Our native preacher, Amritta Lall Nath, writing about the church at Johnnugger, says:—"Drunkenness, which prevailed to an alarming extent, has been apparently thoroughly eradicated. A

few months ago a Total Abstinence Society was started, and I am thankful to say that about forty members have solemnly promised to abstain from all intoxicating drugs all their lives ; a need which has long been felt." Mr. Evans says of the native church at Monghyr :— "The members are ardent supporters of our temperance movement ; nearly all are pledged abstainers." The Committee know that an increasing number of the friends of the Mission sympathise with this department of the work done. The wisdom of the missionaries may be trusted to keep in its true position as an auxiliary to the preaching of the Gospel and to the moral influence of the native church. As such may the movement abundantly prosper.

Work among Soldiers.—Our missionaries, whenever they have been placed in favouring circumstances for the purpose, have always shown a deep interest in the religious and moral condition of the British soldier in India. What our brother J. G. Gregson and others have done for him is well known. This good work is still carried on. Our brethren have lately found a very invaluable helper in Mrs. Rouse, of Calcutta, accounts of whose labours have already been made public. The following is the last account your Committee have received, Mr. Rouse writes :—

In last year's Report I referred to the work which was commenced among the men of the 3rd Buffs. When that regiment was ordered to active service in Perak, the 40th Regiment came here for a few months, and, as in previous years, my work has been somewhat varied.

The other cheering department of work has been among the soldiers of H. M. 12th Regiment, now stationed in Fort William. We removed to Dum Dum in February, as soon as the 12th Regiment was ready to come here. We asked the Christian men of the 40th to find out, before they left, any like-minded men in the 12th, and to bring them over to us. Three or four thus came over, one of whom was a Baptist ; but we found that although the colonel of the regiment is an earnest Christian man, who has much at heart his men's welfare, yet the Christian brotherhood in the regiment was very small. As soon as we had become pretty well acquainted with these few brethren, we asked them to invite their comrades to a tea-meeting in our house. About sixty men came, and our room was quite filled. After tea several of Sankey's hymns were sung, a few pointed addresses on personal religion were given, and the men were invited to come to the Sunday services. The following Sunday evening more than twenty came to the service, and from that day we had them attending regularly, morning and evening—the morning attendance averaging about ten, and the evening about twenty

or thirty. We followed up the first tea meeting by a few others of a similar character, held in our house or elsewhere.

Schools.—The value of educational instruction, as auxiliary to the spread of the Gospel, does not now need to be discussed. Many thousands of children in our various mission-fields are under the teaching of our missionaries and their helpers. Secular learning of an elementary character is imparted to these children ; but, in addition, in all these schools the truths of Christianity are regularly taught. Thus, in France, some 200 children are under instruction. Here, in the case of every child, a written permission to teach is obtained by the missionary from the parent, this being an incidental proof of the sympathy which exists in favour of our Protestant teaching. A large proportion of the present members of the Church in Brittany is composed of persons who received their first convictions of saving truth at school. The same may be said respecting the mission in Norway, where schools are regularly maintained in Bergen and Trondjhem. In *Delhi*, and the surrounding districts, the schools have been maintained, and they have improved in attention and in general efficiency. The standard is being lifted up to that of the Government system of education. In all the schools religious instruction is imparted, and in some the New Testament is the only reading-book in use. More than 600 boys are daily taught the Scriptures.

In the Barisal district schools are established at thirteen stations, six of these schools being wholly supported by Government Grants. This is sufficient test of their efficiency. The missionaries, though thankful, will not be satisfied till there is a good school in every station.

At Monghyr, a day school for Christian boys, and a theological class, have been established ; and in Ceylon, where school-work is the principal means of Evangelisation, there are in the Colombo district alone no fewer than *forty-three* schools, with upwards of two thousand scholars. It is worth noticing that Government Grants are largely available for the support of these schools. Thus, in Ceylon, a sum of about £420 was received last year from that source.

Zenana Work.—No account of mission work can be complete without some reference to this. It is not our duty to enter into

details, as these will be furnished by the excellent society, connected with us, and which deservedly secures the sympathy of us all. We would here simply point out that the new enterprise is almost doubling the field of our operations in India; that it is gradually securing on behalf of Christianity the influence of the women of India—potent there, as it is everywhere else—and that it is instrumental in leavening with Christian truth the children, the future population of that vast empire. Your Committee devoutly say, “God speed” to the Zenana Mission.

The Cyclone in the Backergunge District.—Famine, pestilence, and inundations have often proved to be opportunities for Christian work, of which our missionaries have always been ready to avail themselves. Whoever else may forget the cyclone of October 31st of last year, we cannot. Our brethren Martin and Kerry were on their way to the doomed district from the Missionary Conference in Calcutta, so near to the time of the great catastrophe that, had they started some forty-eight hours sooner, they might have been involved in its perils. We devoutly recognise the Divine hand that kept them safe. We are glad to believe that the loss of life was not so great as was at first stated, nevertheless it was appalling. Our own stations suffered but little, and the life of none of our native Christians was lost. Mr. Kerry was appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor as agent for the administration of relief, and in that capacity he had the opportunity of preaching the truth and administering the consolations of the Gospel to many thousands whom he might not otherwise have reached.

THE MISSIONARY STAFF.

The movements of our brethren during the past year have been of an unusually chequered character. The Committee have been gratified by the fact that several missionaries have been sent out to various fields of labour, but this gratification has been crossed by the disappointment arising from the return of some who had but recently gone out, the retirement of others who had been specially honoured in their work, and the death of two brethren and one sister in the midst of their hopeful toils. These contingencies, of course, are likely to arise during any year of the history of the Mission, but

there are periods during which they seem to accumulate, and last year was one of them.

The following brethren have gone out into the field during the year:—Mr. Alfred G. Jones, from Manchester, has gone out to the help of our brother Richard, of Chefoo, China, so long single-handed and alone in his arduous work; Mr. Edward S. Summers, B.A., of Cambridge University, has gone to India, where he is now pursuing his studies as a missionary probationer; Mr. H. Comber, after completing a two years' course of study in medicine and surgery, has joined the missionaries on the West Coast of Africa; and Mr. Sjö Dahl, a young Swede, who has studied for a time at Regent's Park College, has been added to the staff in Norway. In addition to these, the Rev. John Landels, of Kirkcaldy, has been accepted for Mission work in Italy, where his brother is already engaged; Mr. John Ewen, formerly an agent of the Free Church of Scotland Mission in Southalistan, is pursuing his supplementary studies at Bristol College with a view to his going out to India again; and the Rev. Thomas Lewis Johnson, an American freedman, and formerly pastor of a church of freedmen in Chicago, is pursuing his studies at the Metropolitan College with a view to missionary work, probably in Africa. To our list of fully accredited missionaries must be added the name of the Rev. D. Jones, of Monghyr, who has most successfully passed his two examinations in the vernacular.

Since last October, and after the Autumnal Meetings at Birmingham, the Rev. Q. W. Thomson and Mrs. Thomson have returned to the West Coast of Africa; the veteran missionary, Thomas Morgan, and Mrs. Morgan to Howrah; and the Rev. John Williams to his old field of labour in Muttra, accompanied by Mrs. Williams, whom he had married during his visit to this country. It is gratifying to be able to report that these brethren derived much advantage to their health during their sojourn in England, and that they went to their work in recruited physical vigour, as well as with increased hopefulness. The Rev. F. Pinnock, also, who, after some eighteen years of quiet, plodding labour in our West African Mission, was anxious to visit Jamaica (his native land), and also to come to this country, has accomplished both objects, and he is once more at his post of duty. During his short stay in this

country he had the opportunity of visiting several of our churches, and his simple and unobtrusive accounts of his work have done much to strengthen the sympathies of the friends of the Mission towards the small but interesting field which Mr. Saker and his colleagues have occupied so long.

Turning now to the losses of the year, the Committee regret they have to report the following :—The Rev. C. C. Brown has returned to this country, having resigned the pastoral charge of the church at Lal Bazar, Calcutta, after having previously relinquished his relation to the Society ; Mr. Miller, on account of broken health, has been obliged to leave Benares, and he is now in this country ; Mr. Henry Tucker has left India from the same cause, and Mr. Francis has terminated his connection with the Society. Each of these cases, on its own grounds, has been such as to create much anxiety in the minds of the Committee. They have yielded to the inevitable, but with much pain. Not only have their own fondly-cherished hopes been frustrated, but they also deeply enter into the disappointments of the brethren themselves and their immediate relations, as well as of the friends of the Saviour, to whom every check in their holy enterprise seems a postponement of the object they have at heart—the speedy evangelisation of the whole human race.

Not less to be regretted is the final return to this country of the Rev. J. C. Page, of Darjeeling, after more than thirty years of self-denying and successful labour in India, his native land. A serious attack of illness some few years ago has so undermined his health as to oblige him to relinquish his work, and he is now in England, where, the Committee hope, his earnest advocacy of the claims of the missionary enterprise may yet put it in his power to help on the cause which has for so long lain upon his heart and absorbed his great energies. The Rev. W. A. Hobbs, too, has been forced to yield, partly to his own weakness of health, and partly to that of his beloved wife. In him the Society loses the services of a most successful and indefatigable itinerant missionary. The Rev. Alfred Saker, also, has finally left Africa. He has come home, worn with some thirty-six years of labour in a deadly climate, and after a course of toil which, should the history of it ever be told, will prove to be not less heroic than that of our most devoted workers in any field.

Death, also, has been permitted to invade our ranks—the Rev. John Edgell Gummer, of Hayti, has been called away to his rest, at the early age of thirty-one. He was a native of Bristol, the birth-place of not a few of our missionaries, and was educated for the ministry at Bristol College. He was obliged, through the partial failure of his sight, to leave college and go abroad. For two years and a half he laboured happily and successfully in Demerara, where he married. At this post his Baptist views became a hindrance to him, and he went to Jamaica, where, for rather more than three years, he acted as pastor of several of the hill churches of the island. On the retirement of Mr. Hawkes from Hayti, the Jamaica Missionary Society pointed out Mr. Gummer to your Committee as a fit man to fill the vacant post. He went, accordingly, early in 1875. His earnest and successful work was soon checked by the insurrection which broke out in the island soon after he reached it. For a time he was separated from his wife, whom he had sent to Jamaica for safety. During their separation he lost one of his children, and when, the insurrection being at an end, Mrs. Gummer rejoined her husband it was to do little more than minister to him in his days of sickness and at the hour of his death. Mr. Gummer died on the 28th of August, 1876.

Sad and startling as was the news of Mr. Gummer's decease, the news of the death of the Rev. Robert Smith, of the Cameroons Mission, was even more so. He had so recently been amongst us in health and vigour that it was very hard to realise that his work was done. Through exposure to weather in the pursuit of his duties, he caught a fever which terminated his earthly life on the 30th of last August. He left behind him a wife to whom he had been married only about two months, and whose skilful as well as loving ministrations to him during his illness will be a happy recollection in the minds of our dear brother's friends for many years to come. In Mr. Smith the West African Mission has lost a devoted missionary, and at a time, too, when he seemed to have reached the highest point of his efficiency.

The missionary staff in West Africa has been still farther weakened by the death of Mrs. Grenfell early in this year. She was sister to Mr. Hawkes, late of Hayti, and she had gone out with her husband in perfect sympathy with his aims and projects. Though her

residence in Africa was so brief, she had endeared herself in a remarkable manner to the whole missionary family there. Not to her afflicted husband only, but to the mission also, her death is a heavy loss.

Several missionary brethren are still at home, most of them, however, expecting to return to their posts in the autumn of the year. These brethren are the Rev. James Smith, of Delhi; the Rev. Isaac Allen, M.A., of Dacca; the Rev. John Trafford, M.A., of Serampore, whose stay in England has been unavoidably prolonged through the pressure of parental affliction and suspense; the Rev. H. R. Pigott, of Colombo, Ceylon; and the Rev. C. Carter, of Kandy. All these will most probably have returned before the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Etherington, of Benares, also, are on their way home, and Mrs. Bate has come to England for a time in the hope of recruiting her health.

In the Jamaica churches the following movements require to be noticed. Our venerable friend Mr. Dendy has intimated his intention to resign the pastorate of the church at Salter's Hill, and the Committee are seeking a suitable minister to succeed him. The churches at Bethany and Brown's Town, under the care of their faithful pastor, the Rev. John Clarke, have passed through a period of trial owing to the intrusion and hostile action of some who were not sent out by us, and the Rev. Geo. H. Henderson has been appointed co-pastor with our aged friend; and Mr. Hewitt, of Mount Carey, has been forced, through severe illness, to visit England for a time.

It must be plain to all the friends of our work that the circumstances thus narrated present an urgent plea for sympathy and prayer. The Lord's blessing and comfort and guidance be with each of our brethren, according to their need!

FINANCES.

The financial position of the Society at the commencement of the year was such as to cause the Committee the gravest anxiety.

Not only was there the large balance due to the Treasurer from the year before of **£4,579 8s. 10d.**, but a most careful re-examination of the year's estimated receipts and expenditure by the Finance Committee indicated a probable further debt of nearly **£4,000**, mainly due to the recent large and rapid extension of the Mission, en-

tailing a permanent expenditure considerably in excess of the regular contributions,

It was under these circumstances at the first meeting of the Committee, early in May, that a letter was received from the respected Treasurer of the Society containing the following suggestions :—

That with the sacred impressions of the recent delightful missionary services fresh in mind, and having in grateful remembrance the kind sympathy so generously expressed in the state and prospects of the Mission, an earnest and affectionate request be made to the pastors of our various churches to devote a Sunday in May to bringing prominently before their congregations the pressing needs of the Society, with the special object of obtaining an increase in the amount of their subscriptions from those who already contribute to its funds, and a regular annual support from others who have not hitherto done so, not, of course, excluding an earnest appeal for donations from friends who are in a position to render aid in that form also.

Mr. Tritton further suggested :—

That our Pastors be requested to arrange for *Special Missionary Prayer Meetings* to be held in furtherance of the effort on behalf of the Society, so that with the willing gift the voice of supplication may ascend from the length and breadth of the land “unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

In accordance with these suggestions a special appeal was at once issued by the Committee to Pastors of Churches throughout the country, together with a copy of the Treasurer's letter, and the Committee are now in a position to report some of the results arising out of this action.

The effort was commenced with special PRAYER, and called forth special supplication in all parts of the country; and the Committee feel that in the review of the year they have abundant cause for PRAISE—they thank God, and take courage.

Notwithstanding the severe and long-continued commercial depression of the trade of the country, specially in the Principality of Wales, and in the Iron and Coal Districts of the North of England and of Scotland, and the urgent and widespread appeal that has been made to raise a large capital sum for the Denominational Ministerial Annuity Fund—happily so generously responded to—the accounts which the Committee are now able to present, exhibit an increase in the amount received from the Churches for the general purposes of the Society of **£4,041 Os. 2d.**, as compared with the receipts of the year pre-

vious. It is also an encouraging fact that this increase is largely due to new and augmented personal subscriptions, and consequently may be regarded, in great measure, as of a permanent character. Instead of any *addition* to the debt of last year, the receipts for the period under review have not only been sufficient to meet the year's expenditure, but they have *reduced* the balance due to the Treasurer by **£741 15s. 1d.**—viz., from **£4,579 8s. 10d.**, to **£3,837 13s. 9d.**

Excluding Donations for the Debt and contributions for Special Funds the receipts of the year amount to **£38,359 6s. 10d.** and the expenditure to **£38,330 18s. 10d.** as compared with **£33,888 9s. 3d.** receipts, and **£39,433 6s. 3d.** expenditure for the previous, year showing an increase in the General Receipts of **£4,470 17s. 7d.** and a decrease in expenditure of **£1,102 7s. 5d.**

To this increase in General Receipts should be added the **£591 9s. 1d.** specially contributed towards the liquidation of last year's Debt, and **£94 10s. 2d.** increase in contributions for the Widows and Orphans Fund, MAKING A TOTAL INCREASE IN RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR OF **£5,157 16s. 10d.**

Satisfactory, however, as this increase is, it should be remembered that it falls far short of the present needs of the Mission, leaving out of view any further extension of the work.

The advances from the *Calcutta Printing Press*, in consequence of the altered conditions with regard to all such business in India, are becoming less and less, and these annual reductions must be made up by a corresponding increase in the general Contributions.

Nor should it be forgotten that every year the income of the Society is lessened to the extent of many hundreds of pounds by deaths and removals, and that from these causes exceptionally heavy losses have fallen upon the Mission during the year just closed, some of the most liberal and devoted supporters of the Society having entered into their rest.

A further permanent increase in the contributions to the Mission of at least **£5,000** is urgently called for, and the Committee earnestly hope that during the coming year, through the deepening interest and liberality of the churches, this sum may be obtained.

The year now opening before us, politically, commences in gloom, and may end in blood. A great crisis is impending in Europe, the magnitude and the issues of which, God only knows. The Christian heart grieves over the sins and the sorrows under which our poor humanity groans; but Christian faith may be calm and fearless. We wage a warfare to whose assured victories the Lord God omnipotent, who reigneth, makes all national catastrophes and changes subservient. There is in them a Divine "needs be" even in wars and rumours of wars, to which it ought not to be hard for us to submit, knowing as we do, and perceiving, too, more clearly, year by year, the "far-off result" towards which they tend. The kingdoms of this world must become—are becoming—the kingdom of our God and of His Christ. To the believer, the whole history of the world, until the Saviour's advent, was an announcement of His coming. The burden of the Gospel is, "Christ is come!" and the whole history of the world since the Ascension is, "Christ is coming again:" a continuous coming; so that He is more completely, to-day, in the world He died to redeem, than ever before. Still, the cry of the Church is, "Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly!" To this cry may the zeal and consecration of the churches increasingly correspond.

Introductory Address

AT THE ANNUAL MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETING,
ON THURSDAY, APRIL, 19TH, 1877.

BY REV. F. W. GOTCH, LL.D.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I think we must all feel that a meeting like the present is a very fitting introduction to the series of anniversary services which will be held during the next week or ten days in connection with our denomination.

Assembled as we are now, our thoughts are naturally directed backward with thanksgiving, not unmixed with humiliation; and forward with confidence, not unmixed with apprehension. For what are we that God should have so greatly blessed our efforts in the past? And what is our wisdom or skill that we should be able in the future to carry on successfully a work which has attained so large dimensions? Let us for a few minutes take a survey of our position—look backward at the past and forward to the future. All will encourage us if we view it aright. We now, as we meet here to-day, can enter into and sympathise with the feelings of the Apostle when after his many toils and dangers he met the brethren who had come out from Rome to greet him, and as he looked back upon the past and forward to the future, “thanked God and took courage.” This, Christian friends, should be the attitude of our minds—indeed, I doubt not that it is—and therefore I ask you first of all to look back at

(I.) WHAT HAS BEEN ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED.

I am not about to enter into historical details or to give statistics of the mission. I take it for granted that you are to some extent, at least, acquainted with these, and, if it were not so, I hardly think this would be a suitable occasion for giving such details. I wish rather to suggest such reflections on the past as will excite us to admiring gratitude, whilst we exclaim, “What hath God wrought?” Remember, then, how short a period comparatively has elapsed since the very beginning of missionary societies in England. Eighty-five years have not yet passed away since that wonderful sermon

was preached by Carey, from Is. liv., 2, 3, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited," which gave not only the first impulse to English missionary work, but also furnished the abiding watchword for all missionary effort, "Expect great things from God, and attempt great things for God." I call the sermon wonderful, because there has been, perhaps, no sermon preached in modern days which has had so distinct and traceable an effect on Protestant Christianity throughout the world. We must not, however, forget that this was but one indication out of many of the awakening zeal of Christians in England. There can be no better proof of the wide spread of this newly awakened zeal than the fact that before the close of the last century, in addition to our own Society, which comes first in date, three other missionary societies, all connected with larger bodies of Christians than our own, were formed in Great Britain—the London Missionary Society, the Scotch Missionary Society, and the Church Missionary Society.

Nevertheless it is true that these beginnings were very feeble, and in the view of many professed Christians, and no doubt many real Christians, very insignificant—*e.g.*, Paley, who published his "Evidences" a year or two after the formation of our Society, whilst, as he says, he laments "as much as any man the little progress which Christianity has made in these countries" (*i.e.*, particularly in India), comes to this conclusion, that "from the widely disproportionate effects which attend the preaching of modern missionaries of Christianity" (he has named "Methodist" and "Moravian"; and I suppose by the former term he must intend the missionaries of our Society, as there were then no other missionaries from England to whom it could apply), "compared with what followed the ministry of Christ and His Apostles, . . . they possessed means of conviction which we have not; that they had proofs to appeal to which we want." By these "means of conviction" and "proofs," Paley, without doubt, intends miracles. How shortsighted is human sagacity and prudence! Think what has been accomplished within the present century. Can you name a land

that missionaries have not visited? Can you name a field of missionary labour where success to some extent has not rewarded faithful effort? We have surely come nearer to the realisation of the bold hyperbole of the Apostle—an hyperbole which finds its justification only in his far-reaching view, and in that “mighty faith” which

“ . . . on God relies,
And trusts in Him alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done ”—

which asserts that the Gospel of which he had been made the minister “was preached to every creature [or in the whole creation] which is under heaven.” For my own part, I am persuaded that the influence of Christianity on the heathen world during the present century has been incomparably greater than it was during the same length of time in the Apostolic age. And then remember how much larger the heathen world is to us than it was to the first preachers of the Gospel. It may be said that this great increase of influence is due to the civilization of the nations of Europe; to their marvellous progress in science and in art; to the extent of their commerce; to their liberal institutions; to the higher tone of their morality; to their philanthropy. True. But to what are all these owing? Are they not the effects, direct or indirect, of Christianity? And if we trace the influence of Christianity over the heathen world to them, we do but acknowledge, as it is most fit we should do (for it is most true), that God, in these latter ages, has, by the arrangements of His providence, been preparing the world to receive the knowledge of Christ; and in this way, as in ten thousand other ways, He has “made known to us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself, that in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him.”

The past, then, may well excite our gratitude. Yes; and even the more, when we remember what we are who have been called—all of us in some way—to engage in this divine work. If the great Apostle to the heathen felt his own insignificance so deeply as to say, “To me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace

given, that I should preach among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ," how much more ought we to feel our inability? How feeble have been our efforts, how lukewarm our zeal, how faint our hopes. Yet God has blessed, abundantly blessed, our work. If we prove unthankful we show ourselves unfit for the work; whatever we do, or think we do, we can effect nothing. Our strength is departed from us, as surely as Samson's was when he was shorn of his locks. But God's work will not therefore fail. "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His; and, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

My sketch of what has been accomplished would be incomplete if I did not refer to the effect of missions on the Church at home. The impulse to missionary work originated, no doubt, in the Church itself. There was no cry from the heathen world like that which came in vision to Paul, "Come over and help us." But think how the missionary effort has re-acted upon the Church. Zeal for the salvation of men abroad has rekindled zeal for the salvation of men at home. I have no desire to disparage the zeal or piety of British Christians in the eighteenth century. We could not do so without bringing shame upon ourselves. Their efforts were directed, as it was right they should be, against the religious apathy at home. Yet their faith and hope looked forward to a brighter day when the prediction should be fulfilled in its largest sense, that the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth as the waters covers the seas. Their hymns testify to their strong faith—Watts, Doddridge, Charles Wesley, and many more supply us still with hymns that are amongst the most fitting for missionary services—Even the stirring hymn commencing "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness" was written twenty years before the Baptist Missionary Society came into existence. At the same time we cannot but feel how firmly the activity of Christian life in the present day is linked with Missionary work. Try to picture to yourselves a church that has no interest in foreign missions, hears no tidings of missionaries, offers no prayers on their behalf, affords them no pecuniary help, never thanks God for their success. This was, and could not but be, the condition of the churches up to almost the close of the last century—the churches of the fathers of some of us, of the grandfathers of many

more. And contrast this with our own condition, where even the little children are taught to pity the heathen, and gladly contribute their pennies to send to them the knowledge of Jesus. How in calculable is the good, the really religious good, which the churches at home have received from sending the Gospel abroad. Here surely we find the fulfilment of our Lord's promise, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down and shaken together and running over shall man give into your bosom: for with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." And this leads me to the second point I proposed—

(II.) WHAT IS THE PROSPECT FOR THE FUTURE.

I think I cannot better answer or, at least, suggest the answer to such a question, than by relating to you an incident which the late Christopher Anderson related to me many years ago, and which, as far as I have heard, is not generally known. In one of Mr. Fuller's visits to Scotland to obtain funds for carrying on the mission—and you remember that his influence in Scotland by means of these visits was very great—he received the intelligence of the baptism of a Hindoo convert, one of the earliest; whether it was Krishnu Pall (1800), the first convert baptized, or Krishnu Prasad (1803), the first Brahmin, I do not remember. On the following Lord's day, his text was Psalm xcvi. 1—3: "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory. The Lord hath made known His salvation: His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen. He hath remembered His mercy and His truth towards the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God." And he prefaced his sermon by giving the information which he had just received. The effect of the announcement was described to me as marvellous. The large congregation seemed to feel almost that the millennium had come. They felt at least that the barriers to the conversion of the world which men (even they themselves) had imagined to be insuperable were broken through, and they received with new faith the closing words of the text. "Brethren, this is the faith we ought to cherish—'We see not yet all things put under Him: but we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death crowned' (already crowned) 'with glory and

honour, that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.' Our prospect, so far as the Word of God is concerned and His power, is not merely hopeful but certain. And therefore we may present our prayers to Him with the full assurance of faith." But as to ourselves and our participation in the work, what prospect is before us? Shall we have a share, however humble, in the ultimate triumph? Certainly we shall, if we are wise by divine teaching to understand what the work is, and have grace to do the part that is allotted to us, whatever it may be. For here I wish to make no distinction between those who actually preach to the heathen, and those who carry on the work at home. We are all engaged in the same work. If then in referring to two or three practical points which seem to me of great importance, I speak as though I were addressing myself to missionaries, let none think I do not address them.

First of all, then, I think we should carefully guard against the tendency to mould our converts (of course I mean real converts—that is, real Christians) to our own model. Christianity is suited to every condition and stage of human culture; else it is not, as we take it to be, the one religion for the whole world. We ought not then to expect, that our converts will conform, nor should we aim at their being conformed, nor be disappointed when we find them not conformed precisely to our own idea of the Christian life. Surely we ourselves have not yet attained neither are already perfect. And if they seem to overlook some features of the perfect model, it may be that we have failed to discern others which they have seized.

In particular, let us not think that their morality must of necessity (*i.e.*, in order to their being acknowledged as Christians) be on a level with ours. We should remember that what we may call our standard of morality is the growth of many generations, under Christian influence certainly, but yet not the direct result of Christianity, if by that we mean our personal devotedness to Christ. Those who are actually engaged in preaching to the heathen will, I think, best understand what I mean if I say that their difficulty is to ascertain whether the conversion is real, notwithstanding the low moral standard, whilst our difficulty at home is to ascertain whether the conversion is real, taking into account our high moral standard.

Then again let us not think that their modes of representing the plan of salvation—their doctrinal theology—must of necessity accord with our own. Christianity, as it is adapted to all the outward conditions of human life, so also can suit itself to all the internal conditions, to all the modes of thought, to all the metaphysical notions of men, diverse as they are; and so “the systematic divinity” of our converts, if their ideas of the great salvation ever consolidate themselves into systematic formulæ, may be very different from ours.

And again, let us not think that their views of church organisation and government must of necessity accord with our own. Christianity can exist and flourish under any form of church government—monarchical or aristocratic or democratic; and that form is best adapted to a Christian community which most easily falls in with their notions of government, as they are used to it in the home, in society, and in the state.

In one word, let us beware of making Christianity an exotic. It is our business to sow the seed: God gives the increase. When the plant springs up, it may take its hue, and in many respects its form, according to the nature of the soil in which it was sown. But after all it is recognisable as the same plant whatever diversities of form of colour it may present. And if we fail to recognise it, we have to fall back on the assurance that “the Lord knoweth them that are His.”

A second point which seems to me of great practical importance is, that we should be careful to adapt our teaching to the religious condition and modes of thought of those whom we seek to convert. One example will illustrate what I mean. The Hindu professes a religion which may without difficulty be shown to be absurd. The Mohammedan professes a religion which acknowledges the truth of Christianity. He says, indeed, to the Christian, “You have perverted the religion of Christ,” whilst he himself professes to believe in Christ as a prophet from God; and further, he believes in a later revelation given to Mohamed—the Paraclete—whom Jesus promised. Now, it is clear that the mode of treatment in the two cases cannot reasonably be the same. Have we sufficiently considered this? I have been very much struck with the small number of converts from Mohammedanism in comparison with those from Hinduism and Buddhism, and I most earnestly urge on all who in their missionary

work come in contact with Mohammedans, the importance of suiting their instructions to the religious condition of those whom they seek to bring from Mohamed to Christ.

The last point to which I would refer is, without question, the most important of all. We cannot expect success except in as far as we ourselves are devoted to the service of Christ. There is no need of many words to urge this upon you. Your presence here gives the assurance that you assent to it, in theory, at least. Only let me say, Do not think that your work can be carried on by proxy; do not talk of devoted missionaries, as though their devotedness were a substitute for your own. Your devotedness—you whose work is at home—aids theirs, and their devotedness ought to aid yours. We are members of the same body; and if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it;" and if "one member is honoured, all the members rejoice with it." The churches in India or Africa or anywhere else will feel the glow of our devotedness, and be blessed by it; and reciprocally we shall be benefited by theirs. Only as we are, or ought to be beyond comparison stronger than such infant communities, our influence on them should be incomparably greater than theirs upon us. Let us then remember our high calling, and ever seek, as we do to-day, for wisdom to guide us, and grace to strengthen us, so to live to Christ, and to rejoice in Him now, that we may have some part, however humble, in the glorious result, and so at last "enter into the joy of our Lord."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to Mr. ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C.; or to the Rev. CLEMENT BAILHACHE; also that if any portion of these gifts is designed for a specific object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, & Co., and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ACCORDING to the custom of many years past, the services of our Anniversary commenced with a prayer-meeting, which was held at the Mission House on Thursday, the 19th of April. The attendance was larger than usual, and the spirit evoked, both by the address from the chair and by the prayers that were offered up, was one of devout thankfulness and renewed consecration. We are thankful to record the impression that these feelings were strengthened by each meeting, and until the close. Dr. Gotch presided at the prayer-meeting, and prayers were offered by the Revs. C. M. Birrell, J. Hewett (of Jamaica), J. Lance, and John Landels.

The public meeting for the Welsh Baptists in London was better attended than usual. The speaking was interspersed with singing of a very excellent character, and altogether the meeting was a success.

On Sunday, April 22nd, the usual sermons were preached in the metropolitan chapels. The day was fine, and the attendances, as far as we learn, were good.

The annual members' meeting was held at the Mission House on the 24th, the number present being the largest of which we have any record. E. S. Robinson, Esq., of Clifton, presided. The report and balance-sheet, with the abstract of minutes, were read. Great satisfaction was expressed at the financial outcome of the year. There was reason to thank God and take courage.

On Wednesday morning, the 25th, an unusually large congregation met in Bloomsbury Chapel to hear the sermon preached by the Rev. Robert Rainy, D.D., Principal of the Free Church College, Edinburgh—a sermon of great power and interest. In the evening four other sermons were preached, as follows:—By the Rev. S. Chapman, at Upper Holloway; the Rev. J. W. Thew, at Mare Street; the Rev. H. Platten, at Clerkenwell; and the Rev. James Owen, at Westbourne Grove. The attendance at each place was encouraging.

The annual meeting was held on the Thursday at Exeter Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity nearly half an hour before the time announced for commencing the meeting. The chair was taken at six o'clock by Mr.

Alderman Barran, M.P., who was supported by a large number of the influential friends of the Society. A hymn having been sung, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. P. Chown. The Rev. C. Bailhache read the annual report. Mr. Tritton read the balance-sheet, and stirring addresses were delivered by the Chairman, the Rev. W. M. Statham, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, S. Waddy, Esq., Q.C., M.P., and the Rev. James Smith, of Delhi.

The annual breakfast in connection with the Zenana Mission took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Friday morning. The attendance was very good. After breakfast the chair was occupied by Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., who was supported by Sir Robert and Lady Lush, Sir Morton Peto, Alderman Barran, M.P., and many other influential ministers and laymen. The meeting commenced with singing, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," after which prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, President of Pontypool College. Dr. Underhill read the report, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Green, W. A. Hobbs, and James Smith. It was a most enjoyable close of a series of meetings unusually interesting and cheering.

Let us all remember the new obligations which God's mercy lays upon us. We thank Him, and take courage. The year, however, on which we are now entering will tax all our energies. *The depression of trade is being increasingly felt, and only by earnestness of spirit and widespread systematic effort shall we be able to improve our position. Not to grow is really to be unfaithful to the opportunities God is graciously putting before us.* RETRENCH, we must not and dare not. *We rejoice, yet with trembling. The Lord fulfil our best desires.*

Presentation to Dr. Underhill and Rev. F. Trestrail.

ON the Wednesday morning before the Annual Service, some 150 friends met by special invitation for breakfast in the library of the Mission House, Holborn, for the purpose of presenting Dr. Underhill with the testimonial which the special committee appointed for that purpose decided to get up on his retirement last year from the more active duties of the secretariat, after twenty-seven years' labour. The gathering was also further made the occasion for presenting to the Society for the already select gallery of portraits at the Mission House, of life-sized portraits of Dr. Underhill and his co-worker, the Rev. F. Trestrail. The portraits are very good like-

nesses. There was also an album of portraits, prefaced by an address, presented to Dr. Underhill from the missionaries of the Society in India, and a casket of fine gold, of the cinque cento style, designed and manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson. This was the gift of numerous friends at home. The centre panel of the reverse side bears the inscription in blue enamel, "Presented to Edward Bean Underhill, Esq., LL.D., in commemoration of distinguished services as Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society from 1849 to 1876." The obverse side contains a delicately-carved view, in ivory, of Benares. In the pilasters of the casket are introduced the sugar-canes, Indian corn, the vine, and bamboo. At the four corners are beautifully-carved figures, in ivory, representing natives of Brittany, Jamaica, China, and India; and on either side is an open Bible in gold and enamel. The cover of the casket is surmounted by a globe, festooned with a wreath of flowers, a flying dove on the summit.

Mr. Tritton presided, and addresses of a singularly-interesting character were delivered by him and by Dr. Underhill and the Revds. J. P. Chown, C. M. Birrell, James Smith (Delhi), F. Trestrail, and J. T. Brown.

Extracts.

OUR FAILURES AND DUTY IN REGARD TO MISSIONS.

Now, my Christian brethren, I would not have chosen such a subject merely for the sake of any lessons I have drawn from it up to this moment, unless it seemed also to yield another lesson, or rather a version, or application of some lesson more germane to the circumstances and objects for which we meet on a day like this; for there is a certain people far away in Asia, Africa, and America, not to speak of many godless at home, who are sitting in the region and in the shadow of death. For them, as for us, One has been made known in whom is life for men. God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. Now, in order that this benefit may become the actual possession of man so constituted, there is a fixed necessity of human concern and prayer, human

effort and endeavour, on the part of men and women themselves believing. This is such a fixed necessity that the Son of God Himself, looking at the work, and longing for it to be done, uttered this remarkable admonition:—"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth labourers into the harvest"; for without labourers sent forth, the harvest cannot and shall not be reaped. May we not say that one form of evil among Christians in all our churches is a form of sin very much like that which we have been recognising and denouncing in this ancient Eastern monarch—a want of that loving sympathy which should make the case of this "certain people" to be our concern and burden. Doubtless now it is the fashion of all the churches to take some interest in

missions, and no one objects to it. Everybody has a finger in it more or less, but I am not speaking of putting a finger into that which is the fashion. I am speaking of that living occupancy of the mind as with the concerns of those for whom we ought to care, which leads to thought, which leads to prayer, which leads to efforts, which leads to liberality. I suppose I may ask those here who are themselves in some measure by God's grace delivered from the real power of this evil, whether they do not find it around them; whether it is not found so prevailing that it is apt to be infectious; and is it not true that just as it was in the case of Ahasuerus, so also it is in the case of those who fail in their duty—their duty of full and anxious concern, with reference to those whom God commits to His church to be cared for, and to have preached to them the everlasting Gospel? It is not so indeed that God has committed them to us in such a sense as that we can save whom we will and when we please. No such power has He given to any man, but He has committed the heathen to us as men and women capable of salvation, and as men and women He calls us to carry hopefully, prayerfully, willingly, the glad tidings of great joy as the moral instrument which it pleases Him to use and bless in the dispensation of His Spirit for gathering men in. Now, I will say, the very form of evil which we find in Ahasuerus we find in some of ourselves; for after all, who are these "certain people"? Great, swarming myriads of dusky people far away float dimly before the mind's eye, dwelling by the banks of ancient rivers, stretching over sultry plains—masses of them which the mind wearily recognises and dismisses again; picturesque masses, for they have their picturesque features,

that please the eye in a leisurely surface survey. Now, in these travelling and reading times, we think a great deal about them; but as to their spiritual state, how vaguely is that regarded!—and yet, take each man and woman of them one by one, and what does it mean? That that man and that woman has no well-grounded trust of an open way from an apostate state to God; has no correct notion of the existence of God and of His Son; has no sure hope; has no object that can draw out and justify an everlasting life; has no testimony of a Divine love, nothing of that which the child of God most values. But how come they just to float before the mind as a dim mass of dusky people? and how many a Christian, just as far as they are concerned, freely makes a present of them to darkness and death—"to slay and to kill, and to cause to perish all this people"? Perhaps some one may think that there is no danger of a recoil in our case, but there was very nearly one in the case of this king. Are you so sure that spiritual blight and death for yourselves, or for some that are very dear to you, may not turn out to be a strict connection with the carelessness that you cherish about those whom God calls you to care for? Dear friends, what is wanted is that there should be upon our hearts and minds that sense of care for them which would lead to that earnestness of prayer, of thought, of ready helpfulness in every fair way that opened, so as to bring within their reach the truths which we so highly value ourselves. Out of this there would come plenty of workers and plenty of counsel, and God, sending forth a representation of Christians from a living, burning, earnest church, they would put the cause of Christianity to the heathen in such

a way as it has never been put yet.

But why do I take a subject like this?—a miserable subject, it must be confessed. Why do I take a subject like this in preaching a missionary sermon? Why, that in the close I may remind you, and seek to remind myself, that if we are indeed believers on the Lord Jesus Christ—as many of us, I doubt not, are—then we are redeemed out of all this, and done with it; we are redeemed out of the miserable self-indulgence, the miserable indolence of spirit and of work. We are redeemed from the miserable carelessness about our brethren nigh at hand, and our brethren far away; we are redeemed out of the delusion that should lead us to spend this short life of ours on earth solely for ourselves; we are redeemed out of it by

Him who came that long journey from His Father to this dark world in order to preach the glad tidings to the lost—Him who came to lay out His life for the sheep. We are followers of the Lord. We are under the influence of that blessed spirit of grace, the free spirit, the unfailing spirit of all grace. We are redeemed, not with corruptible things, as with silver and gold, but with that precious blood of Christ. Shall there, then, not be plenty? Shall there be any want of prayer, any want of effort, any want of counsel, any want of devotedness, any want of labourers, any want of money, seeing that we are redeemed, that there lies before us the following of our Lord Jesus Christ? May He bless His Word, and to His name be praise!—*Professor Rainy.*

THE NEED OF FUTURE EFFORT.

It is true that we have during the past year realised an increase of £4,500 or £4,600, and that out of that we have been able to pay £700 or £800 off the balance standing against us last year. But if we have been able, by the effort that has been made during the past year, so largely to increase our subscriptions and donations, may we not fairly conclude that if the efforts are still continued, if the confidence of our churches is still as great as ever in the work which is being performed by our missionaries and by the Committee, may we not suppose that there are yet large sums of money which may, without trenching too much on the liberality of our friends, still be forthcoming in order to meet, not merely the present demands on the Committee for the things which are necessary to keep the present work in operation, but in order that the Committee may be encouraged in the work they have

to do to augment the number of missionaries, to encourage those who are in their work to pursue it, and generally to carry out that work with greater efficiency than in the past? Now, there can be no doubt that it is necessary that we should put forth extra efforts at this time. The world is moving on. You have heard from the Report to-night, that as the progress of the world is more rapid than in the past, the necessity for Christian influence is greater than it has been, and the difficulties presenting themselves in the way of our missionaries are far greater than they ever were before. When Carey went to India there were no Roman Catholic priests there; there were no sacerdotal ministers of the Established Church there. It is true that he had to fight against difficulties unheard of and unknown in the past history of the Christian Church. The difficulties of to-day, in the respect in which Carey

had to meet them, may have diminished; still, with the march of intellect and with the development of commerce, with the influences to which I have referred, our missionaries have far more to contend with. They require to be men of the same stamp as the men who preceded them. They require to be men after the stamp of Marshman, Carey, and Pearce; and such men, thank God, are offering themselves; such men are labouring and producing results; and we ask you to put within the power of your Committee the means which are necessary in order that they may prosecute this work in God's name. We find that not only in India, but in Ceylon and in other parts, there are difficulties presenting themselves to the work of our brethren. We know that it is not many years ago since we were expelled from a certain part of Western Africa; and I have no hesitation in saying that the power which expelled us from there would expel us from India, if possible. So long as

they have not the power to expel, they are using means to attain that end which, if the reports presented to us by our missionaries are correct, are means which are not only dishonourable to them as men, but discreditable to them as persons professing the Christian religion. If these men are bribing those who are weak enough in connection with the evangelical churches of India; if by bribery, if by corruption, they are seeking to win men to them, merely to bolster up their Church, without regard to their moral character, I say they are fighting us with weapons which we cannot use; but we can denounce them in the strongest, plainest, and most emphatic language. We rejoice that we are a Free Church, and we desire that wherever our missionaries go, wherever we are known as a denomination, our principle shall be that we yield to all the privileges that we ask ourselves. We ask for a fair field and no favour.

—*Mr. Alderman Burran, M.P.*

REFLEX INFLUENCE OF LIBERALITY.

With regard to the liberality to be exercised by all our churches in reference to missions, I say it most solemnly, churches that are now doing most for the Gospel are reaping a rich reward at home. They are going out of themselves, and when people go out of themselves they are not afraid of the white-cravatted man in spectacles in the corner, with his hair thrown back, the polished sceptic of the place, to whom the minister preaches, hoping that he has touched him and interested him; hoping that he will excuse any false analogies; and all the congregation are going out of the back door while he is trying to convert that solitary man with the white cravat and spectacles. No; let men feel that you have got a great

blessing, that God's windows have been opened, and that you can remember the morning when His redeeming grace and love came into your hearts. Make them feel the value of this blessing, and then they will open their hands, and scatter liberally the good things God has given them; they will forget all their minor difficulties, and will understand the motto, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Professor Seeley says in "Ecce Homo" that every great man's influence is in the age in which he lives, or just afterwards, and I think that is true. In looking at the history of the past, of the great men who have done noble deeds, I think it will be found that Professor Seeley is right—that they did exercise the greatest influence in

their age. Now, as you read the report of your own Society, and listen to the noble testimony of one of your missionaries, I call upon you to rejoice and give thanks that our blessed Lord and risen Saviour is exercising a greater influence over the nations to-day than in all the ages that have gone before. And do not let us be afraid. Popery is lifting up her head. In 1873 she persecuted the Christians in the Loyalty Islands; she beheaded, through the influence of her priests, eight or ten mothers who were seeking food for their children; she burned all the chapels; and that liberal Church, represented by a certain cardinal in this country, who wants so much liberty for herself, would stamp out every missionary in our station in every island where the Gospel is preached. Mistake me not. I am a lover of civil and religious liberty, and I would give the Roman Catholic Church all the fair opportunities that we possess. But your Baptist forefathers had a sterner hatred of Popery than their children have in the present day. We shall meet her claims the best, and we shall meet the arts of all those who are opposed to us best, by a faithful proclamation of the glorious Gospel of the grace of our Lord and Saviour

Jesus Christ. It has been under that banner that we have conquered, and when we have conquered that we have been shorn of our mysterious power. Let us go forth, remembering that the day is coming when we, too, shall get our reward; when every faithful servant of this Society shall hear the blessed welcome of Him who has watched the heroic struggles, the chivalry of noble deeds in humblest places; when many that are first shall be last, and many that are last shall be first; and women, too, shall be gathered up into that encompassing cloud; they, too, shall be welcomed by Him who has seen them scattering the seed of the kingdom in the hearts of the poor degraded Hindoos; and the Zenana Mission shall have its blessed reward. Let us work, and live, and labour, and toil everywhere in the spirit of Him who said, "Now thanks be to God, who always causes us to triumph in Christ." Let us go in the spirit of those who have learned that the processions of Roman power were accompanied with cruelty and wrong, but that wherever the Gospel came there was liberty for the captives, deliverance for the oppressed, and to the poor the Gospel was preached.—
Rev. W. M. Statham.

ALL GIFTS FROM GOD.

All the elements of our success are distinctly and definitely the gifts of God. That is the point I wish to dwell upon for a moment. Who gives you men whose names are stars in your firmament? They were given to you by God for the work they had to do. And who gives you such men still to conduct your work at home, and to advocate it upon this and other platforms? Who gives you the men to go abroad and preach to the heathen the un-

searchable riches of Christ? Could you have trained a Marshman, or a Knibb, or a Carey? Such men are the gifts of Him who alone gives to the Church the instruments of His power. But I shall not dwell on the officers alone. Let us think about the army. It is a grand thing when God not only gives the men who make a very great sensation in the world, but when He gives the rank-and-file of your Christian workers, who do the

quiet, unnoticed drudgery of the every-day work, which very few people recognise. Who, again, is it that gives the spirit of liberality that prevails throughout all the churches? Who is it that provides the regular givers of all the money that comes in constant rills to make up the streams and rivers that flow into the sea of your treasury—money not extorted by superstitious fears, not coaxed out of you by any hope of indulgence, but given from the pure love of God and His work. Who is it that gives you the young men, and women, and children, almost the babes, who go out collecting for you? All this is not merely human. It is beyond humanity's power, it is distinctly Divine. Again, who is it that has given us in these days the marvellous openings that we see for the spread of the Gospel, and who has given the prepared hearts to receive it? I say distinctly this work is not of man; it is of God; and that is the point to which I wish to bring you. We are sometimes in danger of saying,

"We have sent out five more missionaries." "We have collected £50,000 or £100,000." "We have so many Sunday-scholars." "We have done this and that and the other." "We have got so many in attendance and communion at our chapels," &c. The Lord have mercy upon our paltry vanity. It is His work; it is His finger that beckons, and His voice that commands, and we dare not stop. To God alone belongs all the glory. What hath God wrought! Look at our heavy responsibilities. We have the same God now as in the past; and we have the same salvation for all the world. Think of the memories of the past; remember what God has done for us, the blessings He has put into our hearts by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I heartily join in the prayer for more men—more earnest men—to give themselves to Christ. As long as we see the finger of His providence beckoning us, we must let the history of the past speak the history of the future.—*S. Waddy, Esq., Q.C., M.P.*

A CRY FOR MEN AND MEANS.

A few more fresh ones, how they might stir us all up to do more than we have ever dreamed of for the cause of Christ. Well, but we want more money, too. Yes, and you have got it. God has trusted His Church with money to a wonderful extent. I am persuaded that we must rise to a higher style of giving before the Lord will ever bless the nations through us to any great extent. Was not that well said by Mr. Statham, that our luxuries cost us more than our Lord? Will you think of that, some of you? Will you try to see if it is not true? Put down any one of your luxuries. Luxuries! Why, there are some whose stockings cost them more in a year than they ever give to Christ. More is spent on one's neck or foot, more

sometimes on one's little finger, than is given in the year for Christ. Some of those diamond rings ought to go into the plate to-night. And there are plenty of other things we might do for Christ. I hear a brother sometimes say that he gives' his tithe; and what wonderful sums people would give if they gave their tithes punctually and regularly for Christ! But I hope there are some of us who would never come down to a tithe or to a half, who would not dare to go to our beds if we had not given more than half of what God has given to us. A tithe may be heavy to a man of one estate, but to another man it would be but a trifle to give away half of what he has. The first consideration of a Christian man ought to be, "How

much can I do for Christ?" He has paid his way, of course; but, that being done, he says to himself, "I must cut down everything but my Lord. If I belong to Him, and all that I have, for Him I must live." "Ah!" you say, "yours is Utopian talk." I know it is for some of you, but it is not so for some who, having tasted and tried it, do confess that the more they give the more they have; and, better still, they do not glory in having more, since it only brings more responsibility; but it gives them joy and peace to be able to consecrate their substance to their Lord. The heathen are perishing! Are you going to accumulate money? The heathen are perishing! they are sinking into hell! You believe in no higher hope by which they will come out of it; you believe they are lost for ever, at least most of you; and shall the little account of consols be added, or souls be saved? Shall you look out for accumulating a fortune, getting your name in a corner of the *Illustrated London News* as having died worth so much? or shall souls be saved, or, at least, shall your part of the work of consecration be done towards the work of their salvation? Let each man answer for himself—not to-night, but in the quiet of his soul before the living God. And, dear friends, we must get up to a higher style in praying about missions. I know some men can get anything they like in prayer. Oh, for some five hundred Elijahs, each one upon His Carmel, crying unto God! and we should soon have the clouds bursting with showers. Prayer! Yes, that was the right way to begin moving that debt—to pray about it. Oh, for more prayer—more constant, incessant mention of the mission cause in prayer! and then the blessing will be sure to come. Some mention was

made of the sovereignty of God, and the way in which it crippled some of our forefathers. I believe in the sovereignty of God to the very full, and in predestination. I believe God appoints us to work with all our hearts for Him. I believe in the sovereignty that gives to any one of us the opportunity of doing all we can. But you know in the old days those very good people that were so very sound, though they defended the faith and held the fort, storming the fort did not occur to them. They were like a certain pew that I saw in a parish church the other day—very high, quite shut out, and spikes all over the top, so that no irregular sinner should come in. Now we have got out of that system. We have taken the spikes down; the doors will open, and we invite others in. Well, that is a right spirit. God grant that we may keep on with it—not giving up precious truth, but having with it a noble spirit for the glory of Christ! I meet with some few still who are very firm and staunch, and very strong, who do not go with any very active effort; and they are like a tree that I saw in New Forest some time ago—an iron beech. You could not possibly cut it; it would break your knife or your axe before you could make a mark upon it. There are some few such, but it is a pity to waste knives and axes upon them. The thing is to go on to some that can be moulded and moved; and I would say to such, "Dear friends, you sometimes say, 'Will the heathen be saved if we do not send the missionaries?'" I will ask you another question, "Will you be saved if you do not send out any missionaries?" because I have very dreadful doubts about whether you will. Do not smile. The man that does nothing for His master, will he be saved? The man that

never cares about the perishing heathen, is he saved? Is he like Christ? If he be not like Christ, and have not the spirit of Christ, then he is none of His. "Well," says a young man, "I have been arguing with myself whether I should go." I will tell you another thing to argue. Take it for granted that you ought to go unless you can prove that you should not. Every Christian man is bound to give himself to the Master's work in that department which most need him, and that is foreign missions, unless he can prove to his own satisfaction that he ought not, and that he has not the gift. I wish that could be learned by our men. You want a call to the ministry. I believe that is right; but those who can speak well ought rather to try and show that they are not bound to preach, and if they can show that they are excused; but they ought to go through that process first. You are bound, brother, unless you can show that God in His providence has utterly prevented you. The other night I started up in such a fright. I dreamed that my heart had stopped, and that the sweat was on my brow. I had my watch on the table, just by the side of me, and it was very singular that the watch had stopped just at that very minute. I suppose my ear missed the tick, and had invented the dream that my heart had stopped. Ah, I wish that some Christian, whenever he feels that works of piety are not being carried on by him, would start up in a fright, and say, "Ah, is my heart stopped? After all, am I a Christian or not?" "By their fruits ye shall know them"—that is, other people. Don't you think you ought to know yourself very much that way? When you are doing no more for Christ, ought you not to question

whether you love Him? When I was at Mentone I heard that the land before the English came there used to be valued by the number of olive trees on it. That is the way to value yourselves, to value the Church—by productiveness. Do you produce anything for Christ? I was startled when I came through Marseilles, and they were putting a fire in my chamber one day for my rheumatism, I saw the man putting something in the fireplace, and I asked him to let me look at it. It was what I thought—vine-branches. If a vine-branch bear no fruit it is good for nothing. You cannot make it into the smallest useful article. Shall a man even hang a pot upon the fire thereby? It is good for nothing but to be burned if it be not fruitful. A fruitless merchant or a fruitless professor of science may have some sort of use; but a fruitless Christian is good for nothing. "Men gather them, and they are cast into the fire, and they are burned." I began with the privilege of working for Christ; I close with the necessity of working for Christ. If you do not bear fruit to Him, are you His disciples at all? Can you prove that you belong to Him! Salvation is not of works, but salvation produces works, and such works as those which show themselves in our missionary operations. I speak as unto wise men. Judge ye what I say. By the dying myriads I do beseech you, arise to work with Christ for their salvation. By His blood and wounds, which brought you from your own destruction, cease not both to pray and to labour until the hymn with which my predecessor finished shall be heard all over the world—

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

MISSIONARY PROGRESS IN DELHI.

I say nothing about denominations in India; I have no occasion to do so. I go into the villages and preach the Gospel, and people come professing faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I baptize them. I wish you could have witnessed a scene that I shall never forget. On one occasion I went to a place with a population probably of 15,000 people, and I spent the whole day with them. I ate with them, I smoked with them, I talked with them, and played with them, and did everything I thought likely to gain their confidence. I would have stood on my head if it had been necessary. In the afternoon, after the preaching, they came and said to me that there were a number of them desiring to be baptized. I then said that I should like to talk with them first. They came to me apart from the others. I spoke to them, and our native brethren spoke to them, and we received fourteen. Then we went to the village tank, the banks of which were lined with people. What a glorious sight it was! It reminded me of the old days by the Jordan. There we sang one of their own songs—none of your English tunes, but a genuine Indian one, better than any in the world. After singing, I went with these fourteen men down into the water, and baptized them, and then we came up out of the water. Why, it was a complete chapter from the Bible. They then told us that there were thirty-two other villages connected with them wanting instruction. I mention this to you to show how readily we get into communication with these people. Time will not permit me to explain how I commenced my work in Delhi. I had long been shut up in a Christian village, an interesting place in many respects,

but it was a sort of hothouse; it made splendid exotics, but they were not able to stand the night's cold or the strong breeze, and that is one thing that I am thankful we have got rid of. These Christian villages may have been a necessity, although I have considerable doubt about it. I laboured there for ten years, and I felt every year the feeling coming stronger and stronger upon me, "This hothouse will never rear strong men, ready to stand in the front ranks of the Christian army." I had been perambulating some of these places for ten years, and they seemed weaker than when I began. So I said, "No more perambulating for me, I will go into Delhi and preach." I there tried to make every street ring with the Gospel. And let me here bear witness to the value of simple preaching. I have preached to great crowds near the great mosque; I have met the Mohammedans in argument, and I have overcome them, knowing well what they had to say. Having had so much experience, it was no difficult matter for me to overcome them. I have seen the crowd swaying backwards and forwards like a field of wheat under the wind, from mere passion and vexation that they were thus put down. I have tried all sorts of things. I have preached to the people moral duties; I have told them to be honest and true, to abstain from theft and murder, and so on; I have told them about the power of God in creation. All this was perfectly true, but no result came. As soon, however, as I began to tell them, "God loves you; I bring a message of love to you; I have come to tell you the way of salvation; you may all be saved and go to heaven;" oh, the astonishing effects, which I

cannot describe to you! In all mission work my advice is, Carry these glad tidings; not philosophy, not education even, but carry this message of the love of God in Christ. That is the grand lever to lift men out of the depths of sin into a higher atmosphere. The man or the woman who cherishes in his or her heart this great truth of God's love is not far from the Kingdom of God. In Delhi I began by preaching, but I found that that was not enough. I read the commission rather more closely of late years, "Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature." This preaching brought me a large number of people, and it gave me a great insight into their character. I went to their houses and talked with them. I went, perhaps, to a shoemaker's shop, and sat down amongst a dozen shoemakers at work. I read a little with them and I talked with them. In this way I went through the little villages inside and outside Delhi. I became acquainted with the names of a large number of the people, and I saw them and their wives and children in their houses, and under all circumstances, so that I could sympathise with them, and talk over their troubles with them. Our night meetings grew out of my intercourse with them during the day, and we had at that time two thousand persons actually attending the inquirers' meetings. I took a lot of alphabets into the houses of some of the poor people; but they said, "We cannot read, our grandfathers never read." Then I said to them, "I suppose your grandfathers never travelled by rail or used the electric telegraph." I taught them a few letters, and gradually they learned to read. After some years there were more than 200 who could read the New Testament in their own language. When I left some twelve months ago, there

were not merely 200, but thousands at Delhi and the district possessed of the New Testament, and able to read it. I baptized many of these people, and I am thankful to say that not a few remain even to this day of the very first converts. All this has led to still further work. These native Christians have relations all over the district; and when they came to Delhi they used to bring them to my house and I used to talk with them and take the names of their villages, and in the cold season we sometimes visited them. We had great gatherings in all the villages, and every place appeared to me prepared for the reception of the Gospel. No language can describe the preparedness of India for it. We began to get little churches in the villages; and bear in mind that India must be converted through the instrumentality of the natives. How are three hundred millions of people to be reached by ourselves? We try to make every convert a preacher. When any man comes to us for baptism, and professes conversion, we tell him it is his duty to make known the Gospel to others. One of our people came to us one day with six converts, five of whom could read, and the sixth could not. Another day he brought four, and another two. He has now got a church of fourteen members in a place which I have never seen. Going into another village I found, to my astonishment, a young man, with seven others around him, reading the New Testament. I had never seen the place, and no missionary had ever been there. One of our men, feeling, I trust, the love of God, had settled there, and he was fed and clothed and supported by the people. We are endeavouring to get the men to know what self-help means, and are impressing upon them the necessity of labouring for Christ. We do not

build their chapels. They often come and say, "We want a chapel and a school." I reply, "I am glad of it, and I hope you will be able to build them." "We cannot," they say. "I am sure you can." "Won't you do it?" "No, I don't want a chapel. We are content to sit under a tree this fine weather." "Yes, but it rains sometimes." "Then you must build yourselves a place to keep yourselves from the rain." "What are we to do?" "Why, you can all work; set about it and put up the walls, and I will give you the wood for the roof and the doors." In that way they get their places built, and the buildings are their own.

Young men who have given your hearts to the Lord, I call on you to-night to do His work. God has

given to us three hundred millions of your fellow-subjects. Will you not besiege the doors of the Mission House by hundreds, and tell the Committee that you will go to India, wherever the money may come from, or whatever may be done; that you cannot rest till you go to India? Oh, I long to see a great army go out, not with swords or staves, but with the Word of God; for I am sure we may look forward to the time when the accomplishment of this prophecy will be realized—a nation shall be born in a day. The Word of God has filtered through large masses, the truth has spread, the leaven has worked, and we know the downpouring of the Holy Spirit on India will be the Lord's.—*Rev. James Smith.*

West Africa.

LETTER FROM REV. T. J. COMBER.

VICTORIA, February 1st, 1877.

I HAVE been expecting a line from the Mission House, or from Mr. Pinnock, for the last month or more, to say whether we were to expect Mr. Pinnock by the steamer of the 9th December or not. Of course we have given him up by that steamer, and though we do not know when to expect him, we are ready to receive him, and looking out every day. The chief reason why I am anxious to see him is that I may go to Cameroons River to stay with Mr. Grenfell, and, if I can, relieve him of his duties for a week or two after his sad loss, that is, if he wishes me to do so; otherwise I am in no hurry to leave Victoria, where I can get, from one and another, much information about the immediate interior, and can form my plans for procedure here in the event of my making an attempt to get in from somewhere round the mountain, and not from the river. And besides this, I am getting a good medical and surgical practice at Victoria, which will be useful in gaining me influence and favour with the people here and round about. I have sometimes twenty cases in the day, taking up often three or four hours. Sick people are brought from the Bakwelih villages, and nearly every market morning I have several patients from Bimbria, brought in the canoes, and left in Victoria until better. King William of Bimbria came over specially one morning bringing his sister, who was unable to swallow, and almost unable to speak, from a swelling in the throat. It was a simple case of "acute tonsillitis" (inflammation of the tonsils), but one tonsil was so enlarged

and enflamed as to need an incision to relieve the great tension. The little operation made her feel much better, and a gargle and a little simple medicine soon made her quite well. She was pleased and grateful, and before she went back to Bimbia "dashed" me a fowl. (To make a present is always called "to dash" on the West Coast.) Since then my Bimbia practice has been quite extensive. I have had several very successful (howbeit, simple) cases among the people at Victoria. All this will help me to carry out my projects; if I can but get some useful, faithful fellows attached to me, it will help me greatly. I cannot learn much, while staying here, about the interior river country, and whether the opposition so long and persistently offered to our entering the interior there is to any extent withdrawn; but I have not heard anything to make me very sanguine about getting in from the river. I shall try to go up the principal branches—the Wuri branch, Akwa Street, the Qua-Qua, and the Mahimba branches; and if it is possible for Mr. Grenfell or Mr. Fuller to go with me on any of these little journeys, their experience will greatly assist me. An old inhabitant of Victoria, much respected by every one, who knows a great deal of the mountain district—indeed, more than any one else here (Mr. George Thomson tells me)—informs me that there is one way into the country, from the northern side of the mountain, along which no opposition would be offered. The man whose influence stopped Mr. Q. W. Thomson in his exploratory journey ("Yellow Duke") has nothing to do in the way of trade with the people of this part; and what this Victoria man tells me of the people and country has given me more hope than anything I have heard yet. I feel sure that the Lord and Master will open the way, and will make the "mountains and hills" of difficulty "low," and the "crooked places straight," and that He will sweep away all the opposing obstacles. I feel more than ever that if we want success and progress in our mission work, and a deeper Christian life and spirit in our converts, such as shall lead them to acts of self-denial and lives of consecration, we must have the simple native African, uninfluenced by the evil, harmful examples set them by many Europeans on the coast, to deal with. I am obliged to recognise as true many of the charges made against professing native Christians on the coast—their idleness, self-conceit, selfishness, and worldly policy, and the shallowness of the piety of many. Of course we must remember that all this is to be seen and lamented in our churches at home, and sadly frequent is it; but there would be far fewer temptations and tendencies to the indulging such feelings if we had the simple unsophisticated African to work upon. Then, too, the apostolic plan of covering large spaces of ground, and planting spheres of Christian light and influence here and there, has much to recommend it, besides the fact of its being the plan of men Divinely inspired. If we set a missionary down in every town needing the Gospel, and willing to receive us, we should go on for centuries and never get beyond the coast line. The Bimbia people (a large influential race) ask for a missionary, and want me to settle amongst them, but I should by no means recommend it, even if it had not caused the death of many of our missionaries already. Every one seems to agree that greater progress and a higher type of Christian life would be obtained by interior missions. Will you give me your earnest prayers that the Omnipotent God will render futile the efforts made by these puny powers to stop the progress of this work?

