PROGRESS SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

Sunday Reading. WORKER'S EXPERIENCE

Next to the late Charles H. Spurgeon, the man who during the last thirty years has gathered the largest congregation in London, is the Rev. Archibald Brown, pastor of the East London Tabernacle. He was the intimate friend of Spurgeon, and widely favored as Spurgeon's successor but he resolutely declined to be a candidate. As Mr. Brown is one of the most remarkable ministers in England and his long experience throws much light on the vital matter of city evangelization, I wish to tell the readers of the Evangelist something about him.

Mart

The Rev. Archibald Brown is now fiftytwo years old, and he began to preach at eighteen. In 1866 he went into the East End of London-the end in which London's poverty is located-and took charge of a small baptist church of three hundred members. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the work, and so entirely has he devoted himself that he says that he has not even seen Regent street and the fashionable 'West End' of London for several years! His little church grew rapidly, and they soon erected the East London Tabernacle which has sittings for 2,700 auditors and is always crowded. During his thirty years pastorate, Mr. Brown has baptized about six thousand converts, and the actual present membership of the chuch is 2,300. Among these is quite a large number of converted Jews, and the Hebrews swarm in that region. None but a mant of cast-iron constitution could have endured what Mr. Brown has gone through during his thirty years of herculean and heroic labors. At nine o'clock every morning he has been in the habit of meeting his missionaries, and going over with them the cases of destitution and suffering, and laying out plans for the day. At ten o'clock he plunged into his books, for he has always been-like his triend Spurgeon. a hard student; before lunch he took a peep into the 'Boys' or 'Girl's Home' connected with his church. His afternoons are usually devoted to preaching, either among the poor of East London, or out in the rural districts ; his rule has been to hold about nine services in every week ! He has traveled widely over the kingdom, confining himself to the humbler and poorer congregations. Friday evening he has always devoted to blocking out the briefs of his Sabbath discourses, and he has never used manuscripts. At the end of thirty years of such perpetual and prodigious labors, Mr. Brown has resigned his pastoral charge. His reasons, as given by himself, are these. He says : "I have been conscious of growing physical weakness. Family troubles have fallen upon me with peculiar heaviness; my dear wife's illness lasted four years; and since her death two years ago I have felt that my work was pressing too hard on me. A great dread of going beyond the thirty years has for some time past hung over me; mine has been a long pastorate; and no one can accuse me of running away from my work. If I were in a financial position of some years ago there is nothing that I should like better than to give the whole of my time to preaching about the country without fee or reward, and so helping the poorer brethren.' It is probable that Mr. Brown may seek some recreation by visiting China, and may return home by way of San Francisco and the United States. There are thousands of people in this country who would rejoice to greet and to listen to this devoted servant of God; but as he has never written any popular novels it is not likely that he could pick up thirty thousand dollars by two months of popular lectures. His self denying toils have not been among those who 'wear soft raiment, and dwell in kings' houses.' On one much discussed question of th best way to reach 'the masses,' Mr. Brown's testimony is of great value. He has gathered his church-membership mainly from the laboring classes and from selfsupporting trades people. He says, 'If I were to gather the sweepings of Bow Common to our Tabernacle on Sundays I should simply lose a large number of the other members. There is a great deal of ignorant talk about the best way to reach the very poor. We have to deal with facts as they are, and experience has shown me that the very poor are much happier in their own Mission halls than in regular churches.' This is a very decisive answer to the idle talk of those in this country who insist that the ragged residents of the slums can be coaxed into fine churches for regular worship. As I have always contended, theywould not come into such churches, | pain cure-is sure to cure.

if they could, Mr. Brown has consolidated into a strong and active church the selfsupporting class, and they in turn have done mission-work among the floating population,' and the squalid classes around them.

The question was addressed to Mr. Brown by an interviewer who called on him, 'Do you find that the respectable artizans of the East End sympathize with Christianity ?'

'I think,' said Mr. Brown, 'that all classes in London are less religious than they were. Among the working classes what is known as the social gospel has done as much as anything. I hate the expression social gospel. Sometimes I think it must have been invented by the devil. What we want in the pulpit is close and careful study of the Bible. During a morning sermon I never hesitate to make fifteen or twenty references to passages of Scripture. My congregation are all provided with Bibles, and whenever a verse is mentioned they refer to it in the volume. It is an amazing thing to me that any man or woman should come to the house of God unprovided with a Bible. I fear that ministers are themselves in a measure to blame for the falling off in this habit.'

