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BISHOP LATIMER  
(In Hades)  
OR  
GENERAL BOOTH  
AND  
THE SALVATION ARMY.

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### CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTEEN CHAPTERS.

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"Do not forget: This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

—GHOST in Hamlet

## A VOICE FROM BISHOP LATIMER

(IN HADES)

ON

## GENERAL BOOTH

AND

The Salvation Army.



"If there be any good thing to be done  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
Speak."—HORATIO to the GHOST in Hamlet.

LONDON:

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
London as in Bishop Latimer's Day . . . . .	3
Roman Patricians and Christian Martyrs . . . . .	4
Latimer's Denunciation of London's Citizens . . . . .	5
The Devil the most Diligent Preacher . . . . .	6
Vast Increase in Wealth . . . . .	6
The Straits of Poverty and God's Test of Man . . . . .	7
General Booth's Preaching, Aims, and Objects . . . . .	8
The Capabilities of English Resources . . . . .	10
Purposes of the Salvation Army . . . . .	11
Power, Efficacy, and Frequency of Prayer in the Early Church . . . . .	13
The Charity of Old defined . . . . .	14
East-end Misery and Crime . . . . .	17
The Wings of Prayer . . . . .	18
Unreasonableness of Trouble about our Wants . . . . .	19
Effects of Great Suffering . . . . .	20
The Absorbing Passion of the Day . . . . .	22
Emblems of Barbarism . . . . .	23
Unchaste Adornments . . . . .	24
Who may be permitted to wear Diamonds . . . . .	25
The World a Great Impostor . . . . .	26
Exhortations to Rich Men and Nobles . . . . .	29
Riches a Positive Hindrance to Godliness . . . . .	30
The Banker's Pass-book a Test of Charity . . . . .	32
Records of Proved Wills Incentives to Covetousness . . . . .	33
Who are the True Christians? . . . . .	34
Reward of Faithfully Helping the Poor . . . . .	36
Seneca's Penury—Socrates' Example . . . . .	37
The Joys of a Life of Charity . . . . .	38
Present-Day Evidences of the Efficacy of Prayer . . . . .	39
Gifts to the Salvation Army no robbery from others . . . . .	41

## THE SPIRIT OF BISHOP LATIMER IN HADES ON GENERAL BOOTH.

SINCE the day 15th of October, 1556, when the earthly tabernacles of brother Ridley and myself were burned at the stake, and our ashes scattered to the winds of heaven, forty human beings daily tread the streets of London for each one who jostled then for bread. The hungry unemployed crave for food and the naked to be covered. In the din ye forget God, and that the Great Absolute and Eternal has ordered all this *to try the faith, the love, the bowels of compassion* of those on whom He has bestowed the material things of the world. He has but to take away His breath and the whole universe fades away into nothing and nowhere, and yet at these times, when He is testing you in your profession, ye stand aloof from your brother, whose soul He has condescended to visit and cherish, and shape into His own likeness. Ye refuse to work with your fellow-workers with God, ye are more dainty than God, more righteous than He who charges His angels with folly, and in whose sight they are not clean. Ye ignore every trace of the likeness of Christ in your suffering brother, whom the Creator of *all* loved even in bitter agonies to die for, and whom He lays at your gate prostrate before you to teach and strengthen. Away with the name of Christian to all who forget that when the Everlasting Father shall make up His jewels, these shall shine, the Koh-i-noor of His crown, as having come out of the crucible of, and *been made perfect through, suffering*. The mission of great sufferings is to be a refiner's fire to Faith, to fit it to be the *zenith star* among the glories of *eternal spirits*, showing by their sufferings as well as works

London as in Bishop Latimer's day. Our present forgetfulness of God's promises to love and aid the destitute and unemployed. Life a mission of great suffering, and thro' it mainly shall we be perfected.



the faith by which they walked in flesh and blood to the gate of Heaven. Remember that He has provided that all the loved ones, every one of whom was once flesh and blood, shall be brought to glory from this and the countless other worlds existent from the very beginning; the mighty army shall parade with true common blessing on their heads, as the rank and order of His Heavenly Host. Away then with your diamonds, baubles, and jewels and gold, try all to do good together in yearly saving the lives of thousands, in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, reforming the prisoner, humanising the degraded, even though wretched religious differences force you to part when you begin to talk of the world to come. Remember the merciful and blessed Saviour has redeemed all by one and the same Sacrifice. He who on the white throne of His glory shall retain the sense and sensibilities of humanity as *freshly* at the end of all ages as *when He went up to His Father* with the nail prints but a few days old in His hands, to permeate the whole Godhead with the veins and pulses of the everlasting sentiment of our human nature—*He it is who lays the sufferer at your gate for your ministration.*

How the Roman patricians filled the prominent seats in the Amphitheatre wearing diamonds and costly jewels to witness the lions tear Christians into pieces, others who, relinquishing such ornaments, realised a transforming power to Jesus.

Your Saviour died for men in order to bring them up to His glory everlasting! He let them nail Him to the Cross, and there He bled for them that pierced Him, and there He prayed with His great heart full of love for His murderers, whose every breath He held in His hands, and could put it out at a word. He died for them, for you, for all mankind present and to come. The patricians of Rome, and the female élite of the city, bedizened with lustrous diamonds, who filled the first rows of seats in the amphitheatre, looked on with the eye of dramatic critics at the performance of the lions upon the Christian men and women who were given to their jaws. To them the short and agonising struggle was exhilarating sport. The shrieks, the quavering moan of the victims, alternating with broken words of prayer and faith in the Name for which they died, were vivid parts of the acting all done to life. Many of the lords and bejewelled women may have cried, "How natural!"

But there were those whose breasts shone resplendent, who felt a transforming power moving them, and which let in Jesus of Nazareth. Tremble lest you smile unconcernedly at the thousands perishing at your doors in the very heart of your great commonwealth, which lays at the feet of Emperors jewelled caskets of gold as seeming emblems of your right usage of wealth.

So long ago as the 18th day of January, 1548, preaching in the Shrouds at St. Paul's, my tongue of flesh spoke thus to the rich folk of London:—

"Oh ye Proud Men of London! Malicious Men of London! Merciless Men of London! Is there not reigning in London as much Pride, as much Covetousness, as much Cruelty, as much Oppression, and Hardness of Heart as was in Nebo and his cities of Idolatry? and for these he and his cities were plagued of God and Destroyed. There is much more of Pride, Covetousness, and Hardness of Heart in London than in those cities and ruled in the heart of Nebo. Therefore I say, Repent, O London; Repent! Repent! If you would bear to be told of your faults I would hope well of you, and that you would leave to be merciless, and begin to be charitable." But *London was never so ill as it is now.* In times past men were full of pity and compassion, but now there is *No Pity*; for in London their Brother shall *Die in the Streets of Cold*, he shall *lie sick at the door* and *Perish* there for *hunger*: *was there ever more unmercifulness in Nebo? I wot not!* In times past, when in London any rich man died, they would bequeath great sums of money toward the relief of the poor, but now *Charity is waxen cold*, none helpeth the poor.

"Oh, London, London! repent, repent, for though God does not destroy yet He is more displeased with London than with the cities of Nebo. Repent therefore, repent, London, and remember that the *Same God liveth now that punished Nebo*, even the *same God and none other*, and He will punish Sin *now* as well as He did *then* of Nebo. Woe to ye Bishops and Prelates, for ever since ye were made Lords and Nobles and herded with the Rich and Great, God's

Latimer describes the pride and hardness of the people of London in days of yore.

Citizens of London likened to they of Nebo. Woe to the Bishops of that day, through their lives of luxury.



Plough standeth Idle—*there is no work done, the people starve.* If the ploughmen of the fields were as negligent in their office as prelates be, we should not long live, for lack of sustenance. There be more mock gossellers than faithful ploughmen. Some are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces, crouched in Courts, burdened with ambassages, pampering of their paunches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee; munching in their mangers, and moiling in their Manors, that they cannot give heed to the starvation of the poor.

The devil the most diligent preacher.

"Who is the most diligent Prelate in all England, that *passeth all the rest in doing his office—it is the Devil—yes the Devil.* He is *the most diligent of all preachers, never unoccupied, never out of the way.* His office is to Hinder Religion. He cries Down with Christ's Cross! *Away with Clothing the naked and Feeding the Hungry! Up with Man's traditions and his Laws, and Down with God's traditions and His Most Holy Words!*"

Now improved lives of Prelates.

Now since I spoke those words, close on four centuries ago, there has been a great change for the better in the manner, lives, habits, and doings of my brother Prelates, among whom there have been raised up hundreds of self-sacrificing, godly, and laborious men. To the credit of some of those now living, they can see good in the Salvation Army as to yield it their moral support and money, hoping and believing it to be a means of reaching multitudes of brethren which other efforts and means have utterly failed in doing.

Vastly increased present wealth as compared with Lati-mer's day.

They, with General Booth and his army of workers, admit that the wealth of London since I trumpeted at Paul's Cross has multiplied *many thousand fold.* Yes, I would not in the least exaggerate or lie on this matter. It is an unquestionable truth that when in the flesh I last spake, for each one pound of worldly wealth existing in and around London, there now abounds *many thousands—ay! many thousands* against each *one* pound note of that day. True, alas! it is also, the Poor, the Abject, the Widows, the Fatherless, have also sadly multiplied fully to this colossal increase of Mammon. Notwithstanding that

the Devil has planted his *soul-destroying drink shops* at the corners of every available street, yet, thanks be to God, the Great Demon Drink has not subdued all things unto himself.

Let us see how the account now stands. God's poor in those olden days were often in great straits, but the Friend and Father on high drew to them the bowels of good men, who freely yielded of their substance and gains sufficient to feed and clothe the flock. As to the horrors now common in London, they were then unknown; but alas! grandfather *Devil*, father *World*, and mother *Hypocrisy* have vastly increased their power since then, and mankind are *worldly indeed, driven headlong by worldly desires*, insomuch that they right well seem to have put on the manners of living the delight of their father. With great pretence of holiness, and crafty colour of religion, they utterly desire to hide and cloak the name of the World, as though they were ashamed of their father; which do execrate and detest the world in word and outward signs, but in heart and work they coll and kiss him, and declare themselves his babes.

Straits of poverty of old. The devil and his hypocrisy now uppermost.