I went up the mountain some little distance a few weeks ago to see if I could get a good view of the country with my glass, and also to spend a day with Mr. Thomson, at Bonjongo. He has some interesting boys gathered round him, whose attention, while he spoke to them at family worship, was so earnest, that it seemed as if their hearts had been touched. Leaving Bonjongo, I went up to Mapanja, where Mr. George Thomson employs a native of Victoria to teach the children. About 400 feet higher than this was a place where I understood a good sweeping view was to be obtained, but unfortunately the morning was dull and murky, and I saw nothing but dim outlines of hills wreathed in mist and cloud. I understand there is an immense lagoon behind the mountain and river district, which is to be seen on a clear day from part way up the mountain.

I have just come back from Fernando Po (7 o'clock this morning). We went to send off important letters, to get any letters there might be from England, and to do a little business in Clarence; and started at 12.30 a.m. on Monday morning, just as the moon was up. I feel all the better for the change, though we only stayed there a day; but the two days (I am not sure about the nights) on the sea did me much good. I was unable to preach on Sunday last, for the first time, being down with fever. I laboured hard to get my temperature down so that I might go that night, or early in the morning to Fernando Po, and by 11 p.m. succeeded, had a good supper with some hot cocoa, wrapped up well, and ventured the voyage, which did me the good I say.

I am glad to tell you that I think my fever will be light, and that I shall not be liable to serious complications. Strange to say, the fever I first had removed all the languor and inertia I felt when I first began here, and I felt better instead of worse after it. I am following the ordinary moderate-dose quinine treatment.

Having all the work of this station, I find myself fully occupied, when I have also so much medical work. I take the three services on Sunday, and meetings four nights in the week. There is much encouraging work going on, and several fresh, and—as far as I can see—genuine inquiries. I do trust they are sincere. One woman had been very sick, near death's door. I used to call to see her every day, and her little boy (Daniose, aged 5) might be seen at all hours toddling after me about the town, or sitting on the verandah steps, with his father's aged hat over his head and face, and a tumbler in his hand for medicine; he used to be called "Mr. Comber's shadow." This woman, whom God was pleased to raise up to health again, had thought of Him, and His tender love as she lay on her mat in the dark close room; and once after I had spoken and prayed with her, had earnestly cried for spared life and Divine mercy. When she got up from her sick bed, she came to see me to tell me she had "looked to the Cross of Jesus," and that she "now gave her heart for Him."

Some of the young men are attending a boys' prayer-meeting I hold, and seem to be earnest in their prayers; I trust that some of them may turn out earnest and noble men of God.

I must finish this letter, which is going by a cutter, almost immediately, to Fernando Po.

Latest Accounts from Delhi.

THE readers of the MISSIONARY HERALD will be glad to hear that the Lord's work is making progress in Delhi. By the last mail from India, a letter from a native Christian employed in the Forest Department, but a great help to Mr. Guyton, informs me that in the month of April seventeen put on Christ by baptism—one of them, a Moulvie of repute and good family, likely to be very useful. Mrs. Campagnac, in another letter, informs me that at Meer Ka Gunge and the neighbourhood fourteen are waiting for baptism. Miss Chard also mentions a very interesting state of things in the district in which she labours. Mr. Guyton, after giving an account of very interesting itineraries in the district, and the intense interest shown by the natives in the preaching of the Gospel, concludes by the statement—"The fields are white into the harvest." I am sure that our friends in this country will not fail to pray for the Lord's work in Delhi. Never did the prospect appear so bright. I long to be back among the labourers in the field, and again take my share in the delightful work of telling the heathen of God's love in Jesus Christ.

JAMES SMITH.

The Santhal Mission at Ebenezer.

CIRCUMSTANCES have arisen which have caused serious anxiety to the Committee respecting the course being now taken by Mr. Boerresen, as it affects the future conduct of the above Mission and its relation to our Society. This anxiety has not been removed by an interview recently held between Mr. Boerresen and the Committee. The following resolutions will indicate the action taken thus far. Fuller information will be afforded to our friends when the historical sketch, which is now in preparation, is published. Our readers know that, for some years past, a grant-in-aid has been made for the work at Ebenezer. Now, however, the following resolutions have been passed:—

First: That, under existing circumstances, the Committee feel compelled to discontinue such aid.

Second: That the officers be requested to draw up a brief historical sketch of the facts connected with the rise and progress of the Santhal Mission, having special regard to the labours of missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society in connection with its inception and early history, such sketch to be printed in the MISSIONARY HERALD.

Third: That the officers be authorized to take such steps as they may deem wise, to make public the action of the Committee in this matter.

The Famine in Shantung.

TWO SELECTIONS FROM REV. TIMOTHY RICHARD.

THE suffering here is terrible. Almost the whole province of Shantung suffers severely from the effects of the drought of last year; but the suffering of the eight hien, for the relief of which the Government has made a grant of Tls. 43,000 (a mere pittance for such a calamity), is beyond description. These eight hien are Lin-k'ü, I-tu, Ch'ang-lo, Way-hien, Lo-ngan, Show-kwang, Lin-tsz, Po-hing. Of these, Lin-k'ü, which suffers most, received Tls. 10,000 for its relief. All are in Ching-chow Fu except Way-hien. Much sad change has come over the place during the last two months. Although the distribution of gruel has been doubled, yet the suffering is more than doubled, for the people have eaten up the little crop they got in the autumn, and now they are in the direst plight. In the summer the great cry of the *mass* of the people was for rain, *rain*. Now it is for very *life*. Having finished their corn, they eat grain-husks, potatoe stalks, and elm bark, buckwheat stalks, turnip leaves, and grass seeds, which they gather in the fields, and sieve the dust off. When these are exhausted, they pull down their houses, sell their timber, and it is reported everywhere that many eat the rotten kaoliang reeds (sorgum stalks) from the roof, and the dried leaves of which they usually burn for fuel. Of their eating fuel-leaves there is no doubt. Thousands eat them, and thousands die because they cannot get even that. They sell their clothes and children. Having no clothing left to protect them from the cold, many take refuge in pits, built under ground, to keep themselves warm by the fetid breath of the crowd, which is bought dearly. In the east suburb of Ching-chow city there are four such pits. One-third of the number (240) originally put in them are now dead within six weeks, and yet no sooner is one corpse carried out, than a crowd is struggling for the place! Those who have land to sell can only dispose of it at the astounding reduction of 85 per cent. *One hundred thousand worth* is now daily sold at *fifteen thousand!* Villages of 500 families report 300 dead of starvation; villages of 300 report one hundred persons dead. Show-kwang, a big hien, contains one thousand six hundred villages. A moderate hien has about a thousand villages. I leave you to calculate the thousands upon thousands which must have perished already. Out of a family of four, three are dead of starvation, and the fourth, a little boy, is under my care; another little boy, not recovered from small-pox, was brought to me because his father died last night. A young woman of twenty was found dead in a temple close by this morning. Who is dead or dying? is the subject of everybody's conversation; and the worst is yet to come, I fear. The numbers of those who go for gruel daily is so great

that they can only get six or eight cash worth each (and that is not at the cheap rate of Shanghai). Many have had nothing but this to live upon for some time. Such people are getting so weak that young men of twenty cannot walk the distance of ten *li* for it, so they linger on a few days and die. If it is thus with the youths, what must be the condition of children and old people? There is no help for them but to wait their doom. What I have done for these with the money at my disposal I will let you know at another time. Besides those now at home, as many families have broken up for ever, each one to struggle for life as shipwrecked sailors struggle with the waves. Many parents will never see their children again, and many children will come back to learn that their parents have died from the famine. Such suffering is sufficient to wring the hardest heart. None could see their pitiable condition without helping them. Yet though the cry of the starving and the dying be only feebly echoed, by another's voice, surely it will not be in vain. Alas! there are no means of speedy communication, but I will wait on in faith, believing that some measure of succour will be sent. Not since the 51st year of Kien-lung, ninety years ago, has there been any such suffering in this province as now exists. The cry of thousands in agony from hunger and cold day and night incessantly is ringing in our ears, and by generous and *immediate aid* many of them may yet be saved. Three months hence it will be too late.

P.S.—Since writing the above, my teacher, whom I sent three days ago to make inquiries about Lin-k'ü, arrived, and gives still more sad accounts of things there. One village had one hundred and eighty inhabitants last summer, now there remain ninety-three only, forty are dead, and the rest gone away. Considering the number of the dead and the expense of burying, a pit has been dug in the north-east suburb. It is called Nan-sin-k'éng (ten thousand men pit), and there the dead are cast. There he saw some of the few dogs still uneaten, feeding on the corpses. Speaking after careful calculation in the language of sober sad truth, it is said that one-half of the people in many villages of Lin-k'ü will not live to see the wheat crop ripen. You will not believe me if I add more. Are their not natives as well as foreigners who will contribute after learning of the heartrending calamities of their fellow-men?

Since writing last, I have been out every day to make further arrangements towards relieving the distress of these many thousands who are starving. In the seven places in the eastern half of I-tu hien alone, there are in each from six to ten thousands getting millet gruel. In one of these places, Kao-shing-t'ang, there are often from fifteen to twenty thousand. One day within twenty *li* of road travelled, I got the following information:—At Ch'i-kien, a village of two hundred families, I found that thirty

families had pulled down their houses to sell the timber and thatch for food; thirty families had gone away, and twenty individuals were dead from starvation. At Kiang-kia-low, with a population of thirty to forty families, forty-seven individuals had died of starvation. At Li-kia-chwang, out of a hundred families, formerly well off, thirty persons were already dead of starvation. At Po-wang, out of sixty families, forty persons were dead, and sixty gone away. At Ma-soong, out of forty families, forty individuals had perished. These are the only villages I made inquiries at that day. They are not picked out as specimens of the greatest suffering. In the same twenty *li* I saw a man dead on the roadside, with a dog watching him ominously. Before I had gone out of sight of this distressing spectacle I met a father and son carrying a beam black with soot. They had thirty *li* to go to sell it for fuel and would get only one hundred and fifty cash for it. The son had not recovered from smallpox, but was obliged to get up or starve. Entering the village which was then before us, and inquiring if any had starved in it, they said a great many had starved, and as many more were sold. "As for starving there is this house," they said, "it had seven persons two months ago, only a boy of thirteen remains, and who will die in a day or two." (This boy I took under my care). A few *li* farther on, a number of magpies were picking a skull from a corpse close by. At the end of the twenty *li* we found that the only schoolmaster in that village had died of starvation a few days ago. I took in his starving boy. The sad cases just mentioned as occurring within such a short distance as twenty *li* do not complete the list. I have another little boy, the only one left of a family of six. The grandmother committed suicide, the father and a sister died of starvation, another sister was sold, and the mother got married (?) (anything to live). Every market has heaps of doors and windows cut up for fuel. Every village has houses pulled down, and the country presents the appearance it may have done had a raid of rebels passed over it, with this difference, that the suffering caused by the rebels over a large extent is of far shorter duration. It is seriously calculated that in very many villages only half of the inhabitants will see the wheat ripe. I trust that for this extraordinary distress extraordinary generosity will be shown. *It is not charity to the poor for which I plead, but life to the dead.* There is not a moment to lose:—thousands lie dying while I write, and thousands more will have died before this can reach you. The morality is daily on the increase. Snow covers the ground so that the poor creatures can pick up nothing to stay the pangs of their gnawing hunger. Three months hence some weeds will grow, and the trees will be in leaf, and on these the poor creatures can support themselves. Now the frozen ground yields nothing but pits for the dead! The Government is far too careless

(or rather helpless). Let us foreigners show a better example and help our fellow-men. Instead of indiscriminately distributing the balance of the monies forwarded to me by the Rev. J. Thomas, the Rev. W. Muirhead, the Misses Laisun and other friends, I have opened four places for receiving orphans, and have undertaken to support them until the famine is over. With the fall of silver value, and the rise of the price of grain, it will take a dollar and a quarter to provide for one child for a month. Who will volunteer to be father or mother of these poor orphans for three or four months? Five dollars will save four every month, five thousand dollars will save four thousand lives, and probably more, if relief can be afforded upon anything like an extensive scale. Many, doubtless, who will read these lines, have given already, perhaps more than once; but I implore your pity to be moved yet again. The snow is on the ground, and the poor creatures are not only starving, but freezing to death.

Cannot the natives of Shanghai be also stirred up to do something for Lin-k'ü hien, which is said to be suffering most intensely of all? Besides gratitude to heaven for the good harvest they have had in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, pure pity for their fellow-men will surely yield something and something great for the alleviation of such terrible distress. Though the Government has granted more money to Lin-k'ü than to any one hien besides, the suffering is far less efficiently relieved there than in other places.—12th February.

N.B.—The Committee have sent Mr. Richard prompt relief, but there is need for far more. Contributions will be thankfully received at the Mission House.

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THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Visits to my District.

By the REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A.

WHEN Mr. Kerry removed to Barrisal, in April, 1876, he asked me to take over for him charge of the churches in the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, as the district is called, South of Calcutta.

The district is a vast rice-field, covered with water two or three feet deep, in which the rice grows during the rainy season from June to October, drying up during the cold season from November to February, and quite dry during the hot season from March to June. The villages in the district are built on mounds of earth, raised a few feet above the surface of the ground, which form little islands during the half year that the water remains on the fields. The whole delta of the Ganges is a flat alluvial deposit, without hill or hillock, or even a single stone or pebble belonging to it. In conversation lately with one of our more intelligent native evangelists, I happened to speak of the hills. "Hills," said he, "I have never seen such a thing in all my life."

Our churches are scattered about in some of these little island villages. The nearest is about eight miles from Calcutta, and the furthest, Khari, about fifty. The history of the work is interesting. It commenced about fifty years ago. Calcutta preachers visited, among other places, a village about three miles from Calcutta, and their message was welcomed by some peasants from Khari, who had come to this village. They received the message and carried it to their home. Afterwards others joined them, both there and at Luckyantipore, a village about twelve miles to the north of Khari. A terrible storm, which devastated that part of the country about thirty years ago, led many other families to join the Christian community,—with mixed motives, no doubt, but many of whom became true Christians,—just as many came to Christ, when He was on earth, for bodily healing, and received besides that blessing, the welcome words, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." The villages in the northern circle of churches were originally an offshoot from the work of the London Missionary Society. So the work spread, but, as the Lord has forewarned us, "offences" soon began to come—not from the heathen, but, alas! from Christians. The

Agents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, instead of going to some of the thousands of villages where the name of Christ had never been heard, preferred going to the villages where our Christians lived, putting up opposition churches, and in various ways seeking to draw away our people to themselves. Their efforts were to a large extent successful; a great many of our people joined them, but a great many stood fast. Ever since then there have been in the district the two bodies of Christians, distinguished universally among the people by the two names of the *Sprinklers* and the *Dippers* (the *Chitans* and the *Dubits*). Gradually the old hostility between the two parties wore away, and they are now pretty friendly. But in the meantime a third party has come upon the scene. Some five or six years ago the Roman Catholics began to consider whether they could not adopt the same tactics as the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had done before them. Accordingly they began operations, which they have been vigorously prosecuting ever since. The priests, leaving the thousands of villages where they might try to spread their faith among Hindoos and Mohammedans, go to some village where there are Christians already, and very possibly already two Christian places of worship—a “sprinkler” and a “dipper” chapel—and there they put up a third, a Catholic chapel. Then they go from house to house, tell the Christians that the Protestant churches are satanic, and promise liberal temporal aid if they will join the true Church. So they go from village to village, and there are now four or five European priests in the district vigorously employed in this effort. And with what result? Alas for the “bulwark of Protestantism!” it has proved, to use a Bengali proverb, but a “dam of sand,” or an “image of sugar.” The “sprinklers” have gone over to the Catholics in shoals. In many stations there are hardly any left. The missionary in charge acknowledges “it is only too true that the mission entrusted to my care is perceptibly melting away.” The result has been the same in most of their stations that have been assailed, and the enemy is steadily advancing to attack the whole position, point by point. But I am thankful to say that the despised “dippers” have for the most part thus far stood firm. It is really surprising, considering that our people are almost all of them poor peasants, depending almost entirely on the rice-crop, which is very liable to partial destruction from excess or deficiency of water. They know but little; the Calcutta missionary in charge is able to visit them very seldom, owing to his Calcutta engagements, while the Catholic European priests live amongst them. Besides, while the priest goes to them, does everything for them, and gives substantial temporal aid, we have been during the last few years gradually

diminishing the help we used to give in the way of repairing their chapels and supporting their pastors, in order to train them to self-support and independence. Yet, in spite of all, the great mass of our people have stood firm, and several who went over to the Roman Catholics have come back to us. The secret, I believe, lies in the fact that we have from the first striven to ground them in the Bible, and, as we know, the Bible is to the priest, to use another Bengali proverb, like "the mungoose to the snake." The priests themselves say, "The *sprinklers* are moderate Satan, but the *dippers* are out-and-out Satan. The history of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Roman Catholic operations in these southern villages presents a very striking illustration of the words, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Such is the district. There are in it nine churches under my charge containing an aggregate Christian community of 1,222 persons, of whom 286 are church-members. Besides these there are four churches to the south-east under Mr. W. L. Wenger's charge, the Christian community of which numbers, I believe, about 170. In the churches under my charge there are eight village elementary schools, connected with the mission and taught by Christian masters, besides two which I have lately established from private funds.

Our mission staff in India has been for some years so weak, that the missionary in charge of the southern churches has had other work upon his hands which detains him for the most part in Calcutta, and prevents his visiting the district as much as he would otherwise like to do. My first "Episcopal visitation" was made during the rains in August and September. Mission work in heathen lands reproduces many of the features of work in apostolic times: the missionary, for instance, who has charge of a number of churches is in much the same position as Titus in Crete. During the rains the whole country is easily accessible by canoes, which, drawing very little water, are easily pushed over the rice-fields through the green standing blades of rice. Our mission canoe, which has done good service for many years, and now almost needs to be "pensioned," is some thirty feet long, and two or three feet wide. A covering, some twelve feet long, made of bamboo sticks and reeds, which can be lifted on or off the canoe as desired, keeps off the sun and rain, and in the night the night air. We sometimes spend the night in the canoe, occasionally two of us, packed together in sardine-fashion. One, two, or four men, as the case may be, stand at the end of the canoe, and with long bamboo poles push it along through the water. This is the usual mode of travelling in the district, while the water is on the ground, and along the water courses all through the year. During this visit I went

to each station, examined the schools, and talked and had service with the people. There is not much to record regarding it. My next visit was paid in January, when, in company with Mr. Goolzar Shah, I visited the two most southern and largest churches. We had at first proposed a preaching tour to the great Gunga Sagor Mela, but circumstances led us to alter our plan. It was, perhaps, well that we did so for the weather at Gunga Sagor this year was so stormy that a number of boats were wrecked and their passengers drowned; and our brethren Ananda C. Duffadar and Khristanga Biswas, who went there, had a narrow escape of their lives. Mr. Shah and myself reached Luckyantipore, about forty miles from Calcutta, on Jan. 12. Close by is another village called Dhanghatta. The Christian community at the two places numbers 309, including children; and the two churches have united under the same pastor.

As the Roman Catholics are very active in that neighbourhood, and several of our people have gone over to them, I thought it well on the Sunday to give the people a little exhortation on the subject. I therefore preached from 2 Cor. xi. 3, and pointed out how the Papists are doing just what the serpent did in Eden. The serpent led Eve's *mind* astray by suggesting doubts, "Hath God said?—Ye shall not die." So God says, "Do not worship images;" the Roman Catholics advocate image worship. The Bible says, "Do not worship angels;" the Roman Catholics advocate angel worship, and so forth. The serpent led Eve's *heart* astray; he pointed out how beautiful and how pleasant the fruit of the forbidden tree was. So the priests come and offer rupees saying, "See how pleasant a thing a rupee is, and what it will get for you, if you join us." Satan came in the disguise of a graceful serpent; and so now "his ministers are transformed as the ministers of righteousness—transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ." We then urged the people to band together for mutual instruction, and Mr. Shah proposed a plan for house-to-house meetings, night schools for learning to read the Bible, women's meetings, &c. The people took readily to the suggestions; and since then they have been to some extent carried out. The next day we went south to Khari, and reached there in the evening. In the morning we heard that Sheik Panju, one of the oldest and most intelligent of the Christians, was very ill, and we therefore went to see him. He was very low, but it was cheering to see the genuineness of his faith. "Many storms have passed over me, but by God's grace I have held firm;" this was his joyous confession. We spoke of the Saviour to him, but felt that he needed no comforting words of ours, for the Saviour Himself was with him. During the night he passed away to his eternal rest, and the next day we committed his remains to the earth, in

sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. On returning to the chapel where we were putting up, I was surprised to have an English letter put into my hand, in an out-of-the-way place like Khari. On opening it, I read as follows:—"Reverend Sir,—I was unfortunately away when you delivered a speech at Luckyantipore, in which you called us, the Catholics, 'idolaters,' and the Catholic priests 'seducers.' I invite you to prove these assertions at a public meeting between you and me in the presence of those before whom you have thus qualified us. As I am thoroughly convinced that the crime of idolatry and that of seduction are incompatible with salvation, and I am anxious to get salvation, I should feel much obliged, for my sake and that of my poor flock, by your complying with my request.—Yours obediently, E. DELPLACE, S.J., R. C. Priest." I replied that I was forced to return at once to Calcutta for an engagement there, but that if I found an opportunity of meeting him I was prepared to do so. I added that the word "seducer," which he used, implied *deliberate* leading astray, but that I had no reason to question his sincerity; at the same time I maintained that he did "corrupt the minds of Christians from the simplicity that is in Christ." A few weeks later I arranged for our meeting. I stipulated that the Bible should be our standard of appeal, and he agreed. The discussion took place in our chapel at Luckyantipore on February 9th. The priest had stipulated that there should be no religious act of worship, as the rules of his church forbid his joining in worship with non-Catholics; also that I should first prove the charge of idolatry, and then should be at liberty to take up any other point. I began by saying that, as we were met to discuss the meaning of God's word, I thought it fitting that we should begin by asking God's guidance and blessing, but as the priest objected, we could not do so. I then said that the Hindoos are idolaters, yet they do not profess to worship the image, but the deity who, through the incantation of the priest, takes up his abode in it. My opponent replied that there is this difference—the Roman Catholics simply regard the image as *reminding* them of the being to whom prayer was offered. I then referred to the second Commandment. He took the Bengali Bible and read, "Thou shalt not make any graven image, or any likeness, &c." Now the word "likeness" here is wrong, it ought to be only "graven image." Then there is a positive command, "Thou shalt not make any [likeness," &c., with a full stop at the end of the verse; and yet we know that it is quite right to make a statue of the Queen, &c. It is clear, therefore, that this Bengali version is a false translation. I simply referred him to the Douay version, where there is the same word "likeness," and the same full stop at the end of the verse. This settled that point. I also added that

the Hebrew word, rendered "bow down to," is the word used of the reverence showed by Bathsheba to David (1 Kings i. 31), and that God forbade the Jews to bow down before an image, because of the proneness of mankind to idolatry. The priest replied, "No doubt, the Jews were thus prone, but we Catholics give such clear teaching as to the wrongfulness of worshipping images, that there is no fear of Christians falling into this sin!" It was no use to contend that the mass of Roman Catholics do worship the image, because the priest would deny it, and the people would have no means of judging between us. I simply said, that in Roman Catholic countries the churches were as full of images as any heathen temple, and that the people were continually bowing before them.

(To be continued.)

Africa.

LETTER FROM MR. GRENFELL.

"A YEAR ago I was full of bright anticipation with regard to the work I was about to recommence under so much more favourable auspices than my previous attempt. I was returning in good health in a measure acclimatised, and was accompanied by my dear wife, from whose help and company in this lonely place I was expecting so much. Now I am alone again. God has taken away the help I had hoped would have assisted me so materially to do His work. Though it is hard to understand at times, I cannot but believe His way to be best. So I bow to His will and pray for grace and strength that I may arise out of trouble purer and stronger. The sweet assurances of our faith afford great consolation; nevertheless, I have felt this a heavy blow, and I think you, my dear Sir, will feel that my situation is a trying one.

"The sheet of statistics sent some time back will have informed you somewhat of our condition here.

Though it furnishes no great signs of progress, I think it shows ground for hope. At Malimba the work is a promising one. At Kalaki the state of affairs is not very encouraging. A few of the Bell Town people continue faithful, presenting themselves among us from time to time. Dido's Town having been taken in war and burnt, most of the members have sought refuge with us.

"Of Mr. Wilson's withdrawal from Bell Town you have already been informed, as well as of the causes which led to it. Since then King Bell and the mission people of his town have sent one of the church members with a petition to the Primitive Methodist Mission at Fernando Po, asking them to come over to the mainland. The reply was a most emphatic refusal. That this would be the result I had previously told King Bell, assuring him at the same time that we, the Baptist missionaries, and they, the Methodist missionaries, being friends and teachers of the same

Gospel, would be glad to beneighbour, but that, while so many places were entirely without missionaries, we should not think of working together in one place and leaving others quite empty.

“Of the difficulty with the Dido Town people I had also informed you; but this difficulty is now solved, as neither of the divisions of Dido Town now exist, the whole town having been destroyed by the united forces of Akwa and Bell. Towards the close of the year the jealousy between the two sections resulted in one of Ned Dido’s head men being shot by one of Charley’s chiefs. Murders having become alarmingly frequent, the law of ‘a life for a life’ was made about a year ago, and was made to hold good in the case of freemen as well as slaves. Freemen had previously escaped by the fine of a woman or two. The murderer in this case was called for by Kings Akwa and Bell, but was protected by Charley Dido, one of the consenting parties to the law. This protection was not open at first; he provided him with powder and guns and helped him to intrench his portion of the town, professing all the while his intention to yield up Muduru, the guilty man. When things had advanced sufficiently, Charley said, ‘No, I can’t give him up, you must take him.’ Muduru and Charley did not think that matters would be pushed so far as to involve a war, and for a time they appeared to be on the winning side, for they were prepared, and their opponents, who thought to have settled it without fighting, seemed to hang fire. But Muduru grew so insolent, that Bell and Akwa were fairly roused, and commenced in real earnest to prepare for a struggle. During this time Muduru was sending messages to King Bell (talking upon the Edimbi, or country drum, which can be heard

for half a mile or more and understood, being a complete phonetic telegraph), asking him whether he, a king, was fit to come and take a man and enforce the law; also saying, ‘I am a tiger in my lair, waiting that I may feast on those who think to make a feast of me.’ This, and much after the same fashion, could not be brooked, so Charley was applied to once more to lend his aid to carry out the law. This he refused; not only so, but declared his intention to fight if any authority set foot in his town to try to enforce it. On the 4th December, matters had gone so far that the Dido people were really alarmed, and sent two canoes to sue for peace; but the Akwa people had no faith in Dido, whose double dealing was notorious through the whole affair, fired upon the approaching canoes, which immediately fled after such a reception, and set fire to the Ned Dido portion of the town. The Ned Dido people had a day or two previously taken their departure, fearing the Charley people’s vengeance. The next day, Tuesday, Akwa and Bell assaulted the town, but were unable to break through the stockade or pass the ditch. The attempt cost one or two lives, and several casualties. The next day, among several others, Black Akwa was killed, he being next in authority to Akwa himself; his death caused the people to become desperate, and spread fear among the Didos. The many wounded kept me at this time very busy doing my best for the poor sufferers. I had made arrangements to start for Victoria, but I felt I could not leave under the circumstances. Akwa, too, begged me to stay, as things were looking so serious. Black Akwa’s funeral on Thursday was a dreadful affair. A Dido prisoner’s arms and legs were cut off and placed in the bottom of

the grave: one of Charley's sons was put in the grave too, after his legs had been broken; but before he was dead, the coffin was lowered upon the severed limbs of the poor wretch killed, and upon the legs of the still living man, who was made to sit up, and who was then buried alive. During this time the assailants were plundering and burning the town, for, greatly to the surprise of everybody; the fire was not returned, the town discovered to be deserted. About noon Charley Dido was discovered hidden among the buttresses of a giant tree. He had made the attempt to escape in his canoe, but Ekwalla, his eldest son, said, 'No, you brought this trouble on us; you shan't go,' and followed his words by compelling his father and five slaves to go ashore, and left them to the mercy of their enemies. Charley's brother elected to be left with him, and these seven, of the whole town, were found the sole occupants of the place. As soon as they were discovered they were put into King Bell's canoe with great display, and were taken to Bell Beach. Charley was not allowed to go up into the town; had he done so, he would, according to 'country fashion,' have been under Bell's protection. Upon his calling for something to drink, he was given a tumbler of brandy with a quantity of shot at the bottom of the glass. This he drank, never flinching at the shot, though that informed him he was soon to die. Very shortly afterwards he was brought to the border-ground, between Akwa and Bell towns, and there was stripped of his cloth, and treated with great indignity. After being nearly stunned with a cudgel, he was seized by the legs and arms and carried out a little way toward the water, and laid upon his back; for the people believed that if he died with his face to the ground he would

work them some mischief. A man then advanced from the crowd and brought the muzzle of his gun within a few feet of the old man's body; but as he did so, Charley, knowing the people's fear, and having enough strength left, managed to turn his face downward; this delayed matters awhile till he was replaced, but only to repeat the same thing time after time, till they were obliged to kill him as he lay with his face half-buried in the sand. The first shot being fired, another advanced and fired, and so on, and so on, till hundreds had taken part in his execution, and he was literally blown to pieces. Thus died the oldest man in the river, a man at whose door many deaths lay; a man who sat upon the breast of one of his wives and drove a spike nail through her head, and who boasted of the deed; a man who, after murdering a man, and paying six women as fine, would in after years ask the man to whom he paid them what good they had ever done him; and are they not all dead, and do you think that if I want to kill another I am afraid to do so? With Charley's death, and the flight of the Dido people, the war ended for the time being. Just at this time, however, a renewal of hostilities seems imminent, as, in consequence of the Dido people having settled some twenty miles up the river, trade in that direction is stopped to such as they will not allow to pass, and this matter has been carried so far as that white traders and the people here have all combined to stop supplies of any kind leaving the river till the Dido people are expelled from their vantage ground. Those who shelter them now will have themselves alone to blame for stoppage of supplies, and great pressure is brought to bear all round. Rum, tobacco, and salt will soon become scarce, and then

we may expect affairs to assume a fresh aspect. I hope it will be a peaceful one, but I fear.

"At Malimba, Dibundu is labouring with very encouraging prospects; the people appreciate his efforts and attend the services. From the knowledge possessed by the inquirers, it is evident that the teacher has been diligent to instruct them. He is assisted by Dibohi, who takes charge of the school while Dibundu is away itinerating. She is also helping to build the teacher a house and chapel.

"At Kalaki, it is very uphill work. The people are more superstitious there than at any other place I have visited. 'Medicines' and charms are scattered all over the town. The chief is himself a witch doctor, and seeks to maintain his influence by mystifying the people with a multitude of charms. He has, however, given a good piece of ground for mission premises, now being erected. The people are great rum-drinkers, they say they don't see the good of learning book, it won't show them how to get more to eat and drink — the apparent only end for which they live. They take no interest in sending their children to school, and the meetings are but poorly attended—sometimes not more than one will reply to the summons of the bell. Duroo and Ebolu were much discouraged the last time they were here, and seemed to think it was but little use returning. I did what I could to encourage them to persevere, and they went back to their work, but very faint-heartedly.

"In itinerating during the past year I have been able to push my way up the southern branch of the river for three days' journey beyond the point reached previously by any European. At the point to which I arrived I was stopped first by a great cataract, and secondly, my passage on foot was obstructed by a swamp which I shall

some day, if God will, try to cross, notwithstanding the stories told by the people. They say the sun is so hot at noon that it kills any man who attempts to pass, so they go at night time to search for the ivory of the elephants that have perished in the swamp. That great numbers perish is manifest from the fact that this is the great ivory-producing district of these regions.

"In my journeyings many heard of the love of God who previously were quite ignorant, and I am afraid that their darkness will have been but little enlightened by the occasional visits of missionary and teacher.

"In all my journeys I have been careful to observe the advantages and disadvantages possessed by each route as a means of reaching the interior, where I believe that the amount of labour bestowed here would produce far greater results. Of course this station must be sustained; it is an all-important basis, even though it is uphill work.

"I had the pleasure of entertaining last week, during the stay of the steamer for three days, Mr. Rottman, one of the seniors of some forty Europeans, constituting the Basle Mission, whose head-quarters are at Christiansburg, near Acera. His long experience proved to him that coast missions had to contend with almost insuperable difficulties, while inland ones, such as are now receiving the special attention of their body, are wondrously more prosperous. Trade, after the fashion in which it is carried on out here, is a great barrier to the progress of the truth we proclaim. Commerce and Christianity are not necessarily antagonistic; it is the low standard of morality that obtains among traders, and the traffic in spirits, little better than poison, that combine to hinder the efforts of Christ's servants."

An Interesting Baptism at Monghyr, India.

BY THE REV. THOS. EVANS.

THE Hindoo gentleman of whom I am about to write, is a pleader in the Court at Monghyr, but his native place is Calcutta. He is a person of English education, and is a member of a respectable Hindoo family, himself a married man with a family of four children.

Since my arrival at Monghyr, he has more or less frequently visited the mission house, always coming "to talk about Jesus."

Many a long and interesting conversation I have had with him, and I was pleased to find that his knowledge of the Bible was extensive. When I saw him first, although he had much Scriptural knowledge, I found it was more mental than spiritual; but for the last year he has rapidly grown in heart-knowledge of Christ, and has been struggling for months between his fears and his duty publicly to profess his faith in Jesus, and it was only a few days ago that he was enabled to adopt as his motto, "All for Jesus." How little do the favoured people of Britain know what many in India have to give up for Christ, and how great must that grace be which enables a timid Bengali to give up "All for Jesus."

For months past he has been preparing to "take up the Cross." He was offered a most lucrative situation by a wealthy Hindu chief, but he said, "No, for under him I shall not be able to follow Christ openly." Lately he went down to Calcutta to divide the family property with his brother. After the other property was divided, the brother said, "Now let us divide the patrimony of the idol."

There is a god belonging to the family which has connected to its shrine about 50,000 rupees (£5,000), and a half share of this was the legal right of our friend, but he said, "No, my brother, no, I will have none of it; it is an accursed thing with which I shall not defile my hands or heart."

We have in Monghyr a large number of educated Baboos from Calcutta all of whom were anxiously watching his movements, and doing all they could to dissuade him from baptism, putting all manner of losses and crosses before him. The greatest trial of all was his own wife and two dear little ones in his home at Monghyr; for his wife, when she found that he intended to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, told him again and again, "As soon as you are baptized I leave you, and will take the children with me." He did all he could to calm her and persuade her to stay, but to no purpose, for her answer was, "No, I will not stop with you if you are baptized." Thus he had before him one of two alternatives. Either to resolve to be cast out as dross from Hindoo society, to give up much worldly gain, and, above all, to give up his dear wife and beloved children, or to deny Christ before men. What wonder that he hesitated, and spent weeks and months in a sorrowful and severe conflict between tender feelings and duty to Christ? Again and again has he come to me, and with tears has poured out his sorrow, saying, "What can I do? I am quite wretched; I cannot sleep nor eat. If I follow Jesus publicly I will have to give up all on earth, and if I deny my

Saviour, He will deny me. Alas! alas! how can I take up this heavy cross?" &c.

I never urged him to be baptized, but I failed not to point out to him his duty to Christ, and I would say—"You know your duty; and you must be willing to do it yourself, and that joyfully." I also felt quite sure that the Lord would some day enable him to give up all for Jesus. And so he did. He was to come forward at a meeting of the Church last week, to request baptism; but he came not. The following day he called on me and said:—"Ah, Mr. Evans, I could not come to the meeting, my heart failed me. I was in an awful state of mind, and I thought I could never give up all for Jesus; but, at seven o'clock on Thursday evening light broke in, and my heart was filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost. I saw a marvellous light, and I felt a marvellous love, and I was able cheerfully and thankfully to say, "All for Jesus!" and now I have perfect peace." He also said, "I am ready to go with you now down the Ganges and be baptized, or let me show my love to the Saviour on Sunday evening next by baptism in the English Chapel."

I asked him to write me a letter embodying his wishes, that I might circulate it among the church members for their consideration. This he did; and as he was well-known as an earnest seeker for the truth, and as one who had no worldly object to gain, but all to give up for Christ, he was accepted for baptism gladly. Most of Saturday he spent with a converted Brahmin who is now a minister of the gospel—a Mr. Mookerjee, from Calcutta. This brother, having had himself to pass through a like ordeal about fourteen years ago, could well sympathise with our friend, and comfort and encourage his heart.

The Sabbath evening came, and our friend presented himself before a mixed congregation of European and natives, Christians and heathen, for baptism. After I had spoken on the "strait gate and the narrow way," Mr. Mookerjee gave some account of the great difficulties which Hindus of respectable standing have to encounter when they come forward publicly to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." He also touchingly requested the Church to take good care of, and nourish tenderly these lambs of the flock.

Then our friend stood up and gave us a short history of his life, telling us how and when the Spirit of God touched his heart, and how long he had struggled against his convictions from fear of man, while at last he was enabled to say, 'All for Jesus,' which he said should be his motto. He told the Hindoos present not to suppose that his faith was a blind faith, but that it was a deep and real conviction of the power of Christ changing his heart and constraining him in spite of all opposition and sacrifices to profess publicly his love to Him who died for sinners. After an earnest appeal to his countrymen, several of whom were in the chapel and many more in the verandah, he said, "Now I shall pray; I cannot now pray for others but I will pray for myself."

And truly he did offer such a prayer as one is but seldom privileged to hear. It was so exceedingly simple and earnest, so touchingly real and true, that it drew floods of tears from many present. He first of all thanked God that His Spirit had not forsaken him, although he had so long and so repeatedly endeavoured to cast away his convictions. His reference to his wife and family was most touching, and I only wish every word of the prayer could have been preserved.

He said, "O Lord, thou knowest that my dear wife has told me that she will leave me if I would be baptized. If possible, keep me from this great trial, but if she will go let her go, only do Thou go with her and convert her, and keep my dear girls from marrying into heathen families. My eldest girl is married into one. I am so sorry for it. Thou knowest that I did not approve of it then; pardon me in this that I was not more firm. But I did not then love Jesus as I love Him now. And my grown-up son, O Lord, he can read Thy word, and I have often spoken to him about Jesus, but he is yet far from Thee. O Lord, shall I see these my loved ones, all and each of them Thine? Do, Lord, touch their hearts, and show them Thy glory as Thou hast shown me," &c.

It was refreshing to hear this newborn babe in Jesus pleading in broken language with such devout spirit and in such child-like simplicity with his Heavenly Father; and one could not but believe that the Lord will grant him the desire of his heart. After singing "O happy day," I baptized him into the death of Jesus, and he "went on his way rejoicing." The Lord grant that he may stand fast unto the end, and that his example may be followed by many more of our educated Hindoos, who are at heart fully convinced that Jesus is the only Sa-

viour of sinners, but who lack courage to come forward and say, like our friend, "All for Jesus!" I will not add except to say that this case has given me quite a new light on the great importance of baptism as a sign of separation between the followers of Christ and the votaries of false gods. The godless world cannot see the change of heart and the inward separation which is the real difference, and as they do not see it, they do not care for it, so much so that a Hindoo son or daughter may be a most sincere believer in Christ in heart, and even give up idol worship, yet, as long as there is no outward and visible sign of Christianity by baptism there is no "offence," but no sooner is the rubicon of baptism crossed than the ungodly world cry out and say, "He is gone, he is gone, he has left the gods of his country, and joined himself to Christ."

How wisely our great Master has ordained all things, and how truly it is that, in the opinion of the heathen, the man who is baptized into the death of Jesus has "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and is no longer recognised by them as an idol worshipper. Baptism in India has an importance which people in Christian countries know not of; it is truly a test of sincerity and a sign of separation from sin and selfishness.

Zenana Work.

PAPER BY MRS. HOBBS.

(Continued from page 73.)

OUR readers will now have some faint idea of what a village is before Gospel light enters it; they will also have seen by what

agency it was taken to the village in question, and they will naturally ask, "Shall we see any results? Will the change in any of

the people be permanent? or will the light just flicker for a few short weeks and then go out, leaving the darkness only more visible than before, and the people much more averse to receiving the Gospel for ever after?" To these questions the following piece of joy-inspiring intelligence received from Mr. H. but a few weeks ago, shall be our reply:—

"A pleasing instance of undoubted conversion was mentioned to me by the Bible-woman, Lydia, on Friday, Sept. 22nd. In the village of T— lived the widow of a Brahmin named K. From the first time of her being visited by Lydia she gave heed to the truth, and after becoming somewhat acquainted with it threw open her house, so that the neighbouring women might hear Lydia's teaching with more convenience than they could do in their own houses (where husbands or elder sons would sometimes forbid it). As many as eight or nine women would thus meet in her house as soon as it was known that the Bible-woman had arrived. About three or four months ago K. declared that she had lost all faith in the gods, and that from henceforth all her reliance should be upon the Lord Jesus.

"An opportunity for making a stand on behalf of her new faith soon occurred. The time for making the annual collection for the village Pooja came round. She was called upon to contribute as usual, but resolutely refused to give a single pice to maintain the honour of gods such as Hindoos revere and worship. As faith grew she took another step in the right direction. With her own hands she uprooted and threw away the sacred Toolsie plant which stood in her court-yard, and before which she had so often bowed in worship. This bold deed created quite a stir in

the village, and she was angrily remonstrated with, but she replied, 'The shrub was mine, and I have a right to do what I please with my own. It has been a snare to my spirit, and so I destroyed it.' When told that the gods would surely punish her for her impiety, she said, 'I have no fear of any of them. If they have any power to harm me, I have given them a good opportunity to show it before you all.'

"About this time she frequently came to our Christian worship, although her village is nearly a mile distant from the chapel, and she was verging on sixty years of age. A short time ago she was stricken down with fever of so virulent a character that it was soon seen that it would end in death.

"Her heathen neighbours, knowing how very anxious all Hindoos are that their funeral rites be duly attended to, threatened her that unless she abjured the Christian religion, and died in the Hindoo faith, they would not convey her body to the holy Ganges after death. To this she replied, 'I do not wish to be taken to the Ganges. There is no virtue in any water to do my spirit good whilst I live, or to do my body good after I am dead. Just dig a hole, and put me into it; that will do for me. If, after my death, you are afraid to come within two feet of my corpse, lest you should become defiled, you can get others who are not so strict about such matters to do it for you. I will never give up Lord Jesus.' In despair of reclaiming her, they vowed they would not go near her, and that none of the village people should stay with her at night, or in any way wait upon her. Even this did not move her. Said she in reply, 'I do not want any one to stay with me at night. Lord Jesus is with my spirit

all the day, and also all the night. What more do I need? I will help myself as long as I can, and then, calling upon Jesus, will I die.'

"Her illness terminated in death on the tenth day after the fever struck her down. Until the last night no one was with her; she passed the lonely hours in soul communion with her Saviour. On the night of her death, however, a woman of the village, daring all commands to the contrary, sat up with her, and attended upon her in her dying moments. She now sweetly sleeps in Jesus, awaiting resurrection. The influential people of the village, maintaining that she died a Christian, tried to prevent her body from having what they consider to be a respectable funeral—they would have had her thrown into a hole as she had desired; but some of her poorer neighbours, under the kindly plea that she had never forfeited caste by eating with the Christians, took up her body, carried it forty miles to the Ganges, burnt it on the bank, and consigned its ashes to the river.

"She was thus made to appear as an orthodox Hindoo to the last; but God understands their proceedings, and Christ will know His own. She was burnt as a heathen Hindoo, but she will rise as a partaker of the life eternal. Since her decease another

widow in the village has thrown open her house for the women to meet Lydia in; so that, in spite of all opposition, the work of God goes on."

And it will go on, dear readers, for God is taking out of that dark land "a people for His name." And shall we stand by and simply say, "What hath God wrought?" when it may be our privilege to help on this glorious consummation? The fields are white unto harvest. Who will put in the sickle and reap the harvest? The labourers are few. We cannot all go and work in the field, but we can *all pray* the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers into His harvest. We can all pray that He who has the hearts of all men in His hands will dispose those who have the silver and gold to lay them on His altar for this great work. We have not, all of us silver and gold, but we can all cast in the widow's mite. It is continuous and combined effort that accomplishes the *great* things in the world. They are but single drops of rain that make up the fertilising shower; the little brooks and rivulets, ever flowing onwards to the sea, make up the grand old ocean; and the tiny grains of sand that compose the boundless desert; so the single contributions of the multitude can be the means of compassing a large and important work.

Missionary Notes.

A parliamentary blue-book has just been printed, containing a statistical abstract relating to British India. Under British administration there are 907,086 square miles, of 50 divisions and 235 districts with 37,041,259 inhabited houses, containing a population of 190,563,048; the Feudatory States extend over 546,695 square miles with a population of 48,267,910; making an area of 1,453,781 square miles, with a population of 238,850,958. Of the population

in British India, 139,248,568 are Hindoos, 1,174,436 Sikhs, 40,882,537 Mohammedans, 2,832,851 Buddhists and Jains, 896,658 Christians, and "others" 5,102,823, and, to make up the number 190,563,048, it is stated that of 425,175 the religion is not known.

A young Mohammedan of Futtehpore, a city some 120 miles westward of Allahabad, strolling slowly along the bazar, picked up a scrap of printed paper which lay on the ground. The broken piece contained a few verses of the 7th chapter of the Gospel of John. The words were used by the Divine Spirit for the production of conviction in his mind, and the result was his conversion to Christ and his identification with His people in that city. Torn up in umbrage as no doubt the little book was, God once more fulfilled His word, and caused even the wrath of man to praise Him.

The first Christian church in Constantinople was founded in 1846; there are now seventy-six in the Turkish empire, about a third of which are self-supporting and all self-governing. Four "Evangelical Unions" have been formed for mutual counsel and aid; one at Harpoot, in Mesopotamia, of twenty-six churches; another in Southern Asia Minor of twenty-three churches; and another in Bithynia of eleven churches. Connected with these churches are 3,303 members, and congregations numbering 13,000, with a population of over 18,000 native Protestants.

Jerusalem may in a manner be said to be the emporium of religious nationalities. There are about 5,000 Mohammedans, 4,000 Christians, 7,000 Jews. There are 2,000 members of the Greek Church, 900 Roman Catholics, 350 Armenians, besides Syrians, Abyssinians, Copts, and Protestants. It is interesting to see the followers of so many antagonistic religions live and worship in peace at this holy city.

A missionary, writing from Cape Town, says the Dutch Reform Church in South Africa has exhibited more life and energy in the last twenty or thirty years than in two hundred years previously. From 1665 to 1855 the church had only established 37 congregations. Now there are 113 congregations, with 220,000 souls, 50 ministers, and many churches, manses, and schools.

Only forty years ago Fiji Islanders feasted on human flesh. Now no less than forty thousand children attend Sunday-school, and thousands of the people are earnest, consistent Christians.

Sixty years ago there was not a solitary native Christian in Polynesia. Now more than 300 Islands of Eastern and Southern Polynesia have abandoned idolatry.

There are twenty thousand schools in Japan—attendance being one in five of the population.

Home Proceedings.

Since our last account of deputation work, in our April number, the following places have been visited :—

PLACES.	DEPUTATIONS.
Abingdon	Rev. Thomas L. Johnson.
Birmingham	Rev. I. Allen, M.A.
Bradford District	Revs. C. Bailhache and James Smith.
Brockley Road	Rev. J. Smith.
Caversham	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Cheltenham	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Dartford	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Edenbridge	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Great Grimsby District	Rev. W. Bailey.
Hampstead	Rev. J. Smith.
Harlow	Revs. J. C. Page and T. L. Johnson.
Kettering District	Revs. I. Allen, M.A., and H. R. Pigott.
Leamington	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A., and W. C. Fink, Esq.
Loughton	Revs. Dr. Green and T. H. Morgan, and Dr. Underhill.
Luton	Revs. I. Stubbins and H. R. Pigott.
Maidenhead	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Margate District	Revs. W. H. McMechan and J. C. Parry, Esq.
Newport (Mon.)	Revs. J. C. Page and T. H. Morgan.
Newtown (Mont.)	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Peckham	Rev. T. L. Johnson.
Prince's Risboro'	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Rayleigh	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Romford	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Scotland	Revs. I. Allen, M.A., G. B. Thomas, and James Smith.
Shoreham	Rev. T. L. Johnson.
Stratford-on-Avon	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Tottenham	Dr. Underhill and Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Windsor	Rev. C. Bailhache.

ITALY.—On June 13th a valedictory service was held at Regent's Park Chapel to take leave of the Rev. John and Mrs. Landels previous to their departure for Naples. They sailed on the 15th.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Providence in Missions.

THE British Empire in Hindostan is one of the marvels of history. On the last day of the sixteenth century, Queen Elizabeth empowered a few merchants and capitalists to trade with the inhabitants of that vast and fertile peninsula; and yet at the end of a century and one-third of another century, England had the absolute control of only a few square miles! In 1744, however, a war arose between France and herself which was to be followed with the gravest consequences. It involved their dependencies in all parts of the world. Two years later, Labourdonnais, a man of remarkable talent and energy, attacked Madras, which had been the capital of the British possessions on the Coromandel coast for more than a hundred years; and the city capitulated,—a promise of restoration, on the fulfilment of certain conditions, having been previously made. This was the end of his brief but brilliant career. He returned to his native land, lay in the Bastille three years, and died soon after his release.

To the charge of the interests of France in India, Dupleix succeeded,—a man of still greater ambition, as also of greater ability, in certain respects. He resolved to retain all the advantages which had been gained over the English, and also to expel them, if possible, from the Coromandel coast. The promise to restore Madras, therefore, he annulled; and he took all the magazines of the city, and all the property as well, except that which was strictly private and personal. The English Governor and the chief men of the place were conducted as prisoners to Pondicherry. Not content with this triumph, he proceeded to form plans of aggression not inferior to those of the greatest conquerors who had invaded India in earlier times; and he adopted a style of living appropriate for an Oriental prince.

If the question had been asked at this epoch, "Who are to gain the ascendancy in Hindostan, the French or the English?" an ordinary observer would have replied "The former;" and he would have had strong reasons for his belief. Dupleix "ruled over 30,000,000" of the native population "with almost absolute power." In fact he was "the greatest potentate" in all the land. The Hindocs, moreover, had learned to look

with contempt on the nation which had been so feebly represented in that part of the world, and which had done nothing to attest its wonderful capabilities, as well for war as for civil administration. They had seen the colours of France flying at Fort St. George. They had seen the counsels and efforts of Dupleix everywhere successful. Why then should they not have faith in him as the Hero of the Future.

THE CURRENT REVERSED.

But suddenly and unexpectedly a new actor appears upon the stage. An obscure Englishman, twenty-five years of age, steps forth, and arrests the triumphs of the French. Robert Clive led a small force, consisting of two hundred English soldiers and three hundred Sepoys, to the gates of Arcot through thunder, lightning, and rain. In a panic the garrison evacuated the fortress. He was not surprised, of course, to find himself speedily besieged by an army much larger than his own. For fifty days the investment continued; but when the onset was made, four hundred of the assailants fell, while only five or six of his own men succumbed. Next day the enemy were nowhere to be seen! From this time onward the English, like David, "waxed stronger and stronger," while the French, like the house of Saul "waxed weaker and weaker."

A few years later, the tragedy of the Black Hole was enacted at Calcutta memorable for its atrocity, more memorable still for the retribution which followed. That terrible crime put Clive at once on the track of Surajah Dowlah for his chastisement and his overthrow. They met at Plassey, June 23, 1757. On the English side there were only 3,000 soldiers, two thirds of them Sepoys; on the side of the Nabob, there were nearly 60,000. But one hour of conflict scattered this large force, and assured the dominion of India to Britain! It is unnecessary to complete this extraordinary chapter in the annals of our race. Suffice it to say that successive advances were made, at one time by the victories of war, at another by the victories of peace, till at length the flag of England floated triumphantly in the shadows of the Himalayahs.

It is a question of very great interest to all who delight in studying the problems of history, "Why was the mastery of a region of such vast resources given to the English rather than to the French?" Surely the presence and influence of the former through a long series of years did them but little credit. Some of the worst men whom the United Kingdom has ever produced, went to India as mere reckless adventurers. Parents often sent their graceless sons around the Cape of Good Hope, in order that their misdeeds might be transferred to a distant clime; in the hope, moreover, that if there should be no reform, there might, at least, be no return. With

such specimens of Christianity on every side, it was not strange that the Hindoos soon learned to say, with bitter taunts and sneers, "Christian religion, devil religion!"

The policy of the East India Company from the beginning was as persistently and incorrigibly selfish as it could well be. It was wont to say, with a meaning which the words feebly expressed, "We rest upon a purely mercantile bottom." In 1793, and again in 1813, it resisted to the utmost the opening of any door for the introduction of missions. The order issued to the first missionaries of the Board, on their arrival at Calcutta in 1812, requiring their immediate return to America, was simply the expression of a settled policy and an unyielding determination. It is hardly too much to say that this company, so successful, so powerful, invested with such immense responsibilities withal, continued strangely blind to those responsibilities down to the very close of its career.

This then is the argument. According to the forecastings of our earthly wisdom, that great peninsula should have been a Gallic dependency. But He who saw the end from the beginning, decided otherwise. True, the difference between the English East India Company and the French East India Company did not seem to be very marked. Many, indeed, might have given the preference to the latter, and they could have assigned very plausible reasons for so doing. The former certainly, in those earlier times, had no strong claim upon the public favour on moral grounds. Clive himself, with all his manly and chivalrous qualities, and all his capacity for the highest achievements, whether in war or in peace, was a man of strangely conflicting attributes. And yet the prize was withheld from France, and delivered to England. Why?

THE REASON.

There was a long future to be taken into the account! In those higher and juster counsels, where all is Light and Truth, the question took this shape, Shall this country that is to become so populous and so influential in the ages to come, be moulded and controlled by Romanism or Protestantism? Shall these advancing millions, coming forward, as they are, with such dark and serried columns, receive the gospel of faith, repentance, and godly living, or another, "which is not another?" Shall these deluded victims of idolatry,—wanderers in the thickest night,—when they begin to feel the burden of sin, be pointed, not to Christ, but to the mother of Christ! And when they shall ask for bread, shall they receive a stone! He who gave His life a ransom for many!—how could He hesitate for a moment whether He should enthrone Protestantism or Romanism in that land, which is to exert such a mighty influence upon the destinies of the world.

Mr. Sherring, in his admirable work on "Protestant Missions in India," brings together at the close the results of his investigations. From his condensed *resumé* the following statements are taken: "Every mission has its converts, who are increasing numerically from year to year. Most missions have their schools and colleges; and these, too, are multiplying continually." "The native Christians are a power in the country; and, united with the missions with which they are connected, constitute an ethical agency superior to all other such agencies in the good which they are accomplishing, and are destined to accomplish. The land is spread over with a network of Christian congregations, which, like the stars in the sky, are so many small luminaries shedding light upon the surrounding darkness."

"But great and wonderful as are the direct results of Indian missions their indirect results are greater and more wonderful still. As they were the pioneers in the work of national education, so they continue to the present day in the front rank of this important enterprise. They have striven everywhere to civilize the people, and to make them happier in their social relations, more honest one to another, wiser, holier, and better." "It is their agents, especially, who enter zenanas, teach native ladies, and superintend girls, schools; and who are almost the only persons who are intimately acquainted with the domestic life of native women, and hold familiar intercourse with them. These missions have loosened the bonds of caste, have made it easier for the lower castes to bear the yoke of the upper, and have resisted strenuously the authority of this inveterate enemy of human society wherever they have been able. They have led many Hindoos to abandon idolatry, though they may not have embraced Christianity." "They have brought all India to reverence the Christian religion, and to recognize its lofty, if not its divine, character. They have given essential aid in the abolition of gigantic national evils which filled the earth with horror,—such as the burning of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, female infanticide, drowning the aged in the Ganges, swinging festivals, and many inhuman practices at Jagaunath and elsewhere."

Imagine now what would have been the condition of India, if Romanism had been enthroned there for the last hundred years! Who, with the sharp contrast clearly in mind, will not adore the wisdom which has solved this problem, so grand, even now, and destined to become so much grander in the future, for the advancement of "the truth as it is in Jesus!"

These, however, are but "parts of His ways!" The ascendancy of the British Government in India has been an important factor in questions which have arisen elsewhere. The introduction of missions into China and Turkey has been promoted largely by the course of events already described. Clive

never dreamed of the wide influence which that hour's work at Plassey was to exert upon his fellow-men.—*From the Missionary Herald of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.*

Visits to my District.

BY THE REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A.

(*Concluded from page 146.*)

I NEXT brought up the mass. I said that as a heathen man takes an image, says his god is in it, and worships it, so the priest takes a piece of bread, calls it God, and worships it. He went over the usual arguments, based on the words, "This is my body," and on Christ's discourse in John vi. Referring to John vi. 53, he two or three times said, "When Christ said, 'Verily, verily,' it is clear He is not speaking figuratively, but literally." In reply, I referred him to John x. 7—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep;" and asked whether that verse was literal or figurative. I pointed to 1 Cor. xi. 27, where Paul speaks not of eating Christ's body, but of "eating *this bread.*" The discussion on this point was lengthy. I kept arguing, "You bring me what looks and tastes like bread, and tell me it is the body, soul, and divinity of Christ, and you therefore worship it. Just as the Hindu is bound to *prove* that his deity is in the image, so you are bound to *prove*—(1) That at the institution of the Supper our Lord did mean that what He held in His hand was *literally* His body, although it was physically impossible for Christ's whole body to be held in His hand; and (2) That even if Christ could perform this wonder, you, a sinful man, 1800 years after, can do the same—that is, 'create your Creator.' If you cannot prove it, we must hold you to be an idolator, because, however sincerely, you worship a piece of bread." After this we discussed the duty of reading the Bible, the priest contending that the Bible is like a knife, which you cannot put into a child's hand; and repeatedly urging that all our difference of views shows the need of an infallible human authority to appeal to. After about four hours' discussion, time and fatigue necessitated our coming to a conclusion. It seems curious that we should need to have the Papist controversy gone through in Bengali as well as in other languages; but from Popery at one extreme to Positivism at the other any form of Western thought may be met with in India, in one form or other. The comfort is, that if a man is mighty in the Scriptures, and in

faith and prayer, he will find that all these metaphysical and other cobwebs may be more readily swept away by the "sword of the Spirit," than met by the opposition cobwebs which we may manufacture out of our own metaphysics.

As there were many things which I might have said, but either they did not occur to me, or time and strength had gone, I thought it well to pay another visit to the South, and give another address on the subject. I therefore went there on March 11th. In my discourse, I said that the Roman Catholics contended that they did not do *pooja* (worship) to the saints, but only to God. I then took their Bengali prayer-book, and said, "Jesus, save me [from sin]"—this, it will be acknowledged, is *pooja*. What, then, is "Mary, save me from sin?" Is not this equally *pooja*? And what about this petition, which I find in their prayer-book—"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, save me from sin?" Is not this rendering equal worship to Jesus, and to Mary, and Joseph? Referring, again, to the mass, I said, "Suppose a priest were to try and convert a Hindoo. He sees the man worshipping an image, and says, 'How foolish of you! Your god is such that I can burn him, or a thief can steal him; he cannot save himself—how, then, can he save you?' The man might reply, 'Sir, grease your own wheel first [the Bengali representative of 'Those that live in glass houses,' &c.]. What kind of a god is yours? I can throw your god into the fire; a thief can steal him; a mouse can eat him; a man can vomit him. Wherein are you better than we? If we are foolish, you are more so. We worship our god—you eat yours. We acknowledge that the image of the deity remains wood, or earth, or stone, but the deity enters it; you want us to believe that what we see, taste, and feel as bread, is really your god.'" I added that we might apply to the "wafer-god" of the Romanist Isaiah's scathing sarcasm (Isaiah xlv. 12—20)—"The farmer soweth wheat; it grows, ripens, is reaped, threshed, ground, sifted. With a part thereof the fowls are fed, a part is made into bread and cakes, and the residue thereof he maketh a god, yea, he boweth down to it and worshippeth it, and saith, Thou art my God." I then referred to communion in one kind, the celibacy of the clergy, the doctrine of works, and many other Romish tenets which are contrary to the Bible.

I think good has come of the discussion; it has shown that I am not afraid to substantiate my words, it has provoked discussion, and four Roman Catholic families desire to return to us. After the discussion one of the Roman Catholic catechists openly ridiculed his priest, and was therefore suspended. He and three others then went to the priest and asked him to read the Bible and pray with them; the priest declined. The man then

put a Bengali Bible on the altar in the Catholic church, and when the priest asked what this meant, the man replied, "You said the Bible is a very precious book, but like a knife which cannot be put into the hands of children. We are like children, and we want you, therefore, to teach us." The priest, so I am informed, took up the Bible and threw it away. The man, thereupon, took down a picture from the wall and threw it away. The priest brought the matter before the magistrate, accusing the man of "despising religion and grieving my mind, by putting a Baptist Bible, which does not belong to our religion, into the Catholic chapel, and destroying some holy things—*e.g.*, a valuable picture of Jesus Christ and some mats." The magistrate, on hearing all the circumstances, dismissed the case; and, as I said above, the four families now wish to come back to us.

So matters stand at present. It is cheering, especially when we consider how submissive the Bengali naturally is to a Sahib, to see that our brethren hold their own. And yet one cannot but feel some anxiety for the future, when we remember how persistent Romanists are in their efforts. Will English Christians remember in their prayers their brethren scattered in these Bengali villages, and ask from above that they may be enabled to hold firm to their faith? In poverty and trouble it must be a sore temptation to them when they know that if only they will join the Catholic Sahib, money will be forthcoming to relieve them from their distresses; and left to themselves as they necessarily so much are, it is hard for them to resist both solicitations and arguments. Pray that their faith may be confirmed, and their knowledge increased, and that strong in faith and in the word of God they may be enabled to hold their own against the foe.

Hayti.