Many other things might be mentioned in regard to the thirty years of solid work wrought by this noble man on wise and legitimate lines, without the slightest admixture of sensational clap-trap. It is no wonder that Mr. Spurgeon found in Archibald Brown his most intimate ministerial friend and model co-worker in winning souls to Jesus Christ.-Evangelist.

Her Opportunity.

There are Home mission fields for every person who desires to be actively employed in doing good. One of these is in christian homes in which young women are employed to do housework. It is one of the discreditable features of our modern christianity that such girls are so little influenced by the christian families in which they live.

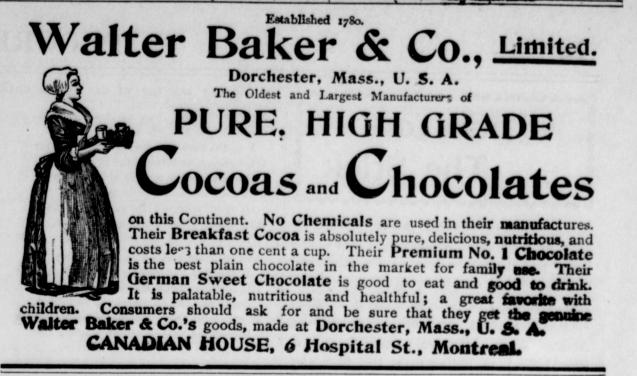
A lady who had acquired a wide influence

The Value of Character.

Goodness is greatness. The best people are the noblest people. God counts quality. The light that shines from a thoroughly good life more than eclipses the light of the sun. We are not strong by what we do, but by what we are. The inner graces constitute the worth and beauty of the soul. They are to the man what harmony is to music-what form and color is to art. The individual who has conquered himself is more worthy of admiration than he who, by his armies, has placed nations under his feet. Even genius is nothing beside goodness. True, this is not the world's estimate. The world regards men by their wealth, their social position, the number of their friends, by their influence upon others. Those who live in palaces, dress in breadcloth and satin, ride in luxurious equipages have culture and refinment, are possessed of distinguished talent, attract by their wit, charm by their eloquence, astonish by their learning-these are the great of the earth before whom we bow down. But the judgment of the world is by no means always the judgment of God. Only true manhood counts with him. Men may have houses, and lands and mental gifts.

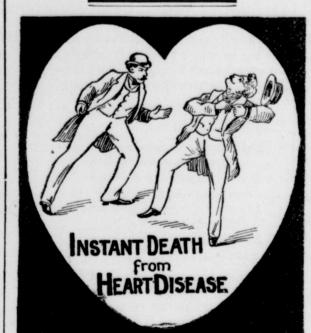
and reputation, and pleasures, and all that. and yet be men of whom Emerson speaks when he says the hand can pass through them.

That character is the essential thing is suggested by the estimates which men put upon it. We are the men whom we involuntarily place at the head of the race? Is it those who have the most wealth and reputation? No; it is those whose characters are such that they conquer where they stand. Open the pages of literature and notice who are the ideal characters. The great authors are always punishing the bad and rewarding the righteous. Dante is only a sample of all when he places evil men in perdition and good men in paradise. How Shakespeare puts moral qualities to the front ! The same is true of Scott, and



which the Master himself has in the wel- France and Marshal Neils, 'are nine and fare of the world. And all the needy and the poor the Master cared for; they are themums and carnations of course are

So when a man gives his all he need not place it in one receptacle. Under the Master's direction, he becomes but a steward of all he has; he casts in all his living; but casts it, not into the Jewish treasury, nor into any treasury of arbitrary, final and absolute despotism over him, he casts it into the lap of Jesus to be hallowed, sanctified, and to be used as the Spirit of Jesus may direct.



seven dollars per dozen. These chrysancheaper. As our process is secret, of course I can tell you nothing about that. only that we get the material from which we manufacture the fabric for the making of the flowers from Japan. It is the pith of the ordinary fan palm. We employ only a few people, and our coloring matter and methods are shown only to them.'

These flowers of palm pith possess to a great degree the characteristics of the bread flowers, the outer petals showing the marks of being handled just exactly like a natural flower, though, of course, to a limited degree, since they can be worn numbers of times without ever becoming really taded in appearance.

