

# Theology on the Web.org.uk

*Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible*

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

**PayPal**

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

---

A table of contents for *The Baptist Messenger* can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_baptist-messenger\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_baptist-messenger_01.php)

# THE BAPTIST MESSENGER;

AN

Evangelical Treasury and Chronicle of the Churches.

No. 5.

AUGUST, 1854.

Price One Halfpenny.

## HARVEST THOUGHTS.

"Seed to the sower and bread to the eater."—ISA. lv. 10.

ONE could imagine a globe like the earth so constituted that its whole bulk should be matter fit for food to its human inhabitants. In that case no man would be obliged to do more than go to the end of his own cottage in the morning with a sack and a shovel, and quarry as much as would satisfy the wants of his family for the day. But although, in the estimate of your real savage, a jovial life, this would have been a far less perfect world than the one we occupy, where, by giving "seed to the sower," and so supplying "bread to the eater," the Creator exercises and develops the bodily and mental powers of the inhabitants,—their strength and industry, their ingenuity and forethought.

Philosophy and religion combine to declare that *seed* is the gift of God. It is true we see it produced annually by a process of nature, without a miracle. But in all the examples that we have ever seen or heard of, the grain grows from a seed. If, in one case, it should grow without a seed, we should pronounce it a miracle. But the first seed did not spring from a seed; so that the existence of a single grain of wheat is evidence altogether resistless, that a miracle has been wrought.

Not only must grain have been miraculously created at first; but each species must have been created separately. "God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." (1 Cor. xv. 38.) Philosophy countersigns this announcement. Species, and genera do not interchange in nature. We can no more make barley spring from wheat, than we can make it spring from nothing.

But though the grain has been formed with all the capabilities of growth and reproduction in its own nature, it could not grow and reproduce itself, unless it met with influences external to itself, fitted to call forth its powers. It must have earth, air, light, and moisture; wanting any one of these, all the inherent capabilities of the grain

would go for nothing. It would never grow. The grain is wonderfully prepared by its internal structure for sending forth a bud, and that bud charged with the germs of new grain an hundred-fold. Yet these would lie dormant as a stone unless the earth were moistened with rain. Wheat has lain beyond reach of air and moisture, in Egyptian tombs, without germinating, probably two thousand years; and as soon as it was committed to the humid earth, it sprang and reproduced itself, as if unconscious of its long slumber. The internal structure and the external appliances are both necessary alike to reproduction, and God provides both in fitting time and measure.

Thus food is the gift of God, but it is also the produce of man's labour. He does not give a continent of food to human animals; he gives seed to the sower, and according to the sowing, so shall the eating be scanty or plenteous. The whole arrangement of nature is like a huge piece of machinery, that would go round, in exquisite harmony indeed, but with an empty clank, and producing nothing, unless men stood before it to feed it. The Creator's preparations would not feed men, without men's foresight and labour. This is no defect in providential arrangements: it is their perfection.

Man literally sows that he may eat, and eats that he may sow. By his labour and care from spring to harvest, he is enabled to eat in plenty during the succeeding year: and in the strength of this food he goes on during the many days of labour and watchfulness necessary for bringing the next harvest to perfection.

All the main features of this process have their counterpart in the kingdom of grace. There, also, we have both God's gift and man's labour.

The seed is the *word*. That word is God's gift. Men could not make a Gospel, any more than they could create a grain of wheat. In both departments the permanence is secured by a process of sowing and reproduction in which the hand of man must be; but in the origin of both God acts alone. He had no creature in his counsel when he gave to the seed of grain and the seed of the word "a body as it pleased him."

The administration by the Spirit for giving effect to the word of grace, is also all His own. As the rain cometh down, so the word is accompanied by the ministration of the Spirit to make it effectual. Grain, after it is created by God and sown by man, is not more entirely dependent for growth on rain from heaven, than is the word preached on the ministry of the Spirit. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. Like floods on the dry ground is that Spirit poured out. God had the power in his own hand when he first gave the Gospel, and he keeps the power in his own hand still, even after the seed is committed to earthen vessels; for the seed will never and nowhere

spring until it get those showers of blessing which he only can give and which he has specifically promised to bestow at the request of his people.