THE following letter, from Mr. George Angus, the agent in Hayti of the Jamaica Baptist Churches, will be read with interest. It is addressed to Mr. John Henderson, and has been put in our hands. The references to "the Society" apply to our own Mission:—

"Dear Mr. Henderson,—At the time your letter came to hand we were busy preparing for our baptism, which took place on Sunday, the 18th ult. Three persons were baptized, the audience was large, and I believe that the service was more interesting than

all the preceding ones. Immediately after the baptism I started for here, and was received with great joy by the members of the church. A short time before coming on here I received a letter from the Baptist church of the Grande Rivière du Nord. The friends

of this place have been building a chapel, and, now that it is nearly finished, they have invited me to assist at the opening services. They have also asked us to help them in discharging a debt of £80 which rests upon the building, but we are so poor I do not think we shall be able to give them any help, for we have just assisted the church at St. Louis du Nord, and we have just been offered a beautiful site on which to build, and if it is possible we wish to buy it. The church at St. Louis has commenced to build a chapel, the materials were being prepared when I was there last, and I believe that the friends are waiting for me to lay the foundation-stone. I do not know if I shall be able to go to the opening of the chapel at the Grande Rivière, for the distance is very great; it is more than 100 miles from St. Marc. Last Sabbath I received a letter from Petit Goave, where a Mrs. Cajoue resides. She is a member of the church at Jacmel. It seems that she has been employed by the Society to distribute tracts, and Bibles and Testaments, and that having arrived at Petit Goave she has been instrumental in leading several persons to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. The invitation is so pressing, I feel obliged to hasten on there. Perhaps when this letter comes to hand I shall be on my way thither. You will remember that it was to this town Mr. Gummer went a short time before his death. * * *

"I have not been able to learn if the Society has found another missionary for this field. It is encouraging on the one hand to see that the minds of the people are turning towards the truth, but discouraging on the other to see that there are so few to preach the truth to them. Very much good would

be accomplished if there were men sufficient to publish the glad tidings of salvation. In several parts the people are becoming willing to receive the truth, but it is only now and then that the missionary of the Cross can make it possible to reach those people. Immediately after my return from Petit Goave I must start for St. Marc, and shortly after for the North. My journeys now must be by land, for the steamers offer no opportunity of stopping at the different places where I would like to stop and preach; it is only by travelling thus that I shall be able to visit the inland towns. In a letter I received the other day from the Mole, the friend who wrote me reminded me of the promise that I made to return there and preach. I must surely keep that promise. I have not yet been able to arrive at the Cape, although there is a little church there; I must try to go there during my next visit to the North. * * *

"Our work marches steadily in all directions. We have cause to render thanks to the Master for His goodness to us. The churches progress. True it is that the progress is not great and rapid, but we have reason to believe that the Master is doing a good work among this people. Let the churches of Jamaica pray for the churches of Hayti, and let them help to send the light where much darkness reigns.

"Two missionaries have lately come out for the Wesleyans; one of them is gone to the Cape, the other rests here with Mr. Bird. Oh, what a blessing it would be if our Denomination could have such an addition to the staff of its missionaries here!—Believe me to be yours sincerely,

"GEORGE ANGUS."

A Bible Tour in Sicily.

(BRIGANDAGE AND POPERY.)

BY REV. JAMES WALL.

(*Concluded from page 72.*)

HAVING had enough of the sea, at least for this winter, and not having seen much of Sicily, I resolved to risk a journey through the interior. I started from Trapani at five p.m. by the diligence for Palermo. This diligence reminded me of Diogenes' tub, being too low to admit of our sitting upright, and so narrow that other people's knees were nearer your seat than your own. After various efforts they succeeded in jamming six of us into a space scarcely sufficient for four. Bidding farewell to the brethren who had accompanied me to the coach, we started. The night was calm, the sky clear and brilliant with stars as we rattled along the rough roads, drawn by three spirited Sicilian steeds. A military officer came and took his place on the box, and soldiers on horse rode at easy distances behind us. We halted for a few minutes at a wine cabin. Several persons were taking part in an incipient quarrel. The language used was coarse, brutal, and blasphemous. Where did they get their black phrases from, and certain facial expressions? You may see noble features change down all the scale of evil, like a soul falling through anger, hate, scorn, revenge, murder, suicide, to hell. Then when the storm has spent its fury the washed-out features flag, and the pause reminds one of more than mortal death. Here lies the sphinx of Sicily, and Italy will solve her riddle or die the death.

As we advanced into the interior the loneliness became complete. Not a light from a window, not a single traveller, not a sound except that of our own horses, and those of the guards behind. The conversation naturally turned on the brigands and their deeds. A slight nervousness seemed to invade the diligence, which found expression as we were ascending the slope to Calatafimi. On looking out of the carriage one of the passengers startled us by a jerk and an exclamation, "Ci sono degli individui!" A dead silence ensued. Behind us, muffled in heavy cloaks, bearing guns, we saw eight or ten men. A burden seemed taken from the company when we were informed that these were foot soldiers, sent to escort the diligence past a peculiarly perilous spot. We were well guarded all the way, and if the guards were trustworthy it would have cost the brigands more than we were worth if they had attacked us. The next day

I reached Palermo, and started in the evening for Catania. The district we were now to pass by night was much more dangerous, and includes the place where Mr. Rose was taken by day. Rather than be jammed inside another night I preferred to sit with the driver. We had four fine horses, which dashed out in the dark at Rocca Palomba as the whip was smacked, and they went foaming on until the time of change. We were accompanied by six horse soldiers, and companies on foot were stationed along the road. At the points of the way which were notoriously infested with brigands various military companies met at the time we passed, forming a strange, queer scene in the dead of night.

The driver was communicative, especially on brigandage. He knew De Leone, the bandit chief of the district, and had known De Pasquale, his predecessor, who had been killed but a few months. The latter he considered a fine fellow, and a friend of the poor. Often had he come to the relief of the distressed. The toiling labourer was furnished with money to purchase an ass or a cow. If one of his band robbed the poor he was stabbed and the property restored. Pasquale had but to send orders of payment to the rich in the district to receive large sums. So great was his influence that men began to forge his name. Hearing of one who had done so he slew him, cut off his head, and sent that with the cash he had drawn back to the deceived proprietor. Disguised as a guard, as a countryman, as a citizen, or a soldier he would appear in all places. One night he went to the inn where the guards were who were looking for him, and ordered a supper for them. While they were eating he went into the stables and cut the girths of the saddles and mounting his Black Bess sent in his card to the officer at the table. The guards arose, rushed to their horses, sprang at their saddles, and of course came down on their backs. For many years Pasquale lived this kind of life, and would have continued to evade public justice had he not been stabbed by Leone, the present chief of the band. The driver told me that people generally wished well to the brigands, and often look to that life rather than live in absolute want; that there was scarcely any work, especially for those formerly engaged in the sulphur mines of the district, and that, unless some change took place in the state of things, the number of brigands would increase tenfold. He said the brigands did not interfere with the priests or any belonging to their party, but sought their prey among the Liberals; that the soldiers would never succeed in suppressing it. The brigands could disband, and wait their own time, select their own battle-field, and, being perfectly informed, could bring sufficient force to conquer. For instance, he said, if the brigands came to-night they would plant themselves by the wayside,

and first shoot those soldiers in front, then take what they found on the travellers, and if they caught a rich man conduct him to the mountains, where he would be kept until redeemed by his friends. Our road now lay through a mountainous district by yawning chasms and lonely torrents. Dark woods were looming from the slopes ; here and there the blaze of the shepherd's fire, or the light of some distant hamlet, but no single traveller was seen during the whole of the journey. The road itself seemed dead ; a few abandoned sulphur carts indicated past life, and our own furious steeds dashing on seemed to give the idea of flight from haunted and accursed regions. When the eye rose from the dominion of priests and brigands to the reign of God among the stars, the contrast was felt to be inexpressible. Our present elevation being more than two thousand feet, being far south, and the atmosphere without a stain, the horizon seemed to be gathering under our feet, brilliant in the south with, to me, new stars, and everywhere deeper, more closely studded, fretted, and traced, with distances more discernible, and light which seemed spiritual as the mind. What purity and peace ! What order and liberty ! One could not refrain from praying, "Thy kingdom come."

After so many ages of absolute power over the governments and peoples of Sicily, we have a right to ask, what are the fruits of submission to Rome ? Sicily resisted Rome while resistance was possible, and when she sank it was through sheer loss of blood. Foreign adventurers were invited to prey upon her. She was excommunicated, put under interdict, her laws declared impieties, her liberties null, her possessions given to any who could seize them, her populations to slavery or slaughter. Against her the Popes banded the Holy War, and crusaders carried ruin to her shores. Fire and sword triumphed, and the neck of a noble people was curved to the yoke. Sicily became a convent, through the iron grating of which the proud captive islander longed in vain for liberty or even exile. He was doomed to that essence of all malediction, the Papal blessing. Before he reached this world he was given to some saint in the next. When born he was seized as contraband ; before he knew his parents he received a second father ; instead of baptism he was labelled as a thing unknown, was breathed upon as if without life, spat upon as if execrated, salted as if tainted, and oiled like a machine. Questions of vital importance to him were answered in his name before he understood them. The Church told him when and what to eat, and when to fast, when to work, and when to feast, the senses he had to mortify, the yearnings he had to quench, the hand he had to cut off and the mental eye to be plucked out. The priest made him give his money to the friar, his flesh in penance, his thoughts to

the confessor, his reason to the casuists, his property to the convent, his body to the cemetery chaplain, who kept it above ground as long as friends brought candles and paid for masses, and when this ceased threw it to the vulgar dust in the charnel-house ; his soul to the Church, who bore it to the holes and caves of purgatory and confined it in fire until the ransom was found. The triumph of Popery was the ruin of Sicily ; its fleets, commerce, prosperity, art, and literature, fell with its liberties ; the foundations of society gave way, dissolution set in, and a dew more desolating than that of its own sulphur distilled around, a denser smoke than that of Etna filled the air, and a nightmare more monstrous than its own *fata morgana* pressed upon the heart-valves of the beautiful but unfortunate Sicily.

The example set by the spiritual and political authorities was soon understood and imitated among the people. Finding no justice, and receiving no protection from those in power, the people began to protect themselves, and often they found it more convenient to seek protection from the brigand than from priest or baron. Thus under Popery and tyranny the reign of law ceased, and, as Viâ Appia was lost sight of in the middle ages to the very gates of Rome, so in the conscience of Sicily the broad highway of public justice was lost, and each one struck out a path for himself. Brigandage and *mafio*, the double woe of Sicily, are developed from Popery. They are the expansion of the priest principle to human society. Did the priest levy money on all passing through life, and the baron on those passing through his territory—so would the brigands levy blackmail on the traveller. Did they reign by terror, kill in the next world and massacre in this—the brigand would do the same. Had they prisons in purgatory, where souls were kept until payment was made, or, unless redeemed by masses, left burning through the ages—they would carry men to caves in the mountains, and release them only on payment. Popery brought about and never could have abolished this state of things, which would have remained until now unless Garibaldi had come down like an avalanche from the north. But the evil lies deeper than the thrust of the Dictator's sword, beyond the range of rifles. Honest labour must be provided, education rendered obligatory, and justice in the administration secured, but if the priest, that *verme solitario*, is not ejected from the body politic, the germs of all the past evils, though latent, will remain. Nothing can accomplish this but the holy blessed Book, the preaching of the Cross, and the power of the Holy Ghost.

Death of Mr. J. C. Marshman.

MR. JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN, the eldest son of Dr. Marshman, the well-known Baptist missionary of Serampore, was born in August, 1794, accompanied his father to Serampore in 1800, and from 1812, when he was only eighteen, was the moving spirit of the large religious undertakings managed by Dr. Marshman and his colleagues. For nearly twenty years he held the position of a secular bishop, choosing, directing, and providing for a great body of missionaries, catechists, and native Christians scattered in different parts of Bengal, collecting and earning for them great sums of money, while living like his colleagues on £200 a-year. He at last decided to surrender the mission, and thenceforward betook himself to secular work, though never abandoning his projects for the evangelization of Bengal. He started a paper mill—the only one in the country; founded the first newspaper in Bengalee, the *Sumachar Durpun*; established the first English weekly, the *Friend of India*, which in his hands speedily became a power; published a series of law books, one of which, the “Guide to the Civil Law,” was for years the civil code of India, and was probably the most profitable law book ever published; and started a Christian colony on a large tract of land purchased in the Sunderbunds. All his undertakings except the last succeeded, and the profits and influence acquired through all were devoted in great measure to his favourite idea, that education must in India precede Christianity. He repeatedly risked the suppression of his paper by his determined advocacy of religious freedom, enlightenment, and open careers for natives, and, indeed, it would have been suppressed but for the strenuous support of the King of Denmark, to whom Serampore then belonged. While still a struggling professional man he expended £30,000 on building and maintaining a college for the higher education of natives, a college still worked with the greatest success. In addition to his labours as journalist, mill-owner, translator, compiler of law-books, and general referee on all religious questions, Mr. Marshman was an earnest student of Indian history, wrote the first, and for years the only, *History of Bengal*, and prepared for his greater work, the *History of India*, which he finished and published after his return to England in 1852. His knowledge of India, Indian affairs, and especially Indian finance, had gradually become profound. He was not a philosophical historian in any sense of the word, but his knowledge of his subject appeared to be almost limitless. He had, as Sir John Kaye, just before his death, said in the Academy, read every book, and almost every manuscript in existence relating to India, and could relate the measures and feats of the British Viceroy as if he had been private secretary to all of them. To the last he remained always an Indian, caring principally for the fortunes of the great empire he had helped to guide, and lending the aid of his apparently endless knowledge to any one who consulted him, and who knew enough to know when he was obtaining fresh material. He was finishing, when he died, a complete series of biographies of the Viceroy—a work which will now scarcely appear—and may have left a paper he was strongly urged to prepare, summing up the conclusions about India to which his long and varied experience had brought his mind. Those conclusions were startlingly opposed to those of many of his contemporaries, but were

held with immovable tenacity. Among them were these—that India could never be converted by Europeans, and that the business of missionaries was to raise up “native apostles”; that India could be safely governed for £30,000,000 a year, and that all the rest was wasted on irritating over-government and military precautions; that natives ought to be admitted to every office, military and civil, except the Executive Council; that no public works, except railways, should be aided by the State; and that the next phase of the history of the Peninsula would be, probably after the lapse of another century, an attempt at self-government as a vast Mussulman power, with a new, and probably extremely separate, civilization. He rarely spoke of his fixed ideas, however, turning them over in his mind for himself, just as in earlier years he had turned over and concealed his knowledge till of all who knew Mr. Marshman probably not three were aware that he had given years to Chinese, that he had read intelligently all the great Sanscrit poems, and that he once knew Persian as thoroughly as most diplomatists knew French.—*Abridged from the “Times.”*

Norway.

MR. HUBERT, of Bergen, writes :—

“I have now so many good news to write unto you, that I will not have time to tell you the half of them.

“Since the middle of April I have been on a journey as far north as Trondhjem and Christiansund, and I am happy to tell of the Lord’s blessings on both places. Our brother Sjudahl has been much blessed with a nice little harvest of precious souls—some sixteen or eighteen have been baptized and added to the church there during the month of May. At Christiansund also the Lord has been pleased to add eight dear souls to the church there. About four weeks after I came home from Trondhjem, I went to Krageroe, and there we had one of the happiest meetings I have ever been at in Norway. I had the pleasure to meet the Rev. Mr. Lindblom, of Stockholm there. The Lord blessed our meetings to about thirty precious souls who were won for Jesus; amongst these were not a few of my wife’s relations, and her own brother came out so very bright and happy as he had not been for thirteen years. Our dear brother

Danielsen’s three sisters and one brother were amongst those who found peace with Jesus, so you may imagine what a glorious time we had there.

“My brother-in-law returned with me home to Bergen, to be with us at our Conference held here lately. This is our first, and has been a great success for us all who were permitted to attend. Brethren from Tromsøe, Levanger, Trondhjem, Christiansund, Skien, and Krageroe were with us, and also Br. Jensen, who has now come home from the college there. I send you a letter from him, and a translation of it; I hope that you will interest the Committee on his behalf that you may get him some support. I hope to get some for him from the Sunday School Union, but this will not be half enough, and a little will be got from the friends here; but as long as we are cumbered with the debt on our chapel here, and the other places so badly in want of meeting-houses, our friends will not be able to do much.”

Missionary Notes.

The religion of Mohammed is professed by about one-tenth of all the people on the earth's surface. Dating only twelve centuries back, it numbers as many adherents as Brahminism, whose origin lies far back in a misty antiquity. Coming into the world at a time when Christianity had been seated for some centuries on the Imperial throne, in an incredibly short space of time it overthrew both the Christian empire and its rival, the Persian, and established a sway greater than the Cæsars had ever wielded. Its converts do not number more than a fourth of those of Buddhism; but, unlike that religion, it has not confined its conquests to one-quarter of the globe, but counts its adherents in all the four great continents. When the first streak of dawn falls upon the eastern shores of Asia, the Mohammedan Malay turns his face towards Mecca and offers his morning prayer; and as the light steals westward over the continent, it falls upon thousands of minarets in India, Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, from which is heard the mueddin's voice proclaiming, in clear and solemn tones, in the stillness of the dawn, "God is most great. I testify that there is no deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come to prayer. Come to security. Prayer is better than sleep. God is most great. There is no deity but God." From Zanzibar on the south to the banks, of the Danube and the steppes of Tartary on the north, the same voice is heard; and westward to the remotest shores of Africa it is repeated, and responded to by pious worshippers. Even in the New World there are not wanting votaries of this religion, which thus five times daily encircles the globe with a continuous stream of prayer.—*Leisure Hour.*

Some interesting facts as to the growth of literature in India are supplied by a recent Government Report, which covers, however, only the year 1874. In that year, 4,155 works issued from the Indian presses. Bengal is credited with 1,353, Madras with 756, the Punjab with 728, Bombay with 701, Oudh with 281, and the North-west with 225, all the rest of the country producing 111 only. Of this grand total 1,937 were original, and 402 translations, the remainder being republications. Of the original works, Bengal produced 883, Bombay 383, Punjab 389, and Oudh 134, these four standing highest.

In regard to the language employed, 391 were written in English or some other European language, and 469 in some of the classical languages of India. The rest were in the vernaculars. In the classical publications the order of Provinces is, Bengal 114, Punjab 104, Oudh 97. In the English, Bengal 171, Bombay 76, Madras 69.

These simple figures indicate important facts, and might be made the basis of a good deal of reflection as to the progress of education, the special current it takes in different parts of the country, &c., &c., but we will leave our readers to think this out for themselves.

There are now 960 missionaries and ordained native pastors in India, exclusive of Burmah and Ceylon. The additions to the churches the past four years have been at the rate of 4,000 a year. There are now 116 lady missionaries connected with different women's societies.

Home Proceedings.

The deputation list for this month is as follows :—

PLACES.	DEPUTATIONS.
Amersham	Rev. T. L. Johnson.
Barking	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Brighton	Revs. James Smith and J. Trafford, M.A.
Bristol District	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Camberwell Green	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Cambridge District	Revs. J. Allen, M.A., W. A. Hobbs, and W. Etherington.
Croydon	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Denmark Place, Camberwell	Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.
Ealing	Rev. T. L. Johnson.
East Norfolk	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Evesham	Rev. C. Bailhache.
Forest Hill	Revs. James Smith, J. N. Phillipps, and C. Bailhache.
Great Leighs	Revs. J. Smith, James Wall, and Mr. A. H. Baynes.
Hackney, Mare Street.	Revs. James Smith and C. Bailhache.
Hackney, Providence Chapel	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Harrowgate	Rev. W. C. Fink.
Kettering	Rev. T. L. Johnson.
Lee	Rev. W. A. Hobbs.
Lewisham Road	Rev. James Smith.
Lynn District	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Manchester District	Revs. I. Allen, M.A., and W. A. Hobbs.
Norwich District.	Revs. James Smith. and W. A. Hobbs.
Northampton District.	Revs. W. Etherington, and W. L. Johnston.
Notting Hill	Rev. James Smith.
Romford	Revs. C. Bailhache, and T. L. Johnson.
St. Albans	Revs. J. C. Page, J. Trafford, M.A., and C. Bailhache.
Tewkesbury.	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Vernon Chapel	Rev. James Smith.
Walthamstow	Rev. W. Etherington.
Westbourne Grove	Rev. J. Smith.
West Norfolk	Rev. H. R. Pigott.
Weston-by-Weedon, &c.	Rev. T. L. Johnson.
Yarmouth District	Rev. J. Smith.

The Committee have accepted the service of Mr. W. J. Price, of the College, Pontypool, for Mission work in India. Mr. Price hopes to leave for his field of labour in the autumn.

Mr. Edward Jesse Hewett has been selected as helper to the Rev. W. Dendy, of Salter's Hill, Jamaica. The church is self-supporting, and all that has been needed has been a grant of money towards Mr. Hewett's passage and outfit.

We regret to announce that Mrs. Diboll, widow of the late Rev. Joseph Diboll, of the Cameroons, and formerly widow of the Rev. Thomas Sturgeon, of Sierra Leone, died suddenly on June 30th, at Naunton, Gloucestershire. She had been in failing health for some years.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Africa for Christ.

AN OFFER AND AN APPEAL.

“HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION ALSO FROM SEA TO SEA, AND FROM THE RIVER
UNTO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.”

A RECENT writer has well said :—“ The marvellous way in which Africa has been explored during the last twenty years is scarcely less extraordinary than the sub-lying fact, that a continent so great and possessing such immense resources should have been reserved, as a *terra incognita* in its central regions, for the travellers of our own generation. Within a century and a half almost the whole of North America has been explored, swept over, and occupied by the expanding races of Northern Europe; South America has been occupied, in great part, by offshoots of the Latin race; and yet Africa, with not greatly inferior possibilities of development, has been reserved for its own singular people and for a few adventurous explorers. It is not difficult, however, to explain how such, under the circumstances, should have been the case. The great deserts of the northern portion of Africa, its unhealthy coast-line, and thick tropical vegetation on both sides of the equator, and on both sides of the continent, together with the scanty vegetation and the Kaffir tribes of its long southern horn, presented most formidable obstacles to even an acquaintance with its elevated, temperate, and productive central regions. A quarter of a century ago our maps of Africa were almost an entire blank from ten degrees of north latitude to the tropic of Capricorn, with the exception of the coast line, the valley of the Niger, and the central northern region. In some of our maps traces remained of older knowledge and of more recent Portuguese exploration. Livingstone's Lake Nyassa appeared as ‘Nassa,’ and Tanganyika occupied an enormous, but quite indefinite, space as ‘Lake

Uniamesi ;' but these maps were exceptions rather than the rule, and the most important parts of Central Africa were either left entirely blank, or were filled up with great deserts, *montes lunæ*, and figures of lions and dragons."

The history of this dark continent, so far as known to us, presents an awful retrospect, and one all the more dreadful when we take into account the kindly and affectionate qualities of so many of its primitive people to which Mungo Park, Livingstone, Grant, Schweinfurth, and Cameron have borne witness. It is inexpressibly sad to think of the unnumbered ages through which these poor dark savages have continued, scarcely advancing beyond the elements of art and science and even of language : *from within*, destroying and devouring one another, willingly offering their throats to the knives of sorcerers, or paving the deep grave-pit of some bloody monarch with the living trembling bodies of a hundred of his young wives : *from without*, hunted down and destroyed or captured by aid of the weapons of civilisation, until every man's hand is turned against his brother, and terror reigns over vast regions.

At length, as the result of recent discoveries, all Europe seems to be interested in this Continent, and Germany, Portugal, Italy, Belgium, France, and England are proposing to send out expeditions for its further discovery and civilization. The Christian Church also appears to be waking up to a deeper sense of responsibility in relation to this benighted land, and a general move forward is being made to take the "life of light," the glad message of salvation, to these degraded, down-trodden sons of Ham. Already the heroic and self-sacrificing toils of Livingstone and Moffat are bearing fruit and a great effort is being made *to claim Africa for Christ*. The Free Church Mission has founded Livingstonia at the southern end of Lake Nyassa ; Bishop Steere and the Universities Mission are at its northern end ; the Church Mission occupies Karaguè and Uganda, on the Victoria Nyanza ; and the London Mission is working at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. By all these societies Central Africa is reached by way of the *East Coast*. The work of our own Mission, as our readers well know, has hitherto been carried on on the *West Coast*—at Fernando Po, Cameroons, Victoria, and districts adjacent—and wonderful success has been achieved. Whenever the story of this Mission shall be written, it cannot fail to stimulate and encourage, for it will be the record of most apostolic and heroic toil ;—through dangers and difficulties of a most perplexing sort, amid many and bitter discouragements, in weariness of body, in consequence of the depressing nature of the climate, but in loyal self-sacrificing love to Christ, have our brethren for long years toiled on, and in the time to come their

names and memories will live in the consecrated lives and labours of many gathered from these outcast and down-trodden tribes, who, through the instrumentality of our brethren, have been led into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Of late most energetic efforts have been made by our missionaries to penetrate into the *interior of Africa*, and in this number of the HERALD our readers will find accounts of journeys taken by Mr. Grenfell with this object in view. Our next number will contain a similar account from Mr. Comber.

Of the more *hopeful* nature of missionary work in the *interior*, as compared with work on the *coast*, there cannot be any doubt. Readers of Livingstone's "Travels" will remember how earnestly he pleads for missionaries for the *interior*—that leaving the "unhealthy, fever-stricken, trade-cursed-tribes on the coast," the Heralds of the Cross should, with a "bold courage and loving heart," seek the central regions.

One passage from his "Last Journals" will suffice :—

"I would say to missionaries, Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Leaving the coast tribes, and devoting yourselves heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find, with some drawbacks and wickednesses, a very great deal to admire and love."

While the Committee were deliberating as to the best arrangements for extending the mission in Africa—with a view to the establishment of *stations in the interior*, keeping Cameroons as a base—they received the following letter from Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, a Christian gentleman whose name will ever be remembered with devout thankfulness in connection with Africa, as one who, by his generous gifts of £5,000 each to the Church Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society, was instrumental in establishing the Mission at Karague, on the Victoria Nyanza, and at Ujiji, on Tanganyika.

LEEDS, May 14th, 1877.

To the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London.

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS,—I trust the time has come when the Christian Church must put forth far greater efforts to preach the Gospel in all the world. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

These words of Jesus, in connection with His command, to go into *all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature*, are very encouraging. If each section of the Christian Church would do its part in the energy of true faith, we might make great advances in our day in extending the knowledge of saving truth throughout the world. There is a part of Africa, not too far I think from places where you have stations, on which I have long had my eye with very strong desire that the blessing of the Gospel might be given to it.

It is the country Congo—an old kingdom; once possessed, indeed is now, of a measure of civilisation, and, to a limited extent, instructed in the externals of the Christian religion.

Within three hundred years it appears that Romish missions, in connection with Portugal, gave the people of Congo some information of the Christian religion, so as to have left permanent traces existing there at the present day.

In Livingstone's time (see p. 426 of the 1857 edition of his travels), the Prince of Congo was professedly a Christian, and report said there were some churches there kept in partial repair, and that many of the inhabitants could read and write. There is not, however, much knowledge of the Christian religion in Congo. In the last lines of chapter 21, Livingstone speaks either of Congo, or of Congo written Angola, as "a fine missionary field."

Commander Grandy, who was sent out under the Royal Geographical Society of England to explore the Congo River, in answer to a letter from me, in a communication dated "131, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, W., December 22nd, 1874," writes:—"Only three or four of the inhabitants of Congo, the *San Salvador of the Portuguese*, can read and write. The King's secretary and two of his sons I know can speak and write Portuguese. The inhabitants of Congo are partly Christianized and follow the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church; but the King of Congo, hearing I held service on Sundays, attended twice, remained the whole time, and showed much attention. He afterwards told me he came from motives of curiosity the first time, as he had been told we knew nothing about religion, but now that he saw us reading from books and praying and singing he was convinced ours was a good religion.

"At several of the native towns where we remained on Sundays, and service was read, the natives attended, squatting in a circle, and remaining always quiet and observant.

"The language of the Court of Congo is the original African, Muxicongo. There is also a secret language called, Enkimba, employed by the chiefs. Portuguese is employed only in dealing with the factories on the river, and in correspondence with the Governor of Loanda, or the Chiefs of Bembe, or Ambrize.

"The old king strongly expressed his hopes to me that some English (white men) would come to them."

It is, therefore, a great satisfaction and a high and sacred pleasure to me to offer one thousand pounds if the Baptist Missionary Society will undertake at once to visit these benighted, interesting people with the blessed light of the Gospel, teach them to read and write, and give them in imperishable letters the words of eternal truth. By-and-by, possibly, we may be able to extend the mission eastwards on the Congo at a point above the rapids.

But, however that may be, I hope that soon we shall have a steamer on the Congo, if it should be found requisite, and carry the Gospel eastwards and south and north of the river, as the way may open as far as Nyangwe. The London Missionary Society take twenty miles west of Lake Tanganyika.

Yours in the Lord,

ROBERT ARTHINGTON.

It perhaps may be well here to give some general information with regard to the particular district mentioned in Mr. Arthington's letter.

The KINGDOM OF CONGO extends on the Atlantic Coast for about 185 or 200 miles from the river Zaire, or Congo, on the north, to the Dande river, the boundary of Angola, on the south.

For about 30 to 60 miles inland from the coast, the country remains flat—then it begins to rise in irregular terraces until it reaches a height of 1,500 or 1,600 feet above the sea level.

Congo was discovered, in 1484, by the Portuguese commander, Diego Cam, and the Portuguese soon made themselves very influential. In 1490 a special embassy was sent out, and in the same year the first Roman Catholic missionaries entered the country. The king was soon after baptized, and a nominal Christianity established.

In 1534 a cathedral was built in the chief town of the country, called by the Portuguese SAN SALVADOR, some 200 miles inland; and in 1560 the Jesuits arrived in the country, and built a convent and a monastery.

According to the best accounts, at this time the prosperity of the country was most remarkable. Soon after, however, the discovery of Angola and Benguela induced the Portuguese to pay much less attention to Congo. In 1627 they removed their cathedral from St. Salvador to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital town of Angola, their newly-discovered country, and the prosperity and importance of St. Salvador began to decline.

In 1791 the Portuguese built a fort at Quincollo, near Bembe, some eighty miles from St. Salvador, and for some time they worked the copper and malachite mines of Bembe.

Gradually, however, they have withdrawn from Congo, and in 1870 they finally abandoned it, and at present they possess no fort or settlement to the north of *Ambriz*, which town was first occupied by the Portuguese in 1855.

The most recent account of San Salvador is that given by Lieutenant Grandy, R.N., the gentleman referred to by Mr. Arthington in his letter, who, in 1873, commanded the "Livingstone Congo Expedition." When it was supposed that Dr. Livingstone must be in great distress in Central Africa, two expeditions were organized, and sent out, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, one from Zanzibar on the *East Coast*, and one from the *West Coast* to proceed up the Congo, in the endeavour to meet and afford relief to Livingstone, if he should return to his native country by that route.

Lieutenant Grandy, in command of the West Coast Congo Expedition, did all that a man could do under the circumstances, and amid many difficulties. He was prevented from going far into the interior to the south of the Congo by the opposition of the natives, crossed to the north side with

better hope of success, and was on the point of going further inwards, having made all his arrangements for doing so, when he received his letters of recall, in consequence of the news of Livingstone's death.

Lieutenant Grandy started from *Ambroz* on the 15th of February, 1873, and reached San Salvador on the 15th of March, after many delays on the journey, in consequence of great difficulties with native carriers. The route taken was by way of QUIBELLA, BENBE, and ENGOMBO.

We hope next month, through the courtesy of Sir Rutherford Alcock, Bart., K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society, to furnish our readers with a copy of the reduced map of Lieutenant Grandy's journey, and for a full account of it we must refer our friends to the "*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for March 11th, 1875, No. II. of XIX. volume.*" From this paper we find that—

"Congo, the San Salvador of the Portuguese, is situated on an elevated plateau 1,500 feet above the sea level; formerly it must have been an extensive fortified city, surrounded by a loop-holed wall, averaging fifteen feet in height and three feet in thickness, portions of which are still standing. The Portuguese held military occupation for some years, but totally abandoned it in 1870, and their forts and barracks are now ruins, completely overgrown with rank grass and shrubs.

"The town is supplied with water from a beautiful spring, which issues in three small streams from the clay soil half way down the plateau, on the east side of the town.

"There are very few trees near the town; bananas, plantains, and fowls are plentiful and cheap, and the farms of beans, cassava, and ground nuts are well kept. There are three markets weekly, held near the town."

The King of Congo—King Totola—received Lieut. Grandy in great state:—

"The old king sat on a chair under a huge state umbrella, habited in the uniform of a Portuguese lieutenant, and surrounded by his sons and principal chiefs. Chairs were placed for our accommodation, and rugs and carpets spread in profusion. Salutations were exchanged amid a flourish of trumpets, tom-toms, &c.

"He expressed his great joy at being visited by Englishmen, and hoped that we should remain a long time with him, and consider his town as our home in that part of the world, and that many more would follow us, for he was very fond of the white man."

The power and influence of the king of Congo appear, however, to be on the decline. Lieut. Grandy says:—

"The king of Congo commands the road from the interior to the coast, and levies contributions on all 'chiboukas' of ivory. He was once a very powerful chief, and being supported by the Portuguese was much respected; but since they withdrew from Congo, he has been gradually sinking to the level of

other chiefs, and although he keeps an outward show of authority he has very little power."

Mr. Joachim J. Monteiro, in his very interesting work on "*Angola and the River Congo*," says:—

"In former times San Salvador was the chief missionary station of the Portuguese, and although the mission was abandoned more than 100 years ago, the memory of the Roman Catholic missionaries is revered in the country to this day: their graves are carefully tended and preserved, with every sign of respect, and their missals, books, letters, chalices, and other church furniture, of the olden time, still exist, and the natives would not part with them on any account.

"The king is a handsome, stout, middle-aged man, with a very much better cast of countenance than is usual among the Mushicongo.

"He only spoke a few words of Portuguese, but his tall secretary not only spoke but wrote it very fairly. He assured me he had never been taught by the white man, but by blacks, whose ancestors had long ago acquired the language from the old missionaries."

The *climate of Congo* is cool and agreeable. In the *hot season* the thermometer is seldom more than from 80° to 86° Fah. in the shade, and in the *cool season* it usually ranges from 60° during the night to 75° during the day. This temperature is principally due to the westerly breeze which sets in from the Atlantic about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, and continues with considerable violence until after sun-set.

Indeed the inland district of Congo is very much less deleterious to the constitution than that of the Coast regions further north, and in the higher districts a European can with comparative ease maintain himself in good health.

The languages of the *Msurougo*, *Mushicongo*, and *Ambriz* tribes are radically one, and the natives of the whole of this part of the coast, for a distance of 450 miles, can understand one another's speech. Its likeness to the *Kisawahili* of Zanzibar, and Central Africa is so great, that you can understand whole sentences from this resemblance alone.

Our readers will well understand that the Committee received Mr. Arthington's communication with the deepest interest. They referred its thoughtful consideration to a Sub-Committee for the purpose of making all needful inquiries, and the Sub-Committee held several prolonged meetings on the subject.

They had the advantage of the presence and counsel of their veteran missionary, the Rev. Alfred Saker, whose devoted and self-sacrificing labours for Christ on the West Coast for a period of more than thirty-five years, are so well known to our readers.

Subsequently, in reply to inquiries from the Sub-Committee, in connection with a suggestion as to the wisdom of sending out a preliminary party to explore the region referred to, and report on the prospects for future work, Mr. Arthington wrote as follows:—

“It is to the King of Congo, and the existing communities of the ancient Christian Romish civilization now decayed, at San Salvador, of the country called Congo, that I have so long, and so strongly desired to send, in all its life-giving freshness, the Word of God, and to give them in their own tongue, *never to be forgotten*, the words of Jesus and His Apostles.

“Then, besides that, I want us to be on the Congo River by-and-by (when we get the intelligent interest and co-operation of the King of Congo) *above the rapids*, and sail the messengers of the everlasting Gospel on the mighty river up as far as to NYANGWE.

“Does not God call us by His providential indications to attempt great things for His, Christ, and the Gospel.

“God is over all, and we may depend upon it He intends now to open out Africa to Christian evangelization. Think of the thousands of souls come across by Camero west of Tanganyika. Are these to live and die without the knowledge of the all-precious Gospel? Nay, hardly so. In my opinion, it would be wise, without delay to send a man, most prayerfully chosen, full of faith and love, who will determinately make his way to the King of Congo, and ask him if he would receive and encourage your Christian missionaries, and, at the same time, he should make all needful inquiries.

“If you find the man and inform me, I intend at once to send you fifty pounds to encourage you.”

With regard to this communication, Mr. Saker wrote:—

“I have read Mr. Arthington’s letter with intense delight. For years I have looked upon this part of Africa as a very fine field for Missionary toil.

“I am right glad to see the concurrent idea of sending out a suitable man to explore the region, and report as to future prospects; and that Mr. Arthington promises £50 towards the expense of this undertaking, leaving his £1,000 intact *for future work*. The exploration need not take more than eight or nine months I should think, as three months in the country might be sufficient.

“Further, if the Committee resolve that the attempt should be made, an effort should be put forth to obtain such sympathy and aid as should supply the funds needed, beyond the £50 of Mr. Arthington, so that the ordinary income of the Society be not burdened with the expense.

“Would that I could, either by a gift of money or by personal service, forward this undertaking. Were it only possible, I would leave England for this noble work to-morrow.”

At the quarterly meeting of the Committee, in July last, after careful deliberation, the report of the Sub-Committee on the whole question was unanimously adopted, and in pursuance of this report it was resolved:—

I. “Most gratefully to accept Mr. Arthington’s proposals, and to assure him

of the deep and hearty sympathy of the Committee in his desire to send the Gospel into the interior of Africa by way of the West Coast.

"II. With Mr. Arthington's permission, to publish his letters in the *MISSIONARY HERALD*, with some explanatory statements with regard to the Congo country.

"III. To appeal to the friends of Africa on behalf of the expense of the proposed preliminary visit to San Salvador.

"IV. To appeal for one or more suitable pioneers to undertake the projected journey."

AS TO THE EXPENSE OF SUCH A JOURNEY, it is estimated that it will not cost more than *five or six hundred pounds*. It will be most desirable that the expedition should be as small and unobtrusive as may be consistent with safety. Mr. Montiero says:—

"It is impossible for blacks to understand that a white man will travel except for some selfish purpose. They always imagine that it must be for the purpose of establishing a factory, or for trade, or else to observe the country for its occupation hereafter.

"This is the reason why natives will never give reliable information regarding even the simplest questions of direction of roads, rivers, distances, &c. I am convinced that the invincible opposition to Lieut. Grandy's passage into the interior was due principally to the fear of the natives that the Portuguese might follow in his steps, and annex the country from whence they derive their ivory."

Bishop Steere says, speaking of the manner in which missionaries should travel in the interior of Africa:—

"I feel sure that missionaries would be safe anywhere, and all the more so if they were known to carry no arms whatever. Negroes are very seldom violent unless they are frightened, and, besides, there is nothing so tempting to a native thief as European firearms. It was a well-grounded boast of Dr. Krapf that he went with only an umbrella where others dare not venture fully armed. I believe, myself, that arms are a cause of insecurity and can never be of any use to a missionary; the idea of founding a settlement by force ought not to be entertained for a moment. One may fight one's way through a country, but one can never hold it by violence; besides that, the secular business of a fighting chief would soon swallow up his missionary character."

It will also be wise to avoid *any even apparent connection with the Portuguese*, and so for this reason the route taken by Lieut. Grandy on his return from San Salvador, by Banza Noki, Embomma, and Banana, will doubtless prove better than the route taken by him to reach San Salvador, by way of Ambriz, Quebuilla, and Bembe, through Portuguese territory. Of the influence of this Government in Africa, a well-known writer says:—

"On all sides the blighting influence of the Portuguese Government is

visible. A government which, through long ages of misrule, is now utterly powerless for good, but potent to obstruct and thwart the good intentions and efforts of others."

SURELY THE FRIENDS OF AFRICA WILL FURNISH THE COMMITTEE WITH THE NEEDFUL FUNDS FOR THIS UNDERTAKING. Who can say but that it may lead to the proclamation of the glad tidings of the Gospel all along the banks of the mighty Congo? That, with San Salvador as a base, the Missionaries may be able to follow that mysterious river from above the falls, as far as Nyangwé, and thus solve the great and perplexing question as to the Lualaba being identical with the Congo.

The gallant Cameron says:—"This great Lualaba MUST be one of the head waters of the Congo, for where else could that giant among rivers, second only to the Amazon in its volume, obtain the two million cubic feet of water which it unceasingly pours each second into the Atlantic."

Probably this question will soon be set at rest by the intrepid Stanley, who is now engaged in trying to find his way from Nyangwé to the West Coast, by the Banks of the Congo, from the very point where Commander Cameron was most reluctantly compelled to turn southwards, and abandon his long-cherished idea of reaching the west coast by the Waters of the Congo.

AND THEN, FINALLY, AS TO THE AGENTS TO BE EMPLOYED in this most important and interesting undertaking. Are there not in our churches, or, in other churches, earnest, pious, enthusiastic, cultured young men, willing to consecrate their abilities to this grand work?

The Committee cannot but believe there are many such, and before detaching one or more of their Missionary brethren from the Cameroons or Victoria missions, on the West Coast, for this special undertaking they feel they ought to make this public appeal to young men at home. They cannot but think that the hand of the Lord is clearly traceable in this matter, and they confidently trust that He will call forth some suitable and specially prepared agents for this work. ABILITIES OF THE FIRST ORDER ARE NEEDED—culture, scientific knowledge, courage, enthusiasm, endurance, and, above all, a burning love for souls, and an all-absorbing desire to follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master who, "for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, and despised the shame."

David Livingstone's last public utterance when leaving England for his final journey in Africa was:—

"I go to open the door to Central Africa. It is probable that I may die there; but brethren, *I pray you, see to it that the door is never again closed.*"

Are there none to follow in the footsteps of this devoted and consecrated

apostle of Africa? No one *impelled* to keep open the door? True, there are many difficulties and dangers in the way—life may be sacrificed, apparent failure may mark the enterprise; but the words of the Divine Master are still true :—

“There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God’s sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.”

From out of darkness and the shadow of death, sounds the piteous cry—

“‘COME OVER AND HELP US.’”

Through midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one;
The voiceful silence of despair
Is eloquent in awful prayer;
The soul’s exceeding bitter cry,
“Come o’er and help us, or we die.”

How mournfully it echoes on—
For half the world is Macedon.
These brethren to their brethren call.
And by the love that loved us all,
And by the whole world’s life they cry,
O ye that live, behold, we die!”

In the confident assurance that both sufficient money, and divinely prepared men, will be forthcoming, so that the preliminary expedition may be able to start early in 1878, the Committee make this appeal.

“ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH, SO BE IT UNTO YOU.”

Statement concerning the Santhal Mission.

Prepared and published by order of the Committee, B.M.S.

I.

THE interest which was awakened in the above Mission by the visit of Mr. L. O. Skrefsrud to this country, in 1874, is still fresh in the minds of the great majority of our readers. That gentleman, immediately on his arrival, put himself in communication with the officers of our Society; and during the seven or eight weeks of his stay he was employed by them in attending missionary meetings in the principal towns of England and Scotland. Everywhere his story told with wonderful effect, and in some cases the enthusiasm rose to an unwonted height; for instance,

at Newcastle and at Birmingham, in both which places large sums of money were contributed for the work at Ebenezer, but specially for the erection of mission buildings. All through Mr. Skrefsrud's visit, it was understood that the work in which he and his colleague, Mr. Boerresen, were engaged, though not altogether a part of our own operations, was, nevertheless, affiliated to them, our Society granting help, though without interfering in any way with the liberty of action of the missionaries in their work. That work was begun by one of our own missionaries, and the original property was in trust to our Society, but there was no disposition to allow these considerations to weigh unduly. On the contrary, there was a manifest readiness not only to continue the monthly allowance of past years, but also, if needful, to increase it. The features of the work at Ebenezer which principally commanded sympathy were : the reported progress of the Gospel among the people, the eagerness of the converts to propagate (without fee or reward) the truth they had received, the inexpensiveness of the undertaking, and the fact that it was the aim of the missionaries to obtain their principal support in India itself, thus making the work distinctly *Home* Missionary, as, in fact, it was so called. Mr. Skrefsrud left England thankful for the way in which he had been received, and he repeatedly expressed his feeling that the links between the Santhal Mission and our Society were closer than ever. It was also often said that in the case of the removal or death of the existing missionaries, the Society would naturally be expected to fill up the vacancies and carry on the work. Briefly, the general effect of Mr. Skrefsrud's visit was gratifying to the Committee, and they thought they had abundant reason for thankfulness and hope.

It is now known that the Committee have declined to renew the annual grant to the Santhal Mission, and their reasons for this course will be made plain by the following statement of facts.

II.

In the summer of last year Mr. Boerresen arrived in London, and had an interview with the Secretaries at the Mission House, when he explained to them the intention of his visit. He stated that with a view to save the time necessarily occupied in travelling in India to obtain contributions for the work at Ebenezer, he had come over to Europe to raise in England and elsewhere a capital sum of ten or twelve thousand pounds. This sum was to be entrusted absolutely to himself for the needs of the Mission. It was pointed out to him that the raising of such a sum partook of the nature of an endowment—a kind of help inconsistent with the believing and trustful

effort which should continuously be made in missionary enterprises ; that the irresponsible use of so much money was not business-like or desirable ; and that the plan proposed would destroy the chief feature of the mission—namely, its Home-Missionary character. In that interview Mr. Boerresen stated that the mission buildings for which money had been raised during Mr. Skrefsrud's visit, and a great part of which had already been paid, were not even begun. Mr. Boerresen openly avowed his intention to pursue his own course, and to appeal for the Mission at Ebenezer as an altogether independent one.

Owing, no doubt, to the difficulty in raising a large capital sum, Mr. Boerresen altered his plan, and sought to form auxiliary committees in various places. To what extent he succeeded, and how, will be seen by the following extracts from a printed appeal dated March, 1877, and headed, "The Indian Home Mission to the Santhals" :—

"The Missionaries of the Indian Home Mission to the Santhals, whose labours have been so wonderfully successful among these aboriginal tribes, and who have won the sympathy and confidence of all classes of Christians in India, *are not supported by any Society.*

"The Mission is unsectarian. The Missionaries teach the simple Gospel, and in regard to Church government follow the practice of the first Christians as narrated in the Acts of the Apostles. Church discipline is exercised according to the Scripture rule in Matt. xviii. 15-17.

"The Santhal language, which was only a spoken one till these Missionaries came into the country, has now been by them reduced to writing. A grammar and school-books have been printed, and are now in use throughout the schools. Portions of the Scriptures have also been translated and printed.

"We may add, further, that this Mission was begun about ten years ago by a Dane, a Norwegian, and an Englishman, the last of whom having been maimed by a tiger, and owing to family afflictions, left in the second year. They began with their own money ; and after their means were exhausted, and the work so grew as to entail on them increased expenditure, Mr. Boerresen went annually to the principal towns and stations of Northern India to collect funds for the general support of the Mission. But these journeys take up three to four months ; and to allow him to devote his whole time to the proper work of the Mission, which in its present hopeful state demands uninterrupted supervision and direction, it is extremely desirable that he should be relieved of this part of his labours. The annual expenditure has lately been about £1,300, but as the work increases further support is required ; and £900 is needed to build three new Stations.

"Mr. Boerresen has been greatly encouraged in Denmark, Norway, and Scotland. Committees have been formed in Copenhagen, Kolding, Christiana, and Dramen, as well as in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen, and more recently in London : and it is believed that many Christians throughout the country would esteem it a privilege and a duty to take part in helping forward this great work.

“Subscriptions will be received by any members of Committees named below, or by the Treasurers.”

The appeal contains some very interesting facts concerning the Mission, and gives the names of gentlemen forming committees in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, and London.

Some months afterwards the first of the above statements in the appeal called forth a letter signed “J. T. H.,” which appears in the *Edinburgh Daily Review* on October 20th, 1876, in which the following paragraph occurs:—

“In the letter of your correspondent upon the Indian Mission to the Santhals, it is stated that ‘this mission has no stated support.’ I am not aware that the writer has any authority for this assertion, for it appears that Mr. Boerresen and Mr. Skrefsrud are missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, and receive stated support from its funds. The report of their labour appears in the annual reports of the above society, and in the report for this year it is stated that a ‘sum of £500 has been given by friends in Birmingham for a church which will shortly be erected at Ebenezer, the head station.’ In the ‘Special Funds’ account of the report it is stated that the sum of £390 7s. is to be devoted to the Santhal Mission Fund. The sum of £10,277 9s. 10d. has been paid during the past year as the salaries and allowances of missionaries engaged in the Indian mission, for which sum, I presume, Mr. Boerresen and Mr. Skrefsrud are supported in their work.”

To this Mr. Boerresen replied, and both letters were printed by him and widely circulated.

After referring to sums received from the Baptist Missionary Society and other sources, Mr. Boerresen proceeds thus:—

“Your correspondent is also correct in saying the Baptist Missionary Society have our name in their report, which does not surprise me, because the society is responsible for the money they give out, and to whom. If the Scotch Churches would give us any help for this ‘Indian Home Mission,’ they also would have to put our name in their reports, and if the English Church Missionary Society were to help us in any way, they would have to do the same. The Danish and Norwegian Lutheran Missionary Society also put our name in their report, and throughout the whole of Norway and Denmark they are now rejoicing and helping us. We have received a helper from them who is now on his way out, but whom we have ourselves to support. Deriving assistance from so many different sources, I think your correspondent can scarcely affirm that we belong to any denominational society; or that, though wonderfully helped, we have any stated support. We have now in the Santhal Indian Home Mission field three Lutheran men and one Baptist. Our object in spreading the gospel among the Santhals is not to bring the Santhals into any denomination for the present, about which the people at home quarrel so much, and which would be poison for the native Christians, who could not understand anything of this kind, but to bring them back to the living and true God from whom they have wandered. and I am happy to be able to say that we have a Church of England Mission.

eighty miles to the north of us, also the Free Church of Scotland Mission eighty miles to the north-west, and amongst us all—missionaries and native Christians—there is no feeling and no quarrelling about *Church* party. Our object is to follow Jesus and to love one another, and to do the work in that field to which He has sent us, and there is no talk about *mine* and *thine*. Our Christians go to the other missions, and the Christians from the other missions come to us, and they sing and praise the Lord Jesus Christ with one heart, and I do believe this is the great secret of the success of the mission among the Santhals. Your correspondent calls us ‘missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society.’ It will do no harm what people call us so long as we have a right and permission from the Lord Jesus to preach His blessed word amongst the heathen; but allow me to say that we do not belong to any society.”

III.

Several of the terms used in the above quotations are open to question, but we do not care to examine them here. Suffice it to say that the points on which the Committee felt concerned were principally the following:—1st. That the statement made by Mr. Boerresen did not give the true history of the origin of the Santhal Mission and of the way in which he and his colleague became identified with it. 2nd. That the important connection which existed between the Mission and the agents and friends of our own Society in India was ignored. 3rd. That there was no recognition of the fact that the Society were possessed of the land originally bought and the Mission premises erected upon it. 4th. That moneys specially contributed for building purposes had not been appropriated to their legitimate use; and 5th. That the Home Missionary character of the Mission was destroyed, in so far, that is, as funds were no longer to be raised in India, but in Europe, and principally in England.

Under the existing circumstances, the Committee decided on seeking an interview with Mr. Boerresen, and after some delay, owing to his absence from London, the interview took place on May 8th last. Substantially, Mr. Boerresen admitted the facts, as they will be stated below, as to the origin of the Mission, and the proprietorship of the land at Ebenezer, but he also stated that he and Mr. Skrefsrud had purchased more land around the original holding, and that the deed which conveyed the latter to our society *had been cancelled*. The whole property is now vested in Messrs. Skrefsrud and Boerresen. Whether such a transaction can stand legally or not remains to be seen; but the Committee were startled and grieved to find that their property had been so dealt with, and without their knowledge or consent. The interview was painful and unsatisfactory, and the result was the suspension of the annual grant to the Mission at Ebenezer.

IV.

In order to aid the Committee in presenting the true state of the case before their constituency, Mr. C. B. Lewis, of Calcutta, was asked to furnish such facts as he possessed. Mr. Lewis immediately did so, and the following statements are extracted from his printed memorandum :—

Mr. Lewis wrote to Mr. Skrefsrud on the 22nd of May, in reply to a letter of his, in the following terms :—

“ I do not think that any one has wished to interfere with your freedom as missionaries of the Gospel, yet your relations with the Baptist Missionary Society are surely closer than your letter would seem to imply. Was not the Ebenezer station chosen and commenced by Mr. Johnson as a station of the Baptist Mission?—was not the Pottah taken in the name of the Society?—were not the houses put up by contributions in aid of the same Society?—and was not the Home Mission, whose funds have of late so abundantly sustained you, introduced to the public as ‘ Auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society?’ To say nothing therefore of the monthly subsidy paid you since 1867, there has evidently been a close alliance between you and our Society which deserves a better fate than to expire now in ill-feeling between us.”

In answer to this Mr. Skrefsrud wrote me, on the 2nd of June, 1877, as follows :—

“ As to your several questions, then, I must enlighten you on certain points. I wrote to Mr. Johnson from Allamdanga requesting him to show me a place in Santhalistan, where two independent missionaries might labour. He suggested that we three, Johnson, Boerresen, and myself, should work together for the conversion of the Santhals, irrespective of denomination, leaving baptism and other matters an open question. At that time Johnson was in Belboonia. He and myself went in search for a place, where we might commence mission operations, and thought Chitragaria would do; afterwards he and Boerresen went to inspect the place; and finally Boerresen and myself decided upon our present station in Beniagara. For the Potta I am alone responsible. Boerresen laid out the place, and he and myself built the houses, whilst Johnson remained in Sewry and Belboonia, only paying us a visit from time to time, till we had made the houses inhabitable, when he removed to Beniagara in September 1868, and stayed there till February 1869, when the unfortunate accident happened, by which he was obliged to leave, first for Calcutta and Rangoon, and finally for Europe, since when he has not returned to Ebenezer. The largest sum for the buildings has been collected by Mr. Boerresen, but *never* has he collected money under cover of any missionary society beside our Santhal Mission, which does not belong to any society, as he tells everybody from whom he gets money for carrying on this work. The way in which this mission afterwards was named the Indian Home Mission to the Santhals was as follows:—Mr. Boerresen brought Mr. Evans down with him from Allahabad. We had a conference here at which Mr. Johnson, Boerresen and myself decided to appoint some gentlemen as directing elders, to whom any important case might be referred and finally decided, and with a view to release Mr. Johnson from giving us the help he himself needed, to relinquish the help the Baptist Mis-

sionary Society recently had kindly given us, and finally that Johnson himself might not have to draw on the Baptist Missionary Society for support. The independence of the mission was also distinctly stated then. Next year Mr. Boerresen and myself appointed a managing committee, with Mr. Evans as secretary; but as some of the members either misunderstood their authority or exceeded it, Boerresen dissolved it in my absence. At a conference here, when we had the managing committee, it was proposed and carried, but for me, that the Rs. 115 the Baptist Missionary Society gives us, should be given up. My reason for that was, not to wound our kind friends who had helped us so liberally; and I should not like to see the co-operative relation of helping and being helped cease, especially as our work is conducted on Baptist principles with regard to baptism, the *sine qua non* in our work. There *has been* a near relation, *is* a near relation, and I hope it *will remain* to be a near relation, between us; but that relation must of course not infringe upon our independence. I think a short conversation between Mr. Boerresen and myself will dispel any misunderstanding which may exist between Mr. Boerresen and the good people in England.

"I must not forget to add that Evans had no authority from us to write 'auxiliary' to any existing society on our report; and he left it afterwards."*

V.

To this reply Mr. Lewis objects as inaccurate, and says:—

"The desire to commence mission work in good earnest amongst the Santhals was felt by us many years ago. It was most definitely cherished, I believe, by our brother Mr. R. J. Ellis, when stationed at Sewry, Beerbhoom, a district where many Santhal villages are to be found. Mr. Ellis had a strong desire to become a missionary to the Santhals. His desire was not fruitless, but led him to collect an extensive vocabulary of their language, in which he had begun to preach, and to accumulate by the gifts of Christian friends the nucleus of a fund which might enable him to build himself a house whenever circumstances permitted him to settle among these people as their missionary. In January, 1865, however, a conference of the Bengal Baptist missionaries was held in Calcutta. Amongst its most important conclusions it was determined that Mr. Ellis should remove to Burrisaul, and that Mr. E. C. Johnson should, for the present, take his place at Sewry, 'as well to aid in carrying on the work at that station as to conduct the mission among the Santhals.'"

Our venerable brother, Mr. Williamson, was then alive, and it was thought that to place with him his son-in-law, Mr. Johnson, would be every way advantageous and agreeable to the wishes of both families. Mr. Johnson, however, who had received from Mr. Ellis his Santhal vocabulary and the money collected for building, and who was very ardently and successfully striving to master the Santhal language, soon found himself burdened at Sewry by the Bengali work of that station; and he very restlessly and pertinaciously pleaded with the Committee to sanction such arrangements as would enable him to devote himself wholly to work in the new field. In looking over my letter-book I find repeated admoni-

* Mr. Evans has seen this, and writes:—

"It was done with the sanction of both the missionaries and the [Indian Home Mission] committee, and was dropped at Mr. Skrefsrud's request, when he and Boerreson thought they could manage without the aid of the Baptist Missionary Society.

"I always regarded the work as auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society, and it was as such that I did all I could for it."

tions to patience and self-control addressed to him. Gradually, however, his way was cleared for entrance upon this new work; but in my absence in England during 1866, and the greater part of the following year, all the details of its beginning are not known to me. It was, however, early in 1867 that Mr. Johnson became interested in Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud, who had come out to join in the Chota Nagpore mission; but owing to some disagreement with the senior missionaries had separated from them. What the unpleasant circumstances leading to the separation were, Mr. Johnson does not appear to have been told. Well satisfied with his own conviction of their Christian integrity, Mr. Johnson encouraged them to come and labour with him, most generously contributing to their support the whole income derived from his little patrimony, amounting to about Rs. 80 monthly. Our brethren in Calcutta, recognizing his missionary ardour and generous self-sacrifice, did not discourage his arrangements, but recommended to the Committee at home that an allowance of Rs. 100 a month should be made for the further support of his helpers. At a meeting held in Calcutta, on the 6th of August, 1867, Mr. Johnson was recommended to put up houses for the accommodation of himself and his brethren at Ebenezer, twelve or fourteen miles to the west of Rampore Haut; a spot which had been fixed upon by himself and his new colleagues as suitable for the purpose they had on view. One of them, Mr. Boerresen, was thought to have some experience as a civil engineer, and the erection of the houses was entrusted to his care. Mr. Johnson computed that the cost of two small bungalows for himself and his fellow-labourers would be just covered by Rs. 2,000. The work was now begun, and when I arrived in Calcutta at the end of Nov., 1867, Mr. Johnson met me on ship-board, eager to secure my sympathy and aid in regard to the new station. He had not yet heard from England that the Rs. 100 per mensem solicited for the support of his colleagues had been conceded by the committee, and he was anxious to secure my advocacy in this matter, which was willingly promised. Mr. Johnson and his helpers for the present resided at Sewry; but paid frequent visits to the new station. His journal shows that he shared very largely with them in all the toils of the new undertaking, cutting wood for the buildings with the Santhals, and besetting the raja of Nulhattee with frequent and most wearisome importunity for the needful Pottah, until at last, at 2½ a.m., on the 15th of March, 1868, the long delayed document was duly signed and given into his possession. The responsibility of finding the money was, of course, at this early stage of the proceedings, all his own. The want of funds sufficient to complete the buildings was indeed a matter of great concern to him, and other occasions for anxiety were not lacking. In December he wrote me as follows:—

“I should be very thankful if, whenever you hear it, you would correct a certain report which, I understand, has found its way into some Baptist circles in Calcutta—and that is, that infant-baptism is to be practised in this work. Now this is quite a delusion, arising I believe from a misunderstanding of the words in my report, ‘All church matters to be settled by us.’ Now, not from vanity, but thinking that such would be better understood, I have unfortunately put myself in the plural number in that report. The meaning is this, that baptism and all church matters are to be left *in toto* to me, that Skrefsrud has quite resigned his right to have anything to say in this matter. He simply

preaches and forwards the interest of the Mission in every way. It is distinctly understood that, as a Baptist Mission, infant-baptism is never even to be discussed, much less practised.

“Furthermore, Skrefsrud is decidedly *against* infant-baptism, and considers that our plan of baptising only adults is the correct and scriptural one to be pursued with the heathen.”

Mr. Skrefsrud was baptized in the Circular Road Chapel on the 5th of April, 1868.

Following this is a brief account of Mr. Johnson's early plans, and then the narrative goes on thus :—

VI.

Towards the end of February, 1867, Mr. Johnson had the pleasure to meet at Ebenezer the Rev. T. Evans and R. Carr, Esq., who came down from Allahabad to see the new station, and to encourage those who were erecting it. They did not come empty-handed, but brought with them Rs. 1,000, making up the sum of Rs. 3,000 from Allahabad, for the building expenses, mostly realized from a Fancy Sale which Mr. Evans and his friends had held. The want of more money was, however, very soon sorely felt, and on the 30th of May, Mr. Johnson applied to me to know whether I could not, on the part of the Society, let him have Rs. 1,000. He was at this time drawing Rs. 30 monthly for house rent. He proposed to take this Rs. 1,000 as an advance on the same account, and he evidently hoped that, with the money previously spent, this assistance would very nearly enable them to complete the building. His request was complied with.

After some details concerning differences between Mr. Johnson and Messrs. Skrefsrud and Boerresen on account of the buildings, which the former considered to be too expensive, as well as faultily constructed, the memorandum proceeds :—

Matters now moved on quietly for a little while. At the end of September, however, Mr. Johnson wrote as follows :—

“I have now something to speak upon which is not pleasant. I much fear I cannot get on with the two brethren here. I do not think it necessary here to state my reasons. If called upon to do so, I will.

“I briefly propose a plan which I think might be advantageous to the Society. I believe the Society wish a Santhal Mission. In such a case I would suggest that Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud each receive a salary of Rs. 150. They will then be able to live in the two separate bungalows which are erected here, in comparative comfort, instead of the *wretchedness* which they are now in.

“Should you wish to have a superintending missionary (though I do not think such would be necessary if both are made responsible agents of the Society) there would be room enough for him in the larger bungalow to visit the station occasionally.

“With regard to myself, I would suggest that I be sent elsewhere. If I understand right, there are now and will be shortly many places in need of a missionary. I am open to a proposition to be sent to any of them.

“I mention this plan, as being that which I think best suited for the Society's wishes, in having the work carried on as cheaply as possible, as both Skrefsrud and Boerresen are willing to live on Rs. 150 each.”