HELPLESS ON THE SHOALS.

A great steamship feeling her way in a tog, ran upon a low mud bank and stuck fast, about twenty miles from her port. She had on board a valuable sargo and nearly three hundred passenger, most of whom were almost within sight of their homes. The tugs came and tried vainly to pull her into deep water. The officers were as able navigators as there had ever been. But she was helpless, and it was dead low water. Only one thing could be done-to wait. A few hours later the Captain said to his passengers, "The tide s rising; we shall be off presently. Sixty minutes more and the ship floated. It was now noon. At two o'clock sharp the impatient voyagers stepped ashore. They might have been delayed longer save for the one fact which the captain had announced in four words. Perhaps this simple and not uncommon incident may contain a lesson for you and me. Suppose we draw a little comparison, and see. The man who learns nothing from things at his elbow will only waste his time going to college. Mr William Jordan is grocer and postmaster at Bright Waltham, Wantage, Berks where everybody knows him and believes in him. On December 7th 1993 he wrote a letter to a friend and by consent of both parties we print a part of it. "In the autumn of 1890," he says, "I had an attack of influenza. The effects of it lingered with me. I had no heart for anything. I was tired, languid, and weary. My appetite fell away, and what I did eat gave me a sense of tightness and fulness at the chest; my bowels were very costive, and I suffered much from sick headache. Sharp pains often caught me between my shoulders, and my breathing was very bad. I kept on with my work, but on account of my weakness, the task was doubly hard. For about four months I was like this, when one day the thought came to me to try a medicine that so many of my customers bought of me and spoke so highly of. I carried out this idea. and after I had taken one bottle of it I noticed this first of all-My appetite was better. I could eat; I relished my food; 1 got stronger. I took another bottle, and was as well as ever. That is three years ago and I haven't had a touch of illness since. One more letter-short and right straight to the point. Mr. William R. Saunders writes it. He is a news agent, and lives at Old Town, Wottonunder-Edge Gloucestershire. His letter is dated November 7th, 1893, just one month to a day earlier than Mr. Jordan's. That merely happens so, the two gentlemen having no knowledge of each other. "In the spring of 1891," said Mr. Saunders, "I found myself all out of sorts all unexpectedly. I couldn't fancy what had come over me. I was low, weak, and tired. I could eat hardly anything, and what I did eat gave me so much pain and distress that I came to dread sitting down to a meal. There were pains in my chest, sides, and back, between the shoulderblades. Then I got so weak that my work was a sort of drag on my hands; and even when walking I was so short of breath I had to stop and rest here and there. I took medicines the doctor gave me and pills, &c., that my friends recommended; but it was no use they didn't help me. And all the time month atter month, I was getting weaker and weaker. At last I got a bottle of medicine from Bristol that was right. That one bottle had this effect at first. My appetite came back, and when I got through with the second bottle I was completely cured. (Signed) William R. Saunders.' Now for the lesson. You see what it is. of course, but let's have it in words. When the ship was fast on the shoal only one thing helped her-the rising tide. When these two men were fast on the shoal of illness only one thing helped them -the rising appetite. With eating and digestion came strength and health, for the trouble was that universal destroyer and deceiver, indigestion and dyspepsia. The tide rose to the pull of the moon. The languid appetite is aroused by the medicine finally resorted to by both our correspondents-Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

by her strength of character, sympathy, and moral sense, came from the country to the city to spend the winter in a quiet boarding house.

She was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke in the days of Mary Lyon, and had formed habits of benevolent christian activity which could not be abandoned with ease of conscience. Her city home was restful, among people of scholarly tastes and in the midst of rich churches, in which but little was offered for a stranger to do.

A young woman came into the house to serve as table girl. The lady was late at the table one evening, and so was left alone with this girl. She noticed a shade of sadness in her face, and said, Mary, have

No, not one. My father and mother are dead. My sisters are married, but poor, and I have come to the States to make my way alone. I have friends in the old church at home. The pastor there was kind to me.

would like to show it to you.

The girl produced the letter.

I am a member of a church of the same denomination, said the lady. So we are

Mary, she said, after a moment's silence,

Friday; but I have nowhere to go.

It would make me happy .all the week,

The other members of the quiet house-

her mother.