In no past time, through all the ages of London, ever a city of accumulating wealth, reaching now a climax unknown in the World's history, have the Saviour's living images, *bought* with no less price than with *His most precious blood*, alas! alas! been left as they now are, to be an-hungered, athirst, a-cold, and to lie in darkness, wrapped in all wretchedness; yea, to lie there till death take away their miseries. Who can doubt God's purpose in allowing the misery and piteous want set before the world by the General Commander of the Salvation Army? Is it not a *purposed trial* of patience and endurance, in order to secure to them joys in the *Great Hereafter?* but *true* beyond cavil is it that *the Great Jehovah* has, in these *our* days, laid at Dives' gate these huge masses of thousands of those *dearest to His heart, for He ever loved the poor*, for whom *His agonies were endured*, as *His tests* of the example so simply set before the World in the touching Gospel narrative

Piteous state of the poor as exhibited by Gen. Booth. God's test of man through the story of Dives and Lazarus.



describing the fate of *Dives* and *Lazarus*. Men of the World may, like the poor worm, wriggle and twist in efforts to escape impalement, through individual application, but if they hug the Mammon of unrighteousness, as many thousands of the *World's rich* are doing, there is *No Escape*. *Dives needs to be implored for at the Throne of Grace far more than he who was passing into Abraham's bosom.*

The preaching of General Booth. Christ the only expiatory sacrifice.

The blasts from the trumpet of your General Booth, as that of the Godly woman who contended so nobly by his side in the cause of God, sound the right note to my ear. I do not see the application of the priestly terms "*propitiatory*" or "*expiatory*," as means to obtain remission of sins and to yield salvation. The *Devil* has always been used to *evacuate* the *death* of *Christ*, in order to *have affiance in other things*, as in the sacrifice of the priest, whereas the Saviour of the World would have us to *trust in His Only Sacrifice*. He was "*the One and Only Lamb* that has been slain from the beginning of the world," and therefore He is called "*a continual Sacrifice*." The chief sacrifice of you men left in the world is *the mortification of the flesh*! What other oblation have you to make but of *obedience*, good living, good works, and the helping your neighbours? But as to our *Redemption*, it is done already; it cannot be better. The Christ, our Blessed Redeemer, hath done that thing so well that *it cannot be amended*. This I read to be the cardinal point with General Booth, his officers, and Army. With it the bowels of compassion are open to all mankind throughout the whole world, to bring them to a knowledge of true religion and merciful Redemption through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; to minister of substance in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, and to perform other such duties to God's children, as are plainly incumbent on professing Christians, and which follow as plain matters of duty.

Gen. Booth's aims and objects.

What is this task General Booth has assumed? Wealth, we know, consists, according to usual definition, which drops godliness through the sieve, of food, and clothing, and furniture—these things are

produced by labour from the raw material. In all times of depression the raw material is said to exist in abundance, and tools exist in abundance, and mental and manual capacity to use these tools on the raw material we know exists in abundance. This latter overflow is what General Booth seeks to remedy. It is the aim of General Booth and the Salvation Army to bring this raw material, these tools, this capacity together, so as to produce food and other necessities for *all*. He pledges himself to add to this platform the spreading a restful bed and pillow for every street wanderer of the hundreds of miles of streets of this huge London at one penny per night, and to start out in the morning in sobriety the human frame of God's image with a breakfast at a nominal cost. More than this, he offers, in his own language, to sweep the streets of London clear every night of all waifs and strays, so that no one shall be allowed to pass the night out of doors; at a charge of a halfpenny, or at the outside a penny, he will yield them warmth and shelter. As proof that he can do this he adds, "*there are now two thousand persons using the shelters*, although this is the summer time, and many are in the country working, or stealing, or doing both." General Booth is clearly gifted with vast organising powers, is a man of purpose, and *will do what he offers to do*. He will make bricks and tiles on a large scale, and has matured the production of a most palatable non-intoxicating drink, which he calls "*Salvation beer*." Now in this alone he will confer a boon on this land worth all the diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls its rich folk and devotees of fashion have in their holding. The accursed drink, the destroyer of the bodies and souls of multitudes, at a cost of hundreds of millions of pounds per annum, the cause of three-fourths of the crime in the country, bringing annually many thousands of human souls to perdition and hell, is the great difficulty with this nation. Deliver its toilers from the deadly power of drink, that they may learn to pray in happy homes. Merciful above all benefactors will he be who shall be permitted to stay its



ravages. Are we to wait until the great brewers cease to possess themselves of drink houses to destroy human bodies and souls, wherever their influence enables them to acquire licence rights? Governments of either party honour these, and make nobles, baronets, and knights of them up and down the land, and why? Simply that out of their ghastly gains they are ready generally to be relied on to supply the exigencies of party Parliamentary elections. Shame on such doings. The displeasure of the Almighty awaits this prostitution of titles to the worst purposes. "I will avenge," saith the Lord of Hosts. General Booth purposes devising means of adjusting labour difficulties without resort to strikes or lock-outs. Labour organisations on one side, and the march of invention and development of science on the other, should long ago have provided machinery capable of guiding existing conflicting tendencies. The means of enabling workers to procure a regular income are needed. Regular work with regular wages in order that food and clothing should always be procurable to reward man's toil. Then in London there are what are called season trades. Some five thousand men are employed for eight months of the year, during which time they get only enough wages to keep them in barest food; from March to August they are out of work altogether. Who can compute the thousands of women and children who starve and die during these periods? For the sleek and well fed to declare that these matters right themselves is but to feed the revolutionary qualities of even the most self-possessed of men. No, no, these things do not right themselves.

The capabilities of English resources.

General Booth may have the power to make our rural places productive for the poor. At any rate try him. There are ten millions of acres of cultivable land lying idle in Britain. Rent each a few yards of these to yield them bread. Tens of thousands of willing labourers with agricultural knowledge sigh to get at these and to produce much of that we recklessly now import from abroad. Fruit, vegetables, butter, and eggs in abundance are the hoped for eventual outcome of his

scheme, and that the fifteen millions of money annually sent abroad would be retained in the country. The land of England is more than capable to produce her needed food supply. The Salvation Army will establish creameries in which competent buttermaking shall take the place of much of the worthless stuff produced in farm houses. Why should England yield the palm to Northern Europe? The allotment system requires great extension. There are a million of men seeking its benefits to be available so soon as the rich landowners shall be driven to sell or let at fair rents what is required by the would-be industrious and thrifty peasantry. The present Lord Chancellor, a good Christian man, devised a Bill reducing the lawyers' fees on land transfer, with the object of enabling the poor man to acquire a morsel of freehold at nominal law charges, but the whole army of hungry lawyers rose up in arms, they would destroy his Government, and so the good-intentioned Lord Halsbury had to bury his Bill in the recesses of his waste paper cupboard. Immortalisation awaits him if he have the courage to carry out his intentions.

Pitiable indeed is the condition of those who regard slightly the labours and success of General Booth and his family, permitted to share jointly with him in the great fight. Theirs is indeed the battle of the Evil Spirit, the Devil, contending with the Good Spirit, who is God. In frequent shameful moments of pride or sneering, there shall be many who will look back with sorrow and anguish at the knowledge of having withheld themselves from joining in the strife. The Salvation Army is a legion of rescue from the jaws of the Devil holding to evil passions and hindering the rising out of the death of sin into the eternal life of righteousness. The Spirit of God and of His Christ, the spirit of love, joy, peace, duty, self-sacrifice, trying to make men know Him, and see His beauty, and obey Him; trying to raise men into that eternal life and state of salvation which the Lord Jesus Christ has bought for us with His most precious blood. The old ruts and means of moving the multitude have

Purposes of the Salvation Army.



in a great degree lost their efficacy, torpor and smooth things have laid hand on many of the teachers; let there be new life, new arms, and smokeless powder, whereby the battle shall be waged in the light of day before men. It was He Himself who went down into hell and preached to the spirits in prison, to show how He loved the poorest sinners and outcasts. The Good Father deserts not His child, though he have sinned seventy and seven times. The cry of the Salvationists is a loud cry for pardon and rescue, for man cannot of his entreaty weary God. The creature cannot conquer and destroy the love of his Creator. Christ will not deny Himself. Whosoever thou art, however sorely tempted, however deeply fallen, however terrified at thyself, turn only to that blessed face which wept over Jerusalem, to that great heart which bled for thee upon the Cross, and thou shalt find Him unchanged—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, the Lord of life and love, ready and anxious to save all who come to Him. Fear not then the gibes of the scorner who shall say that the ways of the Salvation Army are ill-savoured, ungenteel, and noisy. It is high time that new perfumes should ascend, less fashionable habits of entreating the Saviour come into play. Other means must be availed of to bring to the door of a better and independent life, so that through kind ministration the lot of others shall be rendered less miserable and dreary. *No true minister of God will look on the effort with a jealous eye. A Farrar, a Lefroy, will hail it with delight. Never mind genteel ears being shocked at vulgar modes of winning souls to God. The aid of new instruments must be invoked. Never mind the sneers that your trumpeter sounds too shrill a blast, or that the drum beats too loudly, and calls to arms more frequently than has been the habit of they who have slumbered placidly while the Devil has plundered the fold. The noise of the Salvation Army needs to be loud and continuous, for our cry is not for salvation after death, but the prevention of damnation while we are yet alive.*

The question of great benefit to the farming poor through carrying out General Booth's proposals of working land is an established fact, and must give a mighty stimulus to the allotment system. He has shown that land under it can be made to yield greatly higher production. Many thousands of acres of land around London can be utilized with aid of sewage in growing clover and rye-grass for horses in London, practically there is no limit to the requirement. Potatoes, cabbages, greens of all sorts, turnips, carrots and other roots are all of like boundless demand and alike profitable growth. Until now the land of the country has been too generally labour starved, hence improper cultivation, low wages, and no profits. The General contemplates taking up lands on which the sewage of large towns can be easily ducted, and while yet in a condition of freshness and fertilisation; and here, through well adapted and careful husbandry, made to produce crops of food of a bounteous nature, as the Chinese and Japanese show the world to be capable. Here is the sad spectacle of the great pretendedly Christian nation of the world spending millions annually to carry out into the ocean the very life blood of human sustenance, in money value of many millions per annum. The most ignorant nation could not act less wisely. General Booth seems a man to apply a remedy. For God's will and man's sake it is a duty and interest to uphold him.

There is no need of instances of great rulers having avowedly before the world devoted themselves in prayer to the Almighty Jehovah. Constantine the Great, though burdened with the cares of a vast empire, did frequently every day, at wonted hours, withdraw from his Court and retire into his closet, and upon his knees offer up his prayers to God, and to let the world know how much he was devoted to this duty he caused his image on all his gold coins, in his pictures and statues, to be represented in the posture of a *person praying, with his hands spread abroad, and his eyes lift up to Heaven*. James the Just too was wont to go alone every day into the church, and there kneeling upon the pavement so long to pour out his

Gen. Booth will reform land culture, and make waste lands productive for the poor.