A few days later, October 3rd, Mr. Johnson wrote again:—

“With regard to the business I wrote to you upon, I have this day seen Skrefsrud and he has begged me not to think of leaving the station, as he says he loves me and knows I love him, and would therefore wish that we should all live together in peace. But there is one thing I wish you could kindly use your influence in doing: and that is, to see if there is not some way by which they can be put on a better footing with the Society, and receive a little more adequate means of subsistence than they do at present. Just fancy, in a place like this, where every article, bread, oil, &c., has to be sent for, how little Rs. 180 is for two families together. They get Rs. 100 from the Society, and Rs. 80 from me. Now, if Boerresen could get Rs. 150, and Skrefsrud (having no children) a little less, say Rs. 120, then they could live as two separate families in one house and there would be no occasion of stumbling or rock of offence. Trusting that you can do something for us in this way, I conclude. Boerresen will devote himself to Bengali, and Skrefsrud to Santali, as they are doing now.”

VII.

The proposal which Mr. Johnson so generously advocated in these letters was not carried out. With the zealous co-operation of the Rev. T. Evans of Allahabad, the association, designated “The Indian Home-Mission (Auxiliary to the Baptist Mission) to the Santhals,” was resolved upon. A conference of the gentlemen composing this mission was held at Ebenezer on the 12th of November, 1868, when, from funds collected in October by Mr. Evans and Mr. Boerresen, Rs. 1,963-8 was appropriated to “the completion of the mission buildings, and repairing damage, &c.,” and other arrangements, for the more comfortable support of the missionaries, were made. The Baptist Missionary Society continued its monthly payment of Rs. 115, which has since been made uninterruptedly, down to the present date.

Of Mr. Johnson's accident in February, 1869, and of the baptism of the first Santhali converts on the 28th of March, I need not write. Indeed my extracts from Mr. Johnson's letters may here cease. Mrs. Johnson died in July, and in the next month the desolate widower went home to England, and his connection with the Ebenezer mission was not renewed after his return. The extracts I have given show plainly enough the infirmities of his character, but they show also his great simplicity and unselfishness, and his generous, patient consideration for the men he did so much to help and sustain as his colleagues. They show also his loyalty to the Society in connection with which he laboured, and made it evident that in all he did at the station he was instrumental in forming, his purpose was to secure a fresh field in which the Baptist Missionary Society might win many souls to Christ.

How far Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud sympathised in this feeling may now very well be questioned. No one at that time suspected them of any motives which were not in harmony with our own. I will, however, quote some correspondence which took place immediately after Mr. Johnson had returned to England. Read in the light of recent events, it may very probably be understood as I certainly did not understand it at the time. I understood the writer then as seeking for encouragement to carry on without hesitation and mistrust the good work we were all supposed to have chiefly at heart.

In September, 1869, Mr. Skrefsrud wrote to me in the following terms:—

“Mr. Johnson on leaving Ebenezer gave over the management of the Santhal Mission to me, to be the responsible agent, not the Missionary, of the Society in England, and that he did, he said, by *your* authority. As this, however, was merely something verbal, and as I have never heard a word from you about the matter, I should be thankful to know from you in what relation Mr. Boerresen and myself stand to the Society, as well as the Santhal Mission. I do not allude to pay or any such thing, but simply by what authority do we work here, and by what authority do I manage the Station and execute the various functions? What is the Society to us, and what are we to the Society? We have several people here who must be baptized, a church must be formed; but before I commence that I should like to know ‘By what authority dost thou do all these things.’ Hoping that you kindly will, as soon as convenient, clear it all.”

My reply, under date of September 11th, was—

“As to your own status in relation to the Baptist Missionary Society, I need not recount to you the history of your connexion with Mr. Johnson. Indeed, I suppose my knowledge of it is much less perfect than your own. After you both joined Mr. Johnson, he besought the Society to aid him in sustaining you as his coadjutors. As a temporary measure, and in compliance with his earnest desires, the Rs. 100 monthly, which you have drawn since 1867, was granted. Authority to pay this I have received, and this embraces all the instructions I have received concerning you. The Committee have, in short, done for you all they were asked to do, and have done no more, leaving more definite arrangements as to your relation with themselves to be determined when they were asked to come to some settlement regarding them.

“The indefiniteness of your position has perhaps attracted the less attention on both sides because of the effort Brother Evans has made to sustain the work in which you are engaged by funds independent of the Baptist Mission treasury. I believe it was hoped that enough might be obtained in India to sustain you more amply than at present without further votes of help by the Committee.

“You write as if your right to labour at Ebenezer depended in some degree upon the fulness or otherwise of your recognition by our Committee as their own missionary. Not at all so. In asking you to take charge of every department of labour during his absence, Mr. Johnson did nothing which the brethren here and the Committee at home would not fully approve and sanction. We Baptists are little trammelled by any forms of official responsibility. He who is himself saved, whosoever he be, we hold to be fully qualified and empowered to speak of salvation and to recommend the Saviour, and these are the things you are doing, and in which we all here and at home wish you heartily God speed.

“If, however, you are not satisfied with such recognition, but desire formal acknowledgment by the Baptist Missionary Society as one of their missionaries, then this must come from themselves, and it were well that you should write to them and request them to determine the question. Without their special authorisation, we here could not act in this matter; glad as all of us will be in every way to encourage and help you.

“Is this enough? If I need say more, let me know in what respects, and I will write again.”

Mr. Skrefsrud's reply was:—

“No, I do not want more. We could not help laughing at your kind an

naive letter, for which my best thanks. The leading points in the same are two, out of which premises the conclusion is drawn. The first is 'the Society is not accustomed to grant more than is asked.' You have not asked (for more than you have gotten) therefore you have not gotten (more.) To ask for being taken up as one of the Society's missionaries, has never been my intention, and I have acted on some principles in not wishing to do so, although the strongest reasons are now removed by the *entire* reconciliation with my old society and Mr. Batsch, without any endeavour on my part; but there has been one thing I wished, and that has been to be recognised by them as a fellow-labourer. That this has not been the case in the way which I have wished it, is of course my own fault, never having applied for it. I think that it perhaps is better to wait a little still, to hear and understand what arrangements Mr. Evans is going to make with the Society about the Santhal Mission. It seems, however, to me, and I am sure you would say the same, that more ought to be done for the Santhals than Mr. Evans and we can afford to do, and that the Society ought to send more missionaries to the field, the blessed Santhal field."

VIII.

A few words will suffice in conclusion. Let me revert to my queries of the 22nd of May. I confidently affirm them all.

The Ebenezer station *was* chosen and commenced by Mr. Johnson, as a station of the Baptist Missionary Society. Mr. Skrefsrud seems to claim the credit of having chosen the station for Mr. Boerresen and himself. Mr. Johnson's history of the transaction is quite different; but it may suffice to ask, "Is it possible that these men, who were then simply dependent upon him for subsistence, should of their own selves decide where he and they should live and labour, and act in this without perfect knowledge and consent on his part? That Mr. Johnson did all this for the Society is clear enough from his language, in the foregoing letters.

The original Pottah *was* taken in the name of the Society:—so I am told by Mr. Johnson, who obtained it, and by others who have seen the document. If Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud—as I am assured on the best authority—have since then contrived silently to supersede this Pottah, and to obtain another, making over to themselves all the Society's rights in land and buildings, this fact accounts for the very ambiguous character of Mr. Skrefsrud's reply to my question;* but it remains to be seen in that case how he and his colleague can explain and can justify a transaction so widely divergent from the lines of common honesty.

*Mr. Skrefsrud's letter of the 2nd of June did not reach me till the evening of the 6th. I replied the next day, and said in my letter:—

"On one point, I must beg you to be more explicit. You say, 'For the Pottah I am alone responsible.' I do not know how that is to be understood. It has been said by some who ought to know that the Pottah was taken in the name of the Society or its agent. I suppose it is in your keeping. Will you kindly send me a copy of it? I have been asked to send this home; and, whatever the fact is, they should know it."

The reply to this note has just been received, dated June the 13th, and reads as follows:—

"Your letter of the 7th instant has duly come to hand, but owing to my absence from home I have not been able to answer it before. As our mission is an individual effort, and perfectly independent of all other missions, you will excuse me for not affording you the desired information for your committee in England, and for not entering further upon this subject."

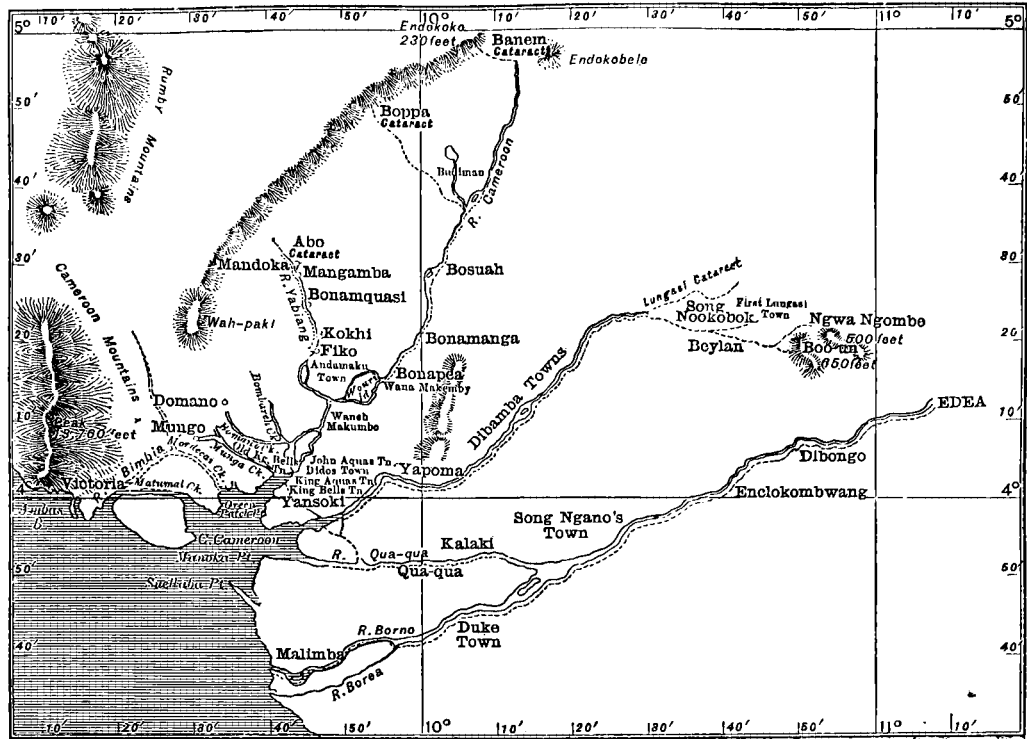
The buildings were put up by contributions in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society in the person of its agent Mr. Johnson. An account of the building fund, published in the latter half of 1868, gives Rs. 7,180 as the amount up to that time collected. Of this Rs. 1,360 only is ascribed to the efforts of Mr. Boerresen. If his subsequent collections made his share larger than that contributed independently of him, it is hard to understand how so much money could be fairly expended upon these buildings. Be the amount, however, what it may, it was expended in building upon foundations laid, and erections commenced, for the Baptist Missionary Society, and the rights of that society cannot honourably be ignored.

"The Home Mission" was introduced to the public as an Auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society: in proof of which I appeal to its reports printed in 1869 and 1871. Mr. Skrefsrud says this was done without "authority." However that may be, the announcement no doubt served its purpose in authenticating Mr. Boerresen's early appeals to the Indian public, until he had made himself sufficiently well-known to be able to dispense with it. The reports of the Santhals,"—the fifth represents "the Indian Home Mission to the Santhal Mission," which now lie on the table before me, are curiously representative of the history of the transactions to which they refer. The first and second are entitled "Baptist Mission to the Santhals,"—the third and fourth are "Reports of the Indian Home Mission Auxiliary to the Baptist Mission to the Santhals" only. At the beginning, the Baptist Mission was everything, then a mission claimed public support as auxiliary to it, finally this auxiliary mission shook off all semblance of responsibility to others; and the men who so called themselves have elbowed out of their field the society by which they were at the outset sustained, and to which the habitations in which they dwell legally belong.

It would not be difficult to point out other inaccuracies in Mr. Skrefsrud's statement, and every reader must see the ungenerous depreciation of Mr. Johnson's services which pervades it. He deserves better of "those his former bounty fed." It would be painful to enlarge on this subject. Let it suffice to say that Mr. Johnson removed to Ebenezer at the end of June, 1868, and, notwithstanding his accident, did not leave it till early in April, 1869. These facts come within my own knowledge.

IX.

It is no part of our intention to point out to our readers the conclusions to be drawn from the above narrative of facts. The Ebenezer Mission is now before the world as an independent mission. Of the missionaries engaged in it only one is a Baptist; the rest are Pædobaptists—all of them, presumably, equally attached to their several views of the question of Baptism—a position which would preclude their adoption by any existing missionary society. Hence, they do not seek such adoption, nor do they need it. The Committees formed in England and on the Continent are more than sufficient to meet all the requirements of the work. The Committee reflect upon the history of the Mission with regret and pain, but justice to the trust reposed in them has left them no other course but to withdraw the help so long given, until new circumstances shall arise to alter their present decision.



West African Mission ; Exploring Journeys.

MR. GRENFELL has sent the following letter to Mr Glover, of Bristol. We are glad to have the opportunity of presenting it to our readers. Mr. Glover's church has liberally furnished Mr. Grenfell with mathematical and other instruments for his use in his exploring undertakings.

"In all my journeyings I have kept in view the object of finding the best route into the interior; for I believe that if the same amount of effort which is bestowed here were bestowed upon some inland station, it would produce far greater results. This station must be sustained, but much might radiate from it that is now centred in it. This view respecting the greater success of inland missions was confirmed by Mr. Rottman, whom I entertained a month or so back for three days during the stay of the steamer here. He is one of the seniors of some forty Europeans constituting the Basle Mission, whose headquarters are at Christiansborg, near Accra. He said that their coast stations had to contend with almost insuperable difficulties, and made but little progress; while their inland ones were not only far more prosperous, and that much better health prevailed among the Europeans. Lieutenant Young, of the Livingstonia mission, refers to the fact of the coast tribes being spoiled by their contact with the traders on the east. It is the same here on the west. It would be a grand thing to be able to push away right beyond the influences that operate so adversely, and it can be done. I am glad to observe in the *Freeman*, dated 6th April, in a paragraph referring to the work of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Wesleyan Societies in

Africa, that the Baptists, who were also taking part in the evangelisation of the country, would work from their own base on the western side. It is cheering to one who longs to get inland to know that the sympathy of the Society runs in that direction too. But if anything great is to be accomplished, very considerable aid must come from home.

"I send with this a portion of chart, to which I have affixed a rude sketch. These may help you to understand what I have already done in the way of visiting the neighbouring people. I have been up all the branches of the river as far as a boat can go, excepting the one running due north, and which flows into the Mordecai Creek. All the places marked and named with pen I have visited. Endokoko, Endokombwang, Dibongo, and Edea have not been visited by any other white man. The Lungasi towns had never before been visited by a white man. Mr. Comber accompanied me on my second journey a fortnight ago. We then visited some other places than those I first saw.

"The river running north to Abo and north-east to Endokobebe are capital avenues into the country; but the people on the banks are very numerous and very jealous about allowing communication with the tribes beyond. So great are the difficulties in these directions that I doubt

whether a small *cortège* would be able to pass. At the present time the Dido town difficulty stops the way of everybody. No trade has been carried on in these rivers for nearly three months.

“The river running to Edea is a splendid water-way, but the Qua-Qua, which connects it with our river, is full of shoals, quite impassable in the dry season by the steamer, and only to be navigated by a boat with difficulty. The Borea, when once reached, affords a four-fathom channel right away up to the falls. I made the attempt to pass the bar at Malimba, thinking to find a way for the steamer by going round outside, but even in the best season the surf was such as to render the thing impossible. This left the Dibamba branch to be tried. This I find is navigable by the steamer, as far as the beach which leads to the Lungasi towns, for eight months during the year. The people at Yansoki, Bwang, Yapoma, and the Dibamba towns do not seem so prejudiced against our advances inland, and even though they were inclined to stop us, an expedition of a dozen people would overawe the simple population of the largest town we should pass. On my first journey, at several places the people all fled, leaving their food in the process of being cooked, their guns, their matchets, all to the tender mercies of we invaders, which did not prove so very cruel after all. There is another advantage about this route—that is, in the case of any difficulty with King A'Kwa, or King Bell (not at all a remote contingency if we attempt to go eastward), we can reach Dibamba from Victoria without their being at all acquainted with our movements. These dignitaries have just compelled us to withdraw our teachers from Kalaki. They say that

the teachers spoiled their trade; they are afraid of the country people's eyes being opened.

“I am taking steps to procure some Kroomen for carriers, so that when the dry season opens, I may be able to make a journey without depending upon Cameroons men, who are so likely to disappoint one. Even in a short journey, such as those I have already made, the bugbears they have conjured up as excuses for not going further have proved them the possessors of wonderfully fertile imaginations. Six Kroomen will cost for hire during one year—wages about £45, food a similar sum, passages from their home here (about 1,200 miles distant), and back again, about £30. All the hard work on this part of the coast is performed by these men; they work all the cargo and boats in the oil trade. There are about 120 of them in our river, all engaged for one year. I think if I can succeed in getting these men and stores, I shall, with two Dualla men whom I can trust, make an attempt to leave here in October next, and go eastwards. At present the rainy season precludes the possibility of travelling. September generally sees the end of the heaviest rains. I shall also try to get a couple of asses from Teneriffe; they will cost about £30, together with passage here. There are four at Victoria rendering very valuable assistance to those going up to our mission station at Bonjongo. They are very fine animals, not at all like the despised donkey of England.

“The journeys I have already made this year have more than exhausted my allowance for this object, and if I am to go farther I must have the assurance that my drafts to cover the expense will be honoured. At present I know our Society is not in a position to authorise increased expenditure,

but I hope something will be done by ourselves as well as the other sections of the Church in this work. At present it would be rash to get together large sums of money and fit out expeditions, even though we were able to do it. What is wanted is a small sum to cover a pioneering effort, so that we may learn something of what is beyond, and what steps it will be best to take. We have no beaten path or caravan route here, as they have on the eastern coast. With my poor achievements, I am regarded quite as a marvel by the Cameroons men, because I have been so far beyond where they would not think of going, so that we cannot expect guides from these people. In my two last journeys the paths were so indistinct in many places that I had to 'blaze' the trees, to mark our route, and to guide us coming back. I thus marked about twenty miles myself.

"Mr. Comber, who is now staying with me for awhile, has made a journey on the north-eastern side of the mountain, reaching a place named Bakundu. He did at one time think of settling there, but hearing of the possible opening of the Lungasi country he accompanied me during my last journey; but as we did not find a town large enough to settle down in, he is divided between the idea of reverting to Bakundu, and going on beyond Lungasi and trying in that direction again.

"The head men in the river are anxious to be under Her Majesty's control; they are waiting only for King Bell's sanction and co-operation

to petition the English Government to be included in the British realm. They are evidently getting tired of their attempts to govern themselves. Every dispute leads to war, and often great loss of life. They think that if the strong hand of our law were to interfere, they would be freed from the necessity of going to war to punish a murderer or a thief. If it were not for the terrorism of the secret societies the old customs would not enthral so completely the thoughtful men around us. They are afraid to forsake or expose the absurdities of their heathenish fashions. One man was bold enough, two or three weeks since, to ridicule the famous 'Moonge' fashion. At night his house was surrounded and burnt, and he himself paid the penalty with his life. Tim Akwa (virtually king of our town, his father being so old and infirm) is accounted a very bold man, because he comes to chapel twice every Sunday and sometimes wears a shirt. The prejudice against adopting anything like the habits of civilised countries, is jealousy fostered by the Ngambi men or witch-doctors. This state of affairs would be quite altered upon British occupation. Civilisation would be at a premium then, and the people not afraid of mending their habits.

"I trust that better times are coming for our mission in the river. Things look very dark at times, and one is apt to grow despondent. I still pray for strength to labour and to wait."

Italy.

THE following letter has been received from Mr. John Landels, from Ardenza, Livorno :—

“The Sunday meetings in Leghorn are but thinly attended. The average attendance during July was as follows :—Morning, at the culto or worship, 22 ; Afternoon, at the preaching service, 25. The largest number present at any morning service was 26, any evening 31. Both forenoon and evening my wife, brother, and self are always present ; in the forenoon Mr. Wall’s two children also. Confining the computation to Italians, therefore, the averages are—Morning, 17, afternoon, 22. These figures cannot be regarded as satisfactory ; how is their lowness to be accounted for ? Not, let me say at once, in my opinion, by any unfitness, of whatever kind, in the evangelist. I am convinced you could not—especially in Italy—easily find a better man for the post than Signor Baratti, of whom I shall have more to say further on. What explanation, then, would I give ? Having been so short a time here I feel that it would be worse than absurd for me to speak positively, but I am inclined to think that the explanation is to be found in the bad situation of the meeting-hall. It is true, as I said in my letter to Mr. Baynes, and for the reasons then stated, that the present place of meeting is a vast improvement on the old one. The room is commodious and comfortable (at least in summer), is situated in an open piazza, and is up but one flight of stairs ; but the piazza is small and not very much frequented, the houses in it are poor and occupied by the poor, and the neighbourhood is low—very low Guiseppe tells me. Could we but find a place at a moderate rental and otherwise suitable in one of the more respectable piazzas, I am persuaded we should soon know a great change for the better in the size and character of the congregations. I doubt not in the winter the attendance is much larger, but we want to bring in as many as possible at all seasons.

“During the summer months the week-night meetings are discontinued, and therefore I cannot speak of them. I was present at one, on John the Baptist’s day, at which the attendance was about the same as on a Sunday evening.

“Owing, I suppose, to their being in the habit of doing the same thing in the Roman Catholic churches, at every one of our services there are some hearers who come in at the beginning but do not stay till the end, others who stay till the end but do not come at the beginning, and yet others who both come and go during the course of the meeting. All alike, however, with but few and occasional exceptions, listen remarkably attentively while they stay.

“Nor do they listen altogether in vain. Three weeks ago, after Guiseppe had been preaching on John iii. 18, some Papists, with whom he has conversed on other occasions, also told him they had at length learned to believe in Jesus as the only Saviour, and one, who is the servant of a priest, professed to be willing to give up all for Christ. Time will show whether or not their professions are sincere, but Guiseppe evidently so regarded them.

“Signor Guiseppe Baratti, your evangelist in Livorno, is a first-rate fellow.

The better I know him the better I like him. He is one of the most happy men I ever met, has generally a smiling, always a friendly, countenance. He is evidently happy in his work, moreover; indeed, it is quite a treat to see and hear him when he is relating some encouraging fact or incident such as that narrated above, he speaks and smiles so joyfully. He is a very energetic speaker, an expressive gesticulation accompanies almost every sentence, or rather every clause. As to the character of the matter of his addresses and discourses, of course I can express no opinion of my own, but my brother says that he usually speaks well. His expression shows that he is thoroughly in earnest, sincerely anxious to lay hold of those to whom he speaks. I am sorry to say that he does not seem to understand the importance of punctuality. The services never begin until at least five minutes after the appointed time, and I have known Giuseppe go out to distribute tracts about ten minutes before the hour of meeting, and remain away more than a quarter of an hour. I fancy this unpunctuality is an Italian failing. (N.B.—My experience in the North taught me that it is also a Scotch failing, at least in respect to religious meetings.)

“Last week Signor Baratti took an evangelistic journey in the direction of Pisa and Florence. The week before last, also, he was away evangelising. He held eight meetings in two small towns, Colle Lalveti and Rosignano. The former is a junction on the railway between Pisa and Rome, and is about eight miles inland from Livorno; on the occasion of his visit the Gospel in its simplicity was preached there for the first time. The latter is situated among the hills skirting the coast about fifteen miles south of Leghorn. Here Guiseppe was admitted to the military camp, and had the pleasure of preaching both to soldiers and officers. He also reports that in Rosignano there are four applicants for baptism. During the two journeys he sold or otherwise distributed 280 Testaments. Next week my brother and he are to make their way to Lucca, preaching and selling as they go. My brother will probably send an account of this journey to the *Baptist* or the *Herald*.

“On Saturday, 14th July, my brother went to Rome, returning on the 24th. He found all things going on well there, the meetings keeping up as well as could be expected in the summer season. On the evening of the second Sunday of his stay he preached in the Sala Cristiana Piazza in Lucina.

“In Livorno he has already preached twice, and will preach again on Sunday week. He takes some part in all the services.

“As for Mrs. Landels and myself, we are studying as diligently as we can, and enjoying first-rate health.”

The Death of the Rev. R. J. Ellis.

WITH deep sorrow we announce the death, at the early age of forty-five, of one of the strongest, and most gifted, and most devoted of our missionaries in India.

Mr. Ellis went out to India in 1860 with the first Mrs. Ellis. They were stationed at Soory, where Mr. Ellis devoted himself with great success to the study of the Bengali language, and afterwards also of the Santali language, for, towards the close of his stay at Soory, he had resolved to labour among that interesting tribe. His wife's state of health being very unsatisfactory, she, with her two little girls, sailed for England early in 1864, in the same ship which took away Dr. Duff finally—at least, it is likely to prove finally—from the shores of India. Not long before reaching St. Helena, Mrs. Ellis died, from some cause apparently unconnected with her previous complaint. Dr. Duff showed her much kindness. The two children were taken on to Scotland, and are still at Edinburgh with their maternal relations.

About the time Mrs. Ellis left for Europe it was necessary that Mr. Ellis should for a time occupy the then vacant station of Allahabad. During his sojourn there he acquired the Hindi and Urdu languages. It was there he made the acquaintance of the young lady whom he married in 1865, and who now survives him. On returning to Bengal he removed, first to Jessore, and afterwards for a season to Barisal; but, in 1868, he was once more stationed at Jessore, and continued there for seven years. Towards the close of 1875 he removed to Calcutta, taking up his residence at Intally. During his sojourn at Calcutta he was much engaged in vernacular literary work, especially in the preparation of the Mussulman Bengali edition of the gospels by Matthew and John. The printing of the second issue of the former was almost finished when he left, and will be completed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Rouse.

Dr. Wenger, who furnishes the above facts, touchingly adds:—

“It seems strange to me that the young and vigorous should be promoted to glory, and the aged and feeble ones left behind. But the Lord's counsel is best.”

Rev. Albert Williams says:—

“We have lost an earnest, hardworking, talented, strong, brother

His zeal, earnestness, thoroughness, and Scotch honesty and pertinacity had perhaps a certain ruggedness about them which might repel those who did not know how deeply and tenderly affectionate he was. He has left a gap by his departure which, looking below, we know not how to fill up. Our hope soars upward, where we have a very present help in trouble."

Mr. Rouse says :—

"He had a thorough knowledge of Bengali, and was a powerful preacher in it, whether to Hindus or Mohammedans. His heart was set on his work, he was indefatigable in it, and he has died "in harness." We cannot yet realise that he is gone. We thought that after sixteen years labour in the plains in India, it might be necessary for him soon to seek a change in Europe; but it never entered into our minds that he would die. And now he has gone. Who will go next? And who will take the standard from our fallen brother's hand, and carry it into the midst of the foe? Perhaps the places of some of the rest of us will have to be filled up soon. Who among the young men of England will come and stand by us while we live, and take our place when we, too, die?"

Missionary Notes.

The power and influence of the Brahmins is visibly declining; the extravagance of the system—self-immolation, self-torture, naked and repulsive asceticism—have disappeared, or are disappearing; pilgrimages are yearly less frequent, endowments are rarer; caste rules are relaxed, people are less prepared to make sacrifices of any kind for their belief. The Hindu is beginning to forget his religion; he has never formally deposed it, but it is hunted out of sight by the whole routine of the life which we have introduced.

The progress of the gospel in India is shown by the fact that the number of Evangelical Christians who use the Tamil language is now 125,000.

Contributions.

From 19th July to 18th August, 1877.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.		Tritton, Mr Joseph (monthly)		LEGACY.	
Alexander, Mr G. W.	26 5 0	10 0 0	Brown, the late Mrs		
Allen, Mrs W. S., Chendle ..	10 0 0		Emily, of Regent's-pk.		
Bacon, Mr J. P.	100 0 0		per Messrs Storey and		
Carter, Mr T. C.	0 10 6		Cowland	448 19 0	
Dunnett, Mr W.	1 0 0		LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.		
Jacob, Mr E. W., C.E.	2 0 0		Arthur-street, Camber-		
Martin, Mr W. B.	0 10 0		well Gate		
Senger, Mr W.	0 10 0		5 0 0		
			DONATIONS.		
			Arnold, Rev G. E., for		
			Norway	5 0 0	
			Hughes, Mr Hugh	5 0 0	
			M. J. S.	0 13 0	
			Under 10s.	0 9 8	

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Africa for Christ.

“HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION ALSO FROM SEA TO SEA, AND FROM THE RIVER
UNTO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.”

AT length the great problem of African geography has been solved ; and the Lualaba and the Congo are found to be one and the same river.

In the last number of THE HERALD we expressed the conviction that ere long this all-important question would be set finally at rest, and the surmises of Livingstone, Schweinfurth, Cameron, and others, become certainties.

Mr. Stanley has now made his way continuously from Nyangwè on the Lualaba—the farthest point of Livingstone’s researches and of Cameron’s acquaintance with that mighty river—down through the very heart of the Continent, to the West Coast, and bringing the great stream along with him all the road through, has demonstrated by actual accomplishment of the voyage that the *Lualaba and the Congo are one* ; and that there exists a most magnificent water-way from Tanganyika to the Atlantic, on which for full 1,400 miles vessels of considerable burden may sail without a break.

It has been well said that—

“Henceforth to Mr. Stanley will belong the ineffaceable and unique honour of having reached the western from the eastern coast of Africa by a water-road, which proves the Lualaba to be the upper channel of the mighty ‘Ikutu ya Congo,’ thus connecting the far-off inland seas of Bangweolo and Moero—together with the Luapula and ‘Webb’s Lualaba’—in one magnificent catena of lakes and lacustrine streams, whose source westward of Nyassa, as the crow flies, is nearly twenty degrees of longitude distant from its embouchure on the Atlantic Ocean in the well-known Congo mouth ; while its whole course must extend through five or six thousand miles of winding banks.

“We know now, thanks to this unexampled voyage, that the prodigious flood which pours into the Atlantic at Point Padron and Kabinda has risen close to the Zambezi fountains ; and that in future days the inland argosies of

regenerated Africa may almost cross the Continent by water from ocean to ocean. It is true we hear also of no less than thirty odd rapids and cataracts besides the already well-known 'Yellala Falls,' beyond which Tuckey, in 1816, saw a little of the stream. But from E. longitude twenty-six degrees to E. longitude seventeen degrees we learn that the mighty river has an uninterrupted course of 1,400 miles, with many magnificent affluents, the broken portion lying mainly in the mountain belt, through which it breaks its way to pass into the Atlantic. Thus, for the first time since the history of man was written, the mysterious veil is drawn aside from the entire channel of the Congo, and we see it a grander and vaster water-way than even the Nile."

Mr. Stanley's despatch is dated Embomma, Congo River, West Coast of Africa, August 10th, 1877, just twelve months since the date of his leaving Ujiji, to cross the great Tanganyika, on his way to Nyangwe, for the purpose of tracking the mysterious tide flowing by that distant settlement.

From the brief accounts that have reached us of this memorable journey, it is clear that it has been attended with heavy privations, losses, and sorrows, and that it has been unfortunately darkened by violence and death.

"Mr. Stanley's warmest admirers must acknowledge that he lacks the commanding moral power which carried David Livingstone across Africa without firing a shot or striking a blow;" and without passing any judgment until further and more exact information is in our hands, we cannot but give expression to a keen regret that the line of Mr. Stanley's course through the country has been so often marked by bloodshed and death, associating, as it cannot fail to do, in the minds of the natives through whose territories he has passed, the advent of the white man with violence and slaughter, and so rendering future exploration still more difficult.

In this respect both David Livingstone and Bishop Steere stand out in happy contrast to Mr. Stanley; for both declare from personal experience of prolonged African travel, that, as a protection against the natives, "arms are only a cause of insecurity."

It is due, however, to this intrepid traveller to remember that he assures us that powder and shot were only used when patience and endurance had been tried to their utmost.

We are now able, by the kindness of Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society, to furnish our readers with a reduced copy of Lieut. Grandy's map (referred to in the last number of the *Herald*), showing his route to San Salvador and Makouta, by way of Ambrize, Queballa, and Bembe, and his return-journey to Embomma, by way of Quanza, Banzi Noki, and Lucango.

"I want us to be on the Congo River by-and-by (when we get the intelligent interest and co-operation of the King of Congo) *above the rapids*, and sail the messengers of the everlasting Gospel on the mighty river up as far as to Nyangwe.

"Does not God call us by His providential indications to attempt great things for His, Christ, and the Gospel.

"God is over all, and we may depend upon it He intends now to open out Africa to Christian evangelization. Think of the thousands of souls come across by Cameron west of Tanganyika. Are these to live and die without the knowledge of the all-precious Gospel? Nay, hardly so."

And now to these words may surely be added—

"Think of the thousands of souls come across by Stanley in his journey from Tanganyika and Nyangwe, all along the course of the mighty Congo-Lualaba, to the Atlantic. Are these to live and die without the knowledge of the all-precious Gospel?

"Truly God, by His providential indications, is calling upon us 'to attempt great things for His Christ and the Gospel.'"

We are sure our friends will be glad to know that the publication of Mr. Arthington's letters has excited the deepest interest in his generous proposal in all parts of the country.

From high and low, rich and poor alike, communications have reached us expressing warm sympathy and most hearty approval of the plans of the Committee.

One such we give in full; it tells its own tale.

To the Secretaries of the Baptist Mission.

September 25, 1877.

DEAR SIRS,—Ever since my conversion, now some few years ago, I have taken a deep interest in mission work, especially mission work in Africa. I always carry a map of Africa in my pocket, and often look over it in my spare time in the pit. For a long time I have been thinking of the great Congo river, and praying that missionaries may be sent there, and I now see in the MISSIONARY HERALD for this month that the answer is coming, and the Lord has put it into Mr. Arthington's mind.

Times have not been very gay with us of late, but I have put by from time to time a little for Africa, and now with a glad heart I send you a five pound bank-note for the Congo Mission, with the prayer that the Lord may bless it, and I remain, yours in Christ,

A STAFFORDSHIRE COLLIER.

P.S.—I have just heard about Mr. Stanley and his wonderful journey. How the Lord seems to be opening up Africa. Can't we all do something more for Africa?

"THE HARVEST TRULY IS PLENTIOUS, BUT THE LABOURERS ARE FEW. PRAY YE THEREFORE, THE LORD OF THE HARVEST, THAT HE WILL SEND FORTH LABOURERS INTO HIS HARVEST."

Following the example set by the "Staffordshire Collier," CANNOT WE ALL DO SOMETHING MORE FOR AFRICA?

The Relation of the Home Ministry to Foreign Missions.

AN ADDRESS AT A CONFERENCE OF FORMER STUDENTS OF THE BAPTIST COLLEGE, BRISTOL, ASSEMBLED SEPT. 4TH, 1877.

(Published at the request of the Conference.)

DEAR BRETHREN,—When our honoured President invited me to take part in this Conference, he urged, as one inducement, that thereby I could probably serve the Baptist Missionary Society; and this, when reported to one of your Secretaries, suggested to him that I should read a short paper on the Relations of the Home Ministry to Foreign Missions. The subject may be thought more interesting to myself than apposite to the object of our gathering: while obviously a worthy treatment of it would require more time than at our disposal now. I remember, however, how closely this college has been connected with our Society—how many of its students have become missionaries to the heathen in many lands. They have formed in India a larger body, I believe, than those who have gone thither from any other kindred Protestant Institution. If a subject bearing on Missions may help to the perpetuation of its missionary character, or increase in those who have studied here their interest in our work, our attention to it [will not divert our minds from matters affecting the interests of the college.

As to the second objection, *my* remarks are avowedly to elicit *yours*. What I offer, very imperfectly corresponds to what I hoped to present; yet I am glad to give utterance, before an audience like this, to some thoughts on this subject, which, if obvious and important, are often forgotten. I hope too, they may be provocative of others, also worthy of our consideration now and hereafter.

I suppose there is general agreement amongst us thus far with respect to both missions and ministers; the *former* contemplate the regeneration of the world by the diffusion of Christian truth, and have been committed to the Church in the parting commission of its Lord: the *latter* are the appointed leaders of the Church to stimulate and direct all holy activity which may contribute to the accomplishment of this mission. To some two or three consequences naturally following such assumptions, I respectfully ask your attention.

I. Christian Missions are the *work of the Church*—to be undertaken by it as a Church—to be maintained by its united wisdom and strength

While every individual believer in Christ has his own sphere, and work in it that is especially his own, there is the outstretching region beyond which can be effectively acted on only by co-operation, and which may require for ages to come all that the Church can employ. If misapprehension or indifference to its mission should come over the Church, of course it must be roused by individual conviction and activity;—each wakeful, earnest man diffusing intelligence and illustrating obedience as he best may,—but with his working ever striving to realize united effort and harmonious action.

The divided state of the church into different denominations may prevent such a concord that would be otherwise conceivable: it may, however, wisely subordinate its differences in its action on the heathen world, and so agree to direct its agencies that there shall be an economical and wise distribution of them. It is for the Home Ministry to prevent one intermeddling with another man's line of things, when such intrusion on a Christian Mission threatens to interrupt its peaceful development. It does so occasionally—not always, however, with success.

The independency of our different congregations also affects somewhat our united action. We are jealous of all approach to Episcopal or Presbyterian rule. That independency, however, need concern only matters relating to personal edification and local operations. Municipal rule is not inconsistent with, nor does it supersede, national action. No church stands apart from the obligation to obey Christ's last command, and few have sufficient strength to attempt obedience to it without co-operation.

We may regard it as a happy circumstance that our Society is to such an extent an expression of the united wisdom and power of our churches. It is not so *theoretically* perhaps, for at the first it was merely a combination of individual men, whose right of action or advice was grounded on a pecuniary contribution rather than on Christian character; and, with some concession to the pastors of churches who make collections for its funds, it maintains this perhaps questionable constitution still. A society, however, as well as an individual, may do a good deal of important work with a very defective constitution—we meddle not with that matter now. It is not *actually* or *fully* representative of our churches, perhaps not of any one of them, and the question is, how may our Home Ministry help it to become so?

Missions, we say, are the *work of the church*, but comparatively few members of our churches think of them as doing *their* work. There is an annual donation from many, as a contribution to an object that has the approval of wise men, or as a friendly recognition of service to the Master deserving

support, but there is not the sympathy which expresses itself in intelligent inquiry about action, not the feeling of their being a personal concern which secures earnest prayer for their success. But if missions are the work of the church, and through our Society the conviction of the church is to find expression, then every one of our churches should feel for the missions sustained by the Society, as they feel towards their Sabbath-school, or their own village stations. The school belongs not to the teachers only as an object of fostering care; the village station belongs not to the preachers only who may minister in its pulpit; the "*mother church*" is expressive of a feeling, as well as a figure; and the Foreign Mission should be felt belonging to the church as much as these. And if so, *it belongs to the minister* to awaken and cultivate this feeling, important to the people themselves, as well as vital to the success of the mission.

Suffer me, brethren, with some plainness and much earnestness, to speak on this matter. I am not unacquainted with your difficulties—an eight years' ministry at home gave me some experience of them. I rejoice in much hearty sympathy with our work, as existing among you; these three years of intercourse have made me acquainted with it. Few of the brethren, going from this college, fail to expound in their ministrations the principles of Christian Missions, or to urge on their people the support of them. Very cheering to your missionaries is the welcome you give them, and I have rarely heard of the importunity of brethren giving offence,—yet with all this there is no complaint more common than that *missions excite little interest*; while no fact is more obvious than that if they excited more interest they would have more abundant support.

How, then, shall that interest be created and sustained? It is hardly reasonable that an annual meeting attended by an invalided missionary should suffice for it. Exceptional ability or exceptional circumstances may create an excitement, but an intelligent interest in such a meeting is the result of much preparation beforehand. Our statements will have power to animate the churches, as they are already intelligent on many matters those statements concern. And if there are any who ask *what can be done*, let me refer to one or two things which I have found some doing with good results.

I know of one minister who has aroused much missionary spirit by quarterly, or even more frequent, *lectures on distinguished Missionaries or interesting Missions*. You often illustrate the grace and power of God by the life and labours of the first missionary to the heathen; could you not find fresh illustrations from some of his modern successors? The Protestant calendar of saints seems not to extend beyond those of the first

century ; but the church, without idolizing a man, may learn from his life-lessons after his funeral sermon has been preached. In this age of doubt, and search after evidence *that can be verified*, it may conduce to edification as well as interest, for our Sunday congregations to hear of Christian heroism or Christian triumphs in other heathen cities than Antioch or Athens, and of other missionary labours and sufferings than those performed in Asia Minor, or undergone in the voyage to Italy. In these last years there has been a widening of range in the topics thought fitting for Sabbath discourse, and profitably so, if these unusual topics can be wisely handled.

It is especially desirable that our *churches should be kept acquainted with present movements*, stations now sustained, and recent facts connected with them. It would greatly contribute to the understanding of these, could *something of system* be observed in the communication of them. The monthly prayer meeting is used to some extent to subserve this object, but somehow that is often the most unpopular of our Christian gatherings. It is so very often, because for it there is taken the least forethought and preparation. I forbear remarks on the way in which such services are often conducted. If we felt the missionary sent *by us*—doing our work—we should be more alive to his report, and take more pains to understand it. One London minister I know designates one of his helpers his missionary deacon, whose business it is to keep him posted up in all missionary intelligence, so that he has ever something fitting to communicate—his own explanatory remarks making the communication instructive.

Interest in our Sunday schools is often kindled by *lectures and illustrations*, and in many of them there is much missionary zeal. Their interest is due to their Superintendent and teachers, but if missions are the *work of the church*, our brethren should hardly be content in thinking of them as interesting to the school. The young are interested because their minds are kept informed, and the matter is statedly and frequently presented. There are as important facts to be communicated, suited to the intelligence of maturer years, and great as may be the passive resistance which home interests may present, I cannot but think the power of the Minister to arouse missionary zeal in his church should and might be at least equal to that of the Superintendent exerted in his school. Of course for facts to be acquired, understood, communicated, made plain, requires reading, thought, effort, time and expense. The expense might be well borne by the societies benefited ; the rest are due from our brethren because of the position they occupy in the church to which their societies belong. I purposely say little about *prayer* for missions, or *contributions* ; if, by diffusing fuller information,

and by more frequent and direct presentation of them, our brethren can create an intelligent interest in them as the work of the church, we shall have both of these, and then more abundant tidings of God's blessing to communicate in return.

II. From Missions being the work of the Church, some consequences often overlooked seem to follow with respect to the appointment and recognition of the agencies for carrying them on.

1. With respect to the appointment of those who shall engage personally in foreign work. I do not know whether there has been any definite theory of action on the matter, but amongst ourselves the inquiry has been less frequently, *Whom shall we send?* than, *Who will go for us?* That is, the initiative has been taken in any particular case by the man who goes rather than by those sending him. If there has sprung up in the mind of a young man an unusual interest in missions, which he has fostered by reading and thought; if he has a burning desire to save men from the pollution and consequences of idolatry; if he be without unusual home claims and feelings, and thinks lightly of sacrificing the comforts of civilized life; if, moreover, there be some love of adventure, aptitude to acquire language, and to conform to foreign habits, he is the man to be a missionary. He first makes the choice; the Church, or the Society, its organization, helps him to carry out his cherished desire. Let him learn all he can before he finally commit himself; let him count the cost, remembering that *the risk is his*; the sacrifice, whatever it may be that the step involves, is his. He has a call—necessity is laid on him—the Church aids him in obeying it. “Whether you like to send me or not, I shall go to Africa,” said one to our committee, and to some extent therefore he was sent. Such a spirit, when connected with other qualifications, constitutes undoubtedly an inward call—but is it for the Church to expect all this, and wait for the appearance of it, and allow the risk in all its consequences to press on the individual rather than take it upon themselves? Unexpected failure of health may show that a man mistook his vocation—are the effects of the mistake, in perhaps a ruined constitution, to be borne by him alone?

There are Missions who select their agents according to another plan: on special occasions our own society has adopted it. The requirements of the mission field being surveyed, it becomes apparent that men with certain qualifications are needed. The resources of the Church to supply such labourers are considered; the men are sought for; if found out, the wants of the mission are made known to them, and the claims of the mission to their services laid upon their consciences. If there be no response—if

there are hindrances justifying refusal, the path of duty is clear. The responsibility of remaining rests with him who declines to go, the church is free. If the result be otherwise, and the invitation be accepted, the consequences of accepting it rest on the church, and the missionary goes forth feeling he is *one sent*: and while recognizing Christ as his only Lord, he feels, as he could not otherwise do, that he is the servant of the church for Christ's sake. You may easily recall circumstances recorded in the Acts of the Apostles—*e.g.*, the appointment for election to the place vacant amongst the Apostles, and the separation and ordination of Paul and Barnabas, illustrating that it was somewhat thus in olden times. In two ways this may have a bearing on the relation of the Home Ministry to Foreign Missions.

(1.) Those who have to determine the agents of our society should seek out men rather than wait for volunteers whose claims for recognition they may examine, and whom they may have with considerable pain to refuse as unfit for employment. Let those who know the need of the mission look amongst our brethren for men fitted to meet their needs—present to them the claims of the work of which now perhaps they have no knowledge or thought—and not simply be content to examine volunteers and their testimonials—tempted sometimes, perhaps, to indulge the feeling of those who have patronage to bestow. There is a greater responsibility in the course recommended from which many would shrink, perhaps, but none who accept the honour of direction should shrink from the responsibilities involved. “We want willing men,” it may be said, “and volunteers rather than pressed men must be the soldiers of Christ.” Willing men doubtless we want, but men are not necessarily less willing for a work because conscious of being selected from a supposed fitness for it. Missionaries are *officers* to organize and direct companies of workers; and officers are not generally chosen by judging the claims of applicants.

(2.) This mode of selecting missionaries would result in the choice more frequently of those who had given *proof* of ability and character, rather than of those who gave *promise* of them. As a rule, very young men have been sent forth—many received for mission work before their student life was hardly completed, or even commenced: not unwisely in some cases, but in many others with greater risk than it was wise to incur. There may be sufficient reason why a man after thirty-five should not adventure into a climate very different from his own, or so change his work as the entering on the life of a missionary might involve; but there is none why one under that age should not venture the exchange, if the question of age only be considered: and if he has approved himself at home, this will be a ground of

confidence most important for those to have who send him. There is an increasing disposition to leave all details of missionary work in the hands of those who carry it on. There is increasing need, therefore, why proved men should be sent. Our churches in Australia, in Jamaica, send home for men who have been tried, and offer inducements that secure them. We have taken measures to secure some such in India, and without regret. To send your best men to such a mission-field is no wasteful expenditure. Gladly as I would welcome any brethren fresh from college life, I would that more frequently I could welcome those who have known something of life subsequent thereto. Four years in governing a church in Britain may be as useful a preparation for much to be done in India as a corresponding period spent in the studies pursued in any collegiate institution.

2. Then with reference to the *recognition and support of agencies* professing to do the work of the church, the home ministry has duties respecting these. Time obliges me to speak with brevity. I wish too to speak with all kindness and caution about enterprises which have originated and are identified with individual men—many of such God has blessed, and will yet employ.

Yet if the work belong to the church, by *church organization* it should be carried on, and enterprises that are the outcome of individual wisdom, and directed by the irresponsible authority of their originators, should very clearly make out their superior claims before you give preference to them in rendering support. Much Christian liberality flows at present into the hands of those who are full of schemes, with more or less wisdom contemplating good ends, and it is spent without any control being exercised in the direction of it; sometimes without any account of the expenditure being rendered.

The history of missions in India tells of not a few eminently good men who have originated agencies, and sustained them for a while with great cost and sacrifice. The founders have died, and the mission having the character of private enterprise, has passed away without much result, save the remembrance of departed worth.

If any brethren were ever worthy of confidence the three founders of the Serampore Mission may rank amongst them—and many a battle was fought bravely for these when they suffered from evil tongues—but without doubt we think that the benevolence of the church was wisely directed when it preferred the support of a society with which it could connect itself, and over which it could exercise control.

I need not refer to more recent attempts to establish Baptist missions in Japan. Not two years since considerable sums were given to one appeal-

ing to the churches in this country, which he was at liberty at his own discretion to expend. Wonderful, he told us, was the Providence that had qualified and directed him to this work—truly wonderful was the credulity that confided in him—not so wonderful the collapse of the whole scheme!

Our interest was great in the Santhal Mission, connected with our Norwegian and Danish brethren. Our churches were startled by statements of self-denial and success that seemed without a parallel in Indian missions, and they gave proof that where interest is felt liberality will be shown; but surely our help may be withheld when we find all made to revolve round men who disclaim all connexion with any recognized church, and all responsibility to render account to their supporters of the expenditure of money received.

Our Home Ministry owes it to Foreign Missions to investigate the wisdom of movements appealing for aid—to discountenance as a rule those agencies which own no control, and have oftentimes no reasons for their support besides their eccentricities. To question the claims of such, and sometimes to expose their pretensions, may be a thing from which many shrink, but nevertheless it is a duty the performance of which we may reasonably require at our brethren's hand.

Some other things have occurred to me to which I would gladly have referred, but I have to ask your forgiveness for the length of my remarks already. It is a pleasant thing to us to realize our relation to you if it be one of dependence; and it is our desire and prayer for ourselves that if we be inquired of, you may be able to say of us, "*they are the messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ.*"

Italy. .

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN LANDELS.

"Rome, Sept. 16th, 1877.

"MY dear Mr. Bailhache,—I see that in this month's issue of the HERALD you have inserted some extracts from a recent letter of mine. In justice to the work at Leghorn I feel constrained to add a few lines, for which I shall be

glad if you can find space in the October number.

"After that letter was sent off we made a vigorous effort to attract larger audiences to our meetings. The effort was attended with the happiest results.

"We began with an attempt to im-

prove the singing, which was generally as bad as it could well be to deserve the name of singing at all. Three ladies who were spending a few months in Ardenza, one a German (a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Wall), the others Scotch, became interested in our work, and expressed their willingness to render any aid in their power. Accordingly we hired a harmonium—not a squeaking affair, but a thoroughly good mellow-toned-instrument—and availed ourselves gladly of the offered services. Our German friend was appointed organist, while the Scotch ladies, with ourselves, formed the choir. A decided improvement in the singing soon became manifest, nor were there wanting signs that the music exercised an attractive power on the passers by.

“Concurrently with this, another plan was tried. Attractive subjects were chosen for the Sunday evening preaching services, and the subject for each evening, together with the name of the speaker—sometimes my brother, sometimes Signor Baratti,—was announced during the week by means of bold type bills, printed at our press here. The result has been most encouraging. For five or six weeks past the attendance in the evening has been from sixty-five to upwards of ninety. Last Sunday especially was quite a red letter day with us, the attendance being—in the morning,

forty-five; in the evening not far from one hundred. Signor Baratti preached on ‘St. Peter and the Papacy,’ a carefully prepared and well-reasoned discourse. The previous week my brother preached on ‘Patriotism,’ a subject certain to interest Italians, taking for his text the second commandment. The hall was full, the people listened attentively, and *not one went out till the meeting was over.* You will wonder perhaps why I emphasise this last clause, but when I tell you that in our *Sale Cristiane* as in the Papist churches people invariably come and go during the whole time of the service, you will perceive how significant was their immovability on this occasion of the interest awakened.

“Mr. and Mrs. Wall arrived in Ardenza last week. They visited Genoa and Turin on their way, and bring good tidings from both, especially the latter. Mr. Wall and my brother are now in Rome, where all things are going on well. Good reports come also from Civita Vecchia and Naples. My brother will start for Naples this week or next.

Before I close, allow me to correct a typographical error in my last letter. The little place spoken of, in connection with Rosignano on page 209 of the HERALD, is not Colle Lalvetti, but Colle Salvetti.—Ever faithfully yours,
JOHN LANDELS.”

We have also been favoured with the following extracts from private letters of Mr. W. K. Landels, which will be read by our friends with much pleasure:—

“Ardenza, Sept. 4th, 1877.

“ . . . I don't think I was ever encouraged so much as by the meeting last Sunday night. You know I was to preach on patriotism, which you may well understand is a difficult subject to master, especially as I took it. The

end I had in view was to prove—first, that idolatry was the root of the ills under which Italy has suffered, and that the only hope for it in the future was in the promulgation of the Gospel; that, therefore, for the sake of their country, they ought to embrace Chris-

tianity ; secondly, that Christ had done more for them than all the patriots, and that, therefore, if they loved and admired the latter, so much the more ought they to love the former. In order to establish these two points, it was necessary to speak pretty plainly, and to say some things which might perhaps wound the pride of the Italians. Well, the hall was full ; I should think there were between eighty and ninety people. It is a notable fact in Italian meetings that people are continually leaving during the preaching—it is a habit they acquire in the Catholic church. During my sermon they listened with rapt attention, and not a single adult left the room from beginning to end. That is a fact I have never before seen in Italy.”

“I think on the whole that our stay in Ardenza has been greatly blessed. In Leghorn we found the church domineered over by one man ; we found the public meetings attended by from twenty-five to thirty people. Now there is a considerable improvement.

The church has risen up and shaken itself from the yoke, mainly owing to our influence. The public meeting has been trebled in numbers. Guiseppe has been encouraged and rendered more cheerful. A fraternal feeling has sprung up between us and the Free Church ; their evangelist comes regularly to our meetings, and last Sunday I asked him to take part therein, which he did. Considering all these things, though I have been fretting to get to Naples, we must be thankful that we have been kept here.”

“On Wednesday, by the 12 o'clock train, Mr. and Mrs. Wall arrived. They had stopped on their way at Turin and Genoa. At Turin the work is going on splendidly ; there have been eleven baptized since Mr. Wall passed through before. The doctor who is carrying on the work is unfortunately losing his practice in consequence.”

“John and I leave for Rome on Tuesday or Wednesday.”

Zenana Mission.

SINCE the close of the accounts of the year in last April, the funds of the Mission have received valuable help in various quarters. A bazaar was held by friends at St. Albans, which has realised £230, and a lady at Northampton, who has heard of the work in India, has presented the handsome donation of £150. Mr. George Sturge has also again kindly given a donation of £20, and other sums have been received for the Teachers' Homes.

Next October it is hoped that three ladies will leave for India, to be employed there as Zenana visitors. One of them, Miss Craik, formerly of Bristol, had intended to go last autumn, but was detained by family affliction. Now she is prepared to carry out her wish to devote herself to the missionary work. She will probably be stationed in Calcutta. Another is Mrs. C. C. Brown, who has already spent eighteen months in India, and has

had some trial of [Zenana visiting, and having found the climate suit her health, and her strong wish to be engaged in the work increased rather than diminished by experience, she has offered herself and has been accepted. She will perhaps take up work in Calcutta, and may go to Soorie if circumstances permit.

The other lady, Miss Kemp, of Rochdale, the eldest daughter of the late G. T. Kemp, Esq., and Mrs. Kemp, both such constant and generous friends to the Baptist Missionary Society in all its branches, and herself well known as an earnest Christian worker, needs no introduction. She has offered herself to the Ladies' Committee to be employed as a Zenana visitor, but has generously taken upon herself all expenses for the support of her work, and her offer has been most gratefully accepted.

In June, Mrs. Lewis, of Calcutta, made application for mission work to be taken up in Agra and Patna. In Agra, Miss Alexander, a lady well known to many of the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, has carried on Zenana work for some years at her own expense, and by her own efforts, but finding her strength not equal to its rapid increase, and feeling that it was likely to spread still more, she wrote to Mrs. Lewis, requesting her to apply to the association here for a grant to support a lady visitor. This request was granted, and a vote was made for the necessary outlay whenever a suitable agent could be found. A little more delay than was expected has taken place in doing this, so that as yet no account has been received of the work being actually extended.

A very interesting account has been given by Mrs. Lewis of the death of Barbara, the native Christian teacher who has laboured so faithfully at Baraset for eight years. She was one of the pupils first received in the widows' school which Mrs. Lewis carried on some years ago, but having been educated in a mission school, she applied herself so earnestly to study when there, that when the mission was opened in Baraset, Mrs. Lewis was glad to find her suitable to be employed there as teacher. From time to time since, the references made to her and her work have been very gratifying. In February, 1873, Mrs. Lewis wrote about her—"Dear Barbara is a truly good woman, and a most earnest worker; she gets so many women together, and really preaches to them." Last year, however, her health failed, and it was feared she was in a consumption, though she continued to work until quite the end.

A letter from Mrs. Lewis, dated February 8th, gives the details of the last illness.

"Our dear Barbara (one of our Baraset teachers), entered into rest on the 16th ult. I prevailed on her to go to the Medical College Hos-

pital, where, in the magnificently lofty wards, she would have all the air possible, to say nothing of the skilful attention given by both doctors and nurses to the patients. I wrote to tell the head matron that I was too unwell to go in visiting hours, and she most kindly sent word that I might go at any hour of the day or night, so I paid my few visits to Barbara a little after 6 a.m.; the last was two days before she died, and though I saw her end must be near, I did not think it was so near. I found her in great peace, waiting and longing for the 'home call.' As I sat on her cot, I read to her in Bengali the 17th of John; it seemed to me that nothing could be more delightful in such circumstances than the Redeemer's own expressed desire to have His loved one with Him. Dear Barbara seemed to realize this, and, though suffering greatly, was full of happiness. The next day I wrote to the matron, asking her to send a coolie to me as soon as any change appeared, and the day after came the message. I had time to call her son and send him off, and he was with his mother half-an-hour before her death. She died in the act of praying, and it was wondrously sweet to me to lie and think of the joyful surprise of that weary one when her eyes fell on that Saviour whom she had loved and tried to serve here—all poverty and sorrow gone for ever. She knew she was to be 'for ever with the Lord!'

"I sent to a native preacher to see to her burial for me; and I hope, as she worked for our mission for more than eight years, you will not disapprove of my paying for her funeral—only just £3. The next morning, at 6 a.m., she was buried; my daughters attended the funeral, but I was too unwell to do so."

In ALLAHABAD, the Zenana mission work has been progressing nicely, though, owing to Mrs. Anderson's illness, no accounts were received before the report was drawn up in April.

Letters lately arrived state that Miss Anderson and Mrs. Spear have now access to 29 houses, and have 41 pupils; in these cases, by pupils are intended those who learn to read and write, but in many houses there are many listeners besides these pupils, who hear the Scripture lessons given by these ladies; in some cases they are the brothers, uncles, or husbands, but in many more they are the older women in the families. Miss Anderson speaks with great interest of some of her pupils, and evidently feels much encouraged about them. Several of them have quite given up idol worship. Mrs. Spear and Miss Anderson are out for five or six hours every morning visiting the Zenanas, and on Saturday Miss Anderson teaches the wives and daughters of the servants of the family,

and on Sunday she and Mrs. Spear help in the Sunday school opened for the native girls and women.

From Benares, an interesting letter has just come from Miss Joseph containing an earnest appeal, to which we invite special attention.

“Benares, August 8th, 1877.

“You will be sorry to hear that Dr. Lazarus finds it is inconvenient to keep up the Rajghat school in connection with His Highness the Maharajah’s girls’ schools, and so he wishes to close it. I am quite distressed about it, for there is not another school in that locality, nor anywhere near it, and unless our Society can take it up, the children must be neglected. You know that we have taken great pains with them, and they have got on so far very nicely. Some of the pupils have become exceedingly interesting, and we should be very sorry to give them up. Why may we not turn it into a mission school? A school at Rajghat is very necessary, as there are numbers of children in that neighbourhood, and no one is likely to open one there. I have requested Dr. Lazarus to allow the school to continue for two months longer, so that I may have time to hear from you before his connection with it ceases, and he has consented. Now I earnestly appeal to you not to allow the school to be broken up. There are more than 70 girls in it who are taught by three women teachers and a pupil-teacher. The first teacher’s salary is 7 rupees each month, the second 6 rupees, and the third only 4 rupees; the pupil-teacher gets 2 rupees, and the collecting women 2 rupees; the rent of the house in which the school is held is 2 rupees, and the girls each get a few annas for regular attendance, which amounts to 12 rupees. In addition to this, we want a little money for books, &c. I dare say £4 per month will be sufficient to cover all expenses. Can you afford to allow us this sum? I do hope you may; or if your funds will not permit it, then may God rouse up some friends to feel an interest in this good cause, and spare us the pain of seeing our labours of years fall to the ground. Our work is still increasing. I was invited to three new Zenanas during the past fortnight, which we are not able to visit regularly yet. I cannot tell when we shall be able to take them. We re-opened our Sunday Schools last month, after the holiday in June.”

The Santhal Mission at Ebenezer.

SINCE our last issue the following appendix has been made by Mr. C. B. Lewis, of Calcutta, to the "Memorandum" from which we so largely quoted:—

When the foregoing pages were written, no more definite information as to the original Pottah, or lease, of the ground upon which the mission property at Ebenezer stands, could be given. The reader will remember how carefully Mr. Skrefsrud evaded the questions I put to him on the subject,—first saying, "For the Pottah I am alone responsible;" and, when pressed with further enquiries, writing, "As our mission is an individual effort and perfectly independent of all other missions, you will excuse me for not affording you the desired information for your Committee in England, and for not entering further on this subject."

Meanwhile, however, his colleague, Mr. Boerresen, had, under the pressure of close questioning at home, told our Committee that the original Pottah had been superseded by one which made over land and buildings to himself and Mr. Skrefsrud! It now became a matter of no small interest to ascertain what the facts of this extraordinary case really are; and I have been able, after some delay, to do this, having received from the Registry Office, at Nya Dumka, authenticated copies of both documents.

The first was "presented for registration between the hours of 6 and 7 a.m., on the 2nd day of July, 1868, at the office of the Sub-Registrar of Nya Dumka, by the Rev. L. Skrefsrud, claimant on the part of the Baptist Mission Society." It reads as follows:—

"To Mr. Lars Skrefsrud, on the part of the renowned Baptist Mission Society, *i.e.*, Society of Missionaries for the Propagation of Religion.

"This Instrument of Pottah is to the effect following:—The land which you have surrounded by a ditch or drain with a view, according to your application, to build houses for the use of the Missionaries of the aforesaid society, and which is comprised within the four boundaries mentioned below, and situated within Mouzah Benaguria, in our Zemindary Talook Namcar, and the fourteen cottahs of land on the east side of the said drain, on which you are excavating a tank, and the waste land lying on the north and south of the said tank, that is to say, extending to the boundary of the said houses and measuring fourteen cottahs, which and the houses being made into one parcel—the whole twenty-two biggahs fourteen cottahs are given to you, out of which no rent shall be payable in respect of the fourteen cottahs which are given for water. Fixing the rent of the remaining twenty-two biggahs of the Mouzah at thirty-three rupees, a perpetual Pottah is granted to you on the part of the above Society. You, on behalf of the said Society, give a *koboolyut* to us. There shall never be any enhancement or reduction of the aforesaid jummah. Every year you shall, according to the terms below, pay to us the aforesaid rent. By building rooms, &c., on the said land, you are to remain for ever in possession. If there be default in payment of the rent according to the terms stipulated, then in supersession of the terms of this Pottah the whole of the aforesaid land shall come into the khas possession of our sircar. To

that no objection shall lie. If you set up any, the same shall be inadmissible. Further, if, except for the instruction of any person who shall come for religious or other instructions, you live in this place and carry on any other trade or business, then you shall year by year pay a jummah of five rupees on each Biggah. To this effect instrument of Pottah is given in writing. Finis. Year 1274 sal. Date 2nd Choitro."