But man has a part in the administration of the Gospel—a part given to him by God. It is like the part assigned to him in the processes of nature. Here, too, man must sow and eat: eat and sow.

He must *sow*. We have gotten the Gospel through the sowing of those who went before us. The seed of it has not been created in our days. God has given no new word to men for many generations. The law has not been spoken from out the mist on our mountaintops. The man Christ Jesus did not go out and in among our villages in the days of our youth teaching the kingdom of heaven. The Gospel was sent to another part of the earth; and thence it was brought to this land many ages before we were born. It was faithfully sown by our forefathers. They often sowed in tears, and it is because of their sowing that we now reap in joy.

In some countries where the Gospel was early planted, and where it flourished long, there is now an entire desolation. If there is a breach in the sowing of one generation, the generation following perish for want of food; and this whether the cessation be due to violence from without, or indolence within. If the fathers do not sow, from whatever cause, the children cannot eat. Physically and morally each generation of mankind is dependent on the generation preceding. This is the constitution of the universe: this is the will of God. It is foolish to forget or deny it. Each generation of mankind is like a link in a hanging chain. It hangs on the link above it, and bears up the links below. If the one above it give way, itself and its successors fall.

Why should men stumble so much at the doctrine of the Fall in Adam? It is no new or strange thing. That sin should come into the world by one man, and that we are all made sinners, and so sufferers, by the fall of one who died long before we were born,—this is the doctrine which in revelation becomes a stumbling-block to men. It may be too deep to be thoroughly explained; but it is too common to be capable of denial: we are surrounded by the same thing in providence every day.

In Asia Minor, where John poured forth the love of Jesus, and where generations of disciples fed upon the truth, the children are now taught and trained to believe in Mahomet, because many hundred years ago there was a breach in the sowing of the seed. It would be as vain to deny the doctrine as to kick against the fact. It may be too deep for us, but there it is. Contact with these facts and these doctrines is not fitted to gratify our pride. May it increase our humility. What we enjoy we did not make. We have it by God's gift at first, and through the faithfulness of our forefathers.

Let us not be high-minded, but fear. Let us *sow* the good seed for our children's sake—for the world's sake. Let us sow the word that it may spread over all the world, and go down to latest generations. Let us sow it that our children's children may call us blessed.

W. A.

### LIVING TO CHRIST.

"For to me to live is Christ."—PHIL. I. 21.

In order to be truly happy, we must have some sufficient end in living. And this has moved much controversy. What is the object to which an immortal nature may devote itself most worthily? Which is the highest good? And some have answered, TRUTH. They have consecrated their days and nights to learning, and have lived and laboured for the True. And others have maintained, that the very crown of excellence is BEAUTY; and in painting, or verse, or music, they have yearned and struggled towards their fair and ever-soaring Ideal. And others, averring that GOODNESS is the truest joy—that moral rectitude is the topmost apex and converging goal to which all intelligence should tend and travel—they have resolved to spend and be spent for this, and have lived and died the devotees of Virtue. But if you, my friends, understand the Gospel, you have found the true philosophy; if you know Christ you have learned the SUPREME FELICITY. In the alpha and omega—in the all-inclusive excellence—in Immanuel, you possess at once the good, the true, the beautiful; the good, for he is the Holy One of God; the true, for he is the Amen—the truth-speaking and truth-embodiment I Am: the beautiful, for himself the perfection of beauty—to one vision of his infinite mind his Omnipotence said, "Let it be," and in this fair universe you behold the result. Yes, it is a blessed thing to have

a life right directed and worthily bestowed; not to live for a phantom, but for something real; not to live for something insufficient or subordinate, but for a high and glorious end; not to live for something alien or irrelevant, but for an object which claims and can requite your service. Live to Christ, and then you live to highest purpose. Live to Christ, and then you live to him who loved you, and gave himself for you. Live to Christ and then you have a patron, beneath whose smile you may dive into the deepest truth, and soar into the highest beauty. Live to Christ, and then you have an Almighty Friend, into whose arms you may consign your worldly calling and your dearest friends; and, after he has "put his hands upon them and blessed them," may receive them back, no longer stolen joys, but hallowed loans, and mercies bright with a Redeemer's benison. Live to Christ, and then your soul is joined to that fountain of unailing strength, which gives at once the zest and power of goodness. If you would serve your family, your country, your friends, live to Jesus Christ. If you would have your existence raised to its highest level, and your faculties drawn forth to their fullest exercise, with you let it "to live" be "Christ." And if you would begin betimes that devout and benignant life, which Heaven prolongs and perfects, learn from Jesus how to live.