The power and efficacy of prayer in olden days. Its practice with the Salvation Army.



prayers to God till his knees *became hard and brawny* as a camel's. *The Salvation Army is no new thing*, it existed in the earliest days of Christianity. Tertullian, a great general in the early Salvation Army, said: "*We are banded together into an Army that we may besiege Him with our prayers and petitions; a violence which is very pleasing and grateful to Him.*" Especially was the singing of hymns a conjoint part of the early Christian supplication in *lifting up the minds of men to Divine and heavenly raptures*. Pliny reports that it was the *main part* of the Christians' worship that *they met together before day to join in singing hymns to Christ as God*.

Frequency of prayer in the Church of Antioch and with the Salvation Army of that time.

We know of this frequency and fervency of prayer in those ancient days, and of its need, through certain of the people being then, as now, given to ostentation in their homes, and needing to be called back and made humble before their Maker. Chrysostom reports of the Church of Antioch that *they would set aside all affairs at home to come to prayer*, and that it was the *great honour* of the city, not so much that it had *large suburbs* and vast numbers of people, or *brave houses with gilded drawing-rooms*—for there was a luxury-loving West-end in Antioch, as now in London—as that it numbered a prayerful hymn-singing Army of Salvationists, *who beat their drums and sounded their clarions at the doors of the selfish rich*. It was this, we learn, that advanced their city above the honour of a Senate, in that its people were inflamed with earnestness in their prayers and hymns.

The spirit of alms in the ancient Christian Church.

We are not left in any doubt as to the spirit of the ancient Christian almsgiving. All must be done in mercy, *i.e.*, out of a true sense of the calamity of the afflicted brethren, first *feeling it in himself* in some proportion, and then endeavouring to *ease himself and the others of their common calamity*. Alms must be given with a single eye and heart, *i.e.*, without design to get praise of men—they might be given privately or publicly. Their reading of the Saviour's will was that it was designed to provide against pride and hypocrisy, when He made alms to be given in secret;

it being otherwise one of His commandments *that our light should shine before men*. A main requirement was to give alms with a cheerful heart and countenance, *not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver*; and therefore they were taught to give *quickly* while the power was in their hand, and the need existed to their neighbour and *he at the door*, so also he gives twice that relieves speedily.

But see the true charity of those days. According to their ability they were to give to *all* men that were in need, and they were not left in doubt as to persons. In equal need *they* were taught *first* to give to *good* men rather than *bad*; and if the needs be unequal, do so too, provided that the need of the poorest be not violent or extreme. But if an evil man was in extreme necessity, he was to be relieved rather than a good man, who, they said, could tarry longer and might exist without it. Oh what true charity comes down thus, and how fearfully have riches caused a departure from those olden ways which ruled that the good man should yield precedence to the evil brother, and desire it thus because himself was bound to save the life of his brother with doing inconvenience to himself, and that no difference of *virtue* or *vice* could make the case of one beggar equal with the life of another.

True charity as then taught.

Further, these Christians were taught to regard "poor housekeepers that labour hard and are burthened with many children" as true objects of charity, or "gentlemen fallen into sad poverty, especially if by innocent misfortune (and even if their crimes brought them into it, yet they were to be relieved according to the former rule), persecuted persons, widows and fatherless children, putting them to honest trades or schools of learning." But there was, if possible, a nobler field—they were to search into the needs of numerous and meaner families. *Persons that have nothing left them but misery and modesty*, and to such there must be added two circumstances of charity, first, to *enquire them out*, and second, to *convey relief unto them, so as we do not make them ashamed*. Further, also, they were to give "*looking for nothing again*," *i.e.*, without any consideration for

The sorts and conditions of men fitting objects of alms.



future advantages; and they were taught to give to *Children*, to *Old Men* and *Women*, to the *Unthankful*, to the *Dying*, and to those you shall never see again, or else your alms is not charity, but traffic and merchandise; and be sure that you omit not to relieve the needs of your enemy and your injurer, for so possibly you may win him to yourself, but do you intend the winning him to God.

The charity of  
old defined.  
The finding  
employment  
for the poor.

Alms and mercy then are the body and soul of that charity which a merciful and loving God calls upon us all to pay our *neighbour's need*. And it is a precept which God enjoined to the world, that the great inequality which He has been pleased to suffer in the possessions and accidents of man might be reduced to some evenness, and that the most abject might be reconciled to some participation of felicity. The works of mercy are so many as the affections of mercy have objects, or as *many* kinds of misery as the Heavenly Father, as *tests* of our faith and love, has placed before our eyes in the world. In olden Christian days alms were divided into seven classes, termed corporal, *i.e.*, every Christian man was required to feed the hungry—to give drink to the thirsty—to clothe the naked—to redeem captives—to tend the sick—to entertain strangers—to bury the dead. Under each of these heads other requirements were included, such as the forgiveness of debtors and the delivering the poor from their oppressors. In these same days there existed a classification of spiritual alms, such as teaching the ignorant—comforting the afflicted—pardoning of offenders—praying for all estates of men, and for *relief* to all their necessities—and, what was specially cared for, to redeem maidens from prostitution of their bodies. There also existed what these Christians *living in the blessed Saviour's day* styled the *finding employment* for "*un-busied* persons, and putting children to honest trades." The Almighty Saviour, in the precept of alms, uses the instances of *relieving the poor* and *forgiveness of injuries*, and by proportion to these, the rest, whose duty is plain, simple, easy, and necessary, may be determined.

Many since my day have occupied St. Paul's pulpit, generally well endowed lovers of dogma, with faces turned towards London West End, where for a short season only of each year dwell the nobles and rich ones of the earth, distended of lands and palaces, stocks and bonds, whose wives and daughters generally trick themselves out in diamonds and jewels. What have any one of these in common with the poor who in rear of its altar, as elsewhere, have been crammed away in retired lanes and dark damp alleys, where poverty in its most dismal form lies prostrate in rags and tears? Lanes and crime-spots so hidden that the most hellish demons hold possession, and with impunity steal forth and with most horrible barbarity slay, hack, and dismember the tabernacles of victims of the female gentler class, brought to their hapless condition through man's wicked lust, and demanding our utmost sympathy as they for whom the Almighty Saviour of the World manifested His fondest love? Was crime ever elsewhere known as is perpetrated and goes unpunished close at the Cathedral door? This is your boasted London, the Metropolis of the world, occupied in heaping up wealth. Poor Poverty! how agonising must thy hunger be where others swell in so great a superfluity. Oh, when the indifferent hand casts a crust into thy lap, how hot and bitter must the tears be wherewith thou moistenest it. Art thou wrong in allying thyself to Vice and Crime? May we not see in outlawed criminals more heart-humanity than in those cold blameless citizens of virtue in whose white hearts the power of evil may be quenched, *but also the power of good*. Better the red-handed than those who with punctilious regularity attend the services of the sanctuary, on whose cheeks red vice is painted, and in whose hearts may dwell heavenly purity. At the doorstep of the Canon Residentiary, close to the southern entrance, a never-ceasing stream of men pours on in mad haste to save the scrap of life; where all who fall are lost for ever, where the best friends rush without feeling over each other's corpses, and where thousands, weak and bleeding, grasp vain, helpless

East End  
misery and  
crime well-  
nigh the  
Cathedral  
door.



planks and slide down into the ice-pit of death. Ay, near the spot where the earthly tenements of hundreds of good Christians were by fire and faggots of dogma religionists, both Roman and Protestant alike, purified and reduced to ashes, and then scattered to the winds, exist the lairs from which Poverty, with her mates Vice and Crime, glide forth. The bloody sore has ever welled forth increasingly since the spirit was of fire driven from our flesh. Priests have failed to staunch. A cry is for the Salvation Army. Who shall contest their entry on the battle-field?

Alms the wings of prayer, by which it flies to the Throne of Grace.

Martyrdom itself was not named by them of old, and no otherwise involved, but as it is the *greatest charity*. For did not the Blessed Saviour *make Himself* the *greatest* and *daily example* of *alms* or *charity*? And God the Father is *imitable* by us in *nothing but in purity and mercy*. Alms given to those who have no friends redound to the emolument of the giver both temporal and eternal. They were held by good men of old to be instrumental to the remission of *sins*, our forgiveness and mercy to others being made the very rule and proportion of our confidence and hope and our prayer to be *forgiven ourselves*, a treasure in Heaven to procure friends when all of this world have with ourselves faded away into death. *Alms* are the *wings of prayer* by which it *flies* to the *Throne of Grace*. It crowns all the works of piety. It causes thanksgiving to God on behalf of the giver. And the *bowels of the poor bless us* and *they pray for us*. And that portion of worldly means out of which offerings to God for religion and the poor goes forth certainly returns with a *great blessing on all the rest*. It is like the effusion of oil upon the *Sidonian* woman, as long as she pours into empty vessels, it could never cease running; or like the widow's barrel of meal, it consumes not so long as she fed the prophet. The sum of all is contained in the declaration of the Almighty, *Give alms of such things as ye have, and behold all things are clean unto you*. To which may be added the beseeching words of St. Paul, *Put on bowels of mercy*—to experience which condition, and *really to know the art of alms, is greater than to be crowned with*

*the diadem of kings*. And yet, even with this promised high reward, to *convert one soul* is *greater* than to pour ten thousand talents into the baskets of the poor.

What and if your estate be depressed and poverty falls upon you? I yet have left the sun and moon, fire and water, friends to pity, some to relieve me. The providence of God is still *mine*, and all the promises of the Gospel and hopes of Heaven. I can read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbours' pleasant fields and see God's beauties displayed throughout Nature, and delight in that in which God delights, virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself. Enjoy then the present, *do good while there be time and be not solicitous for the future*. Lift not your foot from the present standing and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event. Enjoy the blessings of to-day, and the evils of it bear patiently, *for to-day only is ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the to-morrow*. To reprove discontent, the ancients fancied, that in hell stood a man twisting a rope of hay, and still he twisted on, suffering an ass to eat up all that was finished. When our worldly fortunes are changed our spirits should be unchangeable. *O, Death!* how bitter art thou to a man who is at rest in his possessions. Remember that to the rich man who had promised to himself ease and fulness for many years it was a sad arrest, when his soul was surprised the first night. Let us value these blessings we have just as we understand them when we want or covet them. If God should send a cancer on thy face, if He should spread a crust of leprosy upon thy skin, what wouldst thou give to be as now thou art? Is that beast better that hath two or three mountains to graze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna and lives on what falls every morning from the store-house of Heaven, clouds and providence? Can a man quench thirst better out of a river than a full mug, or drink better from the fountain paved with marble than when it swells over the green turf?