This document was countersigned by "E. C. Johnson, Baptist Missionary," in token of his assent to the terms stipulated.

We now come to the second Pottah, of which the "lessees" are stated to be "Mr. Hans Peter Boerresen, and Mr. Lars Skrefsrud of Benaguria." It declares,—

"This instrument of Makroree Pottah is to the following effect:—The fourteen cottahs of land rent free for water and twenty-two biggahs of land to live in, &c., at an annual jummah of thirty-three rupees, situate in Mouzah Benaguria appertaining to Talook Namcar within our Zemindary, zillah Nya Doomka, have been settled in Makroree upon Lars Skrefsrud by our Dewan Sreejoot Ramdyal Roy by and under a Pottah dated the 2nd day of Choitro of the year 1274 sal. Now you having applied for a settlement of the surplus land lying on the four sides of the land (already settled upon you: that is to say, on the east side one biggah and five cottahs, on the west one biggah and two cottahs, on the north side seventeen cottahs, and on the south side two biggahs, and we having agreed to that, have taken a *koboolyut* from you and in supersession of the aforesaid Pottah of the year 1274 sal, granted by our Dewan, we include in this one Pottah the whole forty-nine biggahs, eleven cottahs, thirteen gundahs of land, inclusive of the formerly settled land situate within the drain last made by you, and also inclusive of the aforesaid fourteen cottahs of land for water, and settle the same in Makroree upon you at an annual rent of sixty rupees, on receipt of a salamee or premium of twenty-nine rupees. You and your successors will continue to remain in possession and exercise the right of gift and sale for ever on payment of the rent. To that we, our heirs, or representatives, shall have no power at any time to set up any objection or excuse, and the rent fixed shall never be enhanced or reduced—year by year you shall pay the amount of rent as per instalments at foot. If you make default therein, you shall be liable to pay interest at twelve rupees per cent. per annum. If mines of coal or other valuable minerals are discovered in that place we debar you from all right to excavate the same. To this effect, in supersession of the former Pottah granted by our Dewan Shreejoot Babu Ram Doyal Roy, we give in writing this Makroree Pottah to you. Finis. Year 1284 sal. Date 7th Ashar."

This Pottah was "presented for registration between the hours of 11 and 12 a.m., on the 23rd day of June, 1877, at the Dumbka Sub-Registry Office, by the Rev. Skrefsrud of Benaguria, one of the claimants of the deed."

A very curious circumstance remains to be pointed out. Mr. Boerreson met the Committee in London on the 8th of last May, and told them of the new Pottah on that occasion. It will be seen from the document above quoted that it was not then executed. The 7th of Ashar, 1284, answers to the English 20th of June, 1877. Our enquiries here and at home probably served to expedite and bring to accomplishment what was before a mere design. It is, at any

rate, evident that what was done was not done in forgetfulness of the original claims of the Society.

The facts of the case now lie clearly before the reader. The original Pottah was granted to Mr. Skreferud "*for the Baptist Mission Society,*" in which society, and not in himself, the property was legally vested. He has, however, taken advantage of the employment of his name to obtain from the zemindars a new lease conveying all this, with other property, to himself and Mr. Boeresen as their own estate!

Of the merits of such a transaction I have no need to speak. The relations of these men to the Baptist Missionary Society have been sufficiently exhibited in the preceding pages. They have been treated generously by it, and no needful additional help would have been withheld from them. In return, they have now, without giving any intimation of their purpose to their benefactors, deprived the society of its rights in the land secured by lease in its name. The transaction, I believe, is not good in law, and might easily be upset. Whether any attempt to disturb it will be made, it is not for me to determine. But the facts now revealed have a wider importance. The integrity of persons largely aided by the Christian public here and in Europe is deeply involved in them. How it can be vindicated I do not see. I am truly sorry that men we have honoured and have delighted in every way to assist, have put themselves in a position so unhappy and so little adapted to justify and sustain the confidence of their remaining supporters.

Africa.

The following interesting letter has been sent to us from Mr. Comber, Cameroons River :—

"I am glad on all accounts to be able to write to you again, especially as it shows I am better than when I penned that short note per 'Ethiopia.' I left Victoria two nights ago and arrived here last night, but find Mr. Grenfell has gone down to Batanga, so I shall send the Victoria boat back, and await his return, taking his services for him. Ever since my return from my last journey I have been having fever, which I in vain tried to shake off, and, as I was anxious to do some writing, I tried a previously successful cure and put off to sea, making it the opportunity of bringing Wilson back to Cameroons, and fetching what goods I had at that place to transfer them to Victoria. I am glad to say

that this is the third time I have succeeded in breaking my fever by a short journey: the change of air and physical exertion often accomplish what large doses of quinine have failed to do. I find too that in travelling, however rough and laborious (unless I get wet), I am always well, far better than when at Victoria. Fever is an ugly thing, and very speedily brings body and spirits to the lowest ebb, and I have had it almost half my time.

"As to my journey, I write with great hopefulness and joy when I think of the present prospects of our Missions in West Africa, and I am thankful to say that I think the time has come for opening interior stations,

although I somewhat shrink from raising what may be false hopes by my over-sanguine temperament. Three of us have at the same time (though without agreeing together to do so) made assaults on the boundary line to try to pierce into the interior—Mr. Grenfell, Mr. Thomson, and myself. Mr. Grenfell has succeeded in reaching Loangasi, a place a long distance in, and which was commended to my attention by Mr. Saker. I intend, if possible, to go there while staying at Cameroons, but the rainy season has set in, and, consequently, the travelling season set out.

“We started on our journey to the north side of the mountain the day after I wrote Mr. Bailhache about my mountain trip—31st March; but, after getting some distance along the coast, it became evident that the sea was too rough for our canoe, and, rather than chancing a capsizing, we returned, and made a second start on Monday, 2nd April, in a strong canoe kindly lent to us by Mr. Geo. Thomson. We took a canoe instead of the boat to save expense, as the boat, being wanted in the interval for the expected mail ‘Ethiopia,’ would have to make a double journey involving an extra crew. We were to start by moonlight at 3.30 a.m., and, instead of going to bed, I sat up writing, fearing I should not wake at the proper time. At three I called up the men, and we pushed out of the brook or river at 4.30. I took seven men, besides Mr. Wilson as interpreter, companion, assistant, &c. Besides these, George Martin, one of our members, who knew a great deal of the country we were going to, came as far as Biboondi—the end of our water journey—to get us a guide who knew everything and had been everywhere. Oh, for a guide like this!

“The goods we took to buy food and pay tribute were: tobacco, cloth, knives, spoons, snuff-boxes, looking-glasses, bells, needles, beads, caps, shirts, &c.

“Taking two extra Bota paddlers, as it was a hard day’s journey, we reached Biboondi at 5.0 p.m. It is a town, up a little river, half-way between Rumbi and Deboonjo Points. We were well received of Diporigo, the king or headman, who cooked us some plantain and fowl for our dinner. While this was going on I walked round the town to see what Bomboko-houses were like. (Nearly all the journey we were passing through Bomboko country, and did not go through any Bakwelih towns.) Biboondi boasts a street of perhaps twenty-five houses, of which our headman’s is a good specimen. It is much larger than any Bakwelih houses I have seen, and the framework of bamboos crossed and laced together is very strong. The ‘skin’ or covering is of ordinary mats, made from the palm-leaf. There is one large room, with one or more little corners partitioned off; generally three or four fires lighted on the clay floors, the smoke from which, after doing its work of half-blinding us, goes out of the door; my eyes and throat have sometimes been made very sore from this smoke. Several stakes are driven into the clay floor, to which and to the posts supporting the roof are tied the goats at night. The greatest abomination with these houses is the treatment of goats and dogs, sometimes cows and pigs, as ‘members of the family.’ I counted one night sleeping in Diporigo’s house seventeen goats and seven dogs, besides ourselves and eight or ten of Diporigo’s household. This is exclusive of rats and mosquitoes, both of which

are in plenty. With the closed doors, the stench from these animals was almost unbearable.

"We told Diporigo why we had come and asked him if he could come with us, as he had been as guide with Mr. Thomson. He excused himself, and promised to get us a man who knew more of the country than himself. On the Tuesday morning he introduced this guide, who gave me a list of the places he could take us to, the last of the list being Bakoondoo, which he assured us was 'a very big town, and far, very far.' Fortunately for us afterwards, I took down the names of these towns, twenty-four in all. We told him we should start off at 10 a.m. that day, but much to our annoyance he would not go until the following morning, so we lost a day completely at Biboondi. During the day we preached to the people, and had a congregation of about fifty or sixty.

"*Wednesday, April 4th.*—Rose at 5.30, but were delayed by our guide, and did not make a start till 7.50. We went through a mile or two of well-kept plain farm, and soon entered the bush, going E.N.E. At 9 o'clock we passed a village (the only one between Biboondi and Boomano) called Mobuké. The road is very rough nearly all the way; going over rocks and stones, fallen tree-trunks, and spreading roots of trees; caught by clinging entangling growths which jerked us back, or threw us down; up and down deep ravines with rocky precipitous sides, and rivers or river-beds at the bottom, and a gradual ascent all the way until at Bomano we are about as high perhaps as Bonjongo. There was plenty of water on the way, and one or two good waterfalls. We reached Bomano at 12.45, E.N.E. having been our general direction. Going to the headman's house, we found a few

people about the place who, on seeing us, set up a wide-mouthed howl of laughter, and in great excitement unhooked the town drum and beat a general call to the town, adding, to make a 'concord of sweet sounds, their own voices to that of the drum. A boy rushed off to tell the headman, who was away at his farm, and he (the boy) soon returns to fetch his majesty's state apparel—regimental coat and hat, so that he may receive us in state. His name is Ilaley-Soko, and his house is very large, but dirty, like all the rest. At each end are three or four neat little doors to sleeping places, which reminded me of the 'boxes' at London swimming baths. He seems to have plenty of goats and dogs, and therefore is well off. The people, like these at Biboondi and many other places, seem to have the custom pretty general of disfiguring their teeth, by chipping off with a piece of iron little bits of the two middle upper incisors. Of course other disfigurements, such as tattooing, making big holes in the ears, &c., are common here as everywhere else. They do not seem very friendly or hospitable, and there is much difficulty and delay in buying plain, and we have to pay for every little thing—water to cook with and wood for a fire; and they keep worrying us for tobacco for snuff. We had been a hour and a half at Bomano before the last of our party (those who carried the heaviest loads) arrived. It was hard work for the men to carry their thirty to forty pounds along such rough roads, although the average load in East Africa is seventy pounds. It was with much grumbling that some of my men carried half that quantity. Soon someone of importance comes, dressed in a hat and shirt, and we are told it is Maudiba, King of Jannji. He had a somewhat cunning and sinister expression, and tried to look severe as

he passed through the doorway, grinding his teeth and not taking the slightest notice of us. I suppose this was because he had 'not been introduced.' We simply sat quite unconcerned, waiting for Ilaley to come, and at 3.15, two and a half hours after our arrival, the king appeared in full dress, also grinding his teeth. He shook hands and accepted some snuff from my box (I always carried a snuff-box with me as a good introduction and a proof of friendly feeling). I then point to my side, motioning him to put his stool there, which he does, and we tell him who we are, and that we are going from town to town through the country to tell 'God-palaver'—as the preaching of the Gospel is called. He says he doesn't want us to go further, and invites us to put up a house at his place, and live amongst his people. I tell him I am God's servant, and that He has sent me into the country, so I must go. If *He* tells me I must put up a house at Bomano I will do it, but I have to act as He directs me. While we preach to them they at first listen attentively, but presently laugh heartily at all we have told them, as if they thought it a good story, but didn't believe it. Ilaley has a long talk with our guide, which augurs no good, for we have found out the latter in many attempts to mislead us, and we greatly mistrust him. We fear that the people here will try to prevent our going further, but we are a good strong party, and I don't think they will try to use force. They are very curious to see everything we have, examine us from hat to boots, scrutinize each load, want to know what is in our boxes, and are particularly desirous to see my strange gun. Being familiar only with the old clumsy flint-lock, a double-barrelled breech-loader, and its cartridges, elicit

the greatest astonishment and amusement. They point to a pigeon settled on a tree, wishing me to shoot it, and an awful yell of acclamation arose when it fell. On my lighting a match, they at first rush away in superstitious fear, but getting over their apprehension, they are highly amused. They give us a little spare house to sleep in, which we much prefer to Ilaley's larger house, as we are not troubled with goats and dogs. We give Ilaley five leaves of tobacco, telling him we will 'dash' (Anglicé 'tip') him more on our return, and that we shall start off the first thing in the morning.

"*Thursday, 5th.* After waiting near two hours for our guide, we at last got off, at 8 o'clock, without any active opposition, going N.N.E. We soon pass a village called Deonga, and outside the head man's house there we count thirty fine goats tied under the eaves. Some of them are very fine old venerable-looking rams, with long beards, and look magnificent. Before the house is a cleared space, limited by large smooth stones, neatly arranged round in a semi-circle. In the centre of this is the first idol I have seen in Africa—the rudest figure of a man, his arms crossed, and holding some fruit placed there as an offering, and he himself placed in a little circle of small trees. We see the same sort of thing in two or three places further on. They do not, as far as I can learn, pray or ascribe intelligence to this image; it is a sort of household tutelary god, like the old Roman Lares or Penates, and, like those, it received food, fruit, &c., as an offering.

"At nine o'clock we reach another village called Bojua, where our guide becomes cantankerous, and puts his burden down in a decided, virtuous sort of way, and looks at us as if he

had done his duty, informing us at nine o'clock in the morning that we 'couldn't go any further to-day, and that the next place on my list, Mongongge, is too far to be reached that day.' Arrant liar! He had deceived us about the water on the road; he had stopped at almost every house, and given bad impressions about us; and he seems a thoroughly bad fellow. We get our breakfast outside the houses, the people being so unfriendly after collusion with our guide that they refuse us even a stool to sit upon. They will not answer any of our questions as to roads and places, and we feel sure that our guide for some reason has been misrepresenting us. While the men are breakfasting, I go forward with my boy to reconnoitre, and we meet two unsophisticated girls who show us the Mongongge path, and tell us that it is not far away. So, coming back, I order a start—guide or no guide; and re-arrange the loads, so that the false guide's burden may be carried. We set forward at 11.15, but directly he sees we are really off, he comes back, and takes his load, and proceeds as if nothing had happened. At 12.45 we come to a village which our guide tells us is Mongongge, but we find it is Deebako. Our guide again says we must now stop for the night, and so, as he seems a thoroughly worthless fellow, we shake him off altogether, telling him to go back to Biboondi. He wants to take his burden again, as he sees we are starting, but I threaten to lay my staff about his shoulders if he comes near. At 1.30 we reach Mongongge, a small scattered town. The people appear very friendly, and Mr. Wilson tells them all about the behaviour of our guide, who has followed us from Deebako, and looks crest-fallen and non-plussed, as the people evidently believe us. We buy some plaintains, and

begin cooking at once. Bosama, the next town, we are told, is too far to reach to-day, but as we have come such a short day's journey, I determine to go on, and if necessary 'camp out;' so at 3.30 we start off, with my trusty useful compass as guide, and feeling relieved and free without our Biboondi friend. At a house on the outskirts of Mongongge we find a friendly fellow, who tells us Bosama is not far, and who offers to go there with us. We are thankful for this information and unexpected help, and go forward at a good pace, and along a good road, until at 5.30 we come to Bosama. The people are delighted to see us, and seem most communicative. We learn much from them. After a little food, we sit in the doorway, and they sit all round inside and out 'upon their haunches,' and we talk. Their headman is away. We learn that Mr. Thomson had been there before, having come thus far the same route as ourselves; that he had gone on to Bokooloo and Kooki, and was turned back at the next place, Mongongge. We had been unconsciously following the same route. Of course I decided to avoid Mongongge, and to try to carry out my idea of going further east higher up the mountain. In the evening we preach to the people here, and they are quieter and more respectful than the Bomano people. They manifest a great deal of astonishment, especially when we tell them of the resurrection of the dead, which everywhere causes much wonder and questioning. They want to know my name, and when they hear it they burst into roars of laughter, again and again renewed (probably because the sound is similar to many of their native names—Kombi, Koombi, Komboo, etc.) We sleep with more ease of mind and less apprehension than when at Bomano, but the rats

spend with them, I am making efforts to gain their good will. The head man is away, so I offer snuff to and shake hands with the principal man present. I then show them a match, my watch, gun, and compass. On hearing my watch tick, they dance and hug one another in their ecstasy. After each of these exhibitions I shake hands with some one. After all this, they are willing to sell us some food. Presently a heavy storm comes on, and the place is soon deluged with rain, which keeps us hour after hour. I don't much like the idea of spending a night among these people, but it would be foolish to go out in this pelting rain unless with good reason. So as it keeps on falling heavily until 4 p.m., we remain trying to make friends with the people, who certainly don't seem inclined that way. They give us the frame-work of a house, without walls, to sleep in, which I greatly prefer for its free ventilation. One of them asks for a needle, offering an egg in exchange, and I sat buying eggs, until I had over twenty, for as many needles. Oh, the clamour of those egg vendors! At last I could stand it no longer, and refused to buy another egg. One of my men, while explaining my gun to them, thought it expedient and politic to tell them that it could 'kill seven men at once.' Of course I made him understand he was never to say such things, or tell lies about anything, and that I wanted them to hear nothing about killing men. This same man once, when acting as my interpreter, told the people that 'no man had ever seen God, and so we didn't know whether He was good or bad.' One has to look sharply after an interpreter, as he may say the most outrageously untrue or absurd things. I found once that this same man had promised to a

chief, in my name, just double what I authorized him to do.

"While we preach to the people here an old, weary-looking man comes in who looks as if all life had faded out for him. He listens quietly, and after we finish goes out and gets an egg, which he brings in for a needle. I hear that this is the king or head man. But soon the quiet, worn-out old man bursts into a torrent of rage, and storms with fury. One of my men had broken a calabash, and said nothing about it, and the old man's wrath was directed against one of his slaves who had lent the calabash, at whom he flung lumps of lighted wood in his anger. We endeavoured to appease him, and paid what he asked for the broken calabash, but he went away unreconciled and very angry. Fearing lest the people may try to do us some injury during the night, as they seem hostile, we 'set a watch,' I taking the first two hours and Mr. Wilson the second, and the men having half-an-hour each till daybreak.

"*Saturday, 7th.* We rose at 5 o'clock, no harm coming to us during the night, and we felt that we had been the subjects of our Heavenly Father's care. After some palavering, in which the Bokooloo people objected to our going farther, we got off at 7.25. Our route was again N.N.E., and at 9.0 we came to Kooki. The people seemed greatly pleased to see us, and the chief, a very old man, came to welcome us. He, himself, swept a corner of the house out for us to put ourselves and things. The people did not ask for anything, and the head man brought us some plaintain and a fine duck, as a present or 'dash.' This was the only place where they did not try to hinder us going farther. After breakfast Mr. Wilson spoke to them, and they said they 'liked the Word

very much.' We appreciated friendly Kooki after Bokooloo and Bomano. At 2 o'clock we start again, and do a great deal of easting, so as to avoid Manyange, where Mr. Thomson was stopped, pressing on to a place called Mweali, which we reach at 3.35. The head man's name is Neekan, and it will be a long time before I forget old Neekan. The people seem delighted to see us, and have never seen a white man before. The amount of staring I am subject to is something awful, and of course embarrassing to a nervous, modest man. They bring in an 'albino' for me to see, thinking she will interest a white man, as her skin is so light. We resolve to stay here the Sunday as old Neekan seems to make us feel at home, and we don't know the distance of the next town. We shall thus have good opportunities of teaching the people by spending a whole day with them. We hear that at Kautau, Dekoko, and other places on before, they have no regular supply of water, but bend down the pliantain leaves to catch the heavy dews that fall at night. The Mwelali people seem to regard this visit as a great honour, and appear genuinely glad to see us. The old man 'dashes' us a duck and fowl, and says we may stay five days at his town if we like. He has the nasty habit of grinding his teeth, which seems to be a kingly prerogative, as none but kings appear to have the practice. We see a woman in mourning for her child, *i.e.*, her skin blackened all over with charcoal. It is amusing to see old Neekan, the king. The joyous excited old man rushes about in the most frantic state seeing after our entertainment. The people seem fearlessly familiar, and I hear everywhere people calling out 'Comber! Comber!' to attract my attention to certain gegaws they have

for sale, as if I was on the most intimate terms with them. They are as pressing and bewildering as children at the close of a Sunday-school treat, clamouring for the buns and milk. The egg persecution again commences, and I soon empty another packet of needles. While we are eating our dinner or supper there are about fifty or sixty people watching every morsel as it goes from our plates to our mouths. After this 'eating levée,' Mr. Wilson addresses the people, telling them who we are, why we have come, and that we are going farther on Monday. This last displeases old Neekan greatly, and he urges us not to go, saying that there is no water on before, and plenty in his town if we will stop there. We tell him we are anxious to see these waterless towns. He still opposing, we point out his selfishness; if we had listened to such objections at Bomano and elsewhere we should not be there to see him, and wasn't it very bad and selfish, &c. However, he will not agree. During the evening the people make a hideous noise in our honour, beating their drums and yelling, which lasts several hours. During this music (?) I retire, a lamp being lit for me. Bomboko lamps are after the pattern of the ancient Greek and Egyptian lamps—a bowl or saucer, and a bit of wick hanging over the side—and they burn palm oil.

"*Sunday, 5th April.*—A Sabbath day is very welcome and refreshing, although very melancholy so far away from home. We rise at seven instead of five, and everyone rests bodily as much as possible; the men at full length about the floor near the fires. Nothing is brought in for sale to-day, we having explained 'Sunday' to the king. He asks if he may cook to-day, and, as we ourselves are about to cook

a fowl, we can't well say 'No.' Before we have breakfast, I have a refreshing bath in the brook near. Our custom as to food is to have two meals per diem, whenever we are able to get them, and we often get a roast plaintain for 'between meals.' While breakfast is preparing, Mr. Wilson again preaches to the people, suitably enlarging on the privileges and duties of the Christian Sabbath, and we think they will certainly remember God's day. Sunday spent at Mwuali seemed wearisome indeed. In the evening there is a great din of drums up the street, and a procession files in. In front some boys are dancing or 'shaking,' these are followed by men with drums, cymbals, rattles, and shouting. We stop them, reminding them that this is God's day; but it is difficult for them, poor ignorant savages, to know what is right or wrong, and how to keep the Sabbath. Nearly all day it has been raining.

Monday, 9th.—We rise at 5.30, and have our water bag filled, as we hear there is no water where we are going; and in spite of great opposition from Neekan, who won't show us the path, we start at 7.0, going S.E. At 9.20 we come to Boronga, a small hamlet, and get some dew from the people to drink, which is very good, and is the only drink they have. We pass another village (Maoone), and another, the name of which we cannot find out, all the people running away, afraid of us. At 10.30 we come to a town with a street, which we find is Dekoko. We pass straight through, without stopping to eat or anything, and at 11.30 we come to another town—Ebea. The people crowd around us fearlessly and inconveniently, and thinking that Bobeeonga must be near, we push on, much to the disgust and anger of the people at Ebea, who follow us most

annoyingly. However, it comes on to rain very hard, and we go on as quickly as possible, having to clamber a very steep hill, rocky and precipitous: this and the rain rid us of the Ebea people, who cease to follow us; and after resting a while at the top of the hill, we press on, and at one o'clock reach Bobeeonga, a large town, but somewhat scattered. The head man is away, but we go to his house, which is in about as clean a condition as the cow-house of an English farm. Before the house is a dog-kennel, or small hut, in which is an idol of the same description as the one at Deeonga. The people are not afraid, but are bewildered and taken aback at our visit; but we soon find out that they are badly disposed. We ask them to sell us fowls and plaintain, but they say they can't, as their head man is away. They seem at a loss without him, and undecided whether to treat us as friends or enemies. We sit over the fire, drying our wet clothes, and occasionally asking them to sell us food, but they seem to be unwilling to have anything to do with us, and wish us away. I gave them a little tobacco and a few needles to humour them. Needles! Needles was the card to play here. Eggs and plaintains, green and ripe, come swarming in, until there is enough offered for sale to last a week or more. We buy wood for a fire, and rain-water for cooking. It generally takes several hours to buy, cook, and eat a meal, and it is almost 5 o'clock before we finish our meal to-day. Before food was cooked, a woman came rushing in, and shrieking out as if she was demented. She had a sword in her hand, and was rushing at us, gesticulating wildly, and screeching out at the top of her voice. The men of the house rushed on her to disarm her, and quiet her down, but she

seemed almost mad with ungoverned fury, and screamed out that we must go instantly. They succeeded in getting the sword away, and in getting her out, but not in stopping her raving. I heard that she was the head man's wife, and sent her a few needles, a necklace, and a leaf of tobacco as a propitiatory offering.

"While we are eating, a tornado comes on, and in the midst of it the people tell us we can't stay there the night, that as we have eaten we must go. Mournfully (and in some cases savagely) we take up our things and prepare to leave this inhospitable roof to seek a kinder one in the blue sky. My men were disgusted at our being thus treated, and would not leave anything behind them which we have bought and not used, so we take up the plaintains we had bought for the next meal—one man taking even the lighted sticks, and picking up the wood, sally forth.

"I carry my own gun, ammunition bag, staff, and umbrella, and tie a few plaintains to my strap. Mr. Wilson carries some wood under his arm beside his other things, and so we leave this Bobeonga house. But there is one man who—I hope and think out of pity—offers us a lodging in his house a little way back. We accept the offer, and follow him. Added to this trouble, some of my men have been muttering discontent nearly all day, and saying they should turn back on the morrow. It was a trying position—trying to faith and patience; but after prayer for wisdom and help, I look our position calmly

in the face. Could we go back here? Most certainly not, God helping us as I was sure he would. As far as the primary object of our journey was concerned—to find a suitable spot for an interior station—the journey would be quite a failure if we turned back now, as no place we had found was suitable. So I had a long talk with Mr. Wilson over the position of affairs, and then a palaver with my men, who gave voice to their discontent, one man saying that he certainly should not go any farther. I reminded them of their promise to go a 'month's journey' with me, and promised to turn back on the following Monday—half the time. This would be five days' more walking. I asked of them which man was willing to keep to his agreement, for if we only had one man we should proceed. Two of them saying that they would go with me anywhere, the rest were obliged to give in, though somewhat sulkily; they would have found some little difficulty in going back alone. I am pleased to say that the two who supported me were the two Christians among my men—mission converts. We settled to start after breakfast the next morning, because many of the people would then have gone to their farms. The fact is, my men were tired of the journey, its many difficulties, its numerous wearying palavers, and did not like to be so far away from home. Thankful that we had settled to go forward, I commit ourselves and our position to our loving, watchful, Heavenly Father, and retire to rest.

(To be continued.)

Home Proceedings.

AUTUMNAL MEETINGS.

As in years past, arrangements have been made for the holding of Special Missionary Services in connection with the Autumnal Meetings of the Baptist Union. These meetings will be held at Newport, Mon., from Oct. 8th to 11th inclusive, and on Tuesday, Oct. 9th, the following services will be held on behalf of the Mission:—

- 7 A.M.—Victoria-road Congregational Church. Missionary Sermon to Young Men, by Rev. C. STANFORD, of London.
- 10 A.M.—Stow-hill Chapel. Missionary Designation and Valedictory Service. To set apart Mr. J. W. PRICE, of Pontypool College, and others, for Mission Work; and to take leave of Revs. JAS. SMITH, J. TRAFFORD, M.A., ISAAC ALLEN, M.A., and H. R. PIGOTT, returning to the Mission Field. Rev. C. BAILHACHE to speak on the Fields of Labour; Special Prayer, by Rev. RICHARD GLOVER (of Bristol); and Rev. J. ALDIS to address the Missionaries.
- 6.30 P.M.—Victoria Hall. Public Missionary Meeting. Chairman: Sir R. LUSH. Speakers: Rev. Dr. LANDELS, Rev. R. H. ROBERTS, B.A. (of London), one of the Missionaries of the Society, and Rev. W. HILL (late of Orissa), Sec. Gen. Baptist Missionary Society.

THE FAMINE IN SOUTH INDIA.

We beg to inform our readers that we shall most gladly receive and forward to Madras contributions in aid of the famine-stricken sufferers in Southern India. Our Committee have made arrangements with influential Christian friends in Madras, associated with our missionary brother Mr. Chowryappah, for the careful distribution of funds entrusted to their charge, and have already forwarded three hundred pounds with the intimation that further remittances shall be made as contributions come in. We need scarcely add that assistance promptly rendered will be doubly valuable.

CLEMENT BAILHACHE, } Secretaries of the Baptist
ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, } Missionary Society.

19, Castle-street, E.C., September 9th.

P.S.—Cheques and post-office orders should be made payable to Alfred Henry Baynes, and crossed Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, &c.

ZENANA MISSION.

Subscriptions and Donations received since April, 1877.

Donations at Breakfast Meeting—	A Crowther, Esq	1	1	0	Bazaar at St. Albans ...	230	0	0
J. Tritton, Esq.....	G. W. M.	1	0	0	Bristol Auxiliary	14	17	7
Sir R. and Lady Lush	Mr Geo. A. Hayward	0	10	0	By Miss Hainworth,			
Mr and Mrs Benham..					Hitchin	7	3	0
Sir M. and Lady Peto					J. P. Bacon, Esq	5	0	0
Dr Weymouth(annual)	Received since—				By Miss Jenkins, New-			
Dr and Mrs Angus ...	Mrs Whitchurch, Chel-	2	2	0	port (Mon.)	2	10	0
Mrs Coll	tenham (2 yrs.)				By Mrs Vince, Birming-			
Mrs Allan	St. Andrew's-st. Chapel,				ham	17	19	6
C. A. Windeatt, Esq..	Cambridge, Auxiliary	14	14	6				
A. Crowther, Esq,	Bloomsbury Chapel (on				For "Teachers' Homes"—			
Lockwood	account)	17	4	6	Drawing-room Meeting			
Samuel Barrow, Esq..	Miss Sykes, Burlington	2	0	0	at Newcastle-on-Tyne	5	1	4
A Friend	J. Tritton, Esq	6	6	0	J. H. Haggis, Esq,			
Do.	Miss Williams, Birken-				Islington	1	1	0
Mrs F. Smith.....	head	0	10	0	By Mrs Mursall,			
Miss Gillett, Folke-	Mrs Gray, Dundee	0	10	0	Leicester	50	0	0
stone	Mrs Rylands, Longford				Mr B. A. Lyon	1	0	0
Mrs Moore, Liverpool	Hall	3	3	0	Mrs Rickett	20	0	0
Smaller sums.....	Highbury Hill Chapel				Miss Rickett	5	5	0
Collection at door ...	(one quarter).....	3	5	0	Mrs T. H. Thomas ...	4	0	0
	"Maud," Northampton	150	0	0	By Mrs Rose, Glasgow	31	0	0
For "Teachers' Homes"—	Geo. Sturge, Esq. Syden-				J. F. Bacon, Esq	20	0	0
A Friend, by Mrs	ham (don)	20	0	0	C. H. Goode, Esq	10	0	0
Angus	By Mrs Howison	1	5	0	Mr and Mrs Benham ...	20	0	0
George Browne, Esq,	Zion Chapel Auxiliary,				Mrs Milford	5	0	0
of Aberdeen, by Rev	Cambridge	10	5	0				
J. Smith								

The Rev. J. M. Phillipso requests us to acknowledge on his behalf the receipt of the undermentioned Contributions, received by him in response to his appeal for help for the Spanish Town Schools, Jamaica :—

Leicester—	Mr S. Viccars and Son	1	0	0	Miscellaneous—			
Mr and Mrs Goddard	Mr George Toller	1	0	0	J. J. Smith, Esq,			
Mrs Bennett	Mr E. Toller	0	10	0	Watford	5	0	0
Mr and Mrs Bilson...	Mr Edward Kemp ...	0	10	0	Anonymous	1	1	0
Misses Ellis	Mr Fatey	0	5	0	Wm. Brewin, Esq,			
Mrs Thompson	Mr S. Baines	1	0	0	Cirencester	10	0	0
Mrs Grimes	Mr Baines	1	0	0	Samuel Gurney, Esq,			
Mr Clark	Mr Wheeler	0	10	0	London	1	0	0
Mrs and Master Clark	Birmingham—				Dr Phillipso, Norwich.	2	0	0
Mr Paul	— Middlemore, Esq... ..	5	5	0	Misses S. & E. Forster,			
Messrs Viccars and	Mrs Gammon	1	0	0	Tottenham	2	0	0
Wheeler	Mrs Joel Catbury ...	1	0	0	Thomas Aggs, Esq,			
Mr Stanyon	Mr Alfred Wright ...	0	10	0	Clapham Common..	2	0	0
Mr Johnston	Miss Eliza Sturge ...	1	0	0				
Mr Pickard	— Albright, Esq	2	0	0				

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is requested that all remittances of contributions be made to Mr. ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C.; or to the Rev. CLEMENT BAILHACHE; also that if any portion of the gifts is designed for a specific object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, & CO., and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

The Treasurer's Appeal.

BY direction of the Committee, copies of the following letters have been sent to the pastors of all our churches :—

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, 19, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN,
London, E.C., *October 25th, 1877.*

DEAR BROTHER,—In sending you the accompanying letter of our beloved Treasurer, we respectfully and affectionately commend it to your serious and prayerful consideration. The needs to which the letter points are very pressing, and the motives it urges are of the utmost weight. Besides granting it your own attention, kindly communicate it to your people. And may the Lord bless this appeal to the furtherance of the great cause we have at heart.—Yours very truly,

CLEMENT BAILHACHE, }
ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, } *Secretaries.*

NORWOOD, *15th October, 1877.*

DEAR MR. BAYNES,—Referring to the proposal which you kindly submitted to the Committee at their special meeting last month, while stipulating that two of the four brethren, for whose passage and outfit I expressed myself ready to provide, should be men of attainments and experience, my thoughts were mainly turned to Serampore College. To maintain the efficiency of an Institution, confessedly of great value among the various agencies for the Evangelisation of India—an Institution hallowed by the names, the memories, and the labours of the past; and to maintain that efficiency in the direction already contemplated—viz., 1st, a high class education for all thoroughly leavened with Scriptural truth, and 2nd, the training of native preachers for the more effective proclamation of the Gospel far and near—I have felt to be for us a paramount duty. For this, beyond all question, we must enlist the service of sanctified scholarship and proved ministerial qualification, as embodied in “a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.” Let me say, however, that the present state of the Indian Mission generally impresses me with the conviction that it is highly desirable that all the four brethren who may be selected should be men of standing—men in whose judgment we at home could place every reliance, and to whom their fellow-labourers in the field might be able to turn with confidence in the various circumstances of perplexity and trial which are constantly arising to call for sympathy, guidance, or practical aid. You will not for a

moment suppose that I question the propriety of availing ourselves of the offers of youthful candidates for mission work, whom the love of Christ constrains and on the altar of whose hearts the Holy Spirit has enkindled desires after the missionary life. But the present need is *special*, and in my view claims a *special* provision in respect of the age and antecedents of those who shall be sent forth. It would, therefore, be very grateful to me should the Committee determine that in this instance the qualifications I have named—attainments and experience—should be the standard of action in respect of all.

And now may I through the HERALD, or in such other way as the Committee approves, most earnestly appeal to those of our ministerial brethren who are conscious that such a call as this comes, more or less directly, to themselves, and claims their individual attention? May I ask for it their most prayerful consideration, pleading, as I do, on behalf of a field of labour where the eternal destinies of millions upon millions are involved; where the Lord has indeed set before us “an open door”; where they are asked to enter into the labours of other men whose names are had in reverence among us,—whether they be the names of the sainted dead or of the honoured, though enfeebled, living; and where a course awaits them, sanctioned by apostolic example, acceptable to “the Lord of the Harvest,” and approved by the unanimous consent of the universal Church?—where too, let me add, that if they come not, and that speedily, “to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty,” the cause of our efforts, nurtured through long years of prayer and toil, humanly speaking must fall from the high position which, thanks to the Master’s unmerited favour, it has hitherto occupied amongst kindred operations, and fall, it may be, as to some of its branches, and those not the least fruitful, to wither and die. May the Lord so stir the question in the hearts of our brethren, and Himself so decide it, that, cost what it may, they may be found ready, *for His sake*, to lay themselves out to live and labour for the spiritual welfare of India.

I would also venture to appeal to the Churches, of which such brethren may be the honoured pastors, to place no obstacle in the way of their deciding thus to offer themselves should they be moved to do so. We cannot forget that the men we would have to go are those whom the Churches fain would keep. But in such case “Say ye, that the Lord hath need of him,” and will they not let him go? I would remind them that, however distant the sphere, it is a part, an essential part, of the field which the Master has bidden His servants to cultivate; that He, who places His chosen ones in their lot “at the end of the days,” appoints them their several posts in the midst of the years, that the transfer of service involved brings honour to those by whose instrumentality it is accomplished, and that any temporary loss to which they may be subjected can, and I feel assured will, be made up to them by Him who is “able to make all grace abound towards them.” The places at home *may* be supplied. Has not the Church within itself the materials of a well-sustained ministry, if those materials be properly dealt with? But as for the heathen—woe is them! “How, then, shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?”

Will not then our brethren and sisters, should the occasion for sacrifice arise in their midst, say to their pastor, however strong may be the ties that bind them together, as the warrior king said to Israel's willing shepherd, "Go, and the Lord be with thee?"

I am, dear Mr. Baynes, yours very truly,

JOSEPH TRITTON.

Autumnal Missionary Services at Newport, Monmouthshire.

THESE meetings have formed the special feature of our work during the past month, and it is fitting that we should devote some considerable portion of our HERALD to the record of them. We cannot find space for all the wise and devout things that were spoken; but we look back upon the meetings with thankfulness, and we feel we ought to look forward with the increased hope inspired by their tone and spirit. The Lord grant that our expectation may not be disappointed.

The first service of the series was a missionary sermon to young men. This was preached in the Victoria Road Congregational Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), and the preacher was the Rev. Charles Stanford, of Camberwell. The officers of the Society had been somewhat anxious as to the success of their experiment—the hour of service being seven o'clock in the morning; but long before the time for commencing their anxiety was removed. The Chapel was quite filled with an attentive and devout congregation, nine-tenths of which were men. The preacher chose for his text Psalm v. 3, and the discourse he preached therefrom will not easily be forgotten by those who heard it. All must have gone to their respective abodes glad and thankful. We think the spirit evoked by that service pervaded the whole series of meetings.

Instead of the missionary conference usually connected with the proceedings of the autumnal session of the Baptist Union, the Committee of the Missionary Society thought it desirable to substitute a designatory and valedictory service to set apart Messrs. W. J. Price and Blackie for mission work in India and to take leave of the Revs. Jas. Smith, of Delhi; Isaac Allen, M.A., of Dacca; H. R. Pigott, of Ceylon, and J. Trafford, M.A., of Serampore, who are returning to the mission field. It was intended to hold this service in Stow Hill Chapel, but, this building being filled to overflowing before the time of commencement, it became necessary to adjourn to the Victoria Hall, an edifice capable of accommodating nearly three thousand persons, which was very soon crowded, to the exclusion of not a few who came late and were unable to obtain admission. The chair was taken by H. Phillips, Esq., J.P. After singing, the Rev. J. W. Lance offered prayer. After a sympathetic speech from the Chair-

man, Mr. Bailhache read a paper giving some account of the brethren about to depart to their respective spheres of labour, and also of the fields they were going to occupy. These brethren, each in turn, addressed a few words to the meeting. The Rev. John Aldis then delivered a most tender and impressive valedictory address, and after the designation prayer, which was offered up by the Rev. R. Glover, the interesting meeting closed.

The usual public meeting was held at Victoria Hall, and was a splendid gathering. Indeed, the attendance was so large as to necessitate the holding of a supplementary meeting at Stow Hill Chapel under the presidency of Sir Morton Peto, and that also was crowded. At the former gathering Sir Robert Lush presided, and was very influentially supported upon the platform, the audience numbering not less, it was estimated, than 3,000 persons. At half-past six, or a little before that hour, the proceedings commenced with a hymn, followed with prayer by the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich. Besides the Chairman, the speakers were Mr. A. H. Baynes, Dr. Landels, the Rev. R. H. Roberts, B.A., the Rev. G. Hill (Secretary of the General Baptist Missionary Society), and the Rev. H. R. Pigott. The Rev. J. W. Lance closed the meeting by pronouncing the benediction. At the overflow meeting, in Stow Hill Chapel, the speakers were the Revs. H. R. Pigott, W. Sampson, J. Bloomfield, and Dr. Landels. The Rev. F. Trestail closed the meeting with prayer.

We hope to reproduce parts of the speeches at these various meetings in a subsequent number of the HERALD. At present we can only give the following, as bearing most immediately on the business of meetings.

THE FIELDS OF LABOUR.

(Mr. Bailhache's Address at Newport.)

The first friend I have to introduce to your attention is our well-known friend, the Rev. JAMES SMITH, of Delhi. This gentleman joined our mission as far back as 1846. He spent the first year of his missionary labour in the ancient city of Muttra. In 1847 he went to Chitoura, where he remained until 1856. As it is well known that Mr. Smith has for many years past laboured in the direction of the self-support of native churches and the independence of native Christian teaching, it will be interesting to note how, from the first period of his missionary career, his experience strengthened his views. In 1845 a large number of natives in Upper India simultaneously forsook idolatry and professed faith in Christ. These natives belonged to the *Corri*, or weaver caste, and mostly to the village of Chitoura. A very marked peculiarity in their case was the strong desire to maintain themselves as heretofore by their trade of weaving, instead of, as had been the common practice with individual converts, casting themselves entirely for support on the mis-

sionary. This encouraging movement, as it then appeared, was placed in Mr. Smith's hands. He erected a chapel, a schoolroom, a range of houses for the converts, a workshop or factory for their weaving, and a bungalow for his own residence, all the funds needed being raised in India. The great difficulty the converts had to deal with was the refusal of their heathen neighbours to traffic with them, but Mr. Smith overcame that by obtaining a market for cloth at distant stations, and chiefly among European residents. So long as Mr. Smith was present and superintended the whole of the operations, things went smoothly and well, but when he left, in 1856, matters became less prosperous, and the next year the Mutiny swept all away. Mr. Smith had learnt that the step he had taken did not go far enough, and that the idea of self-support under the fostering and sheltered conditions of the Christian village did but very imperfectly realise what was desired. Between the years 1856 and 1858 Mr. Smith came to England, and on his return to India he settled at Delhi. After a short residence there he went to Australia, where he had charge of a church for a short time. In 1862 he returned to Delhi, and his name has been associated with that city ever since. Delhi is no "mean city." For a long time it was the capital of Hindostan, the seat of the Great Mogul, and the boast of India. It is pleasantly situated on the River Jumna, and has a population of 154,000 souls. Its history has repeatedly been one of violence and bloodshed. The last tragedy was enacted during the Mutiny of 1857, when Delhi was the centre of the operations of the rebels, who flocked into it from all quarters. Then and there our mission received its baptism of blood, and our martyred brethren, Mackay and Walay at Ali, have consecrated it in our affections for all time. The population of Delhi is divided between the Mussulmans and Hindoos, the latter predominating as to numbers, though not very largely so. Our first missionary operations there were commenced in 1818 by the Rev. J. T. Thompson, and were carried on by him for thirty years, out of a missionary life of thirty-eight years. Next to Chamberlain, Mr. Thomson was pre-eminently the pioneer of missions in the North-West Provinces of India. As an evangelist, he was hardly second to any. A few years of somewhat broken and irregular labour intervened, until Mr. Smith finally took charge of the mission. When he did so he avowed his determination to "make Delhi ring with the sounds of mercy," and, by God's grace, he has been enabled largely to fulfil his vow. His hands are strengthened by the help of Mr. Guyton and Dr. Carey, and by a large staff of unpaid native preachers. It is with this last feature of the work that Mr. Smith's name has been specially identified, and that he has had repeatedly to suffer from the mis-

apprehensions of some of his brethren. We are not inclined to lay down any hard and fast rules for any man, but we are watching our brother's experiment with interest and sympathy. He declares that his unpaid labourers are received with an amount of kindness seldom realised by the paid agents of any missionary society, and they have no difficulty in obtaining gratis as much food as they can eat. Most prayerfully do we hope that his wishes may be realised, and that the witnessing power of the native church may commend itself to the consciences of millions around.

THE REV. H. R. PIGOTT joined our mission in 1862. He was brought up as a member of the Established Church, with whose evangelical mission we are in hearty sympathy. His original destination was Colombo, where he has been ever since he commenced his missionary career. His work has been largely that of superintending native preachers and schoolmasters, and he has been blessed with a large amount of encouragement and success. Soon after he came to England, however, two years ago, he communicated to the officers of the Society his ideas concerning the occupation of a new district, which, up to the present time, has been comparatively unworked. His wish was communicated to a special committee, and, after repeated discussion, it has been resolved that Mr. Pigott shall go into the new field with a view to establishing a mission there. The new field is called Saffragam, and is situate to the south-west of the island. The district is nearly 16,000 square miles in extent, contains more than 500 villages and towns, and has a population, according to the last census, of 121,000 souls. For the most part the inhabitants are Singhalese, not Tamils, and they are an industrious race of people. They grow paddy and other grain, and they manufacture a large number of small articles such as walking-canes, snuff-boxes, arrows, spears, firelocks, umbrellas, mats, and so forth. The country is picturesque, and in some parts grand, and the climate is healthy. Buddhism is the religion of the district, as indeed of the whole island, except where Christianity has supplanted it. The district contains a celebrated temple, dedicated to Laman or Lakshaman, the tutelary deity of Saffragam. The people, though dark and ignorant, are religiously disposed, and our hopes are sanguine that Mr. and Mrs. Pigott will find among them a fruitful field for their holy enterprize. We may mention that our native agent, H. Marcus, has already itinerated in the districts, as an experiment, and with results of an encouraging kind.

THE REV. ISAAC ALLEN, M.A.—went out from this country in 1868, and his first destination was Soory, Beerbhoom, where our mission has had a station ever since 1818. From thence he went to Dacca,

in the Bengal Principality, and where we have been working since 1816. After being laid aside by illness he returned to Beerbhoom in 1867, and he remained there till 1872, when he went back to Dacca, and there remained till 1875, when he came back to England. During his visit to this country the question of his destination has frequently been discussed, and it is now decided that he shall go to the new mission field in Cachar. This is a district lying in the north-west corner of Bengal. Hitherto it has been a neglected region, and until recently no missionary ever resided there. Some idea of the condition of the district may be formed from the fact that, in one of the four tannahs in which the province is divided, not a single person was found able to read or write. And yet, according to the recent census, the province contains 202,580 inhabitants. Many of the inhabitants are said to be descendants of aboriginal tribes, on whom the idolatries of Bengal have a slight hold. About 20,000 are coolies, drawn from all parts of India, for the purposes of the tea cultivation which abounds in the district. The establishment of the new mission is due to the liberality of the late C. S. Leckie, Esq., a native of Peebles, in Scotland, and a successful tea-planter in Cachar. The Committee have in trust £4,000 devoted by him to the "spread of the Gospel—the glorious Gospel—in India, especially in Cachar." For the last eighteen months Mr. Bion has had the general superintendence of the mission. Mr. Allen goes out to help him, with a view to the development of what the committee consider to be a very promising field of Christian enterprise. These three gentlemen are going back to their old fields of labour.

The next gentleman I have the pleasure of introducing to you is Mr. W. J. PRICE, recently accepted by the Committee for mission work in India. Mr. Price is, I believe, a Welshman; at any rate, he has been educated in a Welsh college, and he helps to swell the goodly band of Welshmen who, in the history of our missions, have been amongst some of our most earnest and most successful missionaries. Mr. Price, then, has been recently accepted by our Committee for mission work in India, and he is going out on the usual probationary term of two years, during which time it is hoped it will be found that he can stand the climate, and learn the vernacular. His destination, of course, will not be fixed until he arrives in India. The facts of his case, as supplied by himself to the Committee, have been exceedingly interesting. He was brought to a knowledge of the Saviour in 1866, the means of his conversion being mainly the influence of a pious mother, whom he lost when he was very young. He was baptized in 1867, and some seven years afterwards was sent to the college of Pontypool, where he

has been an earnest, devout, successful student. He says that up to the time when he became fully occupied in preaching he found constant employment in the Sabbath School, from which not a few of our missionaries came. When residing at Hereford, with a few other brethren, he joined in organizing a series of cottage meetings for winter evenings, and open-air meetings in the summer. Looking back on these services, he says frankly that he does not remember that they were very rich in results; but they were well attended, and he knows of one person who was converted thereby, and who became a consistent member of the church. During the last twelve months of his stay at Hay, where he was before he went to college, he preached almost every Sabbath evening to a cottage congregation in a village about four miles distant, and the result of the work that he did there has been the establishment of a church and the building of a chapel.

The next case has a certain peculiarity about it which I can state in two or three words.

Mr. BLACKIE, of the Pastors' College—that is, Mr. Spurgeon's college—is going out on a sort of private enterprize. Mr. Smith, of Delhi, has somehow or other been blessed by imparting to a certain number of the young men in that college a considerable amount of missionary enterprize and enthusiasm; and, inasmuch as there were two or three offers made for immediate service, Mr. Smith was led to make an experiment, the experiment being this—that a young man, namely, Mr. Blackie, shall go out with him to Delhi, depending on no certain sources for supply, but believing that enough to get bread-and-cheese will be given to him during the time of his probationary career. Mr. Spurgeon pays the cost of Mr. Blackie's passage and outfit, and a certain number of friends interested in him will take care that Mr. Blackie does not starve. Meanwhile, Mr. Blackie is sent upon missionary work. He means to learn a language because he means to speak to the people in their own tongue. He has no claims upon us; we have no obligations as towards him; but we most devoutly and affectionately hope that the desire of Mr. Blackie's heart will be realized, and that, at the end of a probationary career, Mr. Smith may be able to say to us, "Gentlemen, here is an instrument that has been fashioned under my own hand, and I confidently commend him to you for your acceptance for the work that you have to do."

The last gentleman I have to introduce is the REV. JOHN TRAFFORD, M.A., of Serampore. Serampore is a tempting theme—the word itself is an inspiration; and I am sorely inclined to abandon my loyalty to the restrictions and limitations of the present service in order to indulge in

the thoughts and feelings which cluster round its history—the greatest “epoch-making” history of our age, in some essential respects. All the expedients of our modern missionary enterprise date from thence; preaching, translating, printing, and the teaching of youth in Christian doctrine received their consecration there. The Jew might just as well forget Jerusalem as the Baptists forget Serampore. Nor the Baptists alone, as our differing brethren of many names have always been ready to testify. “Pleasant for situation,” on the whole, is Serampore. It is in the so-called district of the Hooghly, on the western bank of that river, and about fourteen miles north from Calcutta, with which it is connected by a railway. The population is not large—a few thousands; but the place was the foreign cradle of our mission for many years, until the time when, in 1847, by the providence of God, the Danish settlements were ceded to this country, which was then obliged to accept religious institutions it had previously refused to tolerate on its own dominions. In 1818 the Educational Institution, with which we have at present to do, was established, but not until after the idea had long been entertained by the honoured pioneers of the mission, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, whose foresight was hardly second to their zeal. At the outset the objects of the college were stated to be “to train up pious youths for the Christian ministry; to augment the Biblical knowledge of such as are already employed in preaching; and to enable those who, by the loss of caste, had been reduced to indigence, to maintain themselves.” Even heathen youth were to enjoy the benefits of the college, if they maintained themselves. The hope was cherished that the college would conduce to the gradual improvement of the Oriental translations, and that a body of native preachers would thus be provided whom God would honour as efficient instruments to carry on His cause in India. The missionaries published their plan all over India, and it was sanctioned and patronized by the Most Noble the Marquis of Hastings, and his Excellency Jacob Krefting, Esq., Governor of Serampore, and other distinguished personages. The first premises were bought at a cost of £1,250. On June 26, 1819, the first resolution of the Committee at home was passed in the following terms: “The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society rejoice to witness the progress of religion and learning in the Eastern world; and as they conceive that the college recently founded by their brethren at Serampore may materially promote this desirable object, they beg leave to recommend it to the liberal attention of the British public.—Signed, JOHN RYLAND and JOHN DYER, Secretaries.”

In 1820 a new college building was commenced. The premises included about eight acres of land, and the cost was more than £10,000. Towards

this cost the missionaries themselves were the principal contributors out of their own legitimate earnings from the Press, which, even so far back, was a remunerative as well as blessed undertaking. In 1827 the King of Denmark granted a charter to the institution, which virtually raised it to the position of a university, so that, if the present directors choose, they might be independent of the Calcutta University. They have not so chosen, however, and wisely so. The great distinction between Serampore College and Government institutions is that the latter avowedly ignore all religious teaching, while the former is pledged to enforce the claims of Christianity as essential to salvation. The latter has also the great advantage of the pervasive Christian influence of the teachers employed. The atmosphere is Christian. This is specially the case where the pupils are under the same roof as the president. Thus, up to 1870, Mr. Trafford had nearly 100 such youths under his care, and he records the results as follows:—

“Altogether, I find I have had residing with me, for a longer or shorter period, nearly 100 youths—although not on the average more than fifteen at a time—and amongst these I have found my greatest encouragement as a Christian minister. More than twenty of those who have left us I rejoice to think of as consistently maintaining a Christian profession; and of four or five, whose course was cut short by death, there was hope in their end. I do not mean to imply that all those were converted while at college, but I think they received spiritual good here, which has brought forth fruit, and will produce more. Eighteen of this class of students have been baptized while at college; others have professed piety, whose views have led them into other communions, two of whom have become students for the ministry at Bishop’s College, Calcutta.”

The institution comprises two divisions—viz., the college, where students preparing for the university are taught, and the schools, where an elementary education is given to native youth. These schools are, in a certain measure, feeders to the college. Religious instruction is imparted during the first hour of every day, Saturday excepted; and of course the Lord’s-day is used exclusively for that purpose. This religious instruction is, and wisely, we think, mainly confined to the reading and exposition of Scripture, and principally the life and work of our Saviour; but other books have from time to time been used—*e.g.*, Butler’s “Analogy,” Paley’s “Evidences” and “*Horæ Paulinæ*,” Dr. Angus’s “Christ our Life,” Birks’s “Bible and Modern Thought,” and besides these there had been short series of lectures on “Evidences.” In the lower classes a catechism in Scripture texts is used, as also Barth’s “Bible Stories” in Bengali. In the school a native Christian teacher is occupied entirely with Scripture lessons, and none teach

such lessons except believers in Christ. The pupils are drawn from almost all ranks of society. Thus, in 1870, the 359 in attendance comprised the following:—14 sons of large landowners, 30 sons of small landowners, 150 sons of professional men (such as surgeons, pleaders, priests, engineers, teachers, writers, native doctors, pundits, printers, overseers, &c.); 49 were sons of persons in trades, and 29 of persons connected with the Government; 79 were sons of servants and small shopkeepers, artisans, skilled and day labourers, itinerant performers, musicians, and vagrants. The income of the institution, from all sources, is about £1,400, the greater part of that sum being specially intended for the purposes above-named. The children of native Christian teachers are free, while the children of Christians, not teachers, are charged a small sum for food. To us, therefore, as a society, it is an inexpensive institution, while quietly and more efficiently than some think, it is working out our plans.

Mr. Trafford went out to Serampore in 1852, and for six years he was assistant to Mr. Denham. On the death of this brother in 1858, Mr. Trafford was entrusted with the principal charge, which he has retained until now, aided by a succession of brethren, and amongst them Mr. Sampson, who, for a period of about eight years, ably sustained the work. The return of Mr. Trafford to this country three years ago, and the intimation that it was not likely he would go back permanently to occupy a post he has filled so long and so well, has brought the whole question of Serampore before the attention of the Committee—the result being this, that the Committee have resolved to sustain Serampore in the integrity of its original purpose. On the utility of such institutions as Serampore in furthering our great cause, it is well known there are differences of opinion among our brethren in India. Still, the Committee feel it has its place among our agencies, and not a mean one. “To the poor the Gospel is preached.” This is literally true in India, and we are thankful to God and to our beloved preaching brethren for this; but the classes above the poor must be met in other ways, at least, for the present, and the method before us is one of them. The effects seem less direct, but are not less real. To quote Mr. Trafford’s words in a report sent to a special committee of inquiry in 1870, “A preparatory work is being accomplished that must precede any great change in a class that could not be otherwise reached, and more thoroughly than by other means; we sow, and doubt not others will reap. The leaven whose working is secret and pervasive, rather than the mustard-seed whose growth is apparent and rapid, is the likeness of the Kingdom of heaven here; and there is, I think, great truth in a remark which may seem strange to some who hear it:—‘There is far more of Christianity

than of Christians in India.'” No careful observer, taking in comprehensively the whole round of view, will question this. Mr. Trafford goes back to Serampore for a short time, with a view to initiate his successor into his work. The Committee devoutly hope that a fit successor may soon be found. They sympathize with their brother, going back as he does, with a heart still bleeding from a recent and bitter wound, and they ask this whole brotherhood to commend him affectionately to Him who “healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.” All these brethren go out with our love, our confidence and our sympathy. On behalf of them all we “direct” our prayer to God. May He give us grace, having prayed, to “look up.”

On Our Present Position and Needs.

Speech of Mr. A. H. Baynes at Newport.

IT has been suggested by many friends of the Mission that a short statement with regard to the present position and needs of the Society might be of interest to the friends assembled here to-night, and I venture, therefore, to occupy the time of this meeting for a few moments. Many of the events that have occurred in connection with the Society during the six months that have elapsed since the close of the last financial year have been a somewhat sorrowful sort, not, however, without reliefs of a most encouraging and hopeful kind. On the one hand we have to mourn over thinned ranks—from failure of health and death, terrible visitations of famine and pestilence in China and Southern India, and reduced resources—but on the other hand we have to rejoice over veterans restored to health, and ready again to take the field, zealous and earnest recruits, the up-springing of seed long sown under the chastening influence of trial and sorrow, and the presentation of new and promising fields of labour, with generous offers of assistance—enough, indeed, to humble, but much more than enough to lead us to thank God and take courage. In India, the chief scene of the Society's operations, the strength of the Mission has been greatly reduced. Only very recently death has stricken down one of our tried and trusty brethren in the prime of his life, and when, to our judgment, he could be but ill spared; the Master he so faithfully served has called our Brother Ellis to his rest and his reward; and before the current financial year closes, the staff of the Mission will suffer a still further loss by the return of our honoured brother, Mr. Lewis, who, in the face of representations from the Committee urging his immediate retirement, has kept at his post amid much weakness and suffering, reluctant

to leave the work he loves so well, and in consequence will, we fear, reach these shores in a sadly disabled condition. To supply existing vacancies, and to provide for impending losses, at least eight or ten new missionaries ought to be sent out to India at once. Under these pressing circumstances this meeting will rejoice with the Committee in knowing that the esteemed treasurer of the Mission, Mr. Tritton, has generously undertaken to defray the entire cost of the outfit and passage of four new brethren for service in India, and the Committee are now most anxiously looking for suitable brethren to enter upon this great work. The sufferings of our native Christians in Southern India, in consequence of the awful visitation of famine, have been most extreme. Recent advices from our missionary Brother Chowryappah in Madras, give a sickening account of the terrible scene he has himself witnessed. Thanks to the warm and sympathetic response of our churches at home to the appeal for help, the Committee have been promptly enabled to forward funds to our brethren in Madras, who have undertaken, in concert with each other, to superintend their wise and careful distribution—helping all needy cases to the utmost of their power, but first and especially those who belong to the “household of faith.” Amid many losses, calamities, and troubles, there is, however, much that is inspiring and encouraging.

DETRACTORS AND ENCOURAGEMENTS.

In many directions the seed sown long years ago is springing up and bringing forth fruit. There is a great spirit of inquiry and of hearing, and many have been turned from darkness to light. In the city and neighbourhood of Delhi alone fifty-nine baptisms have taken place, and our brother, Mr. Guyton, writes: “On all hands we have encouragement, and large numbers of inquirers are coming forward, in addition to many cases of real conversion.” Why, brethren, the successes of our mission in Delhi alone are a sufficient refutation of the verdict given by “One Long Resident in India, who, in an article on “Christianity in India,” in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, sums up by saying:—“Among the native population Christianity has made no progress. There are no converts. The Gospel has been preached far and wide, but it has met with no acceptance. Nor, save to the missionary mind, which hopes against hope, are there any indications that it will do so; rather the contrary. The present failure of the missionaries is indisputable.” We are content also to appeal to *facts*, and by the side of this statement to place the words of one of India's most distinguished and experienced lieutenant-governors, Sir Bartle Frere: “In my judgment the success of

Christian missions in India is marvellous, and the changes that have taken place in consequence of the preaching of the Gospel are most striking." Then, as to China; you know that recently we have doubled our mission staff in China, and now that we have two brethren for the whole of that mighty empire, China, containing one-third of the population of the globe, twelve times the population of the British Isles, where, every month, one million of human beings pass from this earthly scene—is it any wonder that our brethren sometimes feel their loneliness, or that Mr. Richard should write only so lately as the middle of August—"Are there no more earnest devoted men offering themselves for China? We two have far more work than we can possibly do ourselves. Oh! that God would choose the men, and thrust them forth, and that right speedily; then might we sing and shout for joy! How is it that so few come out to China for Christ's work? To make money for commercial purposes, our best-equipped, best-educated young men come out year after year, and work earnestly and long. Oh, when will the Church at home be stirred up on behalf of the great empire of China? Lord, hasten the time." Turning to the West, we find much to encourage. There are tidings of renewed spiritual life from Jamaica, San Domingo, and Hayti, while in Trinidad and the Bahamas our brethren are not labouring without tokens for good. In Europe the Italian Mission has been strengthened by the addition of our brother, Mr. John Landels, late of Kirkcaldy, who has entered upon his new work with great devotion, and finds in it increasing joy. Never perhaps were the prospects of the mission in Italy more hopeful than they are at present. In Brittany, also, our brethren are greatly encouraged, and on all hands there are indications of a coming great revival of the Lord's work in that priest-ridden and superstitious district. Then as to Africa—that hitherto strangely-neglected, mysterious continent—which of late has been so marvellously opened up, and found to be, not a land of "sandy deserts" only, but a country of wonderfully rich resources and abounding affluence. Surely, brethren, when the leading nations of Europe, in combination with America, are preparing expeditions and framing plans for further explorations with a view to the establishment of trading and commercial relationships with the people of this vast continent, it is the imperative duty of the whole Christian Church to put forth efforts to claim Africa for Christ? Thanks be to God, something has already been done in this direction. Along the margin of the great inland seas of Nyassa, Nyanza, and Tanganyika, the heralds of the Cross have already planted their standards, and taken possession in the name of their Master. Our own brethren on the West Coast, first at

Fernando Po, and now at Cameroons and Victoria, have done a noble work, and the tale of their heroic toils whenever told cannot fail to awaken enthusiasm and thankfulness. But to a large extent their work there, in common with that of most other missions, has been mainly confined to the tribes and peoples dwelling on the coast belt. Our mission at present cannot be called an interior mission, although our brethren are making strenuous efforts to overcome the opposition to their going farther inland.