## GLAD TIDINGS.

"Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."—John 1. 17.

THAT which in this paper I am most anxious to show, is the kind tone in which the Saviour speaks to sinners, and the boons which, in the Bible, he transmits to us. Judging by some sermons and tracts, you might fancy that the Bible is a severe and angry book, or, at the very best, that it is a book of good advices. This is a mistake. The Bible has many a solemn passage, and it abounds in good advices; but we miss the very best of it if we think that this is all. I shall suppose, that a young man has left his home in Scotland or the north of England. He came to this great London, and in a little while falls in with its worst ways. In the theatre and the tea-garden and the tavern-parlour he spends all his money, and gets deep in debt; and then he turns ill, and is taken to the hospital. And when there he begins to bethink him of his foolishness: "I wish I once were well again. I wish I once were home again. But 'tis no use wishing. I know that my father's door is shut. They would not take me in. And if once I were able to creep about, they would have me up for debt. It would just be out of the hospital into the gaol." And, whilst bemoaning his misery, a letter comes from his father, telling him that he has heard of his wretched plight, and reminding him of the past, and all he had done for his wayward child—and glancing his eye over it, the sick youth crumbles it up, and crams it away under his pillow. And by and by a comrade comes in, and among other things the invalid tells him, "And here is a letter of good advice just come from my father,"—and that other runs his eye over it, "Good advice, did you say? I think you should

rather have said good news. Don't you see he makes you welcome home again? and in order that you may settle your accounts, and return in peace and comfort, he has appended this draft for twenty pounds." Most people read the Bible carelessly, or with a guilty conscience for the interpreter, and they notice in it nothing but reproofs and good advice. They miss the main thing there. The Gospel is good news. It tells us that God is Love, and announces to every reader that the door of the Father's house is open, and that this very night he may find a blessed home in the bosom of his God. And as we have all incurred a debt to Divine justice, which throughout eternity we never could pay; and as it needs a righteousness to recommend us to the favour of a holy God—in every Bible there is enclosed a draft on the Saviour's merits, to which the sinner has only to sign his believing name, and the great salvation he realizes as his own. By exhibiting the cross of Christ,—by directing to that precious blood which cleanses from all sin, and by presenting a perfect righteousness to every awakened conscience, the Bible comes a benefactor and a friend in need. And when rightly understood, the angelic anthem,—“Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward man,”—is the cheerful but stately tune to which the Gospel goes, and to which in Heaven itself they sing it.

And, reader, try to catch that tune. Pray that God would this very night by his own Spirit teach it to you. Fear not to believe too soon, nor to rejoice in Christ Jesus too much. Let the love of God your Saviour tide into

all your soul, and, as it makes your feelings happy, so will it make your dispositions new. Peace and joy will keep you from some sins, gratitude and loyalty will preserve you from the rest. No cheerful glass will be needed to raise your spirits then; for a soul exulting in the great salvation forgets its poverty, and remembers its misery no more. No sinful lust nor forbidden joy will enthrall you then; for you

will have discovered deeper and purer pleasures. And there will be no fear of your murmuring and cursing through your daily task, or filling with consternation your cowering family; for the peace of God will make you pacific; and, scattering on every side kind looks and friendly feelings, you will come and go a sunshine in the shop; a fire-light in the home.