That which we miscall poverty is indeed nature,

What and if our estate be depressed, and poverty falls upon us?



Unreasonable-  
ness of trouble  
as to our  
wants. The  
philosophy of  
the ancients.  
The Almighty  
Saviour the  
chief of  
sufferers.

and its proportions are the just measures of a man. When we create needs that God or nature never made we erect to ourselves an infinite stock of trouble.

The greatest evils are from within us, and from ourselves we must look for our greatest good; for God is the fountain of it, but reaches it to us by our own hand. The universal providence of God hath so ordered it that the good things of nature and fortune are divided that we may know how to bear our own and relieve each other's wants. It is an unreasonable discontent to be troubled that I have not so good a house or so fine furniture as my neighbour. *Nero* had the disease of not being content with the fortune of his whole Empire, so he put the fiddlers to death for being more skilful at fiddling than he was, and *Dionysius* the elder was so angry at *Philoxenus* for singing, and with *Plato* for disputing better than he could, that he sold *Plato* to be a slave into *Ægina*, and condemned the other into the quarries. Consider how many excellent personages in all ages have suffered greater calamities than ourselves. *Acis* was the most noble of the *Greeks*, and yet his wife bore a child by *Alciades*, and *Philip* was Prince of *Ituræa*, and yet his wife ran away with his brother *Herod* into *Galilee*. Both of them, I warrant ye, disported plenty of diamonds. The most eminent scholars have proved most eminently poor, some by choice, but most by chance and an inevitable decree of providence, and in the whole sex of women God hath decreed the sharpest pain of child birth, to show that there is no state exempt, and that the greatest queens and the mothers of saints and apostles have no exemption from the sentence, so also that the Almighty Lord of men and angels was the King of Sufferings; and if thy coarse robe trouble thee, remember the swaddling clothes of *Jesus*; if thy bed be uneasy, yet it is not worse than His manger, and it is no sadness to have a thin table, seeing that the King of Heaven and Earth was fed with a little breast milk.

Suffering! suffering! suffering has ever been the lot of God's loved children while here on earth. No

couch of ease. No sumptuous fare. No venison pasties, nor fat poulets and clotted cream. No diamonds nor pearls. But many martyr fires were deemed necessary to try the faith of them when I held forth at the top of Ludgate Hill. Those kindled at Smithfield made light enough. The faggots blazing around the bishops were not the first. The red tongues of the flames licked off their flesh because they taught that *Jesus Christ* was a higher authority than he of *Rome*. Poor men and poor women, living in the back street garrets and cellars of London, went first to the furnace, but they were of no moment and counted for little. It took the burning of live bishops to make a sensation. Little was said about the poor, caught and taken to the burning in their workday leather aprons; rebellious heretics, caught in the very act of praying direct to their Saviour *Jesus Christ*, without the mediation of the Blessed Virgin, or the Saints, or the Pope. The praying, Bible-reading Lollards of London were poor men and women, mostly of what is called low social position, and poor men and women stood around the blazing to see them burned. Then came up the Book out of the ashes of Smithfield and took the bishop's throne of *St. Paul's*. The stoutest King of England's throne commanded it to be set up in every church in town and village. A bloody reign followed, and the fires burned anew and hotter than before. Then came *Elizabeth* with her dancing galliards and masculine favourites. She laid an iron hand upon the system and its servants that had put the subjects of her father's realm in fetters red hot. She led captivity captive with a will. She shifted the centre of spiritual power from *Rome* to *London*, and set the Pope's crown on her own head as supreme head of the Church. Take care history does not repeat itself in some of these features. No fear of fire and faggot; the small boys in the streets will prevent that. The faggots shall serve to boil the pot for hungry poor. We have the Saviour's own direct declaration as to the vital necessity of alms. "What lack I yet?" said the young man who from his youth had kept all the commandments, who was anxious to inherit eternal life, and to

Effects of  
great  
suffering.  
Affliction or  
suffering in  
some form  
generally the  
lot of God's  
children.  
The fires of  
Smithfield.  
Queen Bess's  
short road and  
iron hand.  
History may  
repeat itself  
through an  
intermediary  
priesthood of  
masses and  
ceremonial.



be shown the way of earning it. "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." "A rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of God." The young man started back, he had not been prepared for such sacrifice, and did not think the Saviour worth as much as the world was. That "No" involved a frightful risk, and it is a significant circumstance that we never hear of him again.

Vanity and temptation of a great fortune.

A great fortune is a great vanity, and *riches nothing but danger, trouble and temptation*; like a garment that is too long, not so useful to one, but it is troublesome to two, to him that bears the one part on his shoulders, and to him that bears the other part in his hand. Poverty is the sister of a good mind, the parent of sober counsels and the nurse of all virtue. It was observed by the *Greek* tragedians, and from them by Arianus, that all tragedies are of kings and princes or rich or ambitious personages, but you never see a poor man have a part unless it be a chorus, or to fill up the scenes to dance or be derided. This is especially true in the great accidents of the world, for a great estate hath great crosses, and a mean fortune hath but small ones. There is nothing to be accounted for in the state of poverty but *the fear of wanting necessities*. The Saviour Christ not only made express promises that we shall have sufficient for this life, but took great pains and used many arguments to create confidence in us. *The Son of God has told us what the whole story of our life should be*. "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father careth for them."

Love of jewellery and fine apparel the absorbing passion of the day.

Since resting here in Hades I have seen the love of jewellery and fine apparel as the *all-absorbing passion* with the women of the time. *Nothing is more destructive of the soul*. Tertullian tells us that so great is this strength of pride and silly ambition that even the *weak* feeble body of one woman shall be

able to carry the *weight* and substance of thousands of pounds taken up at *usury*, and that though gluttony and intemperance be great vices, yet not to be compared with a *vice* over envious of *fineness and love of jewel adornment*. A well-furnished table, and cups that go round, may quickly stop the mouth of a *hungry stomach*, but affectation of gold, purple, or jewels, no treasures of the creation, nor what's *above* or *under* ground, not the spoils of the Tyrian Sea, not the draughts from India or Ethiopia, no, nor Pactolus with his hidden streams would suffice. Such persons, though rich as *Midus*, would not think themselves rich or fine enough.

There is no greater covetousness than that springing out of the adornment of diamonds and display of rare and costly apparel. The poor butterfly of woman who presents herself to the Sovereign at Court, and at the Opera House decked out in diamonds, covering her head, neck and ears, is a source of sinful envy to other votaries of fashion less tricked out than herself, returning to her home pouting and dissatisfied, craving more and more for further baubles. Oh misguided woman, of all others the most to be pitied in being thus *captive* in the *net* of the *beguiler* of souls rather than rendered happy in the expending worldly goods *loaned* of the *Blessed One* for purposes of noble things. Of what use are these wretched snares of costly jewels which the newspapers continually record as shining forth resplendent in the Queen's Ball Room, the Opera, or as yielding "a perfect blaze," on all public occasions, when poor human female vanity comes forth to exhibit herself to the gaze of *envious fellows*? Do women know that diamonds and pearls are distinguishing *symbols* of barbarism, availed of before the Indian squaw knew aught of clothing to conceal her nudity. The female savage eagerly barter her little all for beads (diamonds in her eyes), and hangs them in circlets round and *below her naked waist*, probably with *more of real modesty* than thousands of English Christian-born women decorate themselves for Court, the Ball, and Opera. Withal what is her display compared

Women's display of diamonds at Court, the ball, the opera; their usage emblematic of barbarism.



with the arrayed insects of God fluttering in every field so convincing of His mightiness? Riches in shape of jewels and fine raiment would be *excellent things* if the possessors were the wisest and the best; but as they are, they are nothing to be wondered at, admired, or coveted.

Chaste women will hesitate in bedecking themselves with the emblems of wantons. Their inability to stand before God, as none of His workmanship.

Truly chaste women will reflect that the arts springing out of the bedecking themselves with jewels and fine clothes approach the universal practices of the wantons, who made use of them to inveigle men. St. Cyprian said of old that "the bravery of ornaments and apparel and other enticements are chiefly used by unchaste women; and that no woman's garb is more *rich and gaudy* than those whose *modesty* is most *vile and cheap*. And this he tells us the *Scripture* shadows out by the woman that was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, precious stones, and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. Chaste and modest virgins will shun the dresses of the defiled, the habit of the shameless, the ornaments of light wanton women. *Clemens Alexandrinus* adding "Whereas all those creatures, birds and beasts, are content with their own natural beauty and colour, woman only, as if she were inferior to the beasts, thinks herself so deformed as that there's need to repair the defect by external bought and borrowed beauty. For while by infinite cost of curious and costly dresses they seek to *ensnare* them who, like children, are apt to admire everything that is strange and gaudy, *they show themselves to be women that have put off shame and modesty*," and whoever, says he, calls them so shall do them no wrong, as carrying the *signs* and representations of it in their very faces. St. Cyprian declares that the bedizenments of jewellery and fine clothes are bold, high, and sacrilegious contempt of God; that it is to reform what God has *formed*, to alter and change His work, and as much as they can to *disfigure* that person which God has *made after His own image and likeness*. That such a one has cause to fear, lest when the *Day of Resurrection* comes, *He that made them shall not know them, nor*

*receive them when they come for the promised reward*. Accordingly this brings in the great *Censor and Judge* of the world, thus speaking to such a person: This is none of My workmanship, nor is this our image and likeness; thou hast defiled thy *skin* with false compositions, *changed* thy hair into an *adulterous colour*, thy *face counterfeit*, thy *shape corrupt*, thy *countenance* quite another thing; thou canst not behold God, thine eyes not being the same that God created, but which the evil spirit has infected; through glittering diamonds thou hast imitated the fiery sparkling of the serpent; of thine enemy hast thou learnt, and with him like to receive thy portion.

"I have told you of your paintings too well enough; God has given you one face and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and make your wantonness your ignorance."—*Hamlet to Ophelia*.