When the lady recovered, she felt that she owed for the tender service done in the sick room more than she could ever repay. Their was a missionary training school in the church to which they went, and the lady sent the girl there. She is now in the foreign field working faithfully as a missionary .--- Youth's Companion.

Thackeray, and Dickens, and George Elliot, and, indeed, of all the world's great thinkers and writers. Righteousness is the chiefest and noblest possession.

See here, young people! Not all can gain high position, or great wealth, or social influence, or wide reputation. But all-all may have that which is better than position, and wealth, and social influence, and reputation-all may possess a pure heart and a clean life. An upright, unselfish life spent amid poverty and obscurity is a larger life than that lived by a king or

queen who knows not God and righteous-Two ness.-Epworth Herald.

Two Mites.

would have been half of her all.

HEART DISEASE KILLS.

Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be con-gested, causing headaches. dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or tires out easily aches or palpitates, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

New Methods of Making Them Flowers of Bread.

Two very effective methods have recent. ly been discovered for making artificial flowers. One is the use of bakers' bread, the other is by using the inner path of the fan palm of Japan.

'Bread' flowers are made in England only, the factory being in the West end of London, where something like 100 expert large gift. It was one hundred per cent of hands are employed. The process is still a secret; and, as the flowers are so natural the woman's capital; it was 'all her living.' She, therefore, had given more than they in appearance as to deceive the eyes of an all who had given of their abundance. Had expert, it is considered very valuable. For not only do these flowers look exactly like she contributed but one mite that would have been a large offering for her, that the real article when freshly made but as the bread grows stale the

Some people speak strenuously about flowers assume a slightly withered appearance which is almost identitithing. Certainly tithing is better than cal with that of a flower beginning to zero-ing, doing nothing. But our Lord fade. Artificial flowers, as a rule, can at calls for all. He commends the gitts of all. All must be consecrated to him; all once be detected by the unnaturally bright (Signed) William Jordan." must be given to him; and then he leaves and fresh appearance they present after to the enlightened Christian conscience to being in the ball room for several hours, decide the lesser matters of how it shall be but the fading powers of the bread flowers appropriated, among what interests it must | practically insure them against detection. be expended. All need not go into one It is believed that for corsage wear, for the garniture of evening and fancy gowns as place, into one box or in one treasury. well as for house decorations these bread The disciple, who gives, has want. The Master loves him; the Master cares for flowers will become very popular. They are at present excessively expensive. him; the Master would have his needs sup-

The only factory for the making of artiplied, his needs of body, mind and soul, ficial flowers from the pith of Japanese fan for these are the Master's. Home has palm is quite a small affair on East Bleeckneeds. He who neglects his home is worse er street. Their process is also a secret, than an infidel, said an apostle. The Master and belongs exclusively to Mr. Sejolon, cherishes the home; he sauctioned marthe proprietor of the factory and shop. When asked about his flowers Mr. Sejolon home with his presence. He loves the home; he would have it cared for. The said :

'We expect to open a factory in London church is the Master's. He founded the church; he gave his life to redeem the or Paris next fall. My experiments are church the living church, unto God; the such as to make me sure of success. We church must be cared for, and the church | only make flowers to fill orders at present. in all its interests, as wide as the interests These roses,' showing specimens of La

Kitchen Emergencies...

The mite, referred to in Scripture when the woman cast in two mites and was comyou friends in the city? mended by Christ, is a com valued at about one-eighth of a cent, so that two mites equal about one-quarter of a cent in value. That was a small sum, but was a very

Were you a member of that church? Yes; and I have my letter from it.

sisters.

Sisters? At that word the thought of her mission came to the good woman.

what is your evening out ?

I go to church on that evening. I would like company. Will you go with me?

f you would only let me, said the girl.

hold were somewhat surprised on the next Friday night to hear the lady say, Mary and I are going to the meeting tonight.

But the friendly relations did not end here. The lady loaned Mary her books, and selected for her a course of useful reading. Occasionally she gave her a ticket to a concert or a lecture, and obtained consent from the landlady that the girl riage, he blessed children, he hallowed the might attend them. More than this, she gave her personal regard with her favors, and the girl came to love her as she loved

The lady fell seriously ill. The girl was true and faithful to her as her own daughter could have been.

In Penetrating Power.

No remedy in the world equals Nerviline-nerve pain cure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly, and the minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nerviline-nerve