### WILLIAM CAREY.

SEVENTY years ago a young cobbler might be seen wearily threading the cross-country roads near Northampton. Newly risen from a sick-bed, he was trying to earn bread for himself and his wife by vending his hob-nailed wares to the ploughmen and shepherds. But there glowed in his bosom a fire which ague and poverty were not able to quench,—an immortal spark of Heaven's own kindling,—the love of knowledge and a longing to do good. In yonder lane he has set down his bagful of shoes, whilst with glistening eye he examines some wonderful weed, or conveys into the crown of his hat some great flapping moth whose slumbers he has surprised in the hedge-row. And now that it is evening he turns aside into some friendly cottage, and with a brother Calvinist discusses some deep question in divinity, or propounds to him his visionary scheme of going to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos, till the household goes to bed; and then, over his Latin Rudiments, or a grammar of geography, the studious cobbler burns out his hoarded candle-end. But time passed on, and the inquisitive lad, who used to gather flowers and insects along the Nen, was the fellow of learned societies, and a

high name among Eastern naturalists. Time passed on, and the starving artisan, who learned his Latin from a borrowed grammar, was the chief of Oriental linguists, and enjoyed the rare renown of a Sanscrit professor. Time passed on, and the obscure Baptist teacher, who smuggled a clandestine entrance to Bengal, and was driven forth like an outlaw, had become the guest of Governors-general, and one of the most influential residents in India. Time passed on, and the Utopian evangelist, who set out amidst the jeers of the worldly and the silence of the churches, saw the great peninsula studded with mission stations, whilst with paternal pleasure his eye surveyed the Bible in thirty Eastern versions,—all of them, more or less, the memorial of his matchless industry. And to what did he owe it all? What was his peculiar genius? Which was his lucky star? We accept his own explanation, and we offer it to all who are pursuing knowledge under difficulties:—"Whoever gives me credit for being a plodder will describe me justly. Anything beyond that will be too much. I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. And to this I owe everything."

In the same community William

Carey had a hundred coevals much more brilliant than himself, and some of them quite as clever; and amidst fluent speakers and fast workers, it was mortifying to the poor shoemaker to feel his own contrasted slowness. But whilst a desultory acquaintance would dip into Hebrew, and then make a dash at Italian; whilst one would devote this summer to beetles, and the next to the Neptunian theory; and whilst many would take a little in-

terest in India, and a little interest in missions, it was reserved for the steady zeal and continuous application of a supreme absorbing purpose to do a service to Christianity which has seldom been equalled, and to confer a benefit on India which has never been surpassed. Nor is it the last time that the hares will be found sleeping at the foot of the mountain, whilst the plodding tortoise has already got to the summit.—*Excelsior.*

## TRIALS FOR THE TRUTH; HISTORIC SKETCHES OF BAPTIST NONCONFORMITY.

### CHAPTER XI.—A STRANGE LETTER.

THE language which Pyncheon and Endicott had heard Bates employ whilst they were standing by the door of the store, was sufficient to confirm their previous suspicions of his sympathy with the Baptists, if not to convince them that he was fully converted to their views. They informed Parson Cotton, and the prominent members of the church, of what they had seen and heard. It soon became noised abroad that Bates was a Baptist. On the Sabbath, and on lecture days, when he attended meeting, especially when any allusions were made to the prevailing heresies, or when children were brought to be christened, many a furtive glance was cast towards his pew, to see what effect was produced upon him. If he closed his eyes, or turned away his head, or accidentally coughed, it was construed into strong evidence against him. It was not long before Strongfaith discovered the feelings and suspicions of the Puritans towards him. He saw that he was an object of particular observation; that a coolness was growing up in the minds of former friends towards him; that his custom was falling off; and that the brethren of the church did not meet, as formerly, for conversation at his store. He plainly perceived that

he was losing caste. This, however, did not deter him from prosecuting his inquiries upon the general subject of baptism. Since his conversation with Chauncy, his mind had become much clearer upon the mode. He saw that by translating the word baptizo "immerse," in all the instances of baptism recorded in the New Testament, congruous and complete sense would be made; but if it were rendered "sprinkling," there was an incongruity. He frequently read those accounts, sometimes substituting one of these words, and sometimes the other. "The Saviour was sprinkled in Jordan, and when he was sprinkled he came up straightway out of the water." I see no reason why he should have gone *into* the river for that purpose. 'John was sprinkling in Enon, near to Salem, because there was much water there; and they came, and were sprinkled.' Surely much water was not required for sprinkling; yet that is assigned as the reason for his selecting that place. I know that others say that a place of much water was selected for the accommodation of the camels, mules, &c., which came with the multitudes, and would require much water. But that explanation does not seem to me satisfactory. Again: 'We