For one of these "butterflies" then, there are hundreds now in and around London. Lord, what ado there was for my usage of that word butterflies! Would to God they were no worse than butterflies now, for butterflies do but their nature; the butterfly is not covetous, is not greedy of other men's goods, is not full of envy and hatred, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not merciless. The butterfly glorieth not in her own deeds, nor preferreth the traditions of men before God's word, it committeth not idolatry, nor worshippeth false gods, but London cannot abide to be rebuked. If you be pricked you will kick, if you be rubbed on the gall you will wince, but yet you will not feed the hungry, nor care for the naked, you will not regard the fatherless and widow. If you would bear to be told of your faults, if you would amend when you hear of them, if you would be glad to reform that is amiss, if I might see any such inclination in you, that you would leave to be merciless, and begin to be charitable, I would then hope well of you.

In citing God's estimate of the value of diamonds and jewels, it is given only as comparative with the souls of men, and to make known that an infinitesimal portion of the value of these possessions of the wealthy would, under General Booth's direction,

Who may be permitted to wear diamonds. Decorations fitting for royalty.



subsidise means sufficient to rid the nation of its present curse of horrible starvation and living death. God's Word does not deny an array of jewels for sovereign princes. The Queen's daughter shall be "all glorious" in "jewels and gold." They shall be emblems of "her preciousness above rubies." We are to look on her through all possible State decorative means. What man is he that would deny to Britain's Ruler any of the costliest of gems? She whose example of virtue and godliness, beneficence and wisdom in regnant power, united to devoted love of her subjects, are proverbial throughout the world. Who than our beloved Queen has ever cared less for forms of grandeur simply as ostentatious displays of wealth trappings? She passes down to history through all future ages as the personification of Christian love and charity. Her people can never over-exalt her, or manifest over-devotion to the offspring of her sublimely-happy union with Albert the Good, the wise Prince who aided her through anxious years of study how best to guide her people through trying times, with a silken rein woven of the Almighty. There is no other such historic retrospect. Fortunately the records of those, alas! too short years during which she benefited so highly and more than willingly by the solid wisdom of her Consort have been given to the world by that gifted writer, Sir Theodore Martin, with a truthfulness and finished elegance and power peculiarly his own.

Oh, how great an impostor is this world! In these hungry thirsts after carnal pleasures, in the *disregard* of the *cries* of the *poor*, in the oppression of some rich, in the throng of business, in the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows of the world how few find rest and content, and *how many lose God and themselves*? Let us pray for an afflictive sorrow on such as waste their substance on costly jewels while the *poor—the beloved of the Saviour—lack bread*, that the sorrow may be such as *hates the sin so much* that the wearers would *choose to die rather than act it any more*. Happy then should they be. This sorrow is called by *Jeremiah, Joel, Ezekiel, and St. James a weeping sorely, a weeping*

The world a great impostor.

*with bitterness of heart, a weeping day and night, a sorrow of heart, a breaking of the spirit, mourning like a dove, and chattering like a swallow.*

Theodoret, the great historian, records how his own mother in her younger years, having a distemper in one of her eyes, which had baffled all the skill of many physicians, was at length persuaded to address herself to one famous for the gift of miracles, who lived a very severe and ascetic course at Antioch. In order to be more considerable in his eye, she put on all her *bravery, i.e.* her richest robes, her *pendants of diamonds and her chains of pearls*, and all else that could render her *fine and splendid*. No sooner was she come to him but the severe and uncomplimental man at first sight bluntly entertained her with this discourse: Tell me, *daughter*, suppose an excellent artist, having drawn a picture according to all the laws and rules of art, should expose and hang it for us to view, and some rude and unskilful *bungler* coming by should find fault with his excellent piece and attempt to *amend it*, draw the *eye brows to a greater length, make the complexion whiter, or add more colour to the cheeks; would not the true author be justly angry* that his art was disparaged, and needless additions made to the piece by an unskilful hand? And so it is here. Can we think that the Great Artificer of the world, the Maker and former of our nature, is not, and that justly, angry when you accuse His incomprehensible wisdom and perfection of unskilfulness and want of knowledge? For you would not add your *reds, whites or blacks* did you not think your bodies needed these additions, and while you think so, *you condemn your Creator for weakness and ignorance*. *Corrupt not, therefore, the image of God*. Study not to invent adulterate beauty, which even to chaste persons often proves a cause of ruin by becoming a snare to them that look upon it. The mother of Theodoret returned home with a double cure granted her, with an humble and modest referring all to the *grace of God*, her body cured of its distemper, and her mind of its pride and vanity, and she ever after led a most humble, sober, and pious life.

The historian Theodoret's mother's appearance before an Athenian ascetic arrayed in diamonds and jewels. His disparagement of her in such garb, and denunciation as corruption of God's image.



Writers of the Saviour's time's comparison of the souls of bedecked women to the Egyptian temples.

Saintly writers of the period near to the Saviour's time compare women that curiously trick and trim up the body, but neglect how it is with the soul within, to the Egyptian Temples; look upon their *outside* they are most splendid, set off with precious stones from many countries, the temples themselves garnished with gold, silver, amber, and all the glittering and precious stones that India or Ethiopia can afford; but enter *within* them and enquire for the *Deity* that is there worshipped, and you shall be gravely shown behind a curtain a cat or a crocodile, or a serpent or some other ill-favoured beast which is their deity, and just such, these writers truly say, are these women who trim themselves with diamonds and other jewels and gold, and are taken up with Jezebel, painting their faces, blacking their eyelids, colouring their hair, and other undue arts of softness and luxury, beautifying the *outward rail and fence*, but so far from meeting within what is most *truly beautiful* it should excite horror and aversion. Remember the account St. Gregory gives of his sister, Gorgonia, that *she used no gold* to make her *fine*—no yellow hair, nor any *tricks* to make her head a *scene and pageantry*. No *transparent ornaments* such as disgrace the ball room of these *our days*. No lustre of stones and jewels—no affection of beauty that may be *bought*—no counterworking God's creation, *dishonouring, reproaching*, covering His workmanship, suffering a spurious and supposititious beauty to steal away that natural image which ought to be kept entire to the Almighty and a future state. All this was far from her as it should be to all good women, though she very well understood the modes and garbs of *bravery* amongst women. The only *redness* that pleased her was that which was the fruit of *blushing and modesty*, no other whiteness but what came through *abstinence*, leaving all the abominations of *diamonds* and false arts of person to such as for whom to *blush* and be *ashamed* is a *shame* and a *disgrace*. Let our gaily-decked *jewel-bedizened women of to-day* take to heart the words of Tertullian, who, after he had sternly condemned and confuted the arts of unlawful

beauty, the vanity of too costly dresses, concludes with this counsel to the women of his time, to *clothe themselves with the silks of honesty, the fine vestures of piety, the purple of modesty*, and that being *thus beautified and adorned* (says he), *the Lord God Himself will be their lover*.

Oh, ye nobles and rich men of the earth, who, often against your will, but to gratify your own love of display and vanity, clothe your poor wives in rich raiment and minister to the wretched barbaric passion for diamonds and precious ornamentation of person, *who and what are ye* that you should *look upon yourselves and not upon the things about you*? *What is man, even if born of princes and the highest nobles*? His pedigree comes from the dirt: *and to enquire more narrowly into the manner of his being born into the world, common with all of his kind, is to uncover what shame and modesty require should be concealed* in profoundest silence. Oh, thou *statue of earth*, who art so shortly to be crumbled to dust, thy costly robes put the lovely flowers tacked on to the silken vestures worn at vanity entertainments to the blush. Ye behold with *the vanity which should bring condemnation* rather than the covetous desire. Rather *turn to the glass which shall show thee thine own face*, who and what thou art. Hast thou ever seen in a public charnel house, as in that which Shakespeare looked upon at Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, and which so impressed him, the unveiled mysteries of poor human nature—*bones* rudely thrown upon heaps, naked *skulls* with hollow *eye holes*, yielding a dreadful and deformed spectacle? Hast thou not beheld their *grinning* mouths and *ghastly* looks, and the rest of their members carelessly disposed and scattered? If thou hast beheld such sights as these, *in them thou hast seen thyself*. Where, after this short moment of your flickering in the lamplight, will be the signs of thy beauty or the lightness of thy worldly life? Where *are the heaps of changes of fine garments, the tiaras and stomachers of diamonds*, the necklaces, the pendants, and other adornments of thy neck and breast—where the horse, the lace, the equipage, the prancings,

Nobles and rich men of the earth warned to discourage the clothing of their wives in finery and the bedecking with diamonds. Octavius the Christian exhorts Christian women to refrain from these insults to their modesty.



and all the rest of the fine things that now add *fuel only to thy pride* and upon the account whereof thou dost *now* foolishly bear up thyself? Was there ever shadow so thin, so incapable of being grasped within the hollow of the hand, as this *fantastic dream*, which for the *moment only appears and shall immediately vanish* away? Well may the great Gregory Nyssen exclaim "Let us seek only what's enough to keep the body in its due state and temper, and thus address our prayers to God—*Give us our daily bread*, not delicacies or riches, not splendid vestures or rich golden ornaments, not pearls and jewels, silver vessels, not the government of princes, not numerous flocks and herds, or hosts of servants, or marble pillars and house decorations, or brazen statues, or silken carpets, or quires of music and singers, or the *other things by which the soul is diverted* and drawn from noble and divine thoughts and cares; but only bread, the true and common staff of man's life." Are not the sins and offences so earnestly reprov'd in the days of early Christianity tenfold more rampant than when Octavius the Christian exhorted women to abstain from their "shows, pomps, divertisements, and other vanities, which *you cannot attend without affronting your modesty and offering distaste and horror to your minds?*"

All beyond satisfying the needs made of God is vanity and vice. Riches a positive hindrance to godliness. Bequests of riches are piles of mere dirt, the portion of Dives.

True learning of God will convince that *no man is rich save he that is poor*. When God hath satisfied those *needs which He made*, whatsoever is beyond is *thirst and a disease*, and unless it be sent back in charity and alms can serve no good purpose, but rather vanity, vice, and the destruction of the soul. The dross of the world can only *increase the appetite for more*, make the possessor poorer and poorer, full of *artificial needs*, but *never satisfy the need it makes*, for *no worldly wealth can satisfy the covetous desire of wealth*. If a man be thirsty, drink may sometimes cool him; if he be hungry, food satisfy him; or if cold, and he have a cloak, it shall warm him, but you encumber him if you give him six or eight cloaks. Nature rests when she hath her portion, but anything that exceeds is a trouble and a burden. Riches are worse than useless and unprofitable, they are our

*direst hindrance*, for beyond our needs and conveniences *Nature knows no use of riches*. They would be excellent things if the richest man were the wisest and best, but the experience of the world's record throughout all its ages of time *proclaims the contrary*. The gain of money is but the getting clothes that are needless. Covetousness pretends to heap much together for fear of want, but really making the *suffering actual* which before was but future, contingent, and possible. It increases the appetite, it has never been known to content it. *It swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes*; not the instrument of alms and charity, the means to provide sustenance for the poor, but damning records in a bank pass-book, to be gloated over by the poor wretched possessor, and taken account of to make ourselves considerable by fools of our own kind, that while we live we may be called rich, and when we die be miserable in leaving a *pile of dirt* for those who come after us, *our own lot* having fallen to us in the *portion of Dives*.