GENEROUS HELPERS.

Now, however, in the providence of God an appeal has come to this Society to take part in the glorious work of taking the message of life into the heart of this mighty continent. It will doubtless be known to most here, through the pages of the MISSIONARY HERALD, that Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, a generous friend to Africa, has offered to give £1,000 if the Baptist Missionary Society will establish a mission on the Congo River, having as its base San Salvador, the chief town of the Congo kingdom, and for its ultimate object the proclamation of the truth all along the Congo up to Nyangwe, and suggests the sending out of a small preliminary expedition to make all needful inquiries and investigations. From out of misery, ignorance, degradation, and death, that like night have long hung black over Africa, arises the cry, "Come over and help us." Under these circumstances this meeting will rejoice to know that yesterday, through Mr. Glover, of Bristol, the Committee received a letter conveying the welcome and encouraging intelligence that Mr. Charles Wathen, of Ashley Down, Bristol, a gentleman deeply interested in the welfare of Africa, would undertake the entire cost of the proposed preliminary expedition up to £500, and that now speedily we hope that all along the shores of that mighty water-way, the Congo-Lualaba, for 1,500 miles from the coast to central Tanganyika—messengers of the Cross will be sent with the glad news of salvation, which if received and believed, shall produce, not "an exalted human aspiration only, with no objective result," as Professor Tyndall would have us think, but "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men;" messengers whose track shall not be marked by stains of violence, bloodshed, and death, but who shall proclaim "Liberty to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord;" messengers like Moffat, Livingstone, Steere, and other noble-hearted men, who, not for mere commercial or personal gain, shall open yet wider the great door of entrance into Africa, but who, for the love they bear their Lord and Master, who Himself, for the joy that was set before Him, en-

dured the Cross and despised the shame, shall "count not their lives dear unto them" so only they can take to their down-trodden, neglected brothers and sisters—wearing and heavy-laden—the tidings of a Saviour and a Friend, who will give them perfect peace and rest. Brethren, in looking over the vast mission-field to-night, no words can so fully describe the scene as the oft-repeated words of the Master Himself: "The harvest truly is great, the labourers few." From India, China, Africa, comes the cry, "Send us more missionaries." Many of our brethren, who are still toiling in the field, have seen much of the heat and burden of the day. With undaunted and undiminished enthusiasm, thank God, they still work on, but physical powers are giving way, the evening shadows are drawing near, and for many of them the "Well done, good and faithful servant," cannot be far distant. Surely there are some here to-night ready and longing to step forward into the breach and bear yet higher and further the standard of the Cross, to take the places of those who have fallen in the fight, or who are feeling faint and weary by reason of long and faithful service.

A STATEMENT AND AN APPEAL.

The cry is for extension; but with the present resources of the Mission the great difficulty is to maintain our ground and to fill existing vacancies. The receipts of the Mission for the six months ending September last show a decrease, as compared with the same period of last year, of more than £2,200, and it is only too evident that, unless the receipts of the coming six months, up to the close of the current financial year, as compared with those of last year, show an increase at least equal to this sum, a very considerable addition must be made to the large debt of £3,837 at present due to the treasurer. True it is that in many instances the decrease is accounted for by depression in trade, collapse of speculation, over-manufacture, and other like causes, but it cannot be, brethren, that we have reached the limit of self-sacrifice and loyalty to Christ in respect of our gifts. Is the small handful of missionaries spread over the vast field of the world to-day the full expression of the Church's devotion to her Lord? Statisticians tell us that the wealth of this country has during the past quarter of a century increased at least five, some say six, fold. Our denomination, I should suppose, has had its full share in this universal prosperity, and, notwithstanding this, the old-fashioned stereotyped guinea of forty or fifty years ago is at the present time the almost universal standard of annual support to the great work of sending the Gospel to the heathen. Indeed, more than seventy-five per cent. of our subscribers give only half that sum; and only one in one hundred and fifty of church

members in our denomination give over that amount. The entire annual contributions of the whole Church of Christ in these British dominions for the spread of the Gospel by missionary, Bible, and other evangelistic organisations, including those raised by the Roman Catholic Church, are less than one-hundredth part of the sum spent yearly on intoxicating drinks in this country. It has been stated by a well-known authority that one per cent. of members of evangelical churches would give us fifty thousand missionaries, and that with this number the Gospel could be preached to every creature in ten years. Is this an impossible number? Why, we sent more men to the Crimea to reduce a single fortress and prop up an inhuman and hateful Mohammedan despotism! Ten times this number fell on each side in the great American war to set free three or four millions of slaves! And more than five hundred years ago the bones of a far larger host than this lay bleaching in the track to Palestine as the result of an effort to rescue a material Jerusalem from Moslem rule! And cannot fifty thousand Christians be found to win back the world to Christ? Blessed and memorable will these Newport meetings be, brethren, if they witness a new point of departure in connection with mission work; if from them we gather fresh inspiration and deeper consecration; if we individually realize a stronger personal responsibility in connection with this great work, and resolve to give a more practical expression to the lines we so often sing—

“ Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering all too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all; ”

Never forgetting the words of our dying-risen Lord and Leader, our call and command to this holy crusade: “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature” . . . “If ye love me keep my commandments”; who to nerve and inspire us has also said, “Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,” and who, to make us ever confident of final victory and ultimate triumph, has said, “He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the earth.”

NOTE.—In last number of THE HERALD the first paper should have had the name of Rev. John Trafford, M.A., attached to it, and the letter said to be Mr. Grenfell's should have been announced as Mr. Comber's.

Africa for Christ.

“HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION ALSO FROM SEA TO SEA, AND FROM THE RIVER UNTO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.”

“MY Master has always made my way clear when I fully trusted Him,” said the great apostle of the Indians, David Brainerd, when near the close of his consecrated and noble life. “Would only I had trusted Him more fully.” In connection with the proposed Congo Mission to Central Africa, we can thankfully say, with Brainerd, “The Master is making the way clear.” When Mr. Arthington’s proposals first came before the Committee, they felt they could not but enter upon the work; and, with the conviction that the hand of the Lord was leading them, they laid the matter before their supporters, taking as their motto the words,

“According to your faith so be it unto you.”

They appealed for *men* and *money*; specially qualified men for the work, and the needful funds to send them forth. Already there are signs that the men are at hand, and the necessary means for the preliminary journey have been contributed. The first response to the appeal was from “A Poor London Sempstress,” who, of her little, gave ten shillings; the second was from “A Staffordshire Collier,” who, by the shaded light of his Davy lamp, had often pondered over the map of Africa; had often listened to the cry from that lone and neglected land, “Come over and help us;” and who, notwithstanding “bad times,” sent five pounds, with earnest prayers for a blessing on the new effort.

Since then many gifts have been made, as will be seen from our Contribution List at the end of this number of the MISSIONARY HERALD, and deep interest has been excited in the enterprise all over the country.

At the quarterly meeting of the Committee, held at Newport, on Monday, the 8th of October last, the following letter was read:—

Ashley House, Ashley Down, Bristol.

To the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society.

GENTLEMEN,—I have read with much pleasure the appeal for Africa contained in the September number of THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Understanding the resolution of your quarterly meeting of July last to pledge the future support of a Mission in Congo, in the event of a suitable station being found, for a period at least long enough, as Mr. Arthington says, “to teach the people to read and write, and give them in imperishable letters the words of Eternal Truth,” I shall have much pleasure in meeting the cost

of the projected expedition, provided you are able to organize one satisfactory to the Committee, and that the cost shall not exceed £500.

* * * * *

I assume that while all necessary arrangements would be made as soon as possible, the Committee would await and give due consideration to such further light as Mr. Stanley's next letter may shed on the matter.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

CHARLES WATHEN.

Our friends will well understand with what feelings of devout thankfulness the Committee received this most welcome communication, removing, as it does, all difficulty with regard to the expense of the preliminary expedition. They are now engaged in the anxious and careful consideration of the best plans to be adopted. Mr. Wathen's wise suggestion as to obtaining all the information possible from the recent experiences of Mr. Stanley will of course be acted upon, and doubtless very important facts may be learned from this source as to the peoples and tribes on the banks of the great Congo-Lulaba. With regard to the proposed journey to San Salvador, however, it is not likely Mr. Stanley will be able to give much information, as the road from Embomma lies in a different direction to that traversed by this intrepid traveller.

Mr. Arthington, in a recent letter, says:—

“Soon, doubtless, we may expect Stanley's fuller account of the people on the banks of the Congo-Lulaba, and of the features of the country and the position of its rivers in relation to the various tribes.

“Having read his letter attentively, I should suppose, or infer, from our knowledge as a whole on this subject, that all the Falls and Rapids are situated west of the embouchure of the Quango River upon the Congo Lulaba.

“I also expect that the friendly people he met with, acquainted with trade, and with whom he made blood brotherhood, are located near the mouth of this river Kwango or Kwango.

“I see that although the voyager can traverse uninterruptedly the great central basin of Africa, say for 1,000 or 1,400 miles from the mouth of the Kwango on the Congo Lulaba in an easterly direction, yet he would be arrested imperatively at the Great Falls—five in number—north and south of the equator, I suppose at about long. 26 E., so that he could not reach Nyangwe by water without the interruption of these five cataracts.

“I also quite expect to find a travelled road from St. Salvador to the mouth of the Kwango, whence an uninterrupted sail exists as far east as to Nyangwe.

“*I long most earnestly to see the Congo people in possession of the written Word—the words of the everlasting Gospel: the words of Jesus, which are indeed Spirit and Life.*”

In many directions encouragements present themselves, and urge the Committee to go forward with this work. From Embomma itself—ninety

miles up the Congo river, from which place the expedition will in all probability take its start for San Salvador—comes a most welcome offer of help ; and “ *The Englishman* ” who so generously succoured Mr. Stanley on his arrival there after his wonderful and all-important journey, and to whom he makes such grateful reference in his latest letter, is ready and longing to render all the assistance in his power to the proposed enterprise.

Encouragements also are presented by the news from very recent missionary enterprises in other parts of Africa.

We think our readers cannot fail to hear with thankfulness and hope of the work at Livingstonia, Cape Maclear, on Lake Nyassa, and at the neighbouring settlement of Blantyre, the former belonging to the Free Church, the latter to the Established Church of Scotland.

This “Lake of Storms,” as Livingstone termed it, is some 370 miles long, with a coast-line of more than 800 miles. It is very deep ; in many parts a line of 100 fathoms finding no bottom.

At 7 a.m. on October the 12th, 1875, the mission steamship, the *Ilala*, was launched on the great bosom of this great inland sea—so far as we know, the first steamer ever seen on any African lake.

Already most encouraging results are appearing. Although no active interference has been made with the slave-trade—the great curse of this magnificent continent—yet the presence of the mission has had a wonderfully good effect. Instead of the 20,000 slaves that hitherto have been annually carried across the lake, in 1876 *only thirty-eight slaves were known to have been got to the coast by this route.*

For years past more than 20,000 slaves have been annually exported from Kilwa, brought by Arab traders to that port, from the shores of Lake Nyassa. Lieutenant Young tells us that these Arab and Portuguese traders everywhere “regard the advent of the English as the death-blow to this horrid traffic in flesh and blood,” and that already this fear has spread far and wide ; that, when they saw the steamer on the waters of the Nyassa, they believed the English had taken possession of the land, and that their trade was stopped.

On February 19th, Lieut. Young wrote that the mission at Cape Maclear had been quite successful—that the presence of the missionaries had been already a great blessing to the poor down-trodden people ; that the natives rejoiced at their presence ; and that for miles round the station, *slavery had entirely ceased*, the Arab traders not being brave enough to come near, for such was their fear and astonishment, when they found out the

English had come with a steamer, that for a whole month they made no effort to carry slaves across the lake.

As in the Congo kingdom, so on the shores of Lake Nyassa, and the Shire, and the Zambesi rivers, the Portuguese are regarded with fear and hatred.

Lieut. Young, in his address to the Cape Town Chamber of Commerce, said :—“ Before any great good can be done it will be necessary to bring the Portuguese to their senses. We have treaties with the Portuguese for the suppression of this horrid slave trade that ought to be made effective. The natives have unbounded faith and confidence in the English, but none in the Portuguese. The Portuguese not only countenance the trade, but deal in slaves themselves, and, consequently, are always unfavourable to the presence of the English.”

All that Lieut. Young says with regard to the influence of the Portuguese in the Nyassa country is equally true with regard to the Congo kingdom and the adjoining country of Angola, which is at present under the rule of the Portuguese Government.

In the language of a most experienced African traveller :—

“ Wherever the Portuguese have had influence their presence has been marked by cruelty and wrong, and their rule has been characterised by force and injustice. No wonder that Africans regard them with dread and hatred; for wherever they come their track can be traced by a withering blight and a visible curse.”

From this our friends will see the great importance of keeping free from even the appearance of association with the Portuguese, and the wisdom of trying to approach San Salvador from the north, through independent territory, rather than from the south, through the Portuguese settlements.

Before closing these remarks, we are anxious to make a correction. We find from Mr. Arthington that he was not the donor of the five thousand pounds contributed for the mission to King Mtesa. The generous friend who gave this sum wishes only to be known as “ *An Unprofitable Servant,*” and we regret that we copied the statement made in the September HERALD from the pages of a contemporary without special inquiry as to its accuracy.

In conclusion, we earnestly commend this proposed Congo Mission to the sympathies and prayers of our churches; and we confidently hope that at the monthly missionary meeting for prayer, as well as in private, this enterprise will be remembered.

The Committee need special wisdom in arranging plans of operation,

and they trustfully appeal to their friends to supplicate the Giver of all wisdom and of every good thing on their behalf. With Mr. Arthington, the Committee earnestly desire that soon—very soon—the Congo people may be in possession of the Words of Everlasting Life. Their prayer is—

“Soon may the gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound.

“When to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric' learn Thy word ;
And vassals long enslaved, be made
The freemen of the Lord.”

Remembering always the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, “ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU ; SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND : FOR EVERY ONE THAT ASKETH RECEIVETH, AND HE THAT SEEKETH, FINDETH.” “AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS THAT BEFORE THEY CALL I WILL ANSWER, AND WHILE THEY ARE YET SPEAKING I WILL HEAR.”

Another Valedictory Meeting.

VICTORIA CHAPEL, in the Wandsworth-road, was crowded on Friday evening, October 5, with those who had come to say farewell to Mr. Smith, of Delhi, and Mr. Pigott, of Ceylon. Somewhat of local interest attached to the gathering, as both Mr. Smith and Mr. Pigott have been residing for some time in the neighbourhood of Wandsworth, and have been in the habit of worshipping and conducting services in Victoria Chapel. In addition to these brethren, Mr. Blackie, whose outfit and passage have been provided by Mr. Spurgeon, and who is about to go out for the first time to labour in Delhi, under the direction of Mr. Smith, was also present ; and to him, as well as to those who return as veterans to enter upon a fresh campaign, the meeting was warmly accorded.

The chair was occupied by J. Tritton, Esq., who, in a speech marked by much feeling, described India as a field of moral, intellectual, and spiritual conflict. Having alluded to that midsummer morning some eighty years ago when the two first missionaries of the Society left the shores of England, Mr. Tritton remarked that “farewell” was a sound that made men linger ; but the King’s business requires haste, and we must listen to the cry, “Come over and help us.” He prayed God to be with and to bless those who were now about to set sail for their distant sphere of labour ; and, in conclusion, he would ask his hearers to remember that men were wanted to take the place of those who were falling, and means to maintain them, for the commercial depression of the country was telling upon the resources of the Society. The Rev. C. BaiThache

had been announced as a speaker; but, being unavoidably absent, his place was well filled by Dr. Underhill, who recalled the time when he knew Mr. Smith in Delhi, and which caused him to feel something like personal interest in saying good-bye to him. Neither of the missionaries was now a novice. No illusion now deceived them, if ever it had. They had faced the toil, the strife, the conflict, the labour, and the duty of the mission-field, and they had not failed. Having sketched in a few words the scenes of labour to which they were going, and made reference to the work done by the wives of missionaries, Dr. Underhill closed by expressing the hope that, if no more on earth, they should meet the friends who were leaving them in heaven at the right hand of God.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Henderson, the pastor of Victoria Chapel, performed the pleasant duty of presenting Mr. Smith with a copy of Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopædia," and a purse of gold, and Mr. Pigott with Dean Stanley's lectures, and a substantial expression of good-will of the kind that Mr. Smith had received. Then came speeches from the missionaries.

Mr. Spurgeon, whose appearance on the platform at an earlier period in the evening had been warmly greeted, next addressed the meeting in a vigorous speech, that was at once humorous and earnest. He had come there, he said, to throw an old shoe after his friends as they were leaving. He did not know a better man than Mr. Smith, except his wife, for she would work and talk almost better, he believed, than her husband. And Mr. Pigott equally commended himself to him. As for Mr. Blackie, he had done his part for him, and now Mr. Smith must keep him alive on the outlandish kinds of food they had in India. He had no doubt that the Missionary Society would be glad before long to take him fully on their staff. Having referred in kindly terms to Miss Kemp, who is going out with the party to undertake Zenana work, Mr. Spurgeon disclaimed any ability or right to give advice to those who were going out. To attempt to do so would be to act like the Russian peasant who, when a bear entered his house, ran up a ladder, and left his wife to fight the bear, calling out to her at the same time where to hit the intruder, and to take care to hit hard. He could only pray for his brethren that God would help them and bless them. A great many Smiths were wanted in India, having big hammers and large fires. A brief address from Mr. Blackie, and a speech of brotherly sympathy from the Rev. Dr. Maguire, who is an uncle of Mr. Pigott's, brought this interesting meeting to a close.—*Abridged from the "Christian World."*

Zenana Mission.

THE RAJ GHAT SCHOOL, BENARES.

IN response to the appeal laid before the readers of the MISSIONARY HERALD and the friends of the Zenana Mission last month, we have received several very kind letters and some very generous and welcome gifts. One friend has provided the funds for the support of the school for the first quarter's expenses, and other friends have sent more than enough for another quarter; so our faithful and earnest worker, Miss Joseph,

will be enabled, we trust, to continue her labours in this school without fear of having to close it for want of means.

It may be well to give a short account of the way in which this school is conducted, so that our friends may be satisfied as to the nature of the work for which they give their help.

We employ Hindoo women to teach the girls the ordinary subjects of an elementary education, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history of India, natural history, and natural science. These teachers have been well trained by me in a normal school connected with the large girls' school in Benares under my charge, so that I know they are capable of doing the work for which we pay them. Still they require to be well looked after. No Hindoo and few native Christian teachers are to be trusted without constant supervision. They will not do their work thoroughly when left alone. The religious instruction of the pupils is attended to by the ladies of the Zenana Mission exclusively. We never allow a Hindoo woman to give instruction in religion. For this purpose Miss Joseph and one of her assistants visit the school regularly three times a week, or oftener if their work in that neighbourhood will permit them to do so. A Sunday-school is held regularly, which is conducted exactly on the same plan as an English Sunday-school. It is opened and closed with prayer, all the pupils joining in the Lord's prayer at the end. Hymns are sung, a passage of Scripture (generally from the New Testament) is read, texts and hymns, which have been learned at home during the week, are repeated, &c. All the teachers in the Sunday-school are *Christians*, the Hindoo teachers of the week-day classes becoming for that day, and of their own free will, pupils. The attendance at the Sunday-school is voluntary, and yet the number of girls present is seldom less than on a week day. I am rejoiced to know that this work will be continued, because we think that already it has borne fruit. Several of our pupils have given us reason to believe that they love Jesus and trust in Him for salvation, and we hope that it is so. The school has been in existence for some years, and we have some very interesting pupils in it. One is a woman to whose house Miss Joseph used to go for a long time to teach her, but she could not get on well alone. She never learnt to read. At last Miss Joseph said, "It is of no use for me to teach you any longer, you will never learn." "Oh!" she said, "what shall I do? I love to hear you read and talk to me, and I *want* to learn. My little girl has begun to learn so nicely in your school; may I go there with her and try?" Of course she was gladly welcomed, and has ever since been a most regular and assiduous pupil; and though her child soon outstripped her in the race for knowledge,

yet I am glad to say that she is now able to read and write very fairly, and gives satisfaction to her teachers. She is a regular attendant at the Sunday-school.

I think this little sketch will show our friends that they are not asked to help an unworthy object. Will they *pray* that God's blessing may rest abundantly on this school?

E. ETHERINGTON.

Cambridge, October, 1877.

Note.—In consequence of a printer's error in finishing off the report of last year's accounts, the Liverpool Auxiliary was not properly represented. There should be added to the £74 15s. 2d. now in the list—

Richmond Chapel, by Rev. J. H. Roberts	8	0	0
By Mrs. Simpson—						
J. H. Simpson	1	0	0
"A Friend"	5	0	0
Making a total for Liverpool Auxiliary of £88 15s. 2d.				<hr/>		6 0 0

A Farewell.

IF any of the numerous valedictory gatherings to the missionaries about leaving for India touched their hearts and proved to them the loving sympathy in which they and their work are held by friends at home, it must surely have been that which assembled in response to the invitation of Sir Robert and Lady Lush, at their private residence in Regent's Park, on Thursday evening, October 18th. Lady Lush is well known as a most active sympathizer with especially the Zenana branch of missions, and very much in the interest of that work was the present party gathered. Receiving a right hearty welcome as they entered, the guests were invited to tea and coffee in the dining-room, where they might at the same time move about for social intercourse. At a quarter to eight o'clock the friends were seated, and Dr. Landels took the chair, supported by missionaries and many leading ministers and friends of the denomination. The hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," was heartily sung, Dr. Landels read a part of Scripture, and Dr. Angus offered prayer. In a few opening remarks Dr. Landels explained that the object of the gathering was to say farewell to and commit to the Divine care a few friends who were about leaving the country to engage in mission work in India—friends comprising three ladies who were going especially to devote themselves to the Zenana women, and three missionaries, with their wives, who were returning to the scene of their labours. To two of these friends the work was altogether new, and the circumstances of their departure would excite peculiar interest. Both were leaving behind their widowed mothers, and in that respect were making sacrifice which no one could possibly appreciate unless situated in the same position. Miss Kemp bears a name associated with great service to the denomination in many ways; and Miss Craik would be well known to many as the daughter of the late Mr. Craik, of Bristol. Mrs. Brown, who is going out, knows (he continued) something of the work already; her experience has fostered her love for it, and in the spirit of consecration she is returning to

serve Christ in India. There were present veterans in the field who felt that the work was worthy of their best energies and thoughts; and they return with nothing to regret—rather looking back on the past with satisfaction, and forward with bright and exalted hopes. There was no work which would so well bear the retrospective glance as that of preaching the Gospel in heathen lands, and no work to which they might look forward with more joyous anticipations. They desired to wish their departing friends an affectionate farewell. They would take with them our sympathies and prayers that God might watch over them and direct them, that He might encourage them amid the difficulties of the work by His continued presence, and that their spiritual life, endangered by contact with heathen influences, might be replenished with His all-sufficient grace. Dr. Landels then mentioned that it was intended the meeting should be chiefly devotional, but a few words from the missionary brethren, including the ladies, would certainly be acceptable.

Addresses were delivered by Revds. C. Bailhache, Jas. Smith, Isaac Allen, M.A., H. R. Pigott, Mrs. Etherington, and Mrs. Smith. The remainder of the meeting was spent in devotions.

Africa.

MR. COMBER'S LETTER—(Continued).

"Tuesday, 10th.—During the night and all the morning till 10.30, it was raining with sullen persistency; but as soon as we had breakfasted, it cleared off, and so did we. We got through the town without receiving active opposition. There was a little demonstration, shouting, and calling after us, and we were followed a little way; but soon, relieved from molestation and annoyance, we were fairly started again, our going on having taken the people by surprise. We were to-day steering for Bakoondoo, which I calculated to be about two days' journey from the way in which it was spoken of. Our course lay N., and we were to pass through Majoka and Boöba. At eleven o'clock we came into a little hamlet, but the people were afraid, and some ran away into the bush, while others shut themselves up in their houses. We tried to get them to come out and speak to us, but in vain; so, leaving a few leaves of tobacco outside the door to

show that we were friends, we went on, I taking the rear, so that my face should be the last seen. Passing another house, Mr. Wilson entered, and the man seemed almost dead with fear, couldn't get him to speak, scarcely to take a leaf of tobacco; I didn't let him see me. At 11.35 we came to a filthy little hamlet—Majoka. The people are very much afraid, but tell us we are going in the Bakoondoo direction. There is plenty of sugar cane growing here, and I bought some for the men. They have no water to let us have. At 11.50 we came upon a sight which 'struck me all of a heap,' if I may be allowed to use such a slang phrase. The ordinary bush comes to an end, and stretching ahead of us for some miles is an open plain (the first I have seen in Africa) covered with coarse grass, and dotted all over with fan palm trees, a species of palm very little known, I believe, and exceedingly pretty. These palms were not growing closely together or

in clumps, but very sparsely, so that the plain was clear and open. When I saw this new and unexpected sight my heart gave a regular leap, and I felt that we had pierced through the border, and that this was indeed the interior. At 12.5 we came to a few more houses, and an old man, whose skin seemed to hang about him in folds like a rhinoceros, came tremblingly and took a pinch of snuff, and was good enough to misdirect us (without meaning, I think). We at length struck the Bakoondoo path again, and at 1.50 come to a little village which the people call Bobeeonga. I suppose it belongs to the 'parish' of that wretched inhospitable place. A man, very obliging and communicative, comes a little way to show us the road, and points out two paths, one (N.W.) leading to Akoombi, and the other (N.) leading to Bakoonda. He said we might reach either to-day if we went quickly. Akoombi was a place I had heard of as being Yellow Duke, the Baptist missionary's enemy's trading place, and that we must avoid for the present. At 2.30 we enter bush again, and are surprised to find a canoe track, and, a little further on a little hut, and a large calabar pattern canoe being built. That argued the Risdell Bay was not far off, and we decided, if possible, to find that famous river so likely to be useful to us, and yet in the monopoly of a cruel, bloodthirsty, God-hating man. My conclusion is that the river comes up to Akoombi, and that the canoe's destination is that town. We then pursue our way for nearly two hours of hard walking through bush, and crossing over two or three wide brooks come to Boöba. The people, although never having seen a white man, are not afraid. Boöba is a small place, and it is the limit of the Bamboko country. We are told that the

Bakoondoo people speak another language altogether, that Bakoondoo is a large place, and that it can be reached by dark (it is now 4.15). The people sell us two fowls, which we kill, and hang at the side of the 'chop-pot,' and off we go into bush again. We skirt two more plains like the last, cross over two strong rapid streams, which I have to wade myself, as they are too swift for the men to carry me over. We walk quickly, and as it gets dusk Mr. Wilson and I press on ahead, hoping to reach the town, but it gets quite dark, and we come to a rushing river, which we feel is dangerous to attempt to cross at night; so there is nothing for it but to 'camp out.' We hasten back—a long way back—to where the men are coming on with their loads; a place is chosen for an encampment, some dry wood is felt about for, by dint of perseverance and care a fire is lit, and we make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit, having a spare supper of herrings, a few biscuits, and some roast plantains, and spread leaves and blankets for our bed. It was troublesome but safe to keep up a good fire all night, and safest also to keep my rifle by my side, in case of any stray hungry leopard. I was lulled to sleep, after committing ourselves to the care and protection of our Father, by the strange mingling of sounds in a tropical forest at night—the whistling of the grass-hoppers, the 'clack, clack' of the huge bats, the shrill cry of the bush-dog, and all the innumerable voices of insects unknown.

“*Wednesday, 11th April.*—Rise at 5.30, with a slight cold, and start at 5.55. In ten minutes we come to the river we heard last night, and I feel very thankful we did not attempt to cross it in the dark, as lives would most certainly have been lost. The

river is very rapid, and the 'fall' is just at its fording place, and many feet in depth. Above the fall it is very deep. To cross it this morning I have to take off my boots and bare my legs, and it is with the greatest difficulty that I keep my stand on the submerged rocks, as the water rushes over them. At 7.0 we reach Bakoondoo, and are immediately struck with the size of the place. Entering into the street through one of the houses, all the people rushed away affrighted. We showed tobacco, offered snuff, &c., to draw them, but none would venture near. At last a smart-looking fellow came up fearlessly, shook hands, and took some snuff, and answered our Bombokoh question *in English*. This took us aback. Who was he? In answer to this, he said he was a trader living at Akoombi, and he was at Bakoondoo, 'buying oil for yellow.' This was news to make us think. He took us to the head man's house, and the people seeing that we were friendly with this man, came streaming up, crowding round the door *in hundreds*, and staring curiously and wonderingly at the first white man they had ever seen. They soon venture into the house, until it is full. I ask our trader friend to buy us some food, which he does, and charges us a good price for. While it is cooking, he takes me to see the town; one long street of more than a quarter of a mile, built on a steep slope, almost like a North Devon town. The houses are very large and strong, and I count eighty-five in the one street, besides many here and there behind the others. Mr. Wilson reckoned from twelve to fifteen as an average to a house, and we roughly guessed the population of Bakoondoo to be from 1,000 to 1,500. Here was a sphere of labour, all the people 'to hand,' living in one place. I lifted

up my heart to my great Master, asking Him to show me what to do. We saw two 'Egbo' houses, one at each end, so *that* custom prevails here as at Calabar. Coming back we had our breakfast, gazed at by about 150 people, who were very quiet, and I fancy still a little apprehensive. After breakfast the head man is shown us. He seems to have been afraid to come forward before. He is an elderly man, with a look of care and anxiety on his face, always nursing or leading his little child, who is a sad sufferer from 'yaws,' and has scabs all over her. I much admired his paternal care. We told him and his principal men who we were, and that we had come to tell them God's word, and asked if they were glad to see us. We find a Bomboko man staying at Bakoondoo, and by his aid we address the king. It is a roundabout way. One of the men, who understands Bomboko, or rather is understood by Bomboko people better than Mr. Wilson, explained to this Bomboko man, who in his turn explained to the king. Almost the first thing they want to know is whether I come just to see them, or whether I want to settle amongst them. I tell them that if they will receive me, I will come and build a house, and live among them, trying to do them good. They promise to think and consult over it, and give me an answer at an evening's palaver. There seem to be about four or five chief men besides and under the king, whose name is Mosaka, and they all seem staid and dignified in their manners. We decide to stop the day at Bakoondoo, and to hear what they say to-night. It was a long day, and there was scarcely anything to do. I could not walk about, as I felt rather unwell. The heat was very great, and the Bakoondoo soil, clayey like that at Calabar, reflected the glare and heat of the sun.

and I felt it very much. During the day 'Egbo' passes through the street, and all the people are rushing hither and thither, the doors are shut, and we are not allowed to see him. We buy a lot of mats and bags of the people, who do a lot of work in rushes and fibre, very neat work too. All the children, and most boys and girls, go quite naked; the adults wear a loin cloth, and the king a shirt besides.

"At the bottom of the street and foot of the hill is a broad beautiful brook where the people get their water and bathe. The other side of it, up a bank, is a 'palmy plain' of the same description as those I have written about. Two paths lead off to two lanes—one to Akoombi, a day's journey from Bakoondoo, and the other to Baiaa. The people don't seem to know anything about the mountain here, and it is several days since we have had a sight of it. They say that there is a shorter road to the coast than that by which we have come. By it we should come out at a place called Sangé. We would like to go back by this new route, but all the way along the road we have come, we have been promising to 'make dashes' to the kings on our return, so we are obliged to go back the same way. During the afternoon I have a talk with our young trader friend. Of course, I know he will let 'Yellow Duke' know all about us on the first opportunity, so I am frank enough to request him to tell 'Yellow' that he met a white man at Bakoondoo, who was talking of coming to live among the people there. I desire him to impress upon 'Yellow' that if it is God's will that His servants should settle in the interior, his (Yellow's) power could not prevent, and we should do it in spite of him. I promise not to interfere with his trade, to

have nothing to do with palm-oil, not to go to Akoombi (his depôt), and simply to live among the people and teach them; and it will advantage him nothing to hinder us. I also promise this trader that if we settle at Bakoondoo, I will, after being one year established in the town, make him a handsome present, as he may be able to influence 'Yellow Duke' for our advantage. In the evening the king's principal men come together to palaver, and we ask for all the people, so that we may tell them God's Word first. When we get a good congregation, we speak to them the truths of the blessed Gospel, and they listen quietly and attentively. We follow this up by repeating our proposal of the morning, and asking them whether they are glad to see us, and willing to be friends. We put before them the advantages we hope to confer by living amongst them, and especially—next to teaching them about God—enlarge upon the advantages of their children being educated and 'knowing book.' Their answer is substantially this, 'we had come so unexpectedly into the town, and they were all frightened, never having seen a white man before; but we had explained all to them. They were glad to see us, and liked the good word we had spoken to them. They would like very much that I should come and live in their town. The only thing is they fear Calabar, and don't know what to do. They would like me to come and see them once or twice more before they decide, if I will visit them again. They (the old men) are too old to learn book, but they think it good that their children should be educated.' I tell them it is a long way, but I will try to come and see them again, and then we can think more about it. We then inform the king that we hadn't finished our journey yet, and that we are going on

for a few days further, to speak the same 'God-word' to other towns. To this, as we expected, they made strong objections, first saying that there were no more towns further on for many days' journey. We said we knew that was not true, and that they got oil from other towns. They then said it was a very dangerous country, there were many elephants, and it was not safe. We said that this was just what we wanted, that we were desirous of seeing some elephants, and I showed them my twelve-bore conical bullets, ten to the pound. They then admitted that there were people living further on, but they were bush people. They were much displeased at our determination to go on, and before

we started the next morning, Mosaka refused to shake hands. In the evening I showed the king my Bible—God's book. He seemed astounded at the amount of reading in it, the number of closely-printed pages. We slept very comfortably in Mosaka's house, which is very large, and at one end has two small rooms with doors, which seems to be quite private apartments. The women here, as at other places, seem to do the heavy work of carrying wood, &c., and 'grievous' were the burdens they had to bear. Piles of fire-wood are neatly stacked from floor to ceiling in different parts of the house. In most places wood constitutes part of the wealth of the man.

(To be continued.)

Home Proceedings.

The way in which our space is crowded this month prevents us from giving the usual list of deputations. This will be given next month.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

On the 25th of October the following missionaries and friends sailed from the Victoria Docks in the steamship *Dorunda*, viz., Rev. James Smith and Mrs. Smith and one daughter; Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Pigott and two children; Rev. J. Allen, M.A., Mrs. Allen, and three children; Miss McKenna, daughter of our missionary, Rev. A. McKenna, of Dacca; Mr. Price and Mr. Blackie. The following ladies also, in connection with the Zenana Mission:—Mrs. C. C. Brown, Miss Kemp, and Miss Craik.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION
FOR NAPLES MISSION
PREMISES.

Landels, Rev W., D.D. 2 2 0

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION
FOR MR. CLARK, SPEZZIA.Darlington, for support
of Signor Tofani and
Wife—Betts, Rev. H. J. 10 0 0
Sunday School 7 10 0SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION
FOR MISSION PREMISES
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JAMAICA.

Lyon, Mr, B.A. 2 2 0

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS
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mouth 40 0 0
A Staffordshire Collier.. 5 0 0
Barnes, Mr A. H. 5 5 0
Brigs, Mr A. 5 0 0
Dent, Miss 1 0 0
Fraser, Mr Donald 1 0 0
Lush, Sir Robert 10 0 0
Marnham, Mr J. 50 0 0
Phillips, Mr H. J., J.P. 10 0 0
Osborn, Mr G. 3 3 0
S. T. 1 0 0
West, Mrs, and Family 2 10 0SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS
FOR RELIEF OF SUFF-
ERERS FROM FAMINE
IN SOUTHERN INDIA.A. W. 0 10 0
Bilbrough, Misses..... 1 0 0
Blackmore, Rev S. 1 1 0
Booth, Rev S. H. 5 0 0
Bragg, Rev G. 0 5 0
Briggs, Mr A. 10 0 0
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Frazer, Mr C. 0 10 0
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Gover, Mrs. 5 0 0
Grant, Mr W. J. 0 10 0
Hill, Mr J. H. 5 0 0
Hill, Miss M. A. 5 0 0Jackson, Mr J. A. 2 2 0
Kirman, Mrs A. 1 5 0
Lewis, Mr T. W. 0 10 0
Lewis, Miss 0 10 0
Masters, Mr J. 2 0 0
Makepeace, Rev J. 0 10 0
M. A. Y. 1 0 0
Osmond, Miss 0 5 0
Richardson, Mr J. 1 0 0
Skeet, Mr Henry 1 0 0
Teague, Mr W. 0 10 0
Towers, Messrs S. and C. 5 0 0
Underhill, Dr. 2 2 0
Watts, Miss 1 1 0
Webb, Rev James 1 1 0
Working Men at Reading 1 2 0Edenbridge 0 1 1
Festiniog, Four Crosses 0 15 0
Fivehead 2 5 0
Gamlingay 6 3 0
Gloucester 21 7 6
Hebden Bridge 50 0 0
Henley-on-Thames 4 4 0
Helston 5 5 7
Hose 6 0 0
Ileham, Pound-lane ... 8 0 0
Kidderminster 6 4 0
Llangynidr 2 11 6
King's Heath 17 7 1
Lanmington, Clarendon
Ch. 14 0 0
Lechlade 0 7 6
Leicester, Belgrave-road 8 10 0
Littlebro' 2 5 3
Liverpool, St. Paul's-sq. 2 0 0
Little Tew 5 0 0

LONDON AND VICINITY.

Battersea 25 0 0
Chelsea 11 14 3
Hackney, Mare-street... 10 4 3
Hammersmith 2 10 0
Hall Park, Sunday-sch. 0 6 6
Hanwell 6 0 0
Harrow 3 9 0
Plumstead, Conduit-rd. 4 13 0Abergavenny, Frogmore-
street, 9 13 6
Do, Lion-street 6 5 9
Anstruther 9 11 0
Ashford Assembly Rooms 6 0 0
Astwood Bank 9 0 0
Bacup, Zion Ch. 34 0 0
Do, Irwell-terrace ... 8 5 0
Blackwater 10 5 0
Barking 13 10 0
Blakenly and Newton 5 6 0
Bisworth 3 2 2
Berwick-on-Tweed, Good
Templers' Hall 4 2 5
Bury St. Edmunds,
Garland-street Ch. ... 6 13 6
Boro' bridge, Somerseset... 3 7 0
Bourton 7 0 0
Bristol, Fishponds Ch. 10 0 4
Bromham 2 0 0
Bulth 6 11 6
Burton Latimer 3 13 0
Bassaleg, Bethel 6 10 0
Caine, Castle-street... 5 5 0
Chapel Field 3 9 1
Chester, Ebenezer Mis-
sion Room 0 15 0
Cheltenham, Salem Ch. 29 7 0
Clipstone 14 0 0
Croesgoch 2 14 9
Deal, Nelson-street... 14 10 0
Devizes 10 0 0
Downton 6 8 6
Dunstable, West-street 6 10 11
Eastington, Nupend Ch. 4 0 7
Ecton 2 1 0Manchester, Upper Med-
lock-street 4 2 6
Do, Every-street..... 5 7 4
Mottisfont 2 7 6
Naunton and Guiting... 10 0 0
Newbury, Second Ch. ... 3 0 0
Northampton, Grafton-
street 1 10 0
North Shields 10 5 6
Norwich, Unthanks-rd. 7 9 2
Osendon 0 8 0
Pembroke Dock, Bush-
street 6 0 0
Pontestyll 1 13 9
Redhill 4 17 0
Fortsea, Kent-street ... 14 10 10
Raglan 3 7 0
Reading, King's-road ... 26 3 3
Reading, Carey Ch. 20 7 11
Rhosybol 1 4 8
Rotherham 5 0 0
Rushden 0 7 6
Rye 5 7 2
Ryeford 5 17 0
St. Neots, East-street... 3 16 6
St. Peter's 5 1 0
Sheerness 1 6 8
Shoffield, Glossop-road.. 38 6 6
Staylittle 2 9 0
Stroud 14 7 0
Sutton 33 10 0
Swansea, Mt. Pleasant 37 11 6
Torrington 6 0 0
Warkworth 4 1 0
Wedmore 3 0 0
Whitchurch and Ight-
field 7 2 3
Waterbarn 20 1 1
Weymouth 5 9 6
Westbury Leigh 3 10 0
Wellington, Salop 3 2 0
Wollaston, Zion Ch. ... 2 17 0
Weston - super - Mare,
Wadham-street 12 1 8

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It is requested that all remittances of contributions be sent to Mr. ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C., and payable to his order; or to the Rev. CLEMENT BAILHACHE; also that if any portion of the gifts is designed for a specific object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, & Co., and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Missionary Revival.

“ASK OF ME, AND—I SHALL GIVE THEE THE HEATHEN FOR THINE INHERITANCE, AND THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH FOR THY POSSESSION.”

ON Tuesday, October the second, and three following days—just a week before our own Autumnal Missionary Gatherings at Newport—the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions held services in Providence, Rhode Island, in connection with their sixty-eighth anniversary.

More than three thousand delegates and friends attended, and the meetings proved most impressive, stimulating, and memorable.

The Report of the Board was more than usually interesting—while many losses by death were reported on the Executive Committee, all the labourers on the field had been preserved, and the mission staff had been strengthened by the addition of seven new missionaries and eighteen assistant missionaries, while six other labourers were under appointment for work in Japan.

Conversions in the various mission fields in large numbers were reported, and the accounts from the missionary brethren were full of thankfulness, hope, and expectation.

On all hands the call was for EXTENSION—from China, Japan, and India the cry arose, “Come over and help us.” But in response to these most earnest and urgent appeals, the Executive Committee had to report *decreased contributions* from the churches, and a *large debt* due the Treasurer of nearly Ten Thousand Pounds sterling.

The question presented to the assembled members and delegates by the Executive Committee was this:—

“Are we to *retrench* our expenditure by recalling some of our missionary brethren on the field, and by closing some of our mission stations at present in hopeful operation? Will the churches sanction this?”

“To meet the present permanent cost of the mission we need an increase in our yearly receipts of fifty-five thousand dollars; to meet in any way the urgent calls for extension we need a large increase beyond that sum, leaving our present large debt out of the question.”

It was after the presentation of this report that an address was given

by Dr. Alden, the Home Secretary of the Board, on the subject of "Missionary Revival"—an address so pre-eminently adapted to the needs and circumstances of our own mission at the present crisis that we make no apology for publishing a few extracts from it. Dr. Alden began by asking—

"SHALL WE HAVE A MISSIONARY REVIVAL?"

"This question has been frequently asked of late, suggested by that special visitation of the Holy Spirit which, during the past few months, has gathered into our churches several thousand young disciples. How much does this large accession of members mean, as related to the rapid advancement of the kingdom of Christ throughout the world, in our own generation? Does it mean a proportionate increase in the number of messengers who shall bear the good tidings to heathen lands? Does it mean a proportionate increase in the number of liberal givers, who shall send forth and sustain the messengers? Does it mean a vigorous aggressive movement all along the missionary line, both at home and abroad. These are grave inquiries, which, in the opinion of the Committee, may appropriately direct in part the deliberations and discussions of our present annual meetings.

"There are periods when the spiritual life of the Lord's people is so quickened that the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost overflows in many directions. It comes forth in sustained, intercessory prayer, in awakened longings for a fresher personal experience of Divine grace, and in what is sometimes a burden of anxiety, for the large outpouring of the Holy Spirit and for the salvation of men. When a considerable number of persons are thus simultaneously moved, so that this becomes apparent in social worship, in the ministry of the Word, and in vigorous personal endeavours to bring men to Christ, we are accustomed to speak of it as a *religious revival*. Its type of manifestation varies, the instrumentalities employed vary, methods of activity vary. It is sometimes broad in its range, and sometimes narrow. It may, at certain times and in certain localities, be directed almost exclusively to one class of persons, and at other times and in other localities to quite a different class. But whatever the specific form of manifestation, it is always a manifestation in some form of the regenerating and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost. It is a new spiritual illumination; it may be a new 'baptism of fire.'

"*A general Missionary Revival means a general missionary consecration on the part of the Lord's people, united in their common work, under the moral pressure of the same momentous truths—the peril of man destitute of the Gospel under the debasement, thralldom, and wretchedness of heathenism, the riches of that free, full atonement which is provided for all men, the great command with the great promise annexed, laying upon the disciples of Christ the responsibility and the sacred trust of proclaiming the good tidings to the ends of the earth, and the recognition of the present dispensation of the Holy Spirit, through whom the weak human instrument is clothed with Divine omnipotence. When these truths are a burning fire in the individual soul, they pass into personal missionary consecration; when several are thus moved, the fire extends; when our churches are generally pervaded with this spirit we shall know a missionary revival. Possibly we sometimes picture to ourselves what*

such a movement might become were this Divine force permitted to take possession of Christian hearts with unobstructed energy, and to control the entire body of the Lord's disciples.

"*Would it not, for example, illustrate in a manner well fitted to the need of our own times, the true idea of personal spiritual life?* There may be a genuine appropriation of the Lord Jesus Christ which emphasises so disproportionately a part only of His redemptive work, that the Christian character which is nurtured thereby is distorted. The word 'salvation' may be used in so narrow a sense that it belittles rather than enlarges the soul. There is a type of Christian consecration which is sometimes regarded as pre-eminently 'saintly' which, when thoughtfully considered, is perceived to be only a subtle spiritual self-indulgence. It may be we are 'enjoying ourselves' instead of enjoying Christ, or, if our delight is in Christ, possibly the Christ who is 'Master and Lord' may be forgotten. There is an interest in personal sanctification which is mainly the endeavour to come into a condition of abiding peace and joy—the continuous luxury of the hidden life—rather than the separation of the whole being to vigorous service, following closely the footsteps of Him who came 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.'

"Nothing is a surer corrective of this tendency than the genuine missionary spirit; a spirit which delights in the Lord who commands, and in obedience to his command looks away from self in an outflowing love to others, 'It has been a matter of frequent remark,' observes a recent writer, 'that the spiritual character of devoted missionaries often appears to be singularly destitute of subjective experiences—that they take for granted that which other men busy themselves about in the way of inward 'evidences' and 'enjoyments' and 'exercises,' and spend their strength and time so entirely and so absolutely in the work of moving others, as never to have leisure or inclination for stopping to think how much or how little they may be moved themselves.' May it not be that this, after all, is the true 'saintliness'—that which is least conscious of self and most devoted to the salvation of the perishing? May it not be that the genuine 'holiness meeting' is a meeting of those who are surrendering themselves, utterly self-forgetful, to the spread of the gospel in their own times throughout the world?

"*What is true as to personal spiritual life, is true as to doctrinal faith;—the foreign missionary spirit conserves, broadens, and deepens.* Since the fundamental truths of Christianity are the only truths which can call forth and sustain the missionary spirit, a missionary revival implies a revived faith in these fundamental truths. No man will go forth as the messenger of good tidings to the heathen world, unless he believes that the heathen, without the good tidings, are perishing, and unless he knows the tidings. However it may be with others, for him there must be an authoritative Divine revelation, communicating an assured salvation, sent by God himself, accompanied with Divine power and Divine promises, specially intended for those to whom it is borne. Others, perhaps, may doubt and question, he must *know*, upon a word which is infallible, that man given up to himself, destitute of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, is hopelessly lost, and that for every man Christ, in all his fullness, is provided. He must believe in an accomplished salvation provided for the whole world through sacrificial, atoning blood, in a Divine Redeemer, able

to save even to the uttermost; in the abiding presence and power of the Holy Spirit, under whose dispensation those weapons which are not carnal are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Others may forget, He can never forget, either the crucified or risen Lord. The invitation he carries forth must be broad as the human race for whom the Saviour died, and he must be certain that he is moving forward on no doubtful errand, to an assured triumph. The Church of Christ cannot devote itself to the rapid propagation of the Gospel throughout the world, without holding definitely and tenaciously, in their harmonious fellowship, the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith.

"It has been remarked as a significant fact, that it was 'When the soul of Andrew Fuller was permeated with the missionary spirit, and he was ready to give the whole influence of his mind and exalted character to the plans of Carey, that he wrote his great work, "The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems examined and compared as to their moral tendency."' In a similar controversy also, Worcester and Evarts were engaged just when they were 'on fire with the same spirit. In their view, purity of doctrine and the missionary enterprise were products of the same principle, self-absorption in the glory of Christ.'

"'Scepticism as to missions,' a thoughtful writer observes, 'is symptomatic of a more ominous scepticism, which strikes at the foundation of the Gospel altogether. If the heathen are not lost, then the human race is not lost, and there is no Saviour and no salvation.' Hence it is a true aphorism, 'The best apologetics are evangelical aggressions,' or, as expressed by another, 'The array of the full power of the church for the conquest of the world would carry with it a greater weight of conviction than a thousand tomes of polemics.' Even Dr. Channing writes, 'The deeply-moved soul ought to speak so as to move and shake the nations,' while Dr. Payson, filled with that truth which most profoundly moves, as he exclaims, 'Such a glorious, beautiful, consistent scheme for the redemption of such miserable wretches! Such infinite love and goodness joined with such wisdom!' adds, 'I would, if possible, raise my voice so that the whole universe might hear me, to its remotest bounds.' This is the fervent missionary impulse called forth by a burning faith in the fundamental truths of Christianity. Whoever believes them strongly, must proclaim them to the ends of the earth. Hence has arisen, and is sustained, the great missionary campaign of the Christian Church moving forward to the conquest of the world to Christ. Even the 'gesture is heroic.' It awakens every heart capable of being stirred by what is grand, and conducts onward toward profounder thought, larger plan, and more vigorous execution.

"*Why may we not ask for such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the ministry and churches of our own time, that such a missionary revival as this shall speedily dawn? Is it a mere fancy? Are we wild in the supposition that there may be a possible rapidity with which the word of life shall be carried through the world which shall be far beyond what we have yet achieved? May we not 'attempt for God,' may we not 'expect from God,' not only the 'great things' of which we often make mention, but the 'greater works' of the twelfth verse of the fourteenth chapter of John.*

"In the 'fervid and earnest appeal' sent forth to the Christian world by one hundred and twenty Protestant missionaries of China, representatives of twenty-one societies assembled in Conference a few months ago, the question

is asked, 'Ought we not to make an effort to save China *in this generation!*' and the answer is returned, 'The Church of God *can do it*, if she be only faithful to her great commission.' And then follows the stirring call, 'When will young men press into the mission field as they struggle for positions of worldly honour and affluence? When will Christians give for missions as they give for luxury and amusements? When will they learn to deny themselves for the work of God as they deny themselves for such earthly objects as are dear to their hearts? Or, rather, when will they count it no self-denial, but the highest joy and privilege, to give with the utmost liberality for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen? . . . May this spirit be communicated from heart to heart, from church to church, from continent to continent, until the whole Christian world shall be aroused, and every soldier of the cross shall come to the help of the Lord against the mighty!'

"This fervent appeal of one hundred and twenty missionaries reminds us of another little company of which it is recorded, 'The number of the names together was about an hundred and twenty,' and whose season of united conference and prayer was followed by the Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit, inaugurating the first great missionary era of the Christian Church. Why may we not expect the same, in larger measure, in our own time?"

At a subsequent meeting of the whole assembly the following resolutions presented by a committee appointed specially to consider the subject brought forward by Dr. Alden, were most prayerfully and deliberately adopted:—

Resolved—First: That Christians are justified, by the experience of the past and by the Word of God, in believing that a spiritual revival may properly be sought in the line of what, at any period, is the greatest need of the church and of the world.

Resolved—Second: That in our judgment the time has come in the progress of Christ's kingdom on earth, when a revival, bearing a distinctively missionary character in its consecration of men and money to the work of evangelizing the entire world to Christ, is the church's and the world's most pressing need.

Resolved—Third: That we will pray, expect and labour for a spiritual quickening from God, which shall possess a distinctively missionary character, and result in distinctively missionary consecration.

In this spirit of prayer, expectation, and work, the subsequent meetings of the Convention were carried on; and, as an earnest of still larger blessings to come, before the various services of the anniversary closed the friends and delegates had not only to rejoice over contributions given on the spot more than sufficient to clear off the whole of the £10,000 due to the Treasurer, but promises of such largely-increased help during the current year as will enable the Executive Committee to extend their missions to several new fields now white unto the Harvest.

With all earnestness we commend the consideration of these resolutions to the friends and supporters of our *own Mission*.

Our circumstances are at present very similar to those reported by the American Board.

The labours of OUR missionary brethren during the past year have been largely, and in an especial manner, owned and blessed by the Lord of the Harvest.

Encouraging reports reach us from all parts of the mission field.

On all hands the call is for EXTENSION—from China, India, and Africa. the cry comes—“*Send us the light.*”

From China, where Missionaries used to be termed “*the Foreign Devils,*” but *now*, and specially since their self-denying labours during the late famine, are called “*honoured friends,*” and where the people are listening and enquiring, as they have never done before; from *India*, where so many of our brethren have been called home to their everlasting rest, or withdrawn from active service by weakness and disease; from *Africa*, with its open door, and teeming peoples sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. From all quarters—east, west, north, and south, is heard the cry, “Come over and help us.”

But in response to all these earnest and urgent calls, the reply of our Committee must be the same as that of the American Board—“*Decreased contributions and a heavy debt.*”

Surely we have cause earnestly to pray for “a Missionary Revival, which shall result in greatly enlarged and more thorough consecration of MEN and MONEY to the work of evangelizing the entire world to Christ.”

Will not the churches *pray, expect, and labour* for this spiritual quickening?

Never did the Mission stand in more urgent need of able, devoted, God-anointed men—men sent of God—in answer to the earnest, importunate prayers, and diligent efforts of the churches—men with hearts and lips aflame even to a white heat, but with cool heads and firm hands, controlling the fiery forces within, and directing them by divine wisdom to wisest ends. Men of sagacity, foresight, patience, and unconquerable devotion, baptized into His spirit “who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross and despised the shame.” *Men who believe in their mission.*

“There is,” says a modern writer, “a certain trust in God’s word that truth shall do its work in the hearts of men which every preacher needs to make him a man of power. It is an equable and joyous trust. It is a spirit of repose in the destiny of the instrument which God has chosen. Once possessed *of* it, and *by* it a preacher feels that he can afford to preach truth truthfully. “My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me.” “He that sent me is with me; the Father hath not left me alone.”

“I know not what it is, but there is something altogether remarkable about that man,” said Lord Jeffrey, speaking of Dr. Chalmers. “Perhaps it is his intense earnestness that he preaches as one who has a message from God to his hearers, which he himself understands and longs to give.”

Just so we need men with *intensity of personal conviction* of the truth, who will proclaim it fearlessly by lip and life, knowing it to be, by personal experience, the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation; and that, come what may, the Gospel shall accomplish its divine purpose, and nothing shall withstand its almighty influence.

Do not we individually need earnestly to pray for a fresh revival of personal consecration to this great missionary enterprise—for a more intimate and personal sympathy with the Saviour in His love, even unto death, for the lost and outcast? Does not the fire of consecrated missionary zeal burn low in our own hearts? Has not a change come over our homes in this matter?

Do parents *now*, as they often did in days gone past, in their hours of secret devotion and communion with God, consecrate their children to the missionary service as a solemn sacrifice and pledge of their fidelity to their Lord and Master, and by the blessing of God upon home influence and teaching—do children, accept the consecration, and fulfil the vow, regarding it as a solemn privilege and a sacred joy?

Do parents set before their children *now*, as they often did in the early years of missionary enterprise, that the noblest, the most sacred, the grandest of all callings in this world is that of the Christian missionary—and at the family altar, and in the family circle, are the messengers of Christ prayed for, and often spoken of? Is the old-fashioned monthly missionary prayer meeting as refreshing and stimulating as in the years gone by?

With the marvels, strangeness, and romance of early missionary enterprise, has not some of our keenest interest passed away?

And yet are not the *facts* with regard to the state of the world to-day more deeply sad than ever, because brought so much nearer to us? The progress of civilization has brought us face to face with nearly all the unevangelized nations of the earth.

The mystery, ignorance, and uncertainty of the past, with regard to nearly all the early fields of missionary labour, are passed away. Steamers, railroads, and telegraphs give us almost daily reports from China, India, and Africa. Now we *know* that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, and that millions of our fellow-creatures in all parts of the world are without God and without hope.

Does this wider and more accurate knowledge bring with it a deeper and more abiding sense of our *individual responsibility*?

In view of the new doors opening before us, and the marked success crowning the labours of our brethren in foreign fields, surely the Lord of the Harvest is calling on his Church to redouble her activity, her zeal, and her offerings, and especially to consecrate her sons and daughters to this blessed work.

But nothing can be more important than the INCREASE OF THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

Here, after all, is our greatest lack; we do not give more of our money, and, especially, we do not give OURSELVES to the evangelisation of the heathen, because we do not more give ourselves unto *prayer*.

Is the Church herself thoroughly consecrated to her Lord's service? The man of sin is over-active in hindering the work of reclaiming a lost world; but, perhaps, even more the chariot of God is delayed by the *prayerless, faithless* Church, whose *heart*, and whose *purse* are but half given to the Lord.

O Lord, "wilt thou not revive us again that thy people may rejoice in thee."

"O Lord revive thy work in the midst of the years."

It is related that when the design of the first crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre by force of arms was unfolded, the assembled multitudes of many nations simultaneously exclaimed: "God wills it." And that the leader of the Crusade, seizing upon the words, responded:—"Let that be the battle cry. Let the army of the Lord as it rushes upon the enemy shout out that one sound, 'God wills it.'"

It is ever easy in the enthusiasm of the hour to shout the battle-cry. It is comparatively easy to rush forth on a wild crusade; but calmly and intelligently to utter the same words as a life-long devotion of all we have, and all we are, to the fulfilment of our risen Lord's last command, is quite another thing.

Are the young men in our families, our churches, our colleges, animated with this spirit? Are they preparing for the work of the *new generation* in this spirit, and with this watchword? And are the older ones in this struggle leading the way?

If so, may we not apply these words to the final issue of the great missionary enterprise? Looking back upon the wonderful page of past missionary triumphs, and glancing forward to the hopeful future—listening to words that can never pass away unfulfilled—"The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea"

and remembering who leads the mighty Host—may we not echo, and re-echo the stimulating and all-victorious cry, *He wills it*—for

“HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION FROM SEA TO SEA, AND FROM THE RIVER UNTO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.”

May the coming year, 1878, now so near at hand, witness this earnestly longed-for and urgently needed Missionary Revival.

Africa for Christ.

“HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION ALSO FROM SEA TO SEA, AND FROM THE RIVER UNTO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.”

IT has been well said by a distinguished writer :—“When Livingstone was driven from Kolobeng, the missionary station in the Bechuana country, by the Boers, in 1852, his house plundered and all his belongings destroyed or carried off, it was little dreamed that in sending him homeless with his face to the north, the first step was taken towards opening up the vast continent beyond. Yet so it proved. By successive geographical explorations, continued through little more than a quarter of a century, the mystery of all ages was solved. The sources of the Nile were discovered, with the great lakes their feeders, while the Congo, fed by another group of great lakes a little further south, has been traced through its whole course to the Atlantic. As the great missionary himself records, in the preface to his first Journals, ‘the Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful—they or I.’ He may well have felt in after years, with some touch of pride, that an overruling power had by his humble instrumentality turned the short-sighted malevolence of the Boers into a means of attaining the very end they most desired to prevent. In destroying a civilising and Christian mission, they set free the missionary who was destined, alone and defenceless, to brave successfully the dangers of the Kalahari desert—the forest and the jungle with their wild beasts, and still more savage tribes of natives,—and only end his life when a chosen band of kindred spirits had followed his example in generous emulation. Not, indeed, until these had revealed to the world the hidden sources of the great Egyptian river, with a vast system of inland seas and lakes, and another was in the field where he spent his last breath, ready to complete his glorious mission by solving the remaining

problem of African geography. Stanley's latest achievements, identifying the Lualaba and Congo as one river, and tracing it in a course of more than 1,400 miles through the equatorial regions to the Atlantic, has crowned the work of so many illustrious travellers and scientific explorers, and fully realised the hope which so long sustained the failing strength and health of Livingstone in his latest journeyings. He was not destined to succeed himself, but to him belongs the merit of having led the way so soon to be followed by others younger and stronger, for whom that future glory was reserved."

As we look over the muster-roll, and those who formed this heroic band pass one by one before the mental vision, headed by the veteran martyr and missionary himself, and in the foremost rank Burton, Speke, and Grant, by whom the great lakes and "the mystic fountains of the Nile" were unveiled; Baker and Gordon following close, with the White Nile and Albert Nyanza emblazoned as the trophies of their prowess; Cameron, who spanned Africa in his stride; and Stanley, with the tribute of the Congo in its vast sweep to the Atlantic in his hand—it seems more like a dream than sober reality that such achievements have been crowded into a quarter of a century, and be the work of a single generation.

Well may we say with Livingstone, "God is, indeed, opening a wide door into Africa." The recent letters of Mr. H. M. Stanley reveal still larger fields for missionary labour, and tell us of almost countless tribes and peoples; many of whom, specially those to the north-east of the Yellala Falls, are well disposed and friendly.

By all these recent and wonderful discoveries, surely God is calling upon His people to enter in and possess the land for Christ.

"See to it," said the martyr missionary—not long before the close of his memorable life, writing to a friend—"see to it, that the claims of Africa are kept ever before the Christian Church"—and most thankfully do we recognise the fact that now nearly all branches of the Christian Church are resolved to enter upon the work.

With regard to our own projected New Mission, our friends will, we think, be pleased to know that the Western Committee that has charge of the enterprise, after long and most careful consideration of the special features of the country, the peoples, and the work, has resolved on asking our two missionary brethren, Grenfell and Comber, to jointly undertake the expedition.