are buried with Christ by sprinkling into his death.' There is no burial in a slight sprinkling. The language is incongruous. But if we read it, 'We are buried with Christ by immersion,' that is consistent. There is always a burial in an immersion. It seems to me that immersion is the idea intended by the word baptism, and consequently that that was the mode adopted in primitive times." After a careful examination of all the arguments on both sides of the question, he arrived at the conclusion that immersion was essential to Christian baptism. He then turned his attention to the appropriate subjects of the ordinance. Whilst pursuing his investigations upon this point, it fortunately happened that Ex-President Dunster, who had retired to Scituate after his departure from Cambridge, visited Boston. Strongfaith, after much contrivance, finally obtained a private interview with him, and learned from him the reasons of his rejection of infant baptism. Dunster was a clear and forcible reasoner. He could present a subject in a strong light. His conversations with others upon the exciting topic of infant baptism had so shaken their faith, and troubled their minds, that they attributed it to satanic influence. At a time when he refused to have his own infant baptized, and came out publicly, in a sermon, "against the administration of baptism to any infant whatsoever," he was visited by Rev. Jonathan Mitchel, who was subsequently, if not at that very time, the Puritan minister at Cambridge. Instead of convincing Dunster that he was in error, he came near being convinced that he had embraced a false doctrine himself; for in his account of the results of this interview, Mitchel says, with a blending of simplicity and superstition, if not with a mingling of bigotry, "After I came from him, I found hurrying and pressing suggestions against pædo-baptism, and injected scruples and thoughts whether the other way might not be right, and infant baptism an invention of men, and whether I might with good conscience baptize children, and the like. And these

thoughts were darted in with some impression, and left a strange confusion and sickliness upon my spirit. Yet methought it was not hard to discern that *they were from the EVIL ONE.* First, because they were rather injected, hurrying suggestions, than any deliberate thoughts, or bringing any light with them. Secondly, because they were unreasonable, interrupting me in my study for the Sabbath, and putting my spirit into confusion, so as I had much ado to do aught in my sermon. \* \* \* It was a check to my former self-confidence, and it made me fearful to go needlessly to Mr. D., for methought I found a venom and poison in his insinuations and discourses against pædo-baptism. I resolved, also, on Mr. Hooker's principle, that I would have an argument *able to remove a mountain* before I would recede from or appear against a truth or practice *received among the faithful.*"\*

It need excite no surprise that a man, whose powers of argument could produce effects upon an educated minister, which the latter attributed to satanic agency, should also have had considerable influence with Strongfaith. He presented such objections against the practice of infant baptism, that Bates found himself unable to reply to them. Not to render this account tedious to the reader, it must suffice to say in brief, that both Bates and Stephen embraced the Baptist views of the ordinance. Still they attended meeting with the regular Congregational Church in Boston. Stephen, however, did not make a public profession of religion, though in other respects he lived an exemplary Christian life.

One Sabbath, when Parson Cotton was administering what he called the seal of the covenant to one of the infants of the church, Strongfaith, to show his entire want of sympathy with the service, turned his back to the pulpit. He wished it to be understood that he had no faith in the authority or utility of the ordinance. He felt it to be his duty to bear,

\* This veritable letter Backus quotes from Mitchel's Life.

in some manner, his public testimony against what he now regarded as an unscriptural, human invention, and for this reason he resolved to turn his back whenever the service might be performed. His conduct created great excitement in the congregation.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THREE STRANGERS.

ONE Saturday, in the month of July, three strangers, who had journeyed far, and were weary, hungry, and thirsty, arrived at Boston.

"Well pleased am I," said one, whose name was Clark, "that Christian people dwell here, although in some points they differ from us."