Rich men enjoy only so much as suffices for the few and limited means of a man. Variety of dainty fare ministers but to sin and sicknesses. The poor man feasts oftener than the rich, every little enlargement being a feast to the poor, but *he that feasts every day feasts no day*. The poor man may get enough to fill his belly and the rich *not enough to fill their eye*. The ambitious labours of men to get great estates are but the selling of a fountain to buy a fever, a *parting with content to buy necessity*. Covetousness is the *love of wealth for itself*, not for its use. It is idolatry in the worst sense and the root of all evil. It teaches us to be cruel and crafty, beaver-like in our industry, full of care, and *undoes those who specially belong to God's protection*—helpless, craftless, and innocent people—and after all is of no good to itself, for it *dares not spend the heap of treasures which it snatched*. He who gives to the poor holds what God bestows as a pledge of eternal mercies. While others *grumble* and are *envious* in looking on great men's estates, he *trembles* to think on their accounts and banker's pass-book,

Variety and dainty fare ministers only to sin and sickness. All beyond necessities is labour and sorrow.



and studies more how to give a *good one* of his little than how to make it more. He kens how plentiful provisions enhance the reckoning, and that God's bounty sets all his gifts on the file; the worst servant *confesse* *t*, though he *employed not* his talent. Worldly rich men, like sumpter horses, travel all day under the burden of treasure, at night lie down in a foul stable, with galled backs, and in the grave with distressed consciences. The man who dispenses to the sick and poor, the fatherless and widow, feels lighter for his journey when unloaded of his luggage. It is but a *movable* that is removed. A little money serves the *traveller* that hath but a little way to go. For him a very little sufficeth, and much is troublesome. He is a *stranger* not only to his residence but to himself, and is rather where he is not than where he is. This is but his pilgrimage, his abode only for a night. He expects bad usage, a troublesome, uneasy, uncomfortable passage; sicknesses, losses, affronts, disgraces, tempestuous weather, rough companions, that will turn him out of his way, jostle, bespatter, throw dirt upon him. He will not be solicitous for better accommodations, he knows that all will be amended when he comes to his journey's end. *The country where he is going contents him with the meanest entertainment on the road. Multitudes shall in the Great Day rejoice they had no more, while others shall wail at having had so much.*

The banker's passbook shall tell its own story, and reveal all at the great day of account.

Sigh not then for money or land or other worldly wealth, but rather leave their acquisition for others. With the longest lived it is but a measure of time too finitesimal for computation ere the *soul must quit its tenement of clay* to enter on eternity. Not one of the millions now absorbed in getting gain and hoarding it to the neglect of the bodies and souls of those who tread the earth in our own generation have ever for an instant *realised* what eternity means, or the credit side of their banking book would not record figures damnatory of their lives. Remember this pass-book shall reveal all at the great day of account, and shall tell its own unerring statement of whether and to what extent you have been faithful in

dealing with God's coin confided to you as a test of the *measure* of your love towards your poor or afflicted brother. As tremblingly the bank-book is opened to disclose the fatal figures of unprofitable acquirement the ghastly fact will disclose itself that in the clinging to more than we needed we could not so much obtain the little power over our souls during the fleet moments of tabernacling in its trunk of earth as not to require more. Then shall it be plain that riches did not deliver from evil, seeing that their possession *did not take away the longing for them.*

Why do the public journals parade before us the too general records of judgment evidenced in the last will and testament of our modern Dives, who of their golden heaps rarely return much to God? It is that the editors realise the general longing to know the depth and height of our neighbour's pile, so as to imitate his example in the acquisition of wealth. Rather shun such sentences of death and *heaping up for heirs.* The mice in gold mines hide the golden ore in their bowels, and *refuse to give back the undigested gold until their stomachs have rotted.* These last wills are generally testaments of condemnation instead of proof that what was unnecessary for ourselves is as unnecessary for our sons, who would be *far better without it*, seeing that they have failed to use wisely gifts bestowed as means of probation. To our sons it may become instruments to serve wickedness and lust; that as the gold was useless to their fathers, so may the sons be to the public—fools and prodigals, leads to their country, attendants on the race course, betting and gambling house, and through these the curse and punishment of their fathers' avarice. Such wealth is destitute even of one blessing. It is a load coming with a curse. Possibly the father transmits and entails it, as he vainly tries, to his son, and by God's permission it descends to one more, until folly and vice, or the usurer, makes holes in the bottom of the bag, and this wealth runs out like water and flies away like a bird in the hand of a child. Worse even than the demon drink, this plague, this betting on horses and racing, is the heavy

Records of proved wills of deceased persons nothing short of incentives to a load to prove a curse. The racecourse and betting denounced.



curse of the land, besetting all classes, from the highest to the lowest, with an avidity beyond any other crying sin. From prince and noble it has permeated and reigns rampant with every class, dragging many noble families into low estate, and sorrow all round. Rare are the instances of persons bequeathing much of their worldly substance to suffering *humanity*. Now and then the angelic spirit appears. Generally the vaster the hoard the more contracted are the bowels of charity, and the more *dire* the sentence passed by the testator on himself. The amounts of money possessions disclosed through *Record Proof of Wills* are in these days truly appalling as evidences of the prevailing *Lust of Gain*; in occasional individual instances exceeding a million sterling, besides other heaps behind kept secret from the public eye. Wills bequeathing hundreds of thousands are almost of weekly occurrence, *few* redering back even a moiety of the debt due to God, the Great Almighty who made the Loan, and who notes every defaulter. In my day five thousand pounds was a large accumulation, double that amount was rarely known.

Ye men of England are fond of calling yourselves Christians. Away with the false title. Are wicked Divorce Laws Christian? affording ready means for gratifying fleshly lusts, making mock of God's denunciation of Adultery, are such Christian? Are the proceedings of the Divorce Courts daily paraded in the newspapers Christian? Nay, they are works of the Devil. Are ye Christians who leave your brother in the condition General Booth describes him? I wot not! The Bible says that all Christian people are members of God's family, set on earth in God's Kingdom, to do His work. A Christian is known only by his works, and noted by *love of his neighbour*, which must be a love intense as that of himself.

Woe to you racing men! Ye bettors on horses, poor brute beasts compared with whom ye prove yourselves so ignoble. How many thousands of human souls' perishings are at your door. Ye, who abound in every class from the prince to the shoe-black, whose demoniacal lust of gain has revelled in fraud and deception to aid your neighbours' despoilment. Vainly shall you in

London City  
Mission a  
great helper.  
Who are  
the true  
Christians?

your multitudes have blocked the streets rife of your nefarious practices and besieged the newspaper offices for eager knowledge of winners whose names shall reverberate in your ears on the "Settling Up" Day when the Great Clerk of the Course shall display the colours of your winners. The canker-worm of your vice has eaten into the very vitals of the nation. All the earnest cries of a Salvation Army are needed for your rescue, for ye are hardly second to the votaries of strong drink in your doing of Satan's will.

Why do men stumble at every straw? We will not be distrustful until we have a want He cannot supply, a danger He cannot prevent or remove, a disease He cannot heal or mitigate, an enemy He cannot overcome or reconcile, a Red Sea He cannot dry up or divide, a wall He cannot throw down or help us over, who sways the sceptre of the Universe, and lets loose or binds up the creative influences at His pleasure; keeps the lions from eating one prophet, and the fish from digesting another, the fire from touching three captives in a burning furnace; supplies the Israelites for forty years, where they neither sow nor reap, toil, beg, nor steal; alters the course of nature and the hearts of men; clothes the naked trees; re-covers the verdure of the forlorn earth; exalts the setting sun into beauty and brightness; spreads every day a table where all may reach convenient food; in the times of famine plants a cornfield in the bottom of a barrel of meal for Elijah, and an olive yard in a cruse for the widow of *Zarephath*; gives Amaziah much more than he had parted with to the army of Israel, and Job double what He took from him; restores to His *Penitents* what the locusts had eaten; accomplishes his promise of incredible plenty in *Samaria*, and rains it not from heaven neither; recompenses to His people the comforts of health and liberty which sickness had impaired, of relations and friends which the grave had devoured, of houses and estates which the fire had consumed; discomfits the *Philistines* by *Jonathan* and his armour bearer; delivers *Asa* with a handful in comparison of a thousand thousand,

No distrust  
until God fails  
in His pro-  
mises. Scrip-  
ture testi-  
monies to His  
truth and  
faithfulness.  
His denuncia-  
tions and re-  
venges on the  
unholy, His  
enemies.



Hezekiah from Sennacherib, Jehoshaphat from the children of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir; suborns a mighty prince by an army mustered of his meanest creatures; routs an innumerable host with a few trumpets, lamps, and pitchers, likelier to frighten children than armed men; discountenances any design, if *His eye* be but against it. If he but *hiss*, His enemies come with speed, and revenge His quarrel against themselves.

Know then that it is this Mighty and Gracious God who is trying your heart and disposition by setting His poor at your doors, in order that they shall ultimately determine your own doom. They exist for this end and ultimately for His own glory.

The poor with us in order to determine our doom. Faithfully helping the poor shall entitle to crowns and the throne.

His poor, whom He commends so affectionately to us, He proclaims as the *lot of His inheritance, His treasure*, His jewels, His servants, His friends, His children, His spouse, His beloved, the apple of His eye. He is not ashamed to be called their God, and Christ is not ashamed to call them brethren. When these have *finished* their course of service and suffering, He will call them to Himself, to their crowns, and set them on their thrones. Will they who bedeck themselves with diamonds and jewels be called upon to assist in the triumphal ceremony? There will be legions of angels at this employment *carrying happy* (seemingly forlorn) *Lazarus* into *Abraham's bosom*, as if they had been ambitious to bear him, everyone striving which should carry a limb. *Stomachers of diamonds and necklaces of pearls shall avail then but little!*

We worship a *God* willing to live and die in sorrow; His mother not rich enough to bring a lamb for an offering; a few barley loaves and fishes were sufficient provision for His train; who was so undervalued, traduced, reproached, betrayed by His own servant, abandoned by all His disciples save one, who followed Him longest to renounce Him the more shamefully by a threefold abjuration; put to death by His countrymen; His tribute paid by a fish; His triumphs solemnised by another's ass's colt; born among beasts; lived, if not upon alms, among publicans; died among thieves; His birth without a cradle; His burial with-

out a rag or grave of His own; and the price of His blood buys a burial place for strangers. What lower degree of poverty than to take His beginning in a stable, to make His end on a dunghill, noisome and ignominious, through the carcasses and offences of the executed, where He offered a sacrifice of sweet smelling savour unto *God* and purchased glory unto men?