Both these brethren have been labouring for some time at Cameroons, and have consequently become, to some considerable extent, acclimatised—a most important consideration. Moreover, they are not unaccustomed

to the particular kind of work that will be called for in the journey from Embomma to San Salvador ; and their recent experiences in their journeys towards the interior from Bethel Station, Cameroons, will doubtless prove of great advantage to them.

Should they undertake the enterprise, it will be with the understanding that if the work opens up before them they will permanently remain in connection with it, and not return to the Cameroons.

On these arrangements being reported to Mr. Arthington, he wrote, forwarding a bank note for his promised donation of £1,000, and saying, in prospect of our two brethren undertaking the work :—

“ ‘The wilderness shall be glad for them ; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.’ I have not the smallest doubt that God is for us, and will open the way before us with a wonderful propriety and beauty of providence. Come, brethren, to the help of the Lord against the mighty ! Ours is a fight worth the fighting, and sure we are of victory and hallowed triumph. Rebukes cannot discourage us, save haply for a time, and *much prayer* is our true safeguard.

“ What an intensely interesting fact it is that a dialect of the *Kisawahili* is the language of the country to which our brethren go. What a very hopeful prospect this opens to the messengers of the Gospel in regard to communication with very many of the tribes located on the banks of the mighty Congo-Lualaba system of rivers and lakes. What inspiring prospects we have before us.”

* * * * *

Difficulties there will be, of course ; and not the least will be the opposition of the Portuguese. As our readers are doubtless aware, the Portuguese Government has recently set up a claim to the sovereignty of the entire Congo-Lualaba River, Mr. Stanley's discoveries clearly showing that this mighty stream will be the grand highway for future West African commerce.

It cannot, however, for a moment be supposed that the British Government will admit the validity of such a claim ; indeed, we know that decided action has already been taken, as Mr. Stanley says :—

“ The great powers—England, America, and France—refuse to recognise her right, and express their determination in plain terms to dispute her assuming possession of the river.”

Nor should it be forgotten that underlying this question is the *maintenance* and *extension* of the slave trade. Should Portugal be allowed to assume the sovereignty of the Congo, the *inevitable* consequence will be the *establishment of a great slave traffic*.

Great Britain during the last seventy years has spent more than seventy millions of money in her efforts to suppress this horrid trade. Surely

no one who has at heart the true interests of the teeming populations of this "slave-haunted" continent, where laws human and divine alike are outraged; no one who desires to heal "this open sore of the world," as David Livingstone termed the slave trade, and bring about a new order of things in this vast country, "so foul with monstrous wrong," can regard this matter with indifference or fail most earnestly to desire that the prompt refusal of our own Government to admit the claim may settle the question. For more than a hundred years past the Portuguese have declared Ambriz to be the northern extremity of their African possessions, and, this fact being undisputed, it is difficult to suppose that they can now substantiate their recent claim to a water-way so far beyond their territory as the Congo.

With regard to the future development of Africa it surely is matter worthy of most serious inquiry how Great Britain, in combination with the other anti-slavery nations of Europe, may best introduce into this mighty continent a new era of civilisation, and commerce, in such a way as to prove a blessing, and not a curse.

In a recent article on "African Exploration and its Results," Sir Rutherford Alcock says:—

"As to the practical means of attaining these main objects there is a general consensus of opinion. One or more practicable waggon-roads from the East Coast to the lakes—or to one of them—safe from the tsetse fly, and through a line of country not made impassable by intractable or hostile natives. Such roads are already advancing favourably in at least two directions towards Tanganyika and Nyassa. The next desideratum is a steamer—one or more—upon each of the great inland seas. And this also is on the point of being realised. One is already on Lake Nyassa. Another must by this time be on the Albert or Victoria, if not on both, by the energetic action of Gordon Pasha, aided by the efforts of his predecessor, Sir Samuel Baker.

"The third and more remote object which Mr. Stanley's brilliant exploit in tracing the Congo will do much to advance, is a continuous line of communication between the East and the West Coast of the Continent, south of the equator, with Nyassa or Tanganyika, midway, as central depôts and connecting links. Subsidiary lines through the lake regions, which would connect the trunk road with the Nile basin—the lower course of the Congo to the north, and the Zambesi country to the south—might debouch at convenient points on the sea-coast. Whether this great trunk road should be maintained by the establishment of a series of permanent posts under European superintendency, or whether it might be sufficient—at any rate as a commencement—to appoint native agencies at certain intermediate points, and to rely on the efforts of individual travellers and the influence of local traffic to keep up a regular communication along the line, would depend on the degree of public support accorded to the undertaking by Great Britain alone, or several countries in conjunction.

“As to cost, if we take into consideration the money and lives already expended since this country first placed a squadron on the West Coast to prevent the export of slaves and protect our own settlements, any sum at all likely to be spent or asked for, in establishing stations and practicable routes across Southern Africa must be infinitesimal, and too insignificant to demand serious thought. . . . From £5,000 to £10,000 spent annually for the next few years, in surveying and exploration, it is estimated would go a long way, if not entirely suffice, to open one or more direct and practicable roads from the East Coast to the lakes and a trunk line across the continent,—1,400 miles of which might be by steam navigation on the river Congo, as we now know.

“What means might be required to connect the Congo and the Zambesi, or their tributaries, it would be premature yet to say. Cameron has spoken of a short canal; possibly a tram-road might be practicable in parts. In any case there is but this missing link to be filled up to establish direct though interrupted water communication (on account of the number of cataracts and necessary portages) across the continent. From the mouth of the Zambesi, on the eastern coast, to the mouth of the Congo on the western, the greater part may be traversed by navigable rivers. The lakes would in such a system become subsidiary, and stretch the lines of commerce from the Zambesi and Congo northward to the Nile and the Mediterranean, and thus put the three oceans—the Atlantic, the Indian, and the Mediterranean—in connection the whole length and breadth of the continent. Can this be? it will be asked; and is it possible such vast results might be effected in the next few years, and at an outlay of less than one-tenth of the sum this country has continued spending annually for more than fifty years, and for the attainment of only one of the objects here contemplated? Many sober-minded people will probably ask this question with more or less of incredulity. Yet not only is this possible, but railroads and telegraphic lines would follow quickly on the steps of the pioneers who should make practicable waggon-tracks, though of course at a greater expenditure of capital. The trade that must spring up would, however, readily supply what might be needed.”

There are surely abundant reasons why a great and united effort should be made to introduce into this magnificent country the advantages of an honourable and upright commerce, an enlightened and humanizing civilization, and a reign of law and order.

With much that is savage and treacherous, there is also much of kindness and good faith amongst the various peoples and tribes. Mr. H. M. Stanley, in his latest letter, dated Loanda, September 5th, says, reviewing his various experiences during his ever-memorable journey:—

“I can recall many and many an instance when kindness, sociability, and forgiveness won fierce-looking tribes from a suspicious and menacing attitude to sincere friendship and open, candid conduct. Many tribes have, on my departure from amongst them, implored me to return soon, and have accompanied me long distances as though loth to part with me. Others, in their desire to see their friend again, have brought their medicines and idols before me and conjured me by their sacred character to tell their white brothers how

glad they would be to see them and trade with them and make eternal friendship with them; and one king, whose friendship must be secured before any explorer can enter the Livingstone Basin, outdid me in generosity with such delicacy and tact that I looked upon him and still regard him as a phenomenon of benignity."

Above all, Africa needs the Gospel; for still is it true that "BLESSED IS THE NATION WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD," for "RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION; BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."

San Domingo.

LETTER FROM MR. GAMMON.

FIRST, as to my CAICOS TRIP. On the whole, I found the churches in this district in a better state, spiritually, than last year. *Lorimers*—the settlement that formerly had the largest and most prosperous church—has, during the last year or two, decreased considerably in consequence of the people leaving in large numbers for Blue Hills, so that the loss of *Lorimers* has been the gain of Blue Hills; the latter place now possessing the largest church in the Caicos. Last year the *Lorimers* church was in a cold, lifeless state. Brother Tucker, who labours among them (and is also the public school teacher), is a very worthy young man, and does his utmost to instruct and keep the church in order. Although there have been no baptisms here since my arrival from England, there have been signs manifest during the last few months of an increased interest in all the means of grace. From *Lorimers* we went by land to the church at *Bombarrow*, which I found to be rather lifeless, and the Sunday-school has been for some time neglected; but they are now endeavouring to raise it once more. We next visited *Mount Peto*. Here the members

are but few, and the people have been very destitute, the land of the settlement being poor, and the last two years being one continuation of seasons of drought; but some months ago one of the Grand Cay merchants began to ship guano from a very large cave which is near; this has given additional employment to the poor people, and helped them considerably. While at *Mount Peto* I visited the cave, the area of which must be some three or four miles, and, being formed by nature, it is very beautiful to see the fantastic shapes of the overhanging stone. A deacon from *Bombarrow* has for some months commenced farming at *Mount Peto*, and, with his help and earnest work, the small church is making progress, and exhibits a much more vigorous life than heretofore.

After very hot and tedious travelling over land and water we arrived at *Bottle Creek*. Obed Gardiner, who must be nearly ninety years of age, is still leader of the church. He was an old driver in the days of slavery, and can tell you many an odd tale of those times gone for ever. I had the pleasure again this year of baptizing some young people in the Creek, about

half a mile distant from the chapel. The services during my stay were well attended, and evident interest was taken in them by the people; and let us hope that we laboured not in vain.

On the Monday morning we left in a small schooner boat for what is called Whitby landing-place, *en route* for Kew, which is about five or six miles from Whitby. Near the latter place lives one of the deacons of Kew Church, where we rested for a short time. The Kew people brought a donkey for my benefit, with a pillow for a saddle, and I was escorted in state to my next destination. Many persons from the Kew settlement met us, a young man leading with a gun which he fired in honour of the minister's visit, the rest of the company singing the whole way, so that, with the singing, the gun firing, &c., &c., when we reached the village there was plenty of excitement. I was sorry to find that little had been done towards the completion of the new chapel since my last visit, but hope that after stirring them up well, they will now set to work in earnest. There are many young people in this church, but I did not perceive such a healthy, vigorous Christian life as could be desired or expected. After spending a day or two at Kew we took boat to *Blue Hills*. This church has grown very considerably during the last two or three years in consequence of so many of our members, with their families, leaving Lorimers and other parts of the Caicos and settling here. Two small branch churches have been formed by members living at a distance, and the brethren are striving to build two small chapels. The minister will then be expected to visit them separately. The Blue Hills Chapel will need to be enlarged for the increased

population. During my visit I had the pleasure of immersing ten candidates. This ought to be the best of the churches if numbers are any criterion, but, unhappily, the spirit of contention is cherished amongst many of them, and the progress and spirituality of the church are thus hindered.

On a Friday morning, early, we set sail for East Harbour, the last place of call before reaching Grand Cay, but did not reach there until the Saturday evening. It is anything but pleasant to be two days and a night on the sea in an open boat, with the water continually washing over you, and scarcely any convenience in the way of eating, drinking, sitting, or sleeping. However, tired, wet, and hungry as I was, after ten o'clock that night I had to examine eleven candidates for baptism, as it was desired that I should baptize on the Sunday, and the work would have taken too much time on that day. The examination of these candidates proved highly satisfactory in almost every case so far as outward appearances went. On the Sunday, therefore, my hands were full—first, morning service; second, baptismal service; third, communion service and reception of the candidates into the church; and fourth, the usual evening service. Arriving at my lodgings after the day's work, several of the new members and others came to me for religious conversation, asking all kinds of doctrinal and other questions, keeping me up until a quarter to four the next morning. During my stay here, until the following Friday, my time was fully occupied with visiting and receiving visits, religious discussions, and preaching every evening; never getting to bed until the small hours of the morning

In this church there is the spirit of inquiry, and it gave more encouragement to me than the others. When visiting them last year, I preached on the subject of baptism, and great excitement prevailed on the question; some of those who had been most hotly opposed to us were baptized by me this year. The place in which they now meet for worship is far too small; it will only accommodate the present membership with, perhaps, a few more. They are anxious to erect a more suitable building, using the old one for a Sunday-school. All the members (females included) are willing to work, but they need some help to buy materials. There will be *no* expense for labour: and I would earnestly plead with the Committee to grant them £25 or £30 towards it, or, perhaps, some subscribers to the Society might be willing to raise it as a special amount. If I thought they could do it, *without help*, themselves, I certainly would not ask for it; but they are now making progress, religious thought has been quickened in

the place, and, at this time, help will be specially opportune, enabling them to have a suitable meeting-house. After three weeks of very wearisome travelling and intense heat, with plenty of hard labour, I set sail in a schooner on Friday, and reached Grand Cay middle day Saturday, in time for Sunday work again; the next week our hands were busy, and heads too, getting up a party for the Sunday-school scholars and teachers. Both children and teachers seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The scholars number between eighty and ninety now.

The week following, I paid a visit to Salt Cay. The small church on this island has slightly improved, and I baptized one candidate—the first, they say, for about fifteen years. As soon as I returned from Salt Cay, we left in the American steamer for Peurto Plata, *via* Cape Hayti. We remained at the Cape during Sunday and Monday. On the Sunday afternoon I preached at the Wesleyan Chapel, the minister preaching in French at night.

Statement and Appeal for "Missionary Herald."

PEURTO PLATA, *October 10th, 1877.*

AS many of the readers of the MISSIONARY HERALD doubtless recollect an attempt was made in 1872 to establish a "Baptist Mission" in Peurto Plata, San Domingo, a small house was bought by the former missionary, capable of seating about sixty persons, and the preliminary steps were taken to build a chapel and house; this work is now, by the decision of the committee, to be carried into effect.

In the town of Peurto Plata we have a population of between four and five thousand persons, about one-half being foreigners, and perhaps one-fourth of these latter may be nominally termed Protestants, if the majority

of them are anything. Of the foreigners there are some of almost every clime and colour ; many people have come from the neighbouring islands, *i.e.*, Porto Rico, St. Thomas, Bahamas, and numbers of refugees from Cuba. The merchants of the town are chiefly Germans and Jews from St. Thomas. As it is in too many instances of places similar to this, the foreigners who come, instead of being an influence for good, set but a poor example of commercial integrity and moral life before the people ; the few exceptions to this rule find that the bad moral atmosphere that abounds has a deleterious effect on them.

Throughout the whole Republic there are but two Wesleyan churches, superintended by native teachers (*i.e.*, American coloured men), besides the Baptist mission in Puerto Plata and the two out-stations in connection with it.

The religion of the island is professedly Roman Catholic ; the people are in gross darkness, all kinds of evil practices are indulged in unblushingly, and the standard of education is very much lower even than in the Haytian republic.

We arrived here on the 18th February last ; since then a small church has been formed of nineteen persons (all poor), and there are two or three inquirers in whom we have good hopes. The iron chapel alone which is to be erected will (when fully completed) cost not less than £1,200 ; it is to seat 400 people, with a small schoolroom and vestry in the rear ; towards the above-named sum the committee have in hand less than £250.

Since our arrival in the island we have unfortunately had two revolutions, which have paralyzed commerce, and of course financially affected all classes, so that the few who are willing to help are unable to do what they would ; therefore it must be clearly manifest that under the present circumstances, unless we have extraneous help, the work cannot be effectually carried out ; we therefore appeal to the Christian sympathy and missionary zeal of our readers, trusting that you will not allow such a religiously desolate place to remain a wilderness for want of funds. There can be no doubt that in the course of a few years, when the chapel has been erected and the work consolidated, a very different state of things will exist, and we trust that a self-supporting church may be the result ; meanwhile we look to our friends at home for help. The Gospel is as much needed here as in India or Africa, and to all Christians imbued with the spirit of Christ's dying commission and love, we appeal for assistance.

Africa.

MR. COMBER'S LETTER—(Concluded).

"Thursday, 12th April.—Rose at 5.30 and went to the brook to bathe. The fresh water was very enjoyable. When one is able to wash only about once in four or five days, and sleep in his clothes night after night, a plunge and a sponge all over is a luxury indeed. While bathing, about forty men cross over the brook, mostly armed. They tell us they are going to Akoombi. At 10.30, after breakfast, we started off due east, the people trying much to dissuade us, and following us for a short distance. One of the chief reasons why I persist in going further is that I may possibly get a view of the mountain, and perhaps get as far as the northern foot of the peak. If other routes be closed, there would still be a route across the mountain, though it would be a very difficult one. Still the lava-beds will not make 'palavers,' the craters will not 'black-mail' us.

"As we get into the bush east of Bakoondoo, we see and follow a canoe track—wooden rollers placed at intervals, across which the canoe is dragged after it has been shaped in the bush. I am told it takes sometimes a month to drag a canoe from its 'workshop' to the river. We soon come across the elephant tracks, and see many signs of their habitat—great holes where their weighty carcasses have pressed their hoofs into the soft ground; beds of mud, where the lordly monsters have wallowed in great luxury; paths through the bush, made by them as they tear their way easily through its tangle; small trees uprooted and lying on the ground, pulled up by their strong trunks for the sake of the fruit thereon, and many other indica-

tions that we were in elephant country. However, we were disappointed, and saw 'ne'er a one.' Of course we do not go out of our way for them; we had other objects before us. We cross several streams, and at 12.45 descend a hill, and lo! can it be water? Before us seems to be a wide piece of water, seen through the trees, about as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. 'The Rio del Rey.' I say to Wilson, 'It must be.' We walk forward eagerly to make a closer inspection, and disturb and terrify some women with heavy loads of wood and plantain who are descending a little steep path leading to some canoes at the water's edge. We manage to pacify them with some tobacco and looking-glasses, and they tell us that the water does not run into the sea. There is land all round; and on the shore which we saw opposite was their town, 'Balombi Bakotta.' They are eager to go, and quickly 'shoving off,' call out at the top of their voices to the people in the town opposite, in a very excited way. Soon we have some fifty or a hundred people, a little apprehensive at first, but soon fearless and talkative. They give us to understand that Balombi Bakotta is as large as Bakoondoo, that it is on an island in the middle of a lake, and that their farms are on the shores of the lake. They finish by giving us a pressing invitation to enter their canoes and go on to the island. My men shake their heads very decidedly, and will not venture off 'terra firma' into strange canoes. Having found Bakoondoo, and made advances there, I am not so anxious to visit Balombi Bakotta at present, but want to find the mountain

which these islanders seem to know nothing about; so I do not now press the men to go on the island. I tell the people we are going further on, and will probably come across to their town as we return. They are disappointed, and try their hardest to induce us to cross over now, telling us that the road before us led to bush country, and that there were no towns nearer than Barloong in the Sanpau country. We persist, however, and they return to their island, where we see their town through the trees. I am very desirous of circumnavigating this lake, but it seems unadvisable to attempt anything of the sort now. My men have become discontented again, and two of them refuse absolutely to go further, and, picking up their loads, walk along in the Bakoondoo direction. They say they are afraid to go any further, that they do not know the language of the people, and that it is not safe. I say that Mr. Wilson and I are going on, and if only one man follows us we will go. Two or three came over to us, and the rest had to follow. There is only one path, and we find ourselves going through several farms, very extensive, until the path became lost among plantain trees, and we found we had only taken a farm path. I went ahead looking everywhere for a path, as my men were rather sulky, and at last I found one which we followed, but saw that we were going in exactly the opposite direction to that in which we wanted to go, so we turned right round, and after walking for half-an-hour, found ourselves at the lake again whence we had started. I felt baffled and non-plussed, and told the men to put down their loads and rest. They all very decidedly put them some distance along the Bakoondoo road and rested there, as an intimation that they

would go no further. It was no use arguing the matter, they were going back from here. They absolutely refused to go on to the island; and so, feeling broken down in body and spirit, I sorrowfully turned my face homewards. I could scarcely get back to Bakoondoo; the excitement and anxiety, together with the exertion, had been too much for me, and I felt fever coming on. We arrived at the town at 5 P.M., the people being delighted at our failure and return. I took a large dose of quinine, followed by one of chlorodyne, and soon fell asleep, gratefully feeling the practical application of the words—'So He giveth His beloved sleep.' I awoke many times during the night, and, although feeling weak and exhausted, resolved to travel the next day.

"*Friday, 13th.*—After breakfast, we make handsome presents to the king and his chief man, to the cost of about 6s., and after another 'palaver' with Mosaka about my coming, in which he promised I should have my own farm, and that he would give me ground and protect my property, we started at 9.10. At 10.55 we reach Booba, and at 3.5 we get to the Bobeonga hamlet, where we were so kindly directed in coming. We are soaked with rain which falls heavily, and change our clothes as soon as possible, resolving to pass the night here. During the evening they got up an entertainment in our honour—dancing, &c. First came some children from three to six years old, dancing like veriest imps; of course they were naked. Then were drums and rattles and cymbals, and men chanting. In the rear were a few women—buxom matrons, and even an old, toothless, fleshless woman, dancing and shaking their muscles about most vigorously. Africans

always in their dancing vie with one another in the extent to which they can shake the muscles of the back and chest; it is a sort of prolonged shuddering. I was about four or five hours before I got to sleep, and then 'rested' very restlessly. This is generally the case when fever is hanging about one.

Saturday, 14th.—We started at 7.20 and, reaching an open plain, had a good northern view. As we looked back, we saw some high ground the other side of Bakoondoo country, which is probably the 'Rumby Range' down in the chart. At 8.10 we passed the houses where the old man had misdirected us, and where an angry-tempered man had asked for more 'dash' than we chose to give him. As we did not give him more he saluted us with a shot when we had got a little way on, but these people cannot shoot, and we take no notice and pass on. This was the only time we were treated to powder and shot. At nine o'clock we reached Bobeonga, and passed through the town without so much as 'dashing' a leaf, as they had treated us so badly. We, however, 'dashed' the man who had taken pity on us. At 10.35 we come to Ibea, and at 11.15 to Dekoko. Stopping here to breakfast, they treat us very inhospitably, and after waiting two hours or more and finding nothing was ready for us to eat, we started off in a heavy rain to get to old Neekan's, at Murali to spend the Sunday. It rained all the way and we were very wet. Neekan was very delighted and excited to see us back again, and ground his teeth together furiously in his supreme satisfaction. He was surprised to hear we had gone as far as Balombi Bakotta. He remembers all about Sunday, and was glad to hear we were going to spend another Sun-

day in his town. We had several wearying and disagreeable palavers during the evening about buying a small hog for food, in which the avarice and greed of the people was painfully manifest. Old Neekan was by no means free from it, and seemed determined to make as much out of the white man's visit as he could.

"Sunday, 15th.—Had a service with the people this morning, though we all felt very unwell from the wettings we had had. During the preaching the few people's thoughts—we could see—were wandering hither and thither, and they tried hard to introduce the subject of the hog sale to our notice. The king is interested in the Sabbath day, and wants me to give him 'book' to help him remember it (any peice of paper written on is called a 'kalati,' or 'book'). I make seven strokes on a piece of paper, lengthening out the seventh so that he may see which is Sunday. He promises to remember it and what we have told him about it.

"Monday, 16th.—We start at 7.45, after an effort on the part of the greedy old king to swindle us out of the value of a small pig which he sold us, and then cut loose when he had received payment. We severely reprimanded him, and got our goods back; at 8.45 we reach Kooki, and give the good old king a good 'dash.' At 12.20 we got to Bosarna, and feeling very unwell, I resolved to stay there the night. The head-man was back now, and the people were not nearly so hospitable as before, and would sell us no fowls or anything but plantains, so we had sardines all round. Our rest at night here was much disturbed. At first there was a noisy 'p'laver' going on. A man had bought a wife from her father, and paid a goat for her, and the father was dissatisfied with value

received. The latter part of the night the rain began by 'making good shots' into my ear as I lay on the ground inside the house, and then came pouring in upon us. I covered myself with a macintosh, and tried to sleep in spite of it. We have rain almost day and night now; the rainy season seems to have thoroughly set in.

"*Tuesday, 17th April.*—It continues to rain, and so we breakfast before starting, and hope that it will clear off. We are in some difficulty about food, only having one pound of salt pork and half a tin of sardines for nine men. The people do not seem inclined to sell us any fowls, and so we cook our plantain. Meanwhile it is raining heavily, and I see a woodcock on a tree, which is within range without going out of the door. It is soon laying at the foot of the tree, and is enough for one man. The people, however, change their mind in reference to us, and present us with two small, skinny, bony fowls, which we soon kill and eat. After suitably 'dashing' the people, we start at 10.55, and in one hour of quick walking—the rain having stopped—we reach Mongongge. We do not stop, but go on through a pitiless rain, and soon after 2 o'clock get to Bomano. We are more kindly received than when we came, but the people will not sell us anything but plantain, so we finish up what little provision we have—the pork and sardines, and we retire early. I hear everyone around me soundly and loudly sleeping, very shortly; but it is hours before I can go off to sleep.

"*Wednesday, 18th April.*—Rose at 5.30, gave 'dashes' to the king and to the women who brought us water and cooked our plantain, and at 6.30 start upon our last day's

march. We are all eager to get back, and the rough road, the bush tangle, the ravines, are quickly passed. The man who, when coming, was always last, led the way far ahead in returning. When we arrived at Biboondi, the people were all very glad to see us, and surprised to hear of our reaching Balombi Bakotta. Our rascally guide did not show himself, but Dipongo said he was sorry, but the man was afraid to go further. Thinking of our breakfast, we ask for fowls, fish, a small pig or goat; but Dipongo says he must send to Bomano for a pig; that the people can't go out to sea fishing, as the Bimbira people are always watching for them to kill them. He hasn't any fowls or goats. He gives us a little bit of bad fish, about enough for one man, and Mr. Wilson and I are reduced to 'Liebig's Extract,' which we make into beef tea and have with our plantain. But soon after we had finished our first meal, Dipongo comes in with a goat and makes a long speech about 'our being returned travellers, very tired and hungry, and this is a goat which he brings in to present us with.' We can't say 'thank you,' the Bomboko language having no equivalent, so we say we 'like it well, and he has done quite right.' It was a nice plump little animal, and my men soon cut its throat and had it in the 'chop pot.' Meanwhile we went out and shot some fine birds. In the evening we got our canoe and paddles all ready for starting the next morning, and gave the king a handsome 'dash.' We tried to sleep, but the mosquitoes were too much, and half maddened with them I rose at 12.0, and finding that no one could sleep, I ordered everything to be packed up, and, although it was a moonless night, a start to be made. The men readily started off, but coming to our canoe,

we found the tide run out, and it to be impossible to get off the canoe; so they made a fire and roasted a few plantains, and I tried to sleep in the canoe for a few hours, but the mosquitoes were very troublesome still, so at 4.0 we all bestirred ourselves to get the canoe off.

"*Thursday, 19th April.*—We are off by about five, and have a long day's journey to Victoria, it raining half the way. We use our macintosh sheeting for a sail, which the men 'rig up' very well, and soon after dark (6.30) we reach Victoria, and are heartily welcomed back by dear Mr. and Mrs. Pinnock, and by all the people.

"I have thus given you, dear Mr. Baynes, a full detailed account of a journey which I hope will not be without important results. I feel that the Bakoondoo people would receive me amongst them if I went again, as (unless I find Loangasi more hopeful) I intend to do early next dry season. It is close by two other important towns—Akoombi and Balombi Bakotta, at both of which, in course of time, a missionary or teacher might settle. The people are friendly, industrious, and interesting. I don't know which route I should attempt on another occasion, but I shall try to ascend the Rio del Rey if possible and see what it is like. When I go to Calabar next I shall call on Yellow Duke, and try to convince him that he will gain nothing by opposing me, and lose nothing by favouring my project. His trade is not direct with Bakoondoo, the nearest place to which he comes

being Akoombi. Even if I do not settle there, the knowledge gained of the country will be sure to be useful at some future time.

"In conclusion, I do hope that, as there are likely to be many good openings such as there have never been before, the Society will accept every suitable offer to engage in the African service, and that the Christians at home will remember that they owe all to Him who came to redeem them, and that they will seek for that peculiar satisfaction and happiness which follows giving their money for Christ's service. I read something in the *HERALD* of March about Mr. Johnson possibly being sent elsewhere. I trust that Africa is not going to lose him. My brother, too, in a few years time, will probably offer himself when his college course is drawing to an end, and several little friends of mine have made up their minds to be missionaries to India.

"May the 'Lord of the harvest send forth many more labourers into His harvest.'

"As to the expenses of this journey they will be about £18 I think. Besides this, Wilson's salary for the two months he has been away from Cameroons will be charged to my account.

"I can't find any paper here, and so must apologise for using the scraps I have in my portfolio. If I could rewrite this letter too I would do so, but I feel unable, and must ask your kindest indulgence."

Mr. Chowrriyappah, of Madras.

THE following short paper is from the *Illustrated Missionary News*, edited by Mr. H. Grattan Guinness. It will be read with pleasure by not a few friends who are interested in our young missionary:—

We have received through Mr. Reade, of Blackgang, the following interesting extract of a letter from his daughter, Miss Reade, of the Punrooty Mission, Madras.

Joshua Chowrriyappah, the native minister alluded to, was our first student, and one for whom we entertain still a warm affection. He joined the Baptist Missionary Society, and we have not heard much of him lately. We rejoice, therefore, to learn through Miss Reade's letter that the Lord is using him for blessing to his countrymen, and sustaining his grace and zeal. Miss Reade says, under date August, 1877:—

“A native Baptist minister, †Rev. S. J. Chowrriyappah, apparently quite a youth, though married, has been here for a few days. He was some years in Mr. Grattan Guinness' Institute, having, I believe, been taken home from India by Col. Henry Colbeck. His visit here has been much blessed, resulting in quite a revival amongst the Christians, and in the conversion of Isaiah. With his wife Sosudrim and Jacob, he was baptized by Chowrriyappah this evening. The meeting was followed by a gathering of all the Christians here outside their houses, in the open air, a gathering got up by themselves, to which they invited us.

“After reading Psalm ciii. Chowrriyappah proposed that all should speak a few words of praise in turn; and almost every converted one did so, Simeon included. Poor David was absent.

“Isaiah's is a very happy and most decided case of conversion; to use his own words, ‘Till yesterday I was a Christian in name only; now I am a true Christian.’ I gave him 2 Timothy i. 12, and he said, ‘Yes! now I know Him, and have tasted His love.’

“Jacob spoke at the river side, giving a most full and clear account of his conversion. He said it was after a Bible-class I had with them in September, naming the date; our subject was on Ezekiel xxxvii. He could not sleep all that night, and when at last he did, he dreamt that a voice said to him, ‘Ye must be born again.’ Some days after, when walking with him to Trivady (a village near) I pressed the subject of baptism, which confirmed and convinced him as to that duty; but against this he struggled, and then came doubts, till on Sunday last the reading by Chowrriyappah of Romans vi. brought him to yield. It was deeply interesting to hear these testimonies.

“It is an unspeakable blessing for the people to see one of their own countrymen have the same views and feelings we have, and so devoted and zealous. Chowrriyappah is regardless of time, heat, and food in open-air preaching. He preaches nothing but Jesus, prays by the roadside with the people, and is in fact instant in season and out of season. It has been truly refreshing to have had him here.”

France.

LETTER FROM MR. BOUHON.

DURING the months of August and September I have been able to visit such places as Portrieux, Lacombe, Moncontour, Plouguenast, Lamotte, and Le Pontgamp; also doing some effective work at Cesson, not far from this town. Our ordinary services have been attended, perhaps, by a smaller number of hearers, but in the summer time many people go out of the towns into the country; and owing to some deaths we have lost some of our usual attendants. At Cesson and at Portrieux specially I was able to address good gatherings of people. As I was coming away from Plouguenast, where I had read and explained the Scriptures in a private house, I had occasion to call at the Pontgamp Post Office. The directress informed me that some one within desired to speak to me. On entering I found a young Breton woman of the well-to-do class who had come to Pontgamp from Trégnier. She looked at me well, and then said that she recollected perfectly having heard me preach at Trégnier some years ago, viz., in 1864, before a very large crowd (as it was a great market day). She seemed to have been impressed with my discourse, for she began quoting my text and some remarks made then upon it. I improved this opportunity, and also addressed the keeper of the post-office on the Gospel.

In town I have visited an inmate of the hospital. This case is a very sad one; for, whilst reason is not totally lost, yet at times it is so veiled that her friends treat her for insanity. On religion this person has some very simple and clear scriptural views. She affirms that whilst not forced to

go to mass at the hospital chapel, still she has been obliged to put her Bible in her chest of drawers, by order, lest it should even be seen. Since then it has been taken from her, and, on being offered another instead, she remarked that rather than have it also confiscated, she preferred remembering what she had read of the Scriptures (which she still loves), although without the book in which they are found in writing.

On the 15th August, at Mr. Lecoat's request, I went to Trémel for the treat offered every year to the children of the Sunday and day schools held at our mission chapel there. The place was again crowded, and it was evident that *progress* had been made, for, as it were, this was written in the happy and intelligent faces of many scholars. Mr. Jenkins and I addressed the friends in Breton. Mr. Lecoat distributed rewards, viz., books of various sizes, and on many interesting subjects. Hymns in French and Breton were heartily sung by children and adults, Mrs. Donnelly kindly leading at the harmonium.

In the evening another interesting meeting was held at Pont Menou, where 150 natives were gathered. Mr. Philippe Boucher, the President of the Consistory, had come from Brest, and addressed the friends at both meetings in French, Mr. Lecoat translating. Some members of the St. Brieuc congregation went to Trémel, where we also met some of the Morlaix church members. At Pont Menou "progress" is also the order of the day, for when I first evangelized the place, in 1862, I recollect gathering ten or twelve people in "a sabot-maker's hut."

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

JANUARY, 1877.

THAT the greetings of the New Year would be presented to our readers by a new secretary might reasonably have been expected after the announcement in the October *Chronicle* of Mr. Bigwood's resignation, and the appointment of a sub-committee to seek out his successor. That sub-committee at once applied themselves to their task, but the peculiar and multiform duties devolving on the secretary, and the position in the Denomination he ought to occupy, rendered it very difficult to find a minister both fitted and willing to undertake the office. To some members of the sub-committee it seemed extremely desirable that efforts should be made to render more effective the Home department of the Society's operations, which is daily becoming more important; and to see if by some well-defined, if not united action, the often-repeated wishes of the Baptist Union and this Society for Denominational extension in our larger towns and new centres of population, and the evangelization of the rural districts, can be carried out. It was felt by the sub-committee that this Society and the Union would not secure the adequate support of the Churches for two DISTINCT courses of operation in the same direction or for the same object; and that it was very desirable that if any plans had been marked out by the Union to carry into effect the resolutions relating to Home Mission work, which it had passed from time to time, such plans should be known by this Society. It was also thought that if the Union should be disposed to co-operate with the Society, it might be well to seek a secretary having the confidence of both parties, who might be sustained by the influence of the Union in an attempt to bring all our Churches throughout the country into some one united effort for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ in connection with our Denomination. After much consultation, they arrived at the conclusion that a friendly conference between the Committees of the Union and this Society would be calculated to secure these important results, and might, perhaps, lead to some closer connection between the two bodies, whilst the separate existence and independence of each might be secured.

They therefore presented at the General Meeting of the Committee last month the following report :—

“The secretariat sub-committee, after repeated and lengthened meetings, present the following report :—

“That in consideration of the fact that the question of undertaking

Home Mission work has been from time to time brought forward at the meetings of the Baptist Union, and that the following resolution was passed at the autumnal meeting of the Union at Birmingham last month:—
 “That it be an instruction of the committee to keep steadily in view, and as opportunity offers by all means to seek the concentration of the power of the Churches on the Evangelization of the country *under the direction of the Union*,”—the sub-committee think it highly desirable that a friendly conference of the committee of the Union, and the committee of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission should be held before the appointment or even the nomination of a secretary.

“They therefore recommend—That the committee of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission invite the committee of the Union to a meeting for conference, for an interchange of views without prejudice to either party, to be held in connection with the quarterly meetings of the committees of the Union and of the Society, in January next; and that the further consideration of the secretariat be postponed until after such conference shall have been appointed.

“(Signed). J. P. BACON, Chairman.

“‘Dated November 20th, 1876.’”

This report was adopted by the committee, and it was resolved,—

“That a copy be sent to every member of the committee of the Baptist Union, and an invitation to meet the Home Mission committee for friendly conference on January 16th.”

In pursuance of this resolution, a copy of the report of the sub-committee has been sent to every member of the Union committee, and an invitation to attend the Conference. The invitation to the Conference has been accepted by many of the members of the Union committee, and it is hoped that there will be a large meeting for calm discussion, of earnest men, having at heart the extension of the Denomination, and more especially the progress of the Kingdom of Christ. We ask our readers to seek the blessing of the Great Head of the Church on this Conference, and on behalf of all who attend it, the spirit of wisdom and of sound mind, that the outcome may be the promotion of the spiritual welfare of our fellow-countrymen throughout the land.

NEWARK.

In the November CHRONICLE of 1875, it was stated that the local committee, of which the Rev. W. Woods of Nottingham is the chairman, had accepted the contract for the erection of a new Baptist Chapel, at Newark, and that the interest in that town, through the promised aid of the Home Mission, was in a fair way of becoming virtually a new cause. We are now happy to report that the new chapel has been completed and opened,

and the Rev. E. B. Shepherd, formerly of Regent's Park, and late of Brampton, Huntingdon, has been appointed to the pastorate.

The old chapel was built in the year 1783, by members of the body of Christians founded by the late Countess of Huntingdon, who occupied it until 1810, when it was handed over to trustees for the Baptist Church which was then formed. The chapel was subsequently enlarged, but for many years has been utterly unsuitable as a place of religious worship, and the church was quite unable to make progress, and scarcely able to maintain its existence.

By the kindness of the late Thomas Bailey, Esq., of Lenton Abbey, Nottingham, after very great difficulties, a site of land was obtained abutting on the churchyard. To meet local feelings and prejudices, this land was subsequently exchanged for an eligible plot adjoining the old chapel; and on this and the ground occupied by the old buildings, the new chapel and school-rooms have been erected.

The church numbers only about forty members, the greater part of whom are in humble life; but they have held together through very discouraging circumstances for many years, and have justified the county association in the steps which have been taken to give them a fresh start under more promising conditions of success. A very large amount of sympathy has been shown to the movement even by friends outside of the denomination. Independents and Wesleyans have helped; and a lady, a member of the Church of England, has given £100.

Upon the whole, we may congratulate the Newark friends upon the success of their efforts: but we heartily wish that some effective help may be given by some of the more wealthy members of our denomination towards the removal of the debt of £600, which will otherwise remain a heavy burden on the place. We think, too, that the British and Irish Home Mission, by what has been done in this instance, may very well be encouraged to aid the associations either to revive old causes or to begin new ones in the towns and villages of the country, where circumstances and the needs of the population make such causes to be necessary. Newark has a population of 12,500 persons, but without the help of the association and the assistance of this Society, in supporting to the extent of half the salary of the minister for three or four years, it is probable that no Baptist Church could have been maintained in this town, and one important centre of evangelical influence would have been lost, not only to the denomination, but to the Church of Christ at large.

Another movement similar to that which has been carried out at Newark is now being attempted at Derby, and we hope soon to report that the Notts, Derby, and Lincolnshire Association, assisted by our Society, has been successful in its efforts to raise a new church in that town.

BANBRIDGE.

The following letter is from Mr. Banks, our Missionary :—

“I am happy to be able to report that during the last two months, the home congregations have been much better than usual, and the village services held during the week have been crowded. This has certainly much cheered me, as well as those interested in the welfare of the church, and the work of the Lord here. On the second Wednesday of the month we held a service at ———. The night was dark, and a beating rain all the way, and up one of the highest hills in this part of the country. We scarcely expected to find a congregation at all, on such a night, and in a district so sparsely populated as to incur a considerable journey for the greater part of those present; but contrary to our expectations, we found the farmer's house filled, and though both wet and cold, our friend was obliged to ask people to sit as closely as possible to give room for those who otherwise could not get in. I do not write this as an uncommon circumstance in this part; but that others may know the kind of missionary work done in the north of Ireland, and of the opening which it presents to earnest, energetic, and adapted labourers in such a field.

“I have often thought that the extension of present operations would produce more than a proportionate increase of power, influence, and success to our denomination, and, therefore, we trust a suggestion on this point will not be out of place.

“Looking at the report for the past year, I find the expenditure for the Irish branch of mission work to be under £2,000; surely to the thoughtful evangelist this must appear to be but a small sum to carry on so great a work, and I venture to ask, is this all that can be done by a sympathising and loving Christian public in their united effort for the spread of the Gospel, Ireland's great need and remedy? Have we done what we could? The answer, we think, must be emphatically, No. Suppose the suggestion should be made to raise £5,000 in addition to that already obtained for the work of sending missionaries into this field of evangelistic labour, would it be desirable, possible, successful? Yes, and in every respect, certain.

“Have we 200,000 members who admit that the work is important, and the amount desirable? Then let each one cast into the treasury weekly two mites for this purpose, and the £5,000 is secured for the service of God.

The Committee acknowledge with thanks a parcel of clothing from Mr. Farmer, Kensington, and a cheque for £2, from Mr. Cory, of Cardiff, for distribution by our missionaries among the poor in Ireland.

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer—J. P. BACON, Esq., 69, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and by the Secretary, Rev. J. BIGWOOD, at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co.'s, Lombard-street.

THE CHRONICLE

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FEBRUARY, 1877.

Belfast.

The following letter from Mr. Swaine indicates the earnestness with which he has applied himself to the work, and encourages hopes of great usefulness :—

“You will be glad to know that thus far my expectations have not been disappointed. Our congregations have increased, though not with a rush. I feel that in a town like Belfast, where religious feeling runs high and prejudices are strong, progress will be gradual. In our own case especially, not only because of the facts just mentioned, but on account of special circumstances connected with the late unsettled state of the Church, it must be so. We are all hopeful, however, being persuaded that God will arise and have mercy on Zion, the time, yea, the set time to favour her having come.

“It has been my happiness repeatedly to welcome new members to the fellowship of the Church, and I am expecting to baptize again on next Lord’s day, or the Lord’s day following. There is a great spirit of inquiry on the subject of Baptisma mong evangelical Christians of every denomination in the town. Perhaps it prevails most of all among the Presbyterians. Very lately one of the leading ministers of that body was so unwise as to preach a special advertised sermon on the subject, which could have no other effect than that of making Baptists.

“We have an interesting Sunday-school of about one hundred scholars. Last Lord’s day I addressed them on ‘Faith,’ and, although it was very wet, I had not, I think, seen so good an attendance before. A schoolroom is badly wanted by us. We are obliged to hold the school and conduct nearly all the classes in the chapel, and the result—the inevitable result—is that considerable damage is done. To a great extent in consequence of this, the building greatly needs renovating. In order to provide funds for such a purpose, and other improvements connected with the fabric, Mrs. Swaine and some of her lady helpers have formed a ‘Basket Society.’ This society keeps a basket into which such articles as the members may make or beg are ‘put, and out of which they are sold. Various other

devices are employed to obtain money, but these are the chief. If any readers of the CHRONICLE feel inclined to help a brave people, who are doing their best to help themselves, in so laudable an effort, donations either of money or articles for sale will be gratefully received.

“Our evangelistic services, conducted by myself and members of the Church, but mostly by the latter, I think I mentioned to you in a former communication. They are held in various parts of the town, in any building that may be suitable of which we can obtain the use, but generally in cottages. Some of these meetings are very interesting. The room in which the service may be held is usually well filled, and sometimes packed. I doubt not that many are brought beneath the sound of the Gospel by these means who otherwise would but seldom or never hear it. Ten of such meetings are held every week by our brethren.

“An interesting work has been going on at a place about halfway between here and Derrynail. I believe it is called Ballykeel. Our brother Macrory commenced the work, and, with a little help from us, has carried it on till now. The people come in larger numbers than can be accommodated in the place where the Word is preached, and God has poured out a blessing. Several have, I hear, been brought to Christ, and one of these was admitted to our fellowship last Lord’s day.”

Clough.

There are few spheres of labour in which the discouragements from various quarters are greater than here.

Our esteemed missionary, Mr. Ramsay, has laboured on for years with earnestness and fidelity, and we heartily enter into the joy which the incident mentioned in the following letter must have afforded him.

“I wish you to have an account of our tea-meeting held on Wednesday, December 10th, which was interesting, I may say, to all present, but particularly so to myself. If it had not been on the dawn of the moon, &c., I suppose the house (chapel) would not have held them. However, so it was. About one hundred sat down to tea, and about thirty more came to hear the addresses. Brethren Swaine, of Belfast; Taylor, of Tandragee; and McAlonan, of Ballymoney, were present. I read a paper on the Principles, Rise, and Progress of the Baptist Denomination, which was listened to with marked attention.

“Mr. McAlonan next addressed the people, especially the unsaved present. Then followed Mr. Swaine, on the responsibility of believers to search the Scriptures more as to our principles; next to read all they could on the historical side; and then appealed to all believers to live

more for Christ. At the close of his address a member handed him a purse with fifteen pounds to present to me as a small token of their esteem. This sum was not all raised amongst the members. Some of the outsiders, when they heard what was going to be done, were displeased because it was not made a general thing, as a larger sum would have been given. However, a few had the opportunity of adding their mite, and the Presbyterian minister sent his ten shillings with much pleasure. The money is valuable, but how much more do we value the spirit in which it was given! I may say it was given out of their poverty. We have no rich people—no, not one.

Bella Montgomery.

The following sketch of Bella Montgomery, with whom the secretary met when last in Ireland, has been kindly furnished at his request by Mrs. Irwin of Donaghmore. It affords an illustration of one of the most interesting departments of work in connection with our mission:—

“I hardly know how to comply with your request, for it is a thing of the past with us, and many things are quite forgotten. Bella Montgomery’s history is a very simple one, and not very uncommon to us. About seven years ago she came to the school in Lisnagleer on a Sunday afternoon, and her whole appearance was so wild and uncouth that I beckoned her to come to my class just to save a scene; for when an unusually wild new-comer drops in it generally causes a titter from the tamed ones. I let her sit quietly for some time, while I taught the class. I then asked her name, where she lived, &c., &c., and ended all by inquiring if she knew who made her, and she replied she did not. I told her she was made of dust just like what was under our feet. This proved too much for poor Bella’s gravity, and the whole thing tickled her so much that she threw up her hands and fell right over the form. I am sure she did not believe one word of what I said. After the next Lord’s day I invited her to come to our house, for she was nearly naked. The greater part of her person would have been exposed but for the kindness of a neighbour, who lent her a long apron. I cut her hair, gave her a good bath, and put a little clothing on, which changed her appearance so much that she passed her own mother at our gate without being recognised. We then sent her to the National School at Lisnagleer, where she was taught to read and write. In about a year we overtook her coming from school with a grammar and geography in her hand, for the schoolmaster said ‘she had a head on her.’ After being at school for

upwards of two years a kind friend sent for her to act as nursemaid to his children, where she has been ever since. More than a year ago she professed faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, and publicly confessed Him by being baptized in His Name. During the time she attended Sunday school I never had to reprove her for bad conduct or for not committing her Scripture lesson properly. I should mention that the kind woman who sent her first to school has ever been her friend. Before Bella went to Belfast this friend washed her clothes, and then threw two canfuls of water on her to 'make her take kindly to the dippers,' she being a Presbyterian. She also accompanied her to Donaghmore on her way to Belfast, and gave her twopence to keep her pocket. I often feel anxious about Bella, for she is hardly sixteen, and youth has many temptations; but when I feel the burden too heavy I try to cast it on Him who has told us to do so. Her mother is a poor outcast, something to be ashamed of, and so hardened in sin that I fear she will never come to the Saviour.

"Our Sunday school is a very pleasant part of our work. No matter how dull I feel, when I once enter the schoolroom I can't help brightening up when I see so many young kind faces. We have over one hundred, and if we had accommodation and more teachers I think we could easily double that number. Many of the children are badly clothed, and some come barefooted all the year round, and on a wet day there is a circle round them of wet on the floor. Many a time when I look out of the chapel window and see them trooping to the schoolroom in a drenching rain I wish they had stayed at home, but still they come."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. Banks begs to acknowledge with thanks a parcel of clothing from the ladies of the Canterbury Working Society.

Mr. W. S. Eccles thankfully acknowledges a donation of £5 from Miss Self Page towards mitigating the distress of his poor at this season.

Mr. Berry acknowledges with thanks £2 from an old friend to the mission, and £1 10s. from Mrs. Foster.

Miss Eccles begs leave to acknowledge, with thanks, a parcel of clothing, from Miss Phillips, of Newport, Monmouthshire; a valuable supply of clothing, from Miss Self Page, of Great Malvern; a parcel of clothing, and toys for Christmas tree, from Mrs. Smith, of Chipping Norton; and a parcel of clothing from Mrs. Auckin Cullepackay, of Ireland.

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British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

MARCH, 1877.

It will be in the remembrance of our readers that the Committee of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission invited the Committee of the Baptist Union to a friendly conference on the desirableness and practicability of a closer union between the two bodies, and of co-operation in direct efforts for the evangelisation of our country. This conference was held at the Baptist Mission House on Tuesday, January 16th, and was attended by leading members of the denomination from England, Wales, and Scotland.

There were present, the Revds. Dr. Angus, C. Bailhache, W. Bentley, C. M. Birrell, J. Bloomfield, S. H. Booth, J. T. Brown, J. H. Cooke, W. P. Cope, S. Chapman, E. Edwards, O. Flett, R. Glover, Dr. Gotch, S. Green, W. B. Hobling, T. H. Holyoak, Dr. Landels, H. C. Leonard, M.A., E. Medley, B.A., J. H. Millard, B.A., T. M. Morris, Dr. Price, C. Room, C. Short, B.A., J. A. Spurgeon, A. Sturge, W. Sampson, E. Spurrier, C. Stovel, J. Teall, A. Tilly, R. Wallace, T. Watts, C. Williams, W. Woods, B. C. Young, Dr. Underhill, Dr. Pennell, and Messrs. J. P. Bacon, A. H. Baynes, W. E. Beal, J. A. Bell, F. L. Flint, R. Grace, Jas. Harvey, S. Hazzledine, R. May, F. R. Pattison, W. G. Stoneman, S. Watson, and M. H. Wilkin.

Mr. Bacon presided. A letter was read from the Secretary, who, on account of severe illness, was unable to be present. A lengthened and earnest discussion ensued, at the close of which the following resolution was moved by Dr. Angus, and carried unanimously:—

“That in the judgment of the Conference it is highly desirable that there should be a closer connection between the ‘British and Irish Home Mission’ and the ‘Baptist Union,’ and that with this object in view, intimation of this judgment be respectfully sent to the Committees of the ‘British and Irish Home Mission’ and the ‘Baptist Union,’ and in case these Committees are disposed to consider the subject favourably this Conference suggests that an endeavour be made to secure the co-operation of the Associations.”

The Committee of the Baptist Union, at their meeting on Jan. 17, took the above resolution into consideration, and unanimously adopted the following resolution:—“This Committee has received with great satis-

faction the resolution of the Conference held last evening on the invitation of the British and Irish Missionary Committee, and hereby resolves on the appointment of a *Conference Sub-Committee* for the purpose of carrying out, in conjunction with the Committee of the British and Irish Missionary Society, the recommendations of the Conference." They then appointed the following Sub-Committee: The Reverends Dr. Angus, C. M. Birrell, J. T. Brown, J. Clifford, M.A. LL.B., R. Glover, C. H. Leonard, M.A., E. Parker, W. Sampson, J. A. Spurgeon, C. Williams, B. C. Young, and the officers of the Union.

At the meeting of the Committee of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission, on February 6th, the resolution of the Conference and that of the Committee of the Baptist Union were considered, and it was unanimously resolved: "That this Committee have received with pleasure the judgment of the Conference that it is highly desirable that there should be a closer connection between the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission and the Baptist Union, and with a view to see what practicable steps can be taken to secure this desirable object, resolved on the appointment of a Sub-Committee to confer with the Sub-Committee appointed by the Baptist Union for the same purpose, with instructions to report to the Committee the result of their united deliberations at the earliest convenient date;" and the following gentlemen were requested to constitute the Sub-Committee: Messrs. A. H. Baynes, Beal, Cope, Flint, Green, Hanson, Kirtland, McNaught, Room, Teall, and Woods.

These Sub-Committees will at once meet, and take the whole question in all its bearings into careful consideration, and they will, we trust, under the guidance of the Great Head of the Church, be led to recommend such plans as shall promote the interests of the Church of Christ and the spiritual welfare of our land.

We announce with pleasure that the following arrangements have been made for the

ANNUAL SERVICES.

The Sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. Stanford, on Friday, April 20th; and at the Annual Meeting, on Tuesday, April 24th, the Chair will be taken by Thomas Blake, Esq., M.P. The speakers will be the Revds. J. B. Myers, of Kettering, W. Sampson, of Folkestone, and F. Trestrail, of Newport, Isle of Wight.

CLOSE OF THE FINANCIAL YEAR.

We earnestly request our friends who have not yet forwarded their

contributions to do so before the end of the month, that they may be in time for insertion in the next Annual Report.

Missionary Incidents.

A meeting was recently held in B—— R——. The address was on "Thou fool," showing who were fools in God's estimation. A worn, wild-looking woman was sitting in a corner; she had been in great grief because her eldest boy had deserted her. Her heart was impressed by what she heard. She did not sleep that night, but spent it in prayer and thoughtfulness. A friend expounded to her more fully the Gospel. At the next gathering for prayer I found her awaiting me. A few words made me acquainted with her new-born confidence in God. She is now indefatigable in her attendance on our meetings, and is thoroughly consistent in her outward deportment. Another who recently professed to find peace at our evening service, told a visitor, on last Saturday: "Oh! what a day I have spent! Neighbour after neighbour has been urging me to drink. This is the first Saturday for seven on which I have been sober in the evening; but by the Grace of God, I trust I have given up the habit." Would each reader of the CHRONICLE pray that this poor creature may be delivered from the "snare of the fowler"?

In a previous communication I told you of the conversion of a woman whose parents were Catholics, when alone at her fireside. She has since died. When it was known in the hamlet where she lived that her illness had taken a fatal turn, the manner of her death was looked forward to with the deepest interest. Her former co-religionists wondered if her new faith would sustain her in the final conflict, or if, in the closing terror, she would call for the last rites of that church out of which, to their view, there is no salvation. Her end was not merely peace but triumph. Once, on discovering her husband shedding tears, she remonstrated, "Willie, Willie, are you greetin'?" Implying, by the emphasis she laid on "*you*," that, as a believer, he should have been rejoicing in her departure to be with Christ. Once she was overheard telling her sister Jane. Don't weep for me. I am going to heaven. But Jane, unless you trust in Jesus, I won't see you there. *Do* believe in Jesus. He alone can save the soul." Half-an-hour before her death, a strange notion possessed her. She requested to be raised from her bed and carried to the fireside, where, some months before in her solitude, she had found Jesus; then to the door to have a gaze into the calm still night. When returned to her couch she said—"Now, I have taken my last look; I shall soon be at home." Her husband was sitting behind her, supporting her in the bed. She laid her cheek against his, and whispered audibly, "Willie, I thank God I ever met you, for you brought me to Jesus." Then with her head drooped upon his shoulder, she sighed out at intervals, "Blessed Jesus Christ, Blessed Jesus!" and so passed tranquilly away. So victorious was her end, that her parents, in spite of their creed, publicly and strongly declared their faith in her safety. On the day of her burial, her mother approached the coffin, before its lid was screwed down, and loosed the cerements which bound her hands, and feet, and face, that, on the morning of the Resurrection, she might be able at once to respond to the Universal Summons. How merciful that some time before she had experienced at a Saviour's hands that spiritual liberation which made her "free indeed"!

Contributions received from 17th November, 1876, to 17th February, 1877.

Blackmore, Rev S., Earlsland	I	1	1	0
Conts, Miss, Lowestoft, per Rev G. J. Knight, for <i>New Chapel, Waterford</i>		0	10	0
Parry, Mr and Mrs J. C.	H	1	0	0
Pattison, Mr S. R.		1	0	0
Dividends, per Mr J. P. Bacon		41	9	6

LONDON AND VICINITY—

Abbey-road Ch., on account.....	10	0	0	
Bloomsbury Ch., Collection	29	13	8	
Clapton, Downs Ch.	9	9	9	
Drummond-road, Bermondsey	1	5	0	
Finchley, North End, Collec- tion	2	17	6	
Chadwick, Rev J.	0	5	0	
Edwards, Rev Jas.	2	2	0	
	5	4	6	
Kilburn Park, Edwards, Mr W. W. ...	1	1	0	
Paddington, Church-street, Part of Collection	0	10	0	
Upper Holloway.....	I	3	8	0
Walworth-road.....		10	19	8

BEDFORDSHIRE—

Amphill	0	15	0
Dunstable	19	11	8
Houghton Regis	16	17	8

BERKSHIRE—

Faringdon	I	2	2	9
Newbury, Subscriptions		2	16	10
Wallingford, Mr Jas. Powell		2	2	0
Wantage	I	1	10	7

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—

Amersham	H	3	0	0
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CAMBRIDGESHIRE—

Cambridge, Johnson, Mr W., Ful- bourn.....	I	5	0	0
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DEVONSHIRE—

Bradninch, Collection	1	4	0	
Plymouth, George-street, Weekly Offerings	I	3	0	0
Do., Mutley Chapel	I	2	0	0

DURHAM—

Sunderland, Hills, Mr Jno.....	1	0	0
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ESSEX—

Braintree, Dowson, Mr J., Writtle ...	I	0	10	6
Colchester, Hayward, Mr G. A.....	I	1	11	6
Harlow, Collection	4	15	0	
Loughton, Collection & Subscriptions	13	13	0	

GLOUCESTERSHIRE—

Cirencester	I	2	5	6
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HAMPSHIRE—

Lyndhurst, Payne, Rev W. H.....	I	0	5	0
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HERTFORDSHIRE—

St. Albans	I	14	16	8
Watford	0	7	6	

KENT—

Bromley, Luntley, Mr and Mrs	1	0	0	
Canterbury, Hind, H. G. R., Card	0	15	2	
New Cross, Brockley-road Sunday- school.....	I	5	0	0

LANCASHIRE—

Liverpool, Myrtle-street, Weekly Offerings	10	0	0	
Liverpool, Greenwood, Mr H.	I	1	0	0
Hoehdale, Kemp, Mr G. T.	25	0	0	
Southport, Craven, Mrs R.	1	1	0	

NORFOLK—

Norwich, St. Mary's, Collection	I	10	0	0
Worstead	I	5	7	8

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—

Brayfield, York, Miss.....	I	0	10	0
Kettering, Collection & Subscriptions	13	2	4	
Northampton, Bumpus, Miss	10	0	0	

NORTHUMBERLAND—

Berwick-on-Tweed	H	3	6	1
Northern Auxiliary	H	120	14	10

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—

Newark	H	18	15	0
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OXFORDSHIRE—

Chipping Norton.....	17	12	0
Thame, Dodwell, Mr Emanuel	2	0	0

SOMERSETSHIRE—

Bridgwater	8	0	0	
Clifton, Buckingham Ch., Subscrip- tions	I	1	0	0
Wells, Bragg, Rev G.	0	7	6	
Yeovil	4	15	0	

SUFFOLK—

Ipswich, Stoke Green, Sub- scriptions	4	6	0
Sunday School.....	3	0	0
	7	6	0

SUSSEX—

Eastbourne.....	H	7	10	0
Lewes.....	I	5	0	0

WILTSHIRE—

Calne	I	4	18	0
Devizes, Collection and Subscriptions	I	12	14	0
Swindon	I	8	0	1
Trowbridge, Back-street, Coll. & Subs.	16	12	3	

YORKSHIRE—

Leeds.....	I	14	1	6
Sutton-in-Craven	I	1	0	1

NORTH WALES—

Bangor.....	1	0	0
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SOUTH WALES—

Cardiff, Tredegarville	I	2	7	11
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SCOTLAND—

Arbroath (additional).....	0	0	6	
Banersn	1	0	0	
Edinburgh (additional).....	15	3	9	
Galashiels, Stirling-street, Collection	I	2	0	0
Glasgow, John-street	I	5	0	0
Greenock, Dowie, Dr	I	0	10	0
Kirkcaldy	9	15	6	

IRELAND—

Ballinamore, Peavy, Mr T.....	I	1	0	0
Ballymoney	I	6	0	0
Donaghmore	5	0	0	
Brown, Mr Jas.....	2	0	0	
	7	0	0	
Grange Corner.....	I	4	5	0
Tandrage, Vote of Ch.	7	0	0	
Atkinson, Mr	1	0	0	
	8	0	0	

CHANNEL ISLANDS—

Jersey, St. Heliers	H	10	0	0
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THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

APRIL, 1877.

Anniversary Services.

WITH much pleasure we announce that the ANNUAL SERMON will be preached on Friday Evening, April 20th, at the CITY TEMPLE by the Rev. C. Stanford. We confidently hope that there will be a large congregation. The widespread popularity of the preacher ought to secure this, apart from the attractions of the place, which many will be glad of this opportunity of visiting, and which is so easy of access from all parts of the metropolis. We mention with gratitude and pleasure the hearty and ready response of Dr. Parker and his deacons to our application for the use of the City Temple, at some inconvenience to themselves, and free of all charge, except the expenses actually incurred by our occupancy of the building. Service will commence at seven o'clock.

THE ANNUAL MEMBERS' MEETING

Will be held at Bloomsbury Chapel on Tuesday Afternoon, April 24th, at four o'clock. Tea after the meeting. We hope that by the time of this Annual Meeting things will be ripe for a notice of proposals of such changes in the constitution of the Society as may be necessary to carry out such connection of the Society with the Baptist Union as promises to result from the recent Conference of the Committees of the Union and the Mission. The Sub-Committees appointed by these bodies met last month, and passed the following resolutions:—

“That, in the judgment of this joint Committee, it would be well for the Committee of the British and Irish Society to be elected by the Assembly of the Union at its Autumnal Session.”

“That the Committee be nominated by the Committee of the Baptist Union; a proportion to be chosen by the elected members; such Committee to report annually to the Union in Autumnal Session assembled.”

“That the British and Irish Missions Committee appoint its own officers.”

These recommendations, with some slight modifications and additions, have been adopted by the Committee of the British and Irish Mission, and, it is expected, will have the sanction of the Union Committee at their

Quarterly Meeting before the Annual Members' Meeting of the Society, so that such notice may there be given as shall prepare the way for the consideration, and we trust adoption, at the Members' Meeting in 1878 of these recommendations. By these changes it is expected, and we think reasonably expected, that the operations of the Society will be brought much more prominently under the notice of the ministers and deacons of our churches, and a much larger amount of sympathy and help be evoked.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING

Will be held on Tuesday evening, April 24, at Bloomsbury Chapel, at half-past six o'clock. Thomas Blake, Esq., M.P., will preside. The speakers will be our old friend Mr. Trestrail, once Secretary of the Irish Mission, who still retains his fire and interest in the Society; our well-known and much esteemed brother, Mr. Sampson, of Folkestone; and our younger brother, Mr. Myers, of Kettering, a place associated with the names of much-honoured brethren of whom he is a worthy successor, and whose position as secretary of the Northamptonshire Association gives him a claim to be heard on a Home Missionary platform. We confidently invite the attendance of our readers at these annual gatherings, and yet more earnestly solicit their prayers that throughout the meetings the presence and blessing of the great Head of the Church may be felt, and the outcome may be a deeper sense of our individual responsibility to Christ and a more thorough consecration of ourselves, as well as our substance, to His service.