"Yes," replied one of his companions, who wore a brown coat with long and broad skirts, and great pockets opening on the outside, "yes, this is one of the cities of Zion, and yonder I see their sanctuary," at the same time pointing to the meeting-house.

"No doubt, then, brother Holmes, the people will remember the words of the Saviour about a cup of cold water given to a disciple, for I feel as if a draught at this time would be exceedingly refreshing."

"I sympathize with you in that feeling, brother Crandall," said the first speaker, "and I never saw the force of that passage of Solomon as I do now—'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.' It seems to me I never longed for a good drink as I do at this moment."

"With me," said Holmes, "it is not so much thirst as hunger."

"Well, well, cheer up, brethren, for these Christian friends are doubtless given to hospitality, and will readily relieve our wants. And if not, we can go to the tavern, and pay for meals and a lodging, though we abound not in filthy lucre."

They now reached a house standing by itself on the outskirts of the town. As they approached it, they noticed that a woman closed the door, as if to signify that their approach was unwelcome.

"Perhaps," said Crandall, "she thinks

we are thieves, or pirates, and that she would not be safe in our company."

"A word of explanation will remove her error."

They soon reached the house and knocked at the door; but no one opened it. They knocked again, louder than at first.

"Ye had better go 'long," said the shrill, cracked voice of an old woman on the inside.

"We are wayfaring strangers," said Mr. Clark, "faint and hungry, who wish merely to rest for a few moments, and obtain some refreshments."

"Ye must go then to the magistrates," replied the shrill feminine voice, "for I have no licence."

"Licence! licence! What does she mean by that?"

"We are not acquainted with your magistrates," said Clark, speaking through the door.

"And we hope we never may be officially," added Crandall, in an undertone, which could be heard only by his companions, who smiled at the remark.

"And we know not what you mean by a licence," continued Clark.

The shrill, cracked voice now came from the window. It proved to be that of the short, crooked-back, loquacious Mrs. Stranger. Putting her head out of the window, she said,—

"Why, la, didn't you know that the General Court had passed a law that nobody should entertain strangers without a partickler licence from two magistrates? \* Gracious, I thought everybody knew that, for it has made talk enough. Why, no longer ago than yesterday, one of our godly elders refused to receive a trader, although he had every reason to believe him a good man, just because he had no licence, and said the laws must be obeyed."

"Well, can thee not furnish us a little bread and water?"

"If ye can make it appear that that is not entertaining strangers, I can," replied the prudent little lady.

\* Hubbard's New England, p. 413, edition of 1815. Benedict's Hist., p. 371.

"Do ye not remember what is said about entertaining strangers unawares?"

"I would do it, with pleasure, if I only had a licence. Our magistrates are so afraid of entertaining Anabaptists, Familists, and other heretics, unawares, that they have passed this law for our protection."

The three strangers looked at each other with a singular but significant expression of countenance.

"Go ye, and get a permit from the magistrates, and I will give ye the best my poor house affords."

Mrs. Strangger would gladly have admitted them for the pleasure of having some one hear her talk, and for the opportunity which their visit would have afforded of picking up some new items which she could have converted into materials for gossip. But she knew that she was already a *suspected person*, and she feared to increase these suspicions. Seeing, just at this moment, one of the colonists in the distance, coming along the road towards them, she said to the strangers, in a hurried manner, and in tones indicative of fear,—

"If ye would not get a poor, lone

woman into trouble, ye had better go long. Here are witnesses at hand, and it might go hard with me if I let ye in my house."

They felt the force of this appeal, and moved on.

"Strange place this," said Crandall, "where a stranger cannot have given him a crust of bread, nor a cup of water, without the permission of two magistrates."

"If the magistrates happen to be absent when strangers arrive, I suppose they must fast, and sleep out doers until the magistrates return, and, in their great kindness, license some one to perform the first acts of hospitality."

"In our case," said Clark, "it is probable that no licence would be given. If that timid old woman assigned the true reason of this law, it was designed as an embargo upon such as we. No one could get a licence to entertain us without telling who and what we were; and to reveal that would be fatal to their application. They would be forbidden to harbour us."