Seneca esteemed himself happy in his exile. The penury that attended him contributed to his quiet. He realised that he had *lost his trouble, not his goods*, when they spoiled him of his wealth, and that by a happy mischief he had recovered his liberty in being deprived of the care of preserving his riches. He hath most not that strives to *add to his estate or reputation*, but to *subtract from his desires*. It is better to be *without* them than to *need* them. He is the *greatest monarch* that hath little and is satisfied, not he that thinks he *hath not* what he *should*, what others have, what he might have, or that grieves there is no more to have. If we would spare to *desire*, we might spare to *have*. He is not happy who hath all he desires, but who *desires not what he hath not*. *Nothing is enough to satisfy lust, very little to satisfy nature*. We pick our sorrows out of others' joys. We should never have found ourselves in want had we not found the abundance of others. Not *necessity*, but *ambition* and *superfluity* set men's hearts upon the rack. Had we all the world, we could enjoy no more than to clothe and feed us. The rest could please only man by *looking upon*, and we can thus solace ourselves while it is another's, and with the same mind behold their riches and our own comparative poverty, and make as great a benefit of that as they of their increase, with the advantage of being free from those black phantasms of cares and fears which leap on down pillars and prevail through splendid palaces to find out those lives of grandeur which have but the bark of happiness. We would willingly exchange fortunes with many, but would not perhaps be any of those men on any account. Were every man's troubles publicly known few but would bear their own burdens rather than other men's. The soul is not a Heaven to the vanity-

His disciples' desertion of Him in hour of greatest need. His humble birth and lowly grave.

How Seneca's penury served great and wise purposes. The soul not heaven to vanity-loving woman. The example of Socrates.



loving woman who betakes herself to a sleepless couch in expectancy of an invitation to the sovereign's ball or State concert, and being withheld disappoints her of flaunting her diamonds in the face of less bedizened sisters.

Charity God's  
channel of  
forgiveness.

Charity is the great channel through which God passes His mercy upon mankind. We shall receive absolution of our sins in proportion to our forgiving our brother. Certain it is that the Almighty Saviour cannot, will not, never did *reject* a charitable man in his greatest needs, and in his most passionate prayers, for *God Himself is love*, and every degree of charity that dwells in us is the participation of the Divine nature. And when upon our death-bed, a cloud hovers over our head, and we are enwrapped with sorrow and the weight of sickness, and perhaps may not feel the refreshing visitations of God's loving kindness; when there may be many things to trouble us, and the Comforter may tarry, then shall appear the injuries you have forgiven, the ills and affronts you have pardoned. And when weary of lying on one side we turn upon the other, and remember the alms that by the grace of God and His assistance you have done, you shall look up to God, and with the eye of faith behold Him coming in the cloud and pronouncing the sentence of Doomsday, according to His mercies and our own alms and charity.

Gifts of money  
even if made in  
real charity  
and love can-  
not purchase  
license to sin.

The example  
of Gideon's  
fleece.

Jeremy Taylor tells us that Charity, with its twin daughters, Alms and Forgiveness, is especially effectual for the procuring God's mercies in the day and manner of our death. *Alms deliver from thralls*, said Tobias of old, and alms make an atonement for sin, said the Son of Sirach, and so said Daniel, and so say all the wise men of the world. The experience of ages proves God's mercies to descend on the charitable as the dew on Gideon's fleece when all the world was dry; a promise and security for eternal ages vouched for by St. Luke. *Make ye friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations. I have been a lover of mankind, and a friend, and merciful; and now I expect to communicate in the great kindness which He shows, that*

is the Great God and Father of men and mercies, said Cyrus the Persian on his deathbed.

Oh ye sons and daughters who cling to Mammon, may you have grace and strength to suffer for your Saviour's name, to be lifted up on His Cross, to be nailed to it with the nails that pierced His hands, to give your hearts to the spear that cleft His side, bearing in mind that the Christian faith became mighty through suffering.

Mammon and  
luxury, the  
prevailing  
wickedness.

These your days afford happy evidences that where true faith in prayer exists, as in such institutions as the London City Mission—the Muller Orphanages at Bristol, whose saintly founder has for more than half a century been permitted to feed, clothe, and rear in the love of God an endless army of little ones dear to his Master, and this through the sole reliance on the efficacy of prayer and without any publicity of the names of those blessed in the provisioning of the flock—or in the instance of Charles Spurgeon, God's faithful labourer, founder of the Stockwell Orphanages, the Tabernacle Almshouses, and the Pastors' College, the outcome of gifts to one on whom it may be justly said the Seraphim had taken the living coal and laid it upon his lips. The sickness, well nigh unto death, of this untiring as undaunted worker of the Lord, whose printed and imploring exhortations to his fellow man exceed the pennings of any writer either of present or past generations, is a joyful evidence that intolerance in religion is in these days slack in its hold. The Queen on her throne of beneficence, as the Prince her lineal successor, with fervent heart and good example, honour themselves through him. The Archbishops Benson and Maclagan, and divers Bishops call with words of peace and comfort at his bedside at the moment when seemingly about to pass away from his herculean labours for the souls of men to enter into the joys of his Lord. While yet the Angel of Death hovers over the chamber they are permitted to learn that the Lord's servant is in a trance and *has seen the King*. Nothing can be more touching than a great statesman, himself in deepest bereavement and bodily sickness, conveying to the wife of the sufferer the

Happy pre-  
sent evidence  
of efficacy of  
prayer, in-  
stanced by the  
London City  
Mission, Mul-  
ler's Orphan-  
ages at Bris-  
tol, Spurgeon's  
Orphanages  
and Pastors'  
College.  
Greatness and  
goodness of  
Spurgeon's  
work. The  
Queen and  
Church digni-  
taries deeply  
moved. Glad-  
stone's sym-  
pathy.



"earnest assurance of my sympathy with you and to him, and of my cordial admiration not only of his splendid powers, but still more of his devoted and unflinching character," and the few blessed words vouchsafed from him on the pallet of seeming death that "*Yours is a word of love such as those only write who have been into the King's Country, and have seen much of His face.* My heart's love to you." Nothing in the whole prolonged political career of this champion of men can have so moved his sensitive heart as this whisper message from the fitting spirit. Himself possessed of much Divine knowledge, it must have been realised as a close union on the very threshold of the unending.

Last Words.

Men of London, men of England, men of the whole world, as last words I beseech you make struggle to uproot the demon Drink now stalking through and laying waste this fair land. It is Satan himself, by which he feeds the gallows, fills the gaols, and renders the homes of hundreds of thousands hellish, miserable, desolate, and which, but for the crime of drink, would be the dwellings of happy Christians. I beseech you also, examine your own hearts. Judge yourselves whether ye be really Christians or not. Face this question honestly, and think not you can deceive God, however easily you can deceive yourselves. He knows the secrets of every heart even before known to you. Do you love the credit balance shown on the latest leaf of your bank-book, your earthly god, more than your God in Heaven? As you lie down at night do you figure up in your mind the gains of the day, and as you arise in the morning and go to your toil of money-making, are its anxieties your greatest thought? Do you obey God's commandment, to love your neighbour as yourself, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, befriending the fatherless and widow? Unless you do, no treasure in Heaven will be yours.

The Salvation Army proposes, not interference with that noble army of Christian toilers of God, the London City Mission and others, save to supplement and strengthen; to try and achieve that which all others have failed to reach, the 90 per cent. of men

and women who never enter a place dedicated to God—who know not God—and to make the outcast a useful member of the commonwealth.

Blessed indeed are such men as a George Herring, a Duke of Fife, and many others, who see a hopeful power in the Salvation Army, and liberally bestow of their treasure to aid them.

It will be said that gifts to test the promises held out by the Salvation Army will prove to be abstractions from what would otherwise fall to the known and tried other means—that the old, proved, and numerous channels of charity will suffer—the more than beneficent London City Mission, the Hospitals, the Muller and other Orphanages—the blessed Rescues for gentle ones brought by man's lust to sacrifice of purity—the Gordon and Barnardo Homes, the Training Ships and other Reformatories—that these and others, placed by His redeeming love before the eyes of the rich as objects to test their fitness for Heaven, will fall short in consequence. This is the whispering of Satan, whose craftiness tells him that the surest approach to man's heart, if he have one, is through suggesting reasons for retention of his gold—anything that will continue the deadly grasp. "If I part with any of my heart's blood it will be mispent," urges the tempter. "Let God reclaim the lost and succour the sick and poor, the widow and the fatherless—He can if He so wills it! It is not for me to dissipate my hard earned treasure by handing any portion of it to visionaries." And so the devil passes his searing iron over the conscience damned of God's Word as unworthy to dwell in and inherit the everlasting joys of Heaven. No! No! It is not generally the rich who feed the hungry and tend the sick. It is *the few*, and they of comparatively little wealth, a blessed limited knot, who enable Charity gushingly to well out its heavenly yieldings.

Remember it was through brother Ridley, whose flesh and bones were with mine consumed of fire, interceding with King Edward, that Christ's Hospital was founded. St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew were greatly aided by him. In those days there was no need for



an army of women to stand at the street corners imploring doles for their support. Insignificant as the wealth of London was, the sick and maimed found ready pallets. Oh shame on ye, sons of Pluto, that in this your day there should be hospital wards with bolted doors by reason of your avarice and lack of compassionate bowels.

Banish not from memory the unavenged horrors of yesterday lying at the door of cruel merciless London. Eight or nine helpless, hapless, defenceless, uncared-for, unthought-of women, on different nights and at varying intervals, diabolically slaughtered in East-end neglected streets, alas too rarely trod of Christian feet to bear the Great God's merciful promises to the most abject and lost; victims, your sisters, fiendishly murdered, hellishly mutilated—ay, even disembowelled—and all these coolly done without even a gleam of the Satanic perpetrators. There never have been such hideous atrocities elsewhere on the globe as these undiscovered, unpunished barbarities of cruel pitiless London! Here, from Hades, I repeat my utterances at St. Paul's, in January, 1548, "Oh, London, London, repent, repent! If you would bear to be told of your faults I would hope well of you, and that you would leave off to be merciless and begin to be charitable."