CLOSING OF THE ACCOUNT.

Our friends who have not yet forwarded their contributions are informed that it has been determined to keep open the accounts until APRIL 10, by which day all remittances must be made in order to be in time for this year's balance-sheet and report.

IN MEMORIAM.

Within the last few months the Society has been bereaved by death of two very old and much-esteemed friends and supporters, George Boyle Woolley, Esq., several years Treasurer of the Society; and Edward James Oliver, Esq., through a long course of years a most regular attendant at the meetings of Committee. The following resolutions, expressive of their esteem for the departed, and sympathy with the bereaved families, have been recorded by the Committee:—

“That this Committee have received, with deep sorrow, intelligence of the decease of their esteemed friend George Boyle Woolley, Esq. As Treasurer of the British and Irish Baptist Mission from the union of the two

Societies in 1865 till September 1873, Mr. Woolley secured, by his uniform courtesy, his punctual attendance at the meetings of the Committee, and his close attention to the work of the Mission, the warm esteem and confidence of all who were associated with him. The kindly interest which he always manifested towards the missionaries, and his acts of unostentatious and thoughtful kindness, won their warm respect and love.

“To the surviving members of their departed friend’s family, the Committee offer their deep sympathy, and express their earnest hope that the recollection they have of a character so pure and a life so devoted to the service of God may be a source of comfort in their bereavement and a stimulus to follow in the steps of their sainted father.”

“That this Committee, sensible of the great loss which the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission has sustained by the death of the late Edward James Oliver, Esq., desire to record their thankfulness for the grace of God which was manifested in the high personal character of their venerable brother, and for his unwearied activity during a large portion of his life in the service of God. His connection with the Irish Mission from 1842 till its union with the Home Mission in 1865, and from that time, till the day of his removal, with the united Mission, shows a warm and unabated attachment to the work of the Lord in the British Islands. Regular in attendance at the meetings of the Committee, and taking an active part in the deliberations, he added an element of strength to the executive. And although at his advanced age the Committee could not hope for his presence and counsel much longer, his death has left a blank that will not be soon nor easily filled. To the widow and family circle of their departed friend the Committee offer their deep sympathy, and express the hope that all may walk in the steps of their deceased relative, and finally share the glory which he now inherits.”

Contributions received from 19th February to 20th March, 1877.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.			
Andrews, J., Esq., M.D.	1 0 0	Room, Rev C.	1 1 0
Angus, Rev J., D.D.	1 1 0	Sayce, Mr G.	2 0 0
Bell, Mr	1 0 0	Searle, Messrs C. G., & Son.	2 2 6
Benham, Mr James	3 3 0	Steane, Rev E., D.D.	1 1 0
Benham, Mr John	2 2 0	Voelcker, Dr.	0 10 6
Benham, Mr W. J.	1 0 0	Dividend, "Trotter's Trust"	14 0 0
Butterworth, Mr W. A.	I 1 0 0	LONDON AND VICINITY—	
Carrington, Mr J.	I 0 10 6	Battersea, Cadby, Mr P.	2 2 0
Colls, Mr B.	2 2 0	Bow, Church Contributions...	1 1 0
Farley, Rev E. J.	0 10 6	Sorrell, Mr	0 10 0
Francis, Mr J.	0 10 6		1 11 0
Freeman, Mr.	1 1 0	Brentford, Park Chapel, Coll.	2 2 0
Gover, Mr H.	1 1 0	Blake, Rev W. A.	1 1 0
Gurney, Mr Joseph.	2 2 0		3 3 0
Haddon, Mr J.	0 10 6	Harrow, Walduck, Mr and Mrs	0 15 0
Ivimey, Mr J.	1 1 0	Henley-on-Thames, Johnson, Mr R.	1 0 0
Marshman, Mr J. C.	1 1 0	BERKSHIRE—	
Peto, Sir Morton and Lady	5 0 0	Bourton	I 4 0 4
Powell, Rev A.	0 5 0		
Price, Mr C.	1 1 0		

16 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BRITISH AND IRISH BAPTIST HOME MISSION.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—			
Chalfont		1 1 1	
High Wycombe, Contribs... I	10 0 0		
Clarke, Mr D. C.....	0 10 6		
Thompson, Mrs G.....	0 10 0		
		11 0 6	
Stoney Stratford, Cowley, Mr	0 10 0		
CORNWALL—			
Saltash, Sunday-school	0 10 1		
CUMBERLAND—			
Maryport	1 7 6		
DEVONSHIRE—			
Great Torrington, Collection	0 15 0		
Kingsbridge..... I	0 12 6		
Torquay	100 0 0		
DORSETSHIRE—			
Bridport	I 0 16 11		
Weymouth	I 2 13 4		
ESSEX—			
Ashdon, Cowell, Mr	I 1 0 0		
GLOUCESTERSHIRE—			
Bourton-on-the-Water, Subscriptions.	5 18 6		
Chalford, Dangerfield, Mr ...	1 1 0		
Dangerfield, Mrs	1 1 0		
		2 2 0	
Coleford	11 12 9		
Kingstanley	6 0 0		
HAMPSHIRE—			
Bournemouth, Colman, Rev R.	1 1 0		
Whitchurch, Godwin, Misses	0 10 6		
HEREFORDSHIRE—			
A Friend.....	1 10 0		
Ewis Harold	0 14 1		
Garway	0 7 7		
Orcop	0 8 4		
HERTFORDSHIRE—			
Markyate Street	2 19 0		
St. Albans	I 14 16 8		
Ware, Medcalf, Mr B.	H 1 0 0		
Watford	0 7 6		
KENT—			
Deal.....	1 10 0		
Faversham, Cards	H 0 15 7		
Staplehurst, Jull, Mr W.	2 0 0		
Woolwich	4 16 11		
LANCASHIRE—			
Bacup, Ebenezer Chapel	6 0 0		
LEICESTERSHIRE—			
Countesthorpe, Bassett, Mr			
J. H.	I 0 10 0		
Bassett, Mr C.	I 0 10 0		
		1 0 0	
Leicester	I 11 7 0		
Ditto, Charles Street Sunday-school	(Moisty)	3 15 0	
MONMOUTHSHIRE—			
Monmouth, Sunday-school H	0 16 0		
Brace, Miss (Box)	H 0 4 1		
		1 0 1	
Newport	18 8 9		
NORTHERN AUXILIARY		H 33 6 0	
NORTHUMBERLAND—			
Berwick-on-Tweed, Dodds, Mr	I 2 10 0		
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—			
Tuxford, Morley, Miss F	2 0 0		
SOMERSETSHIRE—			
Beckington	I 1 0 10		
Crewkerne	1 6 6		
Frome—			
Badoox Lane, Collection ...	4 10 0		
Do., Subscriptions.....	1 13 0		
		6 3 0	
Sheppard's Barton, Coll....	5 1 0		
Do., Subscriptions.....	2 11 0		
		7 12 0	
Keynsham	1 3 0		
Stogumber	1 5 4		
Wellington	2 3 4		
Weston-super-Mare	8 17 6		
Yeovil	2 9 0		
WARWICKSHIRE—			
Birmingham, Subscriptions	I 14 17 0		
Umberslade, Muntz, Mr G. F.....	2 0 0		
WILTSHIRE—			
Bratton.....	I 7 4 3		
New Swindon	I 4 17 6		
North Bradley	I 1 13 4		
Semley, King, Rev T.....	2 0 0		
Trowbridge	I 2 2 0		
Warminster	I 3 0 0		
Westbury	1 3 2		
WORCESTERSHIRE—			
Bromsgrove	1 19 6		
Cookhill	0 17 6		
Malvern, Page, Miss	I 5 0 0		
YORKSHIRE—			
Burlington, Subscriptions ..	I 0 10 0		
Farsley	2 8 0		
Haliifax	16 6 8		
Leeds, Blenheim Ch.	1 15 0		
Hunslet, Tabernacle	0 13 6		
Sheffield	12 6 6		
Stanningley	0 8 8		
SOUTH WALES—			
Aberdare	7 10 9		
Canton (Cardiff)	4 4 10		
Cardiff	12 19 1		
Cardmarthen	6 4 4		
Llanely	15 6 2		
Merthyr	2 4 8		
Milford	1 16 9		
Neath	5 12 6		
Haverfordwest	I 8 3 6		
Pembroke	1 1 3		
Pembroke Dock	0 7 6		
Pontrhydryn	3 2 6		
Swansea	6 10 10		
Tenby	2 9 10		
SCOTLAND—			
Aberdeen.....	I 2 10 0		
Glasgow, Subscriptions	I 3 0 0		
IRELAND—			
Conlig	I 1 0 0		
Waterford, Rents	I 23 13 11		
Do., Subscriptions	1 11 0		
CHANNEL ISLANDS—			
Jersey, St. Heliers	H 10 0 0		

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer—J. P. BACON, Esq., 69, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and by the Secretary, Rev. J. BIGWOOD, at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co.'s, Lombard-street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

JUNE, 1877.

OUR last CHRONICLE was occupied with the Report, which left but little space for reference to our Annual Services. The sermon, preached by the Rev. C. Stanford at the City Temple, was marked by all the earnestness, epigrammatic point and eloquence which so eminently distinguish our valued brother, and the attendance was so good that he must have felt, as he evidently did, animated to put forth his whole strength. The public meeting at Bloomsbury was presided over by Thomas Blake, Esq., M.P. for Leominster, who gave a thoroughly sympathetic and hearty Home Mission address, saying that he was there "altogether, body, soul, and spirit," rejoicing in the work of the Society. The cause was further advocated by the Revds. W. Sampson, of Folkestone, and J. B. Myers, of Kettering; and our venerable but still vigorous brother, the Rev. F. Trestrail, spoke for the Irish Missions, delivering one of his most racy and fervent appeals in behalf of the children of the Emerald Isle, who still live in his warmest affections. The Members' Meeting was more largely attended than it has been for some years past, and, with one or two exceptions, the proposed alterations in the constitution of the Society were heard with marked approbation. The Treasurer was heartily thanked and re-elected. The Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., on the motion of the Rev. C. Williams, was cordially chosen Secretary in the room of the Rev. J. Bigwood, whose feeble health had compelled him to retire from the secretariat, and in reference to whom the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That this meeting regrets the causes—chiefly long and severe personal illness—which have led the retiring secretary, the Rev. J. Bigwood, to resign his office, gratefully recognises the wisdom, energy, and general efficiency with which he has conducted the affairs of the Society during the last three years, and expresses the hope that he may long enjoy his well-earned repose, and by his occasional or stated labours in the future continue a blessing to the churches."

We record with much pleasure that Mr. Millard has accepted the appointment, and, from his long and friendly intercourse with the churches, as Secretary of the Baptist Union, we augur a prosperous future for the Society, and cheerfully and hopefully resign the Society and CHRONICLE into his hands, cherishing a grateful remembrance of the kindness that we

have received from our readers to the churches during our brief tenure of office ; and with an earnest prayer that, under his secretariat, and the contemplated new relations of the Society with the Baptist Union, a much deeper and more widely-spread interest in the Society may be induced, its income may be largely increased, and its effectiveness proportionately augmented.

J. B.

I feel deeply indebted to my esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Bigwood for his kind assurances of personal goodwill, and of his valuable assistance in conducting the affairs of the Society. I feel that I shall greatly need such help ; for, a comparative stranger to the work of the Society, and for fifteen years past so much absorbed in the service of the Baptist Union as to have been unable to act even on the Home Missionary Committee, I should hardly have dared to accept the post of Secretary but for the confidence that I should enjoy the entire sympathy and co-operation of the Committee, and especially of the respected Treasurer, J. P. Bacon, Esq., and the former Secretaries, my valued friends, the Rev. J. Bigwood and Rev. C. Kirtland. Encouraged, however, by their counsels and kind promises of aid, and knowing well that my whole heart desires the growth of evangelistic work both in Britain and in Ireland, I have regarded the call of the brethren as the voice of God, and have accepted the office in the humble hope that His gracious and abounding blessing will justify the step.

The necessity for extended Home Missionary operations is palpable and well-nigh appalling. Round about London, and in all our great manufacturing towns, large districts have grown up within the last ten years where every Sabbath evening the gin-palace throws its flaring light upon the streets, but no church or chapel with open door invites the wayfarer to seek a Saviour and to consider the things which make for his peace. In hundreds of our villages the Gospel preached is "another gospel"—not that of the Lord Jesus Christ ; and while the simple people are beguiled by ritualistic shows to accept a semi-popish teaching, the little Baptist churches decline through the pressure of the times, and sometimes through the pressure of persecution, so as, in some instances, to be even in danger of extinction. In Ireland, too, Presbyterianism is not very friendly to us in the North ; and Romanism is so bitterly hostile everywhere that neither Baptists nor any Protestants can make other than the slowest progress.

But the Lord of Hosts is with us. During the last ten years the Baptists of Great Britain and Ireland have added 50,000—that is, one-fifth of their entire number—to their membership. The last year, too, has made wonderful discoveries as to the resources in silver and gold which we possess, and Baptists will not forget that the silver and the gold are the

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

JULY, 1877.

ENGLAND.

A FEW places, more or less populous and important, have been deemed eligible for help by the Society, and the Committee have accordingly resolved to aid the following:—

ALDERSHOT

Presents claims to support of a mixed but of a very special kind. Here are some 15,000 soldiers in barrack and camp, besides about 12,000 civilians. To reach *both* classes and gather them together in one congregation has been found a very arduous undertaking, and only practicable by means of very considerable extraneous aid. The Wesleyan Methodists and the Presbyterians have alone attained to any measure of success. The Committee think, however, that present circumstances are favourable to the establishment of a Baptist church that shall eventually become prosperous, and useful even to the military population. The Rev. G. Moss, who for seventeen years has been labouring among the soldiers at Ash and in the North Camp, has become pastor of the church in Aldershot, where there was some risk of its dissolution, and, with the help of lay agency, hopes to maintain his former stations as branches of the Church. It will tax all his energies, and, indeed, demand exhausting toil, but he is prepared for this, if only the means of support can be supplied as long as needful, and this the Committee are most anxious to render him. He has already gained the ear of the soldiery, and many of the men are regular attendants at Aldershot, whilst a faithful little band of true Baptists, of the civilian class, are aiding him to the utmost stretch of their ability.

WOOD GREEN

Is one of the numerous towns which have sprung up of late years in the neighbourhood of London, the resort of the many whose business carries them daily to the metropolis, but whose taste or necessity lead them to choose their home in the country. The population of Wood Green doubled itself between the census of 1861 and that of 1871, and now numbers about 12,000; whilst the proximity of the New Alexandra Palace assures rapid increase in the future. Hither, some ten years ago, the Rev. J. Pugh came for the sake of his health. There was no Baptist church, and but little prospect of raising one. But Mr. Pugh's zeal for his Master, and for

the salvation of man, constrained him to open his house for preaching the Gospel, and the congregation became in due time sufficiently numerous to demand the erection of a chapel. But this effort was too large for the infant church, and the minister would have suffered, even if the cause had not collapsed, without extraneous help for a season. In this conjunction, the Committee were glad to be of service to the faithful minister and the struggling church. The congregation has already doubled in number since the opening of the new chapel, the baptisms have been numerous, and there is every sign of the cause soon becoming not merely self-sustaining, but one of the most useful auxiliaries to our denominational institutions—a well-to-do suburban church.

STANTONBURY

Is a suburb or detached part of Wolverton—the well-known junction station and carriage-building depôt of the London and North-Western Railway. The streets are at right angles, the houses of uniform size and appearance—all built for artizans. I passed through Wolverton at the dinner-hour; hundreds upon hundreds of workmen were loitering in the streets, especially round the stalls in the market—just the class of men to awaken high hopes in the Christian's heart, *if* they were but converted. There are some thousands of them at Wolverton and Stantonbury, all within the reach of an earnest and intelligent ministry. Amongst these a young student from Bristol College, Mr. Gardiner, has begun to labour. The chapel at Stantonbury is commodious, and his zealous preaching is already filling it, and he is gathering about him an attached people. But the church has fallen off of late years, and could not support their minister for the present without some aid from the Home Mission. The Committee hope to see the church standing on its own feet before long, but in the meantime will lend it the necessary help.

I R E L A N D.

WATERFORD.

The new chapel, for which the friends at Waterford have been so assiduously working, was opened on Thursday, May 17th, with considerable *éclat*. A public meeting was held in the chapel at half-past seven o'clock, presided over by Rev. John Douglas, of Newport, father of the pastor of the church. Among those on the platform were Revs. John Douglas (pastor), F. Trestrail, W. G. Price (Wesleyan Methodist), W. Cather, and Edward Jacob, Esq. The following is a copy of the report read by Mr. Bennett:—"For many years past the church worshipping in Stephen Street has felt the need of a new meeting-house, but no special effort was made till within two years ago. About May last year the present site was offered, and at a special church meeting it was unanimously decided that it should be accepted, and that the building of a new meeting-house be under-

taken. At a subsequent church meeting, the pastor (Mr. Douglas), Mr. Copeman, Mr. T. Brooks, and Mr. Bennett were elected to form a building committee and undertake the management. Circulars were at once sent out, and a canvass of the city made, to which the members and friends responded heartily, and about £100 was collected. Subscriptions in reply to circulars sent, and advertisements in English papers, have been received, amounting to about £140; and visits of Mr. Douglas to Belfast, Reading, and London, brought in about £45, making the total amount received £285.

“As regards the building, after thoughtful consideration and inquiry, the committee decided upon erecting an iron chapel, several important points leading to this decision. After entertaining various estimates, that of a London firm was accepted for £270, exclusive of foundations, &c., which came to about £40, which make the cost £310, exclusive of gas fittings, railings, &c. The expense of boundary wall and charges connected with the site, £38; railings and other work done in Waterford, £35; sundry charges, stated in balance sheet, £22, making a total cost of £405, which shows a deficit of £120.

“Before giving the balance sheet, an explanation must be made regarding the sale of the minister’s house and old chapel in Stephen-street. It is the wish of the trustees that the net amount realised, about £200, be set apart for the building of a minister’s house on the site adjoining this meeting house, this sum being about the minimum of what will be required, and as it was really the minister’s house, and not the old chapel which realised the sum.”

The following resolution was moved by Rev. W. G. Price, and seconded by Rev. F. Trestrail—“That this meeting has heard the report now read with sincere pleasure, and would encourage the church assembling here in their further efforts to liquidate the debt remaining on the place.” This resolution having been unanimously passed, the Rev. W. Cather proposed—“That this church desires to acknowledge, with humble gratitude, the blessing which God has bestowed on them in giving them this building.” This was seconded by Edward Jacob, Esq. The Pastor of the church then proposed—“That this church desires to express its cordial thanks to the friends who have so generously assisted them.” Mr. Copeland, a member of the congregation, seconded this, and after the announcement had been made that special opening sermons would be preached on the following Lord’s day—the Rev. John Douglas, sen., to preach in the morning, and the Rev. F. Trestrail to preach in the evening—a collection was made which amounted to £7 12s.

The *Waterford Chronicle* says—“When the idea of erecting this building first became known, many, and in some respects not very consoling,

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

AUGUST, 1877.

I R E L A N D .

THE CHURCHES IN THE NORTH.

First Impressions.

It was many years since I had been in Ireland, and so I entered Belfast with almost the eager expectations of a stranger. Everywhere I saw evidences of the rapid commercial progress which this enterprising town has been, and still is, making. Two hundred thousand people instead of one hundred thousand; more of those palatial warehouses (finer, far, than many of the Roman palaces) which I had formerly admired so greatly, and fewer naked feet of girls and boys. Not only more of those jaunting cars, which might often be called *jolting* cars, but now also *tramway* carriages have been found expedient in this city of broad streets and far distances. Now, too, there are *two* Baptist churches instead of one, and neither of them in so gloomy and ignominious a position as was the old Academy Street Chapel. The Baptists in Belfast have suffered much both from without and from within, but I hope their experiences have left them "wiser if sadder" men, and that neither Presbyterian pride and harshness, amounting sometimes to persecution, nor the plausibilities of "brethren," *falsely so-called*, any more than Papistical prejudice, will be allowed to divide or to hinder them. We surely have a lesson of obedience to teach to these faithful believers in the "Assembly's Catechism," as well as a Gospel of glad tidings to carry to the benighted Roman Catholics, if only we have the grace and wisdom to understand and fulfil our sacred mission. The Baptist *churches*, as (I think wisely) they here name their chapels, are quite becoming, if not handsome, ecclesiastical structures, doing credit to the taste and judgment of the designers, both as to position and appearance. And the congregation at Great Victoria Street, of which the Rev. A. S. Swaine is pastor, produces at first view the pleasing conviction that earnestness, zeal, and brotherly love prevail and reign there—a conviction which is only deepened after the most diligent inquiries. No more had I occasion to groan at the infliction of Scotch psalmody, which formerly sent me home to dream of cracked bagpipes sleepily played; but "psalms and hymns" cheerily sung to tunes from the "Bristol" tune-book, led by an excellent American organ, made me rejoice

that the march of progress could not be stayed though the broad sea rolls between Ireland and England, and though a strong prejudice has always hitherto prevailed in this Scotch part of Ireland against instrumental music. Great thanks are due to Mrs. Swaine for the pains she is taking to train the young people to sing and to appreciate good sacred music; and it is plain to all that the labour bestowed upon the young, whether in "singing-practice" or in the "disciples' class," is by no means labour lost. The young gladly resort to Great Victoria Street Church, and several have already been enrolled as members during the short period of Mr. Swaine's pastorate. The church is a "working" church, too, and has willingly imbibed much of the zealous, active spirit of the young pastor and his wife. Sunday-school teaching and street and village preaching are constantly carried on; and as their strength increases I confidently expect that their efforts will be extended, so that Great Victoria Street may have branches far and near, and become the honoured mother of many Baptist churches around Belfast. For the present, however, as in the past, it is uphill work. Presbyterian prejudice against Baptists is very strong and very bitter. The *feeling*, if not the doctrine, of baptismal regeneration reigns paramount in Presbyterian hearts. Not to have a child baptized is to leave him to "uncovenanted mercies." Only lately a mother living half-a-mile from the spot where I now write had an unbaptized child at the point of death. She hastened to her minister and had the ceremony duly performed; and when, a few days afterwards, a friend condoled with her on the loss of the child, she exclaimed, "Yes, but *wasn't* it a good thing that *I got him baptized?*" I would that we could afford to put a large parcel of tracts on believers' baptism into the hands of every one of our ministers labouring amid this strangely contradictory, scripturally unscriptural population!

But Belfast stands alone among the Irish cities and towns in the comparatively cordial welcome it has given to the Baptists. Baptized believers there doubtless are in Londonderry, Newry, Lurgan, Lisburn, Omagh, Armagh, Dundalk and Drogheda, but Baptist Church there is none. In some of these towns attempts have been made to establish a Church, but they have failed. For the present it would seem that the Plymouth Brethren carry off all who are baptized. And many of these, growing weary of the disorderly order that commences with the professed "presidency of the Spirit," but invariably ends with the arbitrary rule of one man, have found their way back to their Presbyterian or Wesleyan Methodist first home. And so it has come to pass that nearly everyone of our Irish churches is literally a "church in the wilderness;" the chapel standing either alone by the road-side, with no human habitation within hail, or at best in a small village; but always collecting its congregation from an area of many

square miles, over which the cottages of the (exceedingly) small farmers are loosely and sparingly scattered. It seemed to me a perfectly monstrous thing to find our dear brother Eccles, for example, a man of high culture and distinguished gifts, preaching at Grange Corner, a road-crossing where perhaps a dozen houses stand together, in a low chapel that will seat not more than a hundred and fifty folk. I do not doubt, indeed, that even in that thinly-peopled district he might have twice or thrice this number if he had but a larger and better chapel, and I was glad to learn that his congregation are proposing to erect such an one. I heartily hope it will be done before I visit them again; for, with all the kindly warmth of their greetings to restrain me, I had much ado to refrain from rebuking them for allowing their esteemed pastor to labour among them for several years under such sore and manifest disadvantages. And this is but an example of nearly all the stations where our brethren are carrying on their daily task-work amidst discouragements that would utterly dishearten less self-denying men. But the handful that assemble on Sundays to worship and "break bread" offer by no means a fair criterion of our missionary's entire work. He gathers almost as large a number as this, night after night, all down the country side.

Let us accompany him on one of his week-evening expeditions. He is a good driver, and sometimes keeps (and grooms) his own horse. We mount the jaunting-car as the sun stoops to the horizon, and are soon crossing wide spaces of reclaimed bog-land. We meet scores of bare-footed, but neatly-bonneted, women returning from field labour, and sturdy men carrying the long-handled turf-cutting spade. We pass many a roadside cottage with a large population before the doors, especially of children and poultry. And with many a kindly salutation to the missionary, whose generous and loving toil is well known and highly valued by them, they are all passed and left behind, for now we are climbing steep hills, and presently are out on lofty moorlands, where the air is keen, even in July, and giving us prospects of five or perhaps ten miles on every hand. And now we stop at a cottage from which the good folk come quickly to bid us "Welcome!"—a practice never omitted by these naturally polite people. They lead us into the outer room where the family lives. In the spacious open chimney is built up a huge heap of burning turf, around which the children are warming their naked feet. But we are presently ushered into the inner and larger room. Two great bedsteads fill up one side of it, and the remaining space is crowded with our expectant auditors, numbering sometimes twenty, and sometimes sixty or seventy. They sing heartily out of Sankey's hymns, or perhaps the Scotch paraphrases. And never was congregation more attentive to a

stranger, or more devout in deportment than this. Some have brought their Bibles and hymn-books with them, and there are many indications that the Protestant Irish of Ulster are no whit inferior in education or general intelligence to most of the villagers of England. When the congregation has dispersed it is quite impossible to escape from the hospitalities so lovingly pressed upon us by the good wife, who will absolutely take no denial. Then, inquiries made and answered about missing members of the flock, out into the cold night-air—and very bleak indeed it must be in winter—for our homeward drive. Often the missionary does not reach home till the small hours have begun to strike. Whatever may be thought of the sphere of his labours, there can be no question whatever that he honestly and nobly earns the stipend assigned him. In some cases he has ten or twelve such sub-stations. Dr. Eccles, at Ballymena, had very nearly fifty.

In this way I visited Conlig, Carrickfergus, Tubbermore, Ballymena, Grange Corner, Clough, Ballymoney, Donaghmore, Tandragee, Ballygawley, and Banbridge, besides taking a peep at Cairndaisy, Magherfelt, Antrim, Portglenone, Coleraine and Londonderry, and have seldom enjoyed a fortnight's holiday more thoroughly than this rapid tour in which work and pleasure were very agreeably blended. May the blessing from on high be yet more copiously poured out on this interesting land, and the way be speedily opened for a great extension of our special mission to the genial inhabitants of the "Emerald Isle!"

Contributions received from June 22nd to July 21st, 1877.

LONDON AND VICINITY—		NORTHUMBERLAND—	
Regent's Park College Students	3 11 4	Northern Auxiliary.....	41 3 7
Stringer, The Misses	1 0 0	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—	
HAMPSHIRE—		Notts Auxiliary	57 15 2
Ryde (Mr Debenham).....	1 1 0	SUSSEX—	
Southampton, Carlton Chapel Collection	2 4 8	Eastbourne	7 10 0
" Portland Chapel	1 17 7	YORKSHIRE—	
" Subscriptions.....	3 12 6	Beverley, Collection	1 4 2
LEICESTER—		Hull, Subscriptions.....	10 6 0
Belvoir Street Collection	25 15 4	Lockwood, Collection	2 15 11
NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT—		" Subscriptions.....	8 6 0
Mr. T. Hill, per Rev. F. Trestrail.....	10 0 0	11 1 11	
NORFOLK—		IRELAND—	
Swaffham Church, Contributions, by		Donaghmore	5 0 0
Rev G. Gould	5 0 0	Grange Corner	4 0 0
		Dividend, by Mr J. P. Bacon	37 0 7

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer—J. P. BACON, Esq., 69, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and by the Secretary, Rev. J. H. MILLARD, B.A., at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at MESSRS. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co.'s, Lombard-street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Demands for Home Missionary Work.

It is the "dead" season. Everybody is out of town, although there are a few millions still left behind. The wheels of our religious organisations are resting; and so, as there is nothing doing worth reporting, and as, fortunately, people will read when they can do nothing else, this may be a suitable opportunity for calling attention to the demands for extended Home Missionary operations by the Baptist denomination; and, first of all, this city of cities, this monstrous

LONDON.

The rate at which London is growing is something almost fearful to contemplate. Every year produces in the suburbs, where previously there had been green fields, half-a-dozen new townships, each as large as a respectable country market-town. Occasionally, the renewed energy of the Established Church shows itself equal to the emergency, and an iron church is put up along with the new houses, but more frequently no provision whatever for the religious wants of the population is thought of, until every eligible site is occupied by a gin-palace or some trading establishment. No wonder that, under such circumstances, irreligious habits should be acquired, especially by the young people. The nearest place of worship is, probably, half a mile off, at the very least; and to reach a chapel where the ministry is what you approve and love, you will most likely have to walk one, two, or even three miles! The once-a-day use of worship becomes almost imperative, and the rest of the Lord's Day must be passed as it best can be. Such localities abound around London. Without having had time to make special and prolonged efforts to ascertain the most destitute spots, I have had FIVE already pointed out to me—two in the southern districts of London, one in the north, one in the east, and one in the north-west. The want is urgent, the opening as favourable as could be wished; but where are the means? If means were at command, the obvious course of procedure would be clear. A convenient site should be rented, or, if possible, purchased; an iron chapel should be put down; the pulpit should be regularly supplied by gratuitous preaching, until a little congregation were

gathered together; and then a minister sustained until the church that had been formed could undertake his support. It is proposed to adopt this method, under the auspices of the Home Missionary Society; and the Secretary will be thankful to receive the names of gentlemen who are willing to aid the effort, either with their purse, or by taking turns in preaching as occasion may require. One benevolent gentleman, affected by the spiritual dearth in the districts described, and with the ever-increasing necessity for such endeavours as those proposed, has spontaneously offered £20 towards each new church that shall be planted. May his noble example inspire many others with the same generous spirit!

THE MANUFACTURING COUNTIES.

Let us take *Staffordshire*, for example, and inquire first into the position of the Baptist denomination in that county. Not that it is a mere question of denominational extension that has to be considered; it is the question of religious supply or destitution—almost, indeed, the question of civilization or barbarism—for Staffordshire is the “Black country,” the country where men fight with dogs, where men beat women to death, where a family will earn five or six pounds a week with ease, and be none the better for it—indeed, much the worse. Staffordshire is “The Potteries,” where Dr. Kenealy is regarded as a model patriot, and the *Englishman* as a necessary article of literary diet!

Staffordshire, then, has nearly a round million of inhabitants. The census of 1871 says exactly 857,333, but that was six years ago. And Staffordshire is provided with just forty Baptist churches, of which thirteen have fewer than fifty members each, and are therefore, we may be sure, not self-sustaining. There are twenty-seven churches left, and of these only four have more than 150 members. The churches in Staffordshire have therefore as much as they can do to hold their own, and if left to themselves will not do much for the evangelisation of the county for many, many years to come. Yet there is scarcely a single town in which there is not plenty of scope for wider and more vigorous operations. Think of Bilston, with 24,000 souls, and *one* Baptist church of less than 100 members, and another with twenty-four (unless, the Coseley churches are to be reckoned within the borders of Bilston); of Burslem, with 25,000, and *one* Baptist church of sixty members; of Hanley, with 40,000, and *two* Baptist churches of seventy-two and thirty-five members respectively; of Longton, with 20,000, and *one* church of sixty-three members; of Tipton, with 30,000, and *one* church of 100 members; of Walsall, with 50,000, and only *one* efficient Baptist church, though it is the largest in the county, having 350 members; of West Bromwich, with

50,000, and *one* church, of seventy members; and finally, of Wolverhampton, with 70,000, and *two* churches, one of which has 250, and the other twenty-seven members! Verily, if other denominations have not done more than we have for Staffordshire, we need not marvel at the terrible stories which the newspapers bring us from time to time of the doings in that very heart of England! Is it not time we asked ourselves "What *can* we do? What ought we to attempt?"

THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

The Baptists are probably doing more proportionately for the villages and the small towns of the agricultural counties than for the populous manufacturing districts. Yet, even here, how much remains to be undertaken. Many churches are dying out for lack of the means of support, and to rescue them from destruction two modes of operation seem indispensable. First, the weakest village churches must consent to be *grouped*; and it is pleasing to observe that the repugnance to this apparent loss of independence is fast disappearing from the village churches, and they are learning that a real independence procured by allying themselves with one another is far preferable to the sham independence of having "a pastor all to themselves," whom they can only keep by half-starving him. And the second necessary condition is the favouring by all our churches and pastors of *lay-preaching* on the largest possible scale. This, indeed, has never been discountenanced among us as by some other denominations, but we have not yet fully attained to the practical wisdom of the various Methodist bodies in this matter. The Secretary is engaged in organising two groups of village churches, and hopes to be able to report of success in both attempts.

IRELAND.

In a recent visit to Ireland, I had the opportunity of seeing something of our churches at Waterford and Dublin, and am happy to be able to report favourably of both. The new chapel at WATERFORD is in an excellent situation, and contrasts to wonderful advantage with the old one. The latter stood in a decayed part of the town, only inhabited now by the dirtiest and meanest of the people, and was hardly accessible to decent people because of the filth, and not at all to the aged and infirm, because of the steepness of the streets leading to it. But the present pretty little chapel is well situated in all respects, and is as inviting as it need be in appearance and in its internal arrangements. What is much better, the congregation is improving, and there are some active and zealous young

men recently added to the church, on whose connection with it great hopes may be reasonably based of future prosperity.

At Abbey-street, DUBLIN, too, there are pleasing signs of revival since the settlement of our energetic brother, Dr. Eccles. Additions have been made to the church, and the Sunday congregations are considerably increased. With characteristic zeal Dr. Eccles threw himself into the recent evangelizing efforts of Messrs. Clark and Smith, the Metropolitan Tabernacle evangelists, who had large congregations in the tent every evening during their stay in Dublin. Although Dr. Eccles apparently suffered physical indisposition from his over-strenuous exertions, I hope he will have means to rejoice that the great blessing which seemed to follow these various and extraordinary endeavours, has reached him also, and the few friends who are heartily aiding him in his work at Abbey-street. At all events, the week-evening prayer-meeting which I attended in his absence, gave gratifying evidence of spiritual life, and of much affection for the new pastor.

The Baptist denomination is but ill-understood in Ireland, and prejudice against it runs high and strong. On this account partly, and also in the hope of strengthening the hands of our dear brethren labouring there, the committee have requested the Rev. C. Kirtland and the Rev. W. Cuff, of Shoreditch, to undertake an Evangelistic tour, holding meetings, well advertised in all the principal towns of the North, in which, or near to which our agents are at work. We have only just received intelligence that they have completed a very successful mission. We shall hope to give particulars in our next.

Contributions received from July 22nd to August 21st, 1877.

<p>BUCKE— Stantonbury, Collection 2 5 0</p> <p>CAMBRIDGESHIRE— W. Eaden Lilley, Esq., Cambridge, Donation 50 0 0</p> <p>DEVON— Plymouth, George - street, Weekly Offerings..... 3 0 0</p> <p>GLOUCESTERSHIRE— Uley, Contributions 1 16 0</p> <p>HAMPSHIRE— Mr R. H. May, Portsea 2 0 0</p>	<p>IRELAND— Carrickfergus, Contributions 3 12 6</p> <p>KENT— Sandwich, Collections..... 3 17 1 Do., Subscriptions 5 0 3</p> <p>LONDON AND VICINITY— J. P. Bacon, Esq..... 20 0 0 Arthur-street, Camberwell Gate..... 1 2 6 Legacy of late Mrs Emily Brown 448 19 0</p> <p>YORKSHIRE— Bradford, Subscriptions..... 7 15 0</p>
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THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission

OCTOBER, 1877.

I R E L A N D .

DESIROUS of drawing public attention in Ireland to our churches, and the work they are engaged in, and also to raise the Baptist name a little in the esteem of the Irish people, the Committee propose occasionally to send a deputation of well-known brethren to the chief towns in the neighbourhood of our missionary stations, who, by lecturing or preaching, shall aim at once to diffuse Gospel light, and to vindicate our claim, as a denomination, to be second to none in zeal for the kingdom of Christ. With this view, they requested the Rev. C. KIRTLAND, who is always and everywhere welcome in Ireland, and the Rev. W. CUFF, whose former visit endeared him so much to the warm-hearted Irish, to make a short tour through the north of Ireland in the latter part of the summer. The following report of their journey will greatly interest our readers :—

REPORT OF DEPUTATION TO IRELAND, 1877.

The Deputation appointed to visit the churches and stations of the Mission in Ireland left England on the 6th ult., and began work at *Carrickfergus* on the following evening. The chapel was well filled. Advantage was taken of the visit to hold the annual missionary meeting. Mr. Dolway, M.P. for the borough, occupied the chair. Mr. Kirtland gave some missionary intelligence, and Mr. Cuff delivered a Gospel address to the congregation. The tone of the meeting was excellent.

Wednesday, 8th.—Ballymena.—Held meeting in the chapel. Attend-

ance good. Both members of the deputation spoke, and a devout feeling seemed to prevail in the congregation. Mr. Martin Bacon, minister *pro tem.*, is working with great energy, and is very acceptable to the people. A new pastor will find in Ballymena and the neighbourhood a wide field of usefulness—difficult and trying, no doubt ; but the barrenness of the region will yield, with the blessing of God, to the efforts which may be expected from a man of experience and zeal.

Coleraine, Thursday and Friday, 9th and 10th.—Two meetings were held in this town, one in the Town Hall, and the other in the Baptist Chapel. The former was numerously attended, and at the latter there was a fair congregation. For the second meeting the hall could not be obtained, owing to a previous engagement. The deputation was well received and favourably heard. On the Friday Mr. Irving arrived at Coleraine to enter on his probationary labours.

Lord's Day, 12th.—*Belfast.*—Deputation preached morning and evening, in Victoria Road and Regent Street Chapels. The congregations were good at both places, especially at Victoria Road, which was well filled at each service. The Deputation were thankful to find an improved feeling existing between the two congregations. The old feuds appear to have died out, and the friendly advances of one church are cordially reciprocated by the other. This was manifested on Thursday, the 16th, at the recognition of Mr. Holmes as pastor of Regent Street Church, at which Mr. Swaine and a considerable number of his friends were present.

Victoria Road is recovering from the breaches which have been made in it. The minister, Mr. Swaine, is labouring with diligence and success, and the Church is united, peaceful, and active.

Dungannon, Monday, 13th.—The Deputation delivered addresses in the Public Hall to an attentive and appreciative audience. In this town the Episcopalians and Presbyterians are numerous, and there is a strong current of feeling against Baptist sentiments ; still, Mr. Dickson, who labours in the vicinity, is held in high esteem, and hopes are entertained that a footing may be obtained in the town.

Belfast, Tuesday, 14th.—Public meeting in Clarence Hall. Numerous attendance. Mr. Swaine presided. Addresses, including a statement of the principles and practice of the denomination, were delivered by the Deputation ; by Mr. Inglis, pastor of Grove Road Chapel, Victoria Park, London ; and Mr. Holmes, pastor of Regent Street Church, Belfast.

Eighteen years ago, when one of the Deputation visited Belfast for the

first time, there was one Baptist church, meeting in a back street; now, the denomination has come to the front, and has two good chapels in different parts of the town.

Banbridge, Wednesday, 15th.—Meeting in Town Hall, which was literally packed with people. Congregation most attentive to the words spoken by the Deputation. There was an excellent feeling throughout the service. Mr. Banks stands very high in the estimation of all classes, and is working with exemplary diligence both in the town and in the region roundabout. The friends have their eye and their heart on the Unitarian Chapel, which, it is expected, will shortly be in the market. It is a capital building, and well situated; and the possession of it by the Baptists would place them in a better position than they have hitherto occupied in this large and spirited town.

Tandragee, Thursday, 16th.—Chapel well filled. At this, as at all the other services, both members of deputation spoke, and were listened to by an attentive and sympathising audience. Mr. Taylor is devout, zealous, and successful; and is surrounded by a select band of earnest and prayerful co-workers.

This service concluded the united labours of the Deputation. Mr. Cuff returned to England at the close of the week, while Mr. Kirtland tarried in County Tyrone over the 19th, and preached three times to large congregations, twice at Lisnagleer, Mr. Dickson's principal station, and in the evening in the Public Hall, at Dungannon, which was well filled.

The Deputation cherish the hope that their visit may help to bring the Irish Mission and its work into public notice; and, by making them better understood, remove popular misapprehension and prejudice, and secure for them a larger measure of sympathy than they have hitherto received. And they will be glad if their intercourse with the missionaries whom they have met has helped to encourage, and strengthen, and stimulate that small, but devoted and valiant band of faithful men who are labouring to make the waste places of Ireland rejoice and blossom as the garden of the Lord.

In conclusion, the Deputation respectfully offer two suggestions. The first relates to Mr. Hamilton, of Carrickfergus. The time seems to have come when this venerable and pre-eminently good man should be relieved of a part of his work. He is still able to visit from house to house, and distribute tracts. He is a prince among tract distributors. But for the work of the public ministry in a place like Carrickfergus, a younger and more vigorous man is required. The cause is suffering from the feebleness

of Mr. Hamilton. Could he not be put on a liberal superannuation allowance, and his services still retained for such work as he is able to do?

The other suggestion relates to Mr. Dickson. This missionary is one of the ablest and most devoted men in the Mission. He does a prodigious amount of work, and does it well; and it is respectfully submitted that some addition to his salary would be an act of justice to this servant of the Lord, and a graceful recognition of his labours. Neither he, nor any one on his behalf, has mentioned the subject. In Scotland he is a great favourite, and could command a church of £150 a-year; but he loves his work, and wishes to dwell among his own people.

CHARLES KIRTLAND.

WILLIAM CUFF.

Contributions received from August 22nd to September 21st, 1877.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE—		NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—	
Cambridge, Andrew-street Chapel, by J. Nutter, Esq.	27 16 9	Northampton, College-street, by W. Gray, Esq.	20 10 0
		Wellford, Mr. Billson.....	1 12 0
DEVONSHIRE—		NORTHUMBERLAND—	
Plymouth, Mutley Chapel, Weekly Offerings... ..	1 10 0	Northern Association, by G. Angus, Esq.	27 10 0
HAMPSHIRE—		OXFORDSHIRE—	
Southern Association, by Rev. J. B. Burt.....	40 0 0	Caversham, E. West, Esq.....	2 2 0
JERSEY—		YORKSHIRE—	
St. Heliers, Grove-street	10 0 0	York, Priory-street, by Rev. E. C. Cooke	2 6 4
LONDON AND VICINITY—		WALES—	
East London Tabernacle, Rev. A. G. Brown	14 8 0	Llanely, Mrs. Thomas	0 10 0
Vernon Chapel, Rev. C. B. Sawday ...	14 2 0	SCOTLAND—	
Trotter's Trust, by E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D.	14 13 4	Musselburgh, by Executors of Miss Agnes Smith	17 10 0
J. Templeton, Esq.	0 10 6	IRELAND—	
		Dublin, Abbey-street, by Dr. Eccles*... 18	0 0
		Clonmel, by Mr. Cooper.....	25 0 0

J. P. Bacon, Esq., desires to acknowledge the following sums, received in behalf of the late Rev. Samuel Rock's Children:—

Collected by Mrs. Doctor Lawrence, Darlington.			
Mrs. E. L. Pease	1 0 0	Mrs. William Fothergill	0 2 6
Mrs. Gurney Pease	1 0 0	Mrs. Poston	0 2 6
Mrs. Theodore Fry	1 0 0	Mrs. Langton	0 2 6
Mrs. Hodgkin	1 0 0	Mr. J. H. Dent.....	0 2 6
Mrs. H. Angus	1 0 0		
Mrs. D. Wilson	0 5 0		6 0 0
Mrs. George Wilson	0 2 6		
Mrs. J. Angus	0 2 6		

The Secretary regrets the following error in the Annual Report:—
Tubermore, Miss Carson, “£1” should be “£3 15s. 6d.”

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer—J. P. BACON, Esq., 69, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and by the Secretary, Rev. J. H. MILLARD, B.A., at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co.'s, Lombard-street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

England.

THE Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union, held at Newport, Monmouthshire, October 10, 1877, may possibly prove hereafter to have been an epoch in the history of Baptist Home Missions. The proposals of the Committee of the Society for enlarged operations were very favourably received by the Assembly, consisting of about 1,000 ministers and delegates, and were unanimously commended to the generous support of the Churches, and of all members of the Baptist Denomination. A number of influential gentlemen, including the President and Vice-President of the Baptist Union, Sir S. M. Peto, Bart.; E. S. Robinson, Esq., of Bristol; James Harvey, Esq., of London; and the Revs. C. Williams and G. Gould were requested to aid the officers and Committee in the attempt to raise the necessary funds. And, indeed, the plan, if carried out at all in proportion to the existing demands as demonstrated by the facts adduced, will require *very* generous support. The Secretary's request for £5,000 per annum will be found, the more closely the facts are investigated, to be altogether too modest and meagre. Could the men be found, and were the funds forthcoming, it is clear that *fifty* men, in the several capacities of pastor, evangelist, and colporteur, might at once be employed with good prospects of success in their work. But the Secretary asked only for "five evangelists, ten colporteurs, with the means of hiring a dozen rooms and aiding in the erection of five chapels," for the first year. Surely the liberality of our wealthier members will *spontaneously* accord so much as this? The complaint has been urged, with good show of reason, that the working of the Society is too expensive; but how should it be otherwise when every congregational collection requires the visit of a deputation? If the practice were as general with the Baptists as it is with the Wesleyan Methodists for wealthy brethren to devote large sums of money to the Lord's service, a much more extensive work could be carried on without any further outlay for working expenses. Will our brethren whom the Lord has prospered lay it to heart, and ask counsel of Him who giveth wisdom? The facts detailed in the Secretary's paper are too numerous to be here given at length; but we may cite a few sufficiently

striking ones, in the hope that our readers will obtain the paper for themselves.*

CLAIMS OF THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

Selecting, by way of example, the county of *Stafford*, let us first inquire what the Baptists have already done to supply the means of grace to the teeming population of that county. In 1836, Staffordshire had a population of 500,000, and 22 Baptist Churches, with a membership of 675. There is now a population of 900,000, with 40 Churches, and a membership of about 3,000. Let it be gratefully noted that the increase in the number of Churches has kept pace with the population, and that the membership is five times larger than it was forty years ago. But 3,000 members to 900,000 people gives only one Baptist in 300, whilst in Cambridgeshire, every fiftieth person is a Baptist. Leaving out of sight for the present the numerous villages of this county where we have hardly a single Baptist Church, please to observe the two districts, swarming with inhabitants like beehives, known popularly as "The Black Country" and "The Potteries."

In that long serpentine smoke-enveloped line of towns called The Potteries, so closely connected that they might fitly be regarded as one great city, we have Tunstall, increasing during this century from 800 to 14,000 inhabitants, but still no Baptist Church; Burslem, with its several suburbs, each a town, grown from 6,000 to 25,000, with a solitary and struggling Baptist Church; Hanley, the metropolis of the district, increased from 8,000 to 40,000, with only one Church of 72 members; Stoke, and its appendages, grown from 3,000 to 18,000, and one Baptist Church; and Longton, with 20,000, instead of 4,000, but, as yet, only one Baptist Church. Here alone is an aggregate population of 130,000, with but four Baptist Churches, not one of them able to do more than just keep its own head above water. Nor, if we turn our eyes southward, do we find any great cause for satisfaction in considering our position in the "Black Country." The Churches are, perhaps, somewhat stronger and more independent than in the Potteries, but their disparity with the population, and their utter powerlessness to wrestle with the multiplying agencies of evil, is as apparent here as there. Bilston, with 24,000 souls, has two very small and feeble Churches; Brierley Hill, with 5,000, is favoured with a Church of 150 members; West Bromwich, with 52,000 inhabitants, has one small church; Hednesford, with 18,000, one Church just commenced; Walsall, with 50,000, has two Churches, one of which, with 350 members, is the largest in the whole district; Wednesbury, including its appendages, 116,000, and only one very small Church; Willenhall, with 28,000, and two Churches, both together numbering about 100 members; and Wolverhampton, with 70,000 inhabitants, has one prosperous and another very feeble Church. The district known as Coseley is exceptionally favoured, since, for its 17,000 souls, it has four Churches with a membership of 370. Here, then, is a region containing 380,000 people, for which there are 16 Churches, mostly small, and some barely able to maintain a feeble existence. The heart sickens at the thought that we have been so unequal to the demands of our heathen at home, and we devoutly thank God that there are other Christian denominations that have been more prompt or more adequate than we to maintain, in this populous part of the country, the conflict with ignorance, and sin, and vice. Besides the Independents, who, though not strong in Staffordshire, have 65 chapels to our 49, the clergy of the Established Church have, in some instances, been aroused to a zealous concern for souls; but it is to the several varieties of Methodists that this county owes its chief religious instruction, and we may even say its preservation from almost absolute barbarism. Their system has enabled them to support 700 preaching-places and the success which has attended their labours teaches us how we also may

* The paper has been printed and can be had gratis by application to the Rev. J. H. Millard, 19, Castle Street, Holborn. Also, at 2s. per dozen post-free, of Messrs. Yates and Alexander, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

succeed. It is to the employment of lively, rousing Evangelists, and the great multiplication of Lay-Preachers, that we must mainly look for the gathering of new congregations and the establishment of prosperous churches, in this deeply interesting but much neglected region.

THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS.

Let us take, by way of illustration, the county of *Hunts*. It has a comparatively small population of some 63,000; several of the Baptist Churches are, unhappily, exclusive in their habits, and will not enter into any association with their sister Churches; nevertheless, the membership is about 2,000, or two-thirds of the number to be found in populous Staffordshire. In about half the villages of the county the Gospel is successfully preached, and pastoral supervision is exercised, generally without imposing any intolerable burden on the Churches. In the first place, the evangelizing spirit is diligently cultivated by the stronger Churches, and they have from three or four to ten or twenty lay-preachers apiece. Secondly, when a village congregation has been raised, a system of regular pecuniary contribution is established, so that each congregation furnishes its fair quota to the common expense. Thirdly, to a group of three or four villages an assistant pastor is appointed, and if the amount raised by the village group is still insufficient for his maintenance, it is supplemented by a grant from the County Association. Fourthly, the group or groups of village congregations, with the assistant-pastors, are associated with a central Church, whose pastor is the pastor of the whole connection or circuit; and while each of the branches conducts its own affairs with as much general freedom and independence as are common with us, through the assistant-pastor it reports regularly to and receives counsel and aid from the pastor and officers of the central church. No doubt the system requires the exercise of brotherly love and forbearance, with a just consideration of mutual rights; but it has worked prosperously for many years, and seems to us to be based on sound Christian principles, and to be the only feasible method of supplying our thinly-peopled districts with the bread and water of eternal life. Huntingdonshire stands at the head of English counties for its proportion of church members, yet even here much land remains to be taken. But wherever the attempt has been made to establish a Church it has been crowned with a measure of success. The villagers in every case have eagerly welcomed the preachers; their houses have been thrown open for worship, and though the farmers are usually unwilling or afraid to join in the movement, and the clergyman and squire have sometimes offered opposition, the fact remains that several such groups of village Churches are at this day enjoying a healthy and vigorous life, and are alike free from the burden and the scandals which too often attend the ineffectual efforts of a village Church to maintain a pastor of its own.

Ireland.

While we write, the Irish Baptist Association is holding its Annual Meeting at Belfast, and very heartily do we pray that the Divine blessing may rest on the deliberations of the brethren. Although the associated Churches may at present be too weak to do more than commune with each other and take sweet counsel together, it is good that such fellowship should be promoted, for without question this will eventually develope into action, and it is in the meantime a first step towards independence. If it were possible for some scheme to be initiated for the education and training of a *native ministry* the Committee would gladly aid in carrying it into effect. This is our chief want in Ireland—men of education and power devoted to the work of the Lord. “The fields,” at all events in the North of Ireland, “are white unto the harvest,” but the labourers are all too few. The Committee have gladly accepted the services of two young men, Patrick

Connolly, of Ballykeel, and Hugh Davison, of Grange, as colporteurs, and hope much from their zealous labours under the direction of the Revs. W. S. Eccles and S. A. Swaine. But some of our excellent brethren are advancing to old age, and *who* shall succeed them? The Rev. T. Berry, too, of Athlone, has been laid aside for some weeks by illness, and the Committee have had none to send to his assistance. May he soon be restored again to health, and enabled to resume his valuable labours!

Mr. Martin Bacon, son of our esteemed Treasurer, has been zealously and successfully labouring at Ballymena for the last three months. The Church would gladly have welcomed him as pastor, but he is now proceeding to the University of Edinburgh to study for the ministry, and we trust will be greatly blessed in preparing for the work to which he has so earnestly consecrated his life.

Contributions received from September 22nd to October 21st, 1877.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE—		Dividend on McDonnell's stock, Rev.	
Gamlinghay, by Rev. S. J. Banks.....	0 12 6	W. Miall.....	6 17 4
GLOUCESTERSHIRE—		West Croaydon, Rev. J. Spurgeon	9 13 0
By Rev. S. J. Banks.		NORFOLK—	
Cheltenham, Salem	11 8 8	Yarmouth, by the Rev. J. Green:	
Do., Subscriptions.....	6 6 0	The Misses Amis, Sub., £2; Don.,	
Blockley, Subscriptions.....	1 13 0	£5.....	7 0 0
Fairford, do.	0 8 6	Lynn, Mr. Barratt, 2s. 6d.; Miss	
Gloucester, Brunswick Ch., Collections	10 19 7	Fysh, 2s. 6d.....	0 5 0
KENT—		NORTHUMBRELAND—	
Faversham, Collections and Subscrip-		Northern Association, by G. Angus, Esq.	20 0 0
tions.....	4 19 2	Woodbridge, Mr. J. Edminson.....	1 0 0
Margate, Collections	5 10 10	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—	
Sandhurst, Collections and Subscrip-		Newark	18 15 0
tions.....	11 6 6	OXFORDSHIRE—	
Mrs. Brine's Young Women's Class	3 0 0	Hook Norton, By Mrs. Gibbs.....	0 15 0
Tunbridge Wells, Collections	3 4 4	SOMERSETSHIRE—	
Mrs. Armstrong's Young Women's		Weston-super-Mare, Executors of Mrs.	
Class	1 0 0	Louisa Blair.....	1418 19 5
By Rev. S. J. Banks.		Glastonbury, Rev. G. Bragg	0 7 6
Biddenden	1 11 0	SUFFOLK—	
Curtisden Green	1 6 0	Ipswich, by Rev. S. J. Banks	7 17 0
Egerton	1 7 8	SUSSEX—	
Marden	1 18 2	Eastbourne	7 10 0
Smarden	2 8 0	YORKSHIRE—	
Tenterden	2 0 10	By Rev. J. M. Murphy	33 0 0
Wingham and Bridge.....	1 4 6	Halifax, Mr. Dennis	0 10 0
LANCASHIRE—		Clifford, J. Wilson, Esq.	3 0 0
By Rev. J. M. Murphy	20 19 3	IRELAND—	
Liverpool, Mr. E. Owen.....	1 1 0	Grange Corner, Rev. W. S. Eccles.....	4 0 0
LINCOLNSHIRE—		Donaghmore, Rev. J. Dickson.....	5 0 0
Gainsborough, By Rev. W. Woods.....	15 0 0	Dublin, Rev. Dr. Eccles.....	10 0 0
LONDON AND VICINITY—			
Acton, Rev. C. M. Longhurst	3 0 0		
Abbey-road, Rev. W. Stott	10 0 0		

Subscriptions in aid of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission will be thankfully received by the Treasurer—J. P. BACON, Esq., 69, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and by the Secretary, Rev. J. H. MILLARD, B.A., at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, London, E.C. Contributions can also be paid at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co.'s, Lombard-street.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

British & Irish Baptist Home Mission.

DECEMBER, 1877.

England.

THE PROPOSED EXTENSION OF EFFORT.

THE scheme for extending Home Missionary operations presented to the Baptist Union in October still engages the careful consideration of the Committee. Offers have been made by some brethren to become evangelists, and the grouping of village churches has been begun on a small scale; but it is obvious that the all-important basis for such operations must be the possession of adequate funds. The Committee are therefore hopefully looking for the successful carrying into effect of the resolutions adopted by the assembly with regard to the raising of a fund. At their last monthly meeting they adopted the following resolution:—

“That this committee rejoice in the cordial expression of approval with which the scheme for Home Missionary extension was received by the Autumnal Assembly of the Baptist Union, and trust that the efforts of the committee then appointed to consult and arrange as to the best means of raising funds for carrying the scheme into operation will be crowned with complete success.”

The unanimity of sentiment and feeling which has prevailed inspires the liveliest hopes that in due time the whole scheme—in all its essential points, at least—will be brought into full operation, and that the work of denominational extension and of city and village evangelisation will be earnestly set on foot in every one of our counties.

FIRST STEPS.

The Committee of the Essex Association have already begun to move. A conference was held in October with the secretary, under the presidency of Joseph Tritton, Esq., to consider in which ways the Home Missionary Society and the Essex Association could best co-operate in strengthening and spreading the Baptist interests in a county where they have been singularly diffused and weak. Various districts of the county were reviewed, and were referred to suitable gentlemen for further inquiries, before action should be taken.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The following encouraging report has been received from *Stantonbury*,

one of the stations newly adopted by the Committee, where the Rev. D. Gardner is zealously labouring :—

“ It is with very great pleasure that I again send you a report of the work here during the past three months. It has been a time, I am happy to say, of much encouragement, and I trust of steady progress also. Our congregations are as well kept up as ever, and on the Sunday night all the seats are occupied, while sometimes there are insufficient to accommodate all the people. Since I sent my last report, seventeen members have been added to the church, eight of whom are by baptism, eight have been by transfer, and one has been restored. We have lost four during that time by transfer, but as they had left Stantorbury sometime before my settlement here, they have not affected our strength as they otherwise would. We now number about seventy members in full fellowship. I feel sure there is a good work going on in the hearts of others, and I am hoping to have the pleasure of recording further additions from time to time.

“ Our need for better accommodation for our Sabbath School is becoming daily more pressing, and I should be glad if, in the course of another year, we could make some effort to supply this long felt need.

“ A Bible-class that we have just established gives promise of great usefulness and good, and I trust it will be made a great blessing, especially to the young men and women who attend it. The distribution of tracts is still being carried on, as I told you in my last, and I think this effort has not been made without producing good results.

“ While thus being thankful for the measure of blessing already given to us we cannot but hope for the future, and we trust still to go on and give ourselves more devotedly to God’s work, and by earnest prayer to obtain that blessing we still desire.

“ D. GARDNER.”

Ireland.

BALLYMENA.

Since Dr. Eccles left Ballymena to take charge of the church in Abbey-street, Dublin, the work in Ballymena has been carried on by various brethren, but especially by Mr. Martin Bacon, who for upwards of three months laboured there with indefatigable zeal. At length a new pastor has accepted the unanimous call of the church, the Rev. H. Cocks, formerly of Metropolitan College, but for several years past exercising his ministry in Canada. May the Lord set His seal upon the union now entered into, and abundantly bless both the pastor and his flock.

FAILURE OF CROPS.

It is not only in Ireland that the recent harvest has proved a comparative failure. The income of the society is suffering from this cause in the Highlands of Scotland, where the farmers have hardly housed any corn, and the root crops are sadly deficient. But, judging from the following letter of the Rev. W. S. Eccles, of Grange, the cry of distress from Ireland is likely to be loudest of all.

Grange Corner, Nov. 16, 1877.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—We here are now face to face with winter. It has come early and with great severity. The case of the poor will, in con-

sequence, be very pitiable; but the poverty and suffering will be greatly aggravated by the failure, this year, of the potato. There is some little difference in different localities, but the fact remains that never since the famine of 1847 has the blight been so general or so complete. The son of a respectable farmer, with the view of comforting his friend, referred, in my hearing, to the *high price* per hundredweight, adding, however, *if anyone happen to have a hundredweight to sell*. Such, it seems, will this year be very few. The potato blight thus tells on all classes, but it will be terrible for farm labourers and hand-loom weavers, who compose the bulk of the population hereabouts. With each of their cabins is joined a piece of ground for potatoes, which is ordinarily no small part of the family's dependence. *This hope the blight has now destroyed*. Poverty and suffering are common enough here always, but the outlook this winter is awful. The summer was excessively wet, and sickness peculiarly general. How many of those thus enfeebled will cold and want bring to the grave ere spring again gladdens our land. Will brethren help me to mitigate these sufferings ever so little? He who acknowledges a cup of cold water will not despise the meanest gift. Our sympathy with His poor He considers sympathy with *Himself*. "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least of these my brethren*, ye have done it unto Me." "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord" (Prov. xix. 17). Pray for us, brother, and I remain yours, in Gospel bonds,

Rev. J. H. Millard.

W. S. ECCLES.

Kindly also acknowledge with thanks in the CHRONICLE the undermentioned sums:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Thomas Whitaker.....	2	2	0	Mrs. Lussell	1	0	0
By Mrs Selve Leonard, Clifton.				Mrs. G. Rawson	2	0	0
Miss Brewin	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Leonard	1	0	0

CLAIMS OF IRELAND TO SYMPATHY.

Not a few Christians in England and Scotland object to the Irish Missions altogether, on the supposition that the Irish are as well able to support ministers and to use the ordinary means for the spread of the Gospel as the churches at home. The objection only shows how wide-spread and gross is the ignorance of Irish affairs in this country, and how utterly inadequate to the occasion and to the justice of the case is the amount of sympathy hitherto felt for the Irish people. Let us try to imagine what their history was for long centuries before the present generation. Only think of laws forbidding under severe penalties the holding of land by any Roman Catholic; laws making it felony for any Roman Catholic to act as teacher, usher, or monitor in any school, when

"Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupils met, *feloniously*, to learn!"

penal laws of this kind which were in full force down to our own times, and it will be easy to understand how the people must have sunk lower and lower in poverty and ignorance, and how arduous and painful must be the task of raising themselves, in these days of comparative equality and liberty, to a condition of self-supporting respectability. It will be quite necessary, in behalf of our mission, one day to review the whole case and claim of Ireland. The story of her oppressions and sufferings is simply shocking; and