"Our prospects are not the most flattering. But here comes a person who may, perhaps, help us."

## FIRST RATES.

PERHAPS there is no profession which stands more in need of masterpieces than theology itself. We are not sure but that the best Church history and the best commentary on the Bible have yet to be written; and who will say that we might not have a better tract, a better sermon, a more conclusive treatise on the Christian evidences, a simpler guide to the saving knowledge of the Gospel, than any at this moment in existence? Or who will say that, by giving himself wholly to these things, a man might not become a teacher, a pastor, or an evangelist, more complete and more successful than all his predecessors?

The period has arrived when the

well-wishers of their species must take more pains with themselves. If it has not grown more earnest, the world has grown more intolerant of phantoms and vain shows. A gold-headed cane no longer makes a doctor, and even a lawyer must be something better than a dictionary of decisions. Nay, it looks as if the world were beginning to tire of commonplace, and there are visible symptoms that it longs for something stronger and more sterling than correct mediocrity. Even with the help of a pocket Bible and a cambric handkerchief, a string of texts will in some quarters hardly pass for a sermon; and if innovation and error are to be successfully met, their voice

will be drowned, not by old orthodox echoes, but by the tones empyrean and unmistakeable of the Heaven-charged "sons of thunder."—*Excelsior*.

## RARE EXOTICS.

THERE is a skilful Cultivator,\* who even in these cold climes has cherished and carried through some glorious specimens of beautiful and fragrant flowers, perfect only in that better land. With snowy petals, and drenching all around in contagious sweetness, blooms that lily of our valley, CHRISTIAN LOVE; and beside it, with ruby blossom, courting all the radiant firmament, holy JOY may be recognized. By its silken stem and subtle branchlets, hiding its florets from blustry weather in a pavilion of its own, PEACE may be identified; whilst, near it, LONG-SUFFERING strikes its bleeding fibres deeper, and with balm requites the hand that wounds it. As if from one source springing, GENTLENESS and KINDNESS twine together, whilst FAITH erect and Heaven-pointing, bears them each aloft. Scarce opening its modest eye, but bewraying its presence in the scented air, MEEKNESS nestles in the mossy turf; and TEMPERANCE reveals in its healthy hue the tonic hidden in its root. These flowers of Paradise are sent to grace the Christian and cheer his friends;

\* Gal. v. 22; John xv. 26.

and it matters not whether they adorn the pent-up attic or the rural mansion—the spiritual mind is their true conservatory. Man's first home was a garden, and the race seems to inherit the love of those gentle shapes and glorious tints which were his silent comrades in Eden; and wandering through the sultry streets on days like these, it moves a pensive smile to see in many a window the dusty shrub or the empty flower-pot,—a memento of scenes which can never be revisited, and a protest for rural joys, which must not be tasted again. But those exotics which we have just enumerated, are independent of atmosphere and latitude; and some of the most splendid specimens have been cherished in workshops and cellars, amidst the dust of factories, the smoke of cities, and in the depths of airless mines. "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,"—these are the brightest beauties and the most fragrant ornaments of any dwelling. Reader, pray that the Spirit of God would transfer them from the Bible to your character, and that he would tend and water them there.

## REVIEWS.

THE START IN LIFE, AND HOW THE BOYS SUCCEEDED. Edited by GRACE E. DALTON. With Twenty Engravings. Pp. 240. London: B. L. Green and J. F. Shaw. Price One Shilling, boards.

THIS is a tale of high moral tone, and will be read by thousands of all ages and stations in life. As a story for boys it has no equal. Every page is full of fresh and marvellously interest-

ing incidents. In short, it is a work for the fireside of every family, and just such a book that Christian parents and philanthropists will rejoice to have the opportunity of putting into the hands of the young.

PERILS AND ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA EATON. An Historical Tale. London: J. F. Shaw. One Shilling, boards.

This forms the fourth volume of "Shaw's Family Library." It is a tale

of the Pilgrim Fathers, and abounds with scriptural sentiments and thrilling incidents. Its high religious tone partakes of the character of the times of which it treats. When we say it breathes the very spirit which pervades Matthew Meade's "Almost Christian Discovered," Flavel's "Touchstone of Sincerity," and Shepherd "on the Parable of the Ten Virgins," we can most heartily recommend the work to all classes of readers.