How great is the refraining power of the Lord Jehovah in not swiftly overwhelming this huge city of vice and sorrow; but for promises, as narrated in Genesis xviii., summary vengeance would ere this have been dealt out. It is none other than the Almighty Himself who there declares unto Abraham, in reply to his enquiry as to the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, "I will not destroy it if there be but ten righteous men in it." Thanks be to God that, however great the sins of London, there exists a leaven in loving brothers in Christ.

Enough—

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire,  
Adieu, Adieu, Adieu! Remember!"

LATIMER AT REST

## "THE TRUE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE."

### REVIEWS AND PRESS NOTICES.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON, the Boanerges of the Surrey Tabernacle, recently wrote in his Magazine, *The Sword and Trowel*—"Major Walter has accomplished what no one else could have carried through. With a wealth of choice illustrations of every place where the great poet set his foot, he has adorned a book which will henceforth be the standard work on Shakespeare's life. We are amazed at the prodigality with which the illustrations bejewel the volume. This work to the archaeologist and the artist is a museum of delights. We warmly welcome his splendid book. He has written well and most devoutly. Hitherto the loose world has set up a claim to the imperial genius of the Bard of Avon; but here a man who loves his Bible and his God takes fair possession of him, and fights hard with all who would besmirch his character. It is graciously done and we thank him for it. Our interest in his achievement is great, and if his work is really to be sold for a nominal guinea, or an actual sixteen shillings, it is cruelly cheap. If we were making a Christmas present to a literary friend, we should think it one of the best gifts we could give him. We care not for the playwright: but whatever form the productions of this master-mind might have assumed, they would have exercised a vast influence far beyond their immediate audience. This book is history and topography of a high order."

CANON LIDDON, of St. Paul's, foremost among teachers, "the heart most loving, with tongue of fire! now dumb for aye!" testified to the work in these characteristic words:—"It supplies Literature's great need with rare power, boldness, and seeming truth, ruthlessly brushing away the gossip, many unfounded scandals, and presenting the vital links in life's chain welded with impressive eloquence—withal it helps the cause of God. Ruggedness of style has appertained to works enduring through long ages. May not this become the accepted lifetale of him 'of all times,' and its peculiarities be deemed hereafter its chiefest merit?"

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, Westminster Abbey's eminent preacher and author, says:—"Major Walter's beautiful volume evinces the bestowal of a great amount of most loving care on the vindication of the great Poet, and the scenes in which he passed the happy years of his youth and his later manhood. All who love the memory of Shakespeare and are indebted to him for some of their deepest and most consoling thoughts must be grateful to the author of *Shakespeare's True Life* for such earnest and thorough labour."

"A more delightful volume to give to the innumerable admirers of Shakespeare and of rural England it would be difficult to imagine. To accompany the dramatist up to the metropolis, amid the taverns and theatres and bear-gardens of the Borough, and the churches as they stood associated with Shakespeare before the great fire had burned out the contagion of the plague, is of deepest interest. The work has been the labour of a life, and we do it sad injustice in a short review. The author has struck a new mine of treasure in the traditions with regard to Shakespeare and his family. Anne Hathaway was of course her husband's senior by years, and, in place of being a commonplace woman, she was sympathetic and intellectual, and might have sat for the ideal of 'Sweet Anne Page.' Shakespeare was never a scapegrace, but a studious young man of orderly habits, with far more books at his disposal than has hitherto been admitted."—*The Times*.

"Major Walter's charming volume is the *beau idéal* of what a presentation book ought to be. If any one whose disposition inclines him to a benefaction,



and whose convictions compel him—in the matter of gifts—to take thought for the bookshelf of the object of his regard, is still hesitating, he will find an end of doubt when he lights upon this timely treasure. Only, if rightly advised, he will secure a duplicate for his own use and delight. It would be making too severe a demand on human nature to expect any one to forego absolutely in favour of another the possession of a thing so much to be desired. Major Walter fills out with faithful and delicate local colour the outline rudely traced by preceding biographers by the dim light of entries in registers and of half-faded signatures on documents unearthed from old muniment chests. The wealth of topographical detail given in the volume constitutes its main charm. No pilgrim should visit the Shakespeare country without it. As a companion to the study of the poet's works, it must ever be a charming necessity."—*Standard*.

"A sumptuous gift-book, written by an enthusiast, and illustrated with truly artistic splendour, is *Shakespeare's True Life*. There can be no question that in this book the most scrupulous and loving care has been at work to collect every particle of evidence bearing either on the details of the poet's life or on those circumstances and conditions which influenced his career. One of the most interesting points in the book is the author's treatment of that mysterious ceremony which joined into some sort of recognised union Anne Hathaway and her youthful lover. Stoutly he defends Shakespeare's character in the matter of the deer-stealing, and resolutely he vindicates the happiness of the union between the mature maiden of twenty-seven and a boy of eighteen. All true Shakespeare lovers owe a debt of gratitude to Major Walter for his magnificent volume."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"When it is remembered how many have been the books devoted to the life of our great national poet, it is no small thing to be able to boast of having produced the most beautiful volume that has yet come forth upon this fascinating theme. Major Walter's work must have been a labour of years; it has certainly been a labour of love."—*Daily News*.

"The author convinces us that in the poet purity and elevation of character went hand in hand with genius. His earliest relations with Anne Hathaway are shown to have been faultless, and that the couple were properly joined according to the rites of the Romish Church before they were married as Protestants. Of this there would now seem no doubt; proof of the assertion is afforded by the discovery of a chantry in the roof of the Old Manor House at Shottery. The ceremonial service therein submitted to satisfy the conscience of a manly Christian youth of unblemished character, and his envied bride realised it as in every way meeting her most delicate sensibilities as a most well-born English maiden."—*Spectator*.

"To have composed one of the very handsomest books ever written about Shakespeare is something; nay, 'tis much. Every page of Major Walter's large volume is adorned with one or more sketches, very well drawn and very well produced, of Shakespearean localities, &c.; and these illustrations would of themselves make the book an almost indispensable addition to every Shakespearean library."—*Saturday Review*.

"A new book on Shakespeare which elicits highly commendatory letters from such authorities as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson is a book that is bound to take a distinct and honourable place in the literature of the age. *Shakespeare's True Life* is worthy of its subject, and a fitting offering to be laid on the shrine of the poet who was 'not for an age, but for all time.' The book itself is a work of art, with its perfect typography and wealth of illustration, in all cases marked by the truest artistic feeling, the exquisite vignettes that adorn every page in such prodigal profusion making it a possession to be coveted on that account alone. That which gives it its highest value as an authority on the subject of Shakespeare's life, however, is the evidently inexhaustible patience with which Mr. Walter has tested every supposed authority and verified every reference. Clearly this has been to him a labour of love in the most literal sense of the term, and the result is an unqualified literary success."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

"This book stands quite in a class by itself, solitary, like the subject of it, by reason of the over-mastering enthusiasm breathed in every line. The wealthy accumulations of half a century, in facts discovered, in criticism and in thoughts, are here fused and shaped after a fashion which, if far from common, is none the less delightful. Unrestrained by any conventional method, and with a supreme disregard for so-called critics, the author pours out his abundant knowledge in his own way, disarming unfavourable judgment completely by the contagious warmth of his enthusiasm. The result is a grand book of 400 pages. No railway reading, nor even a book to be held in the hand, but such a volume as Charles Lamb tells us he loved, a thing to be kindly nursed on the knee, while the reader lies in his easiest chair, and reads through a long winter's night in mental visions of the man to whom our literature owes most. Anyone who knows Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, and has some genuine apprehension of his greatness, will be delighted, as he turns page after page, at the insight he gains into the manner of his life and every circumstance of his environment. We could not do this work a more serious injustice than to leave on our readers' mind the impression that it is mainly controversial and negative. The author is specially successful in adducing satisfactory evidence of a formal marriage with Anne Hathaway, and of that being preceded a month earlier by a handfast betrothal in the chantry attached to the old manor house of Shottery. This ceremony is proved by contemporary cases and passages in his plays to be such 'as satisfied the conscience of a manly Christian youth of unblemished character and instinctive honour of all mankind.'"—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"This large and handsome volume, embodying a labour of a lifetime, presents the world with what is likely to rank as one of the most interesting books on Shakespeare that has been produced. He indignantly refutes the old fallacies that Shakespeare was apprenticed to a butcher, that he left his native town to escape the consequences of deer stealing, that he held horses outside the theatre doors, and that he obtained his first introduction to the drama in a position something below the rank of the modern 'super.' Major Walter has these weak inventions destroyed, and that by the very satisfactory means of substituting better probabilities gleaned by diligent study of every fact, no matter how apparently inconsiderable, in connection with Shakespeare's home and country. The work is an indispensable adjunct to all Shakespearean libraries. If in any respect it falls short of vindicating its title of *Shakespeare's True Life*, the fault lies in the likelihood that it is more than true."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"This is a veritable *livre de luxe*. The illustrations generally form a gallery of pictures illustrating Stratford and Shakespeare, of a variety, extent, and interest never hitherto attempted. The literary portion of the volume is an *éloge*—all in praise of Shakespeare—and a valiant and powerful defence against every foe. It is a work of vast labour and wide research as to facts and dates, which omits no reference and avoids no doubtful point, and follows the poet from his birth-place to his grave. He is not dogmatic as to his discoveries, which must wait for discussion or confirmation, but he believes there was a secret marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, and that it was celebrated in the 'chantry' of Shottery Manor House. The whole story of Shakespeare at and near Stratford is told in a flowing and picturesque narrative. He looks out numerous forgotten facts, boldly challenges many accepted verdicts, and criticises critics. It is a volume of careful narrative really unique in fashion and form, in contents and narrative."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"This is a most charming book. One main purpose of the writer has been to purge Shakespeare's biography from the unworthy and unfounded slanders hitherto associated with it, and of which the increasing multitude of readers in present and future generations will rejoice to be rid. The whole work displays an immense amount of thought, stupendous and painstaking industry. All honour to Major Walter. His book is like a romance, so tenderly and gracefully is the Poet's life-story told, a book more to read, to refer to, to enjoy, than to write about; a good book, a kindly, well-written, thoughtful book, and well worthy of a place on everyone's book-shelves."—HARRISON WEIR.