**THE ANNIVERSARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN-BOOKS,** containing Twenty-five Hymns, suited to Sunday-school Anniversary and Public Services. With Popular Tunes. London: J. F. Shaw, &c. Price 3s. per 100.

A little book of this kind has long been needed. The hymns, nearly one-half of which are original, are very appropriate to anniversary occasions; and the tunes are specimens of a pure and effective style of congregational psalmody.

**AN EXPOSITION OF SOLOMON'S SONG.** By JOHN GILL, D.D. London: J. Collingridge. Imperial 8vo.

A reprint of a very spiritual exposition of this divine song; and what was once a very scarce book. The Rev. D. A. Doudney, the excellent editor of a late edition of Dr. Gill's voluminous exposition, has superintended the printing of the work at his industrial print-

ing-office, at Bonmahon, in the county of Waterford, Ireland.

**THE EVANGELICAL SYSTEM CONSIDERED IN ITS VARIOUS ASPECTS.** A Book for the Times. By the Rev. JOHN STOCK, Salendine Nook, York. Pp. 212. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Leeds: J. Heaton. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

We are glad to find that a new edition of this excellent work has so soon issued after its first publication. We add our Amen to the prefatory prayer of its author: "May the Spirit of all grace and holiness render this edition still more signally useful."

**THE LAMPLIGHTER.** Edited by GRACE E. DALTON. Illustrated Pocket Edition. With Ten Engravings. Pp. 252. London: B. L. Green, and J. F. Shaw. Price Eight-pence; boards, Ten-pence.

This is a marvellously cheap edition of a book of great power and pathos. We can say of this, what can be said of no other edition of the work—its religious tone is unexceptionable. The amiable editor has very commendably, by a few simple touches of her pen, removed all grounds of objection on this head to this highly interesting and popular tale. Although this edition contains ten engravings, it may be obtained at almost one-half the cost of any other.

## PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."*

UNDER the title of "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," in two very handsome volumes, profusely illustrated by herself, Mrs. Stowe has brought before the public the impressions she received on her recent visit to Europe, from which we intend giving a series of interesting extracts:—

"Mr. S. is very unwell, in bed, worn out with the threefold labour of making and receiving calls, visiting,

and delivering public addresses. C. went to hear Dr. McNeile, of Liverpool, preach—one of the leading men of the established church evangelical party, a strong millennialian. C. said that he was as fine a looking person in canonicals as he ever saw in the pulpit. In doctrine he is what we in America should call very strong old school. I went, as I had always predetermined to do, if ever I came to London, to hear Baptist Noel, drawn

thither by the melody and memory of those beautiful hymns of his,\* which must meet a response in every Christian heart. He is tall and well-formed, with one of the most classical and harmonious heads I ever saw. Singularly enough, he reminded me of a bust of Achilles at the British Museum. He is, indeed, a swift-footed Achilles, but in another race, another warfare. Born of a noble family, naturally endowed with sensitiveness and ideality to appreciate all the amenities and suavities of that brilliant sphere, the sacrifices must have been inconceivably great for him to renounce favour and preferment, position in society,—which, here in England, means more than Americans can ever dream of,—to descend from being a court chaplain to become a preacher in a Baptist dissenting chapel. Whatever may be thought of the correctness of the intellectual conclusions which led him to such a step, no one can fail to revere the strength and purity of principle which could prompt to such sacrifices. Many, perhaps, might have preferred that he should have chosen a less decided course. But if his judgment really led to these results, I see no way in which it was possible for him to have avoided it. It was with an emotion of reverence that I contrasted the bareness, plainness, and poverty of the little chapel, with that evident air of elegance and cultivation which appeared in all that he said and did. The sermon was on the text, 'Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three.' Naturally enough, the subject divided itself into faith, hope, and charity.

"His style calm, flowing, and perfectly

harmonious, his delivery serene and graceful, the whole flowed over one like a calm and clear strain of music. It was a sermon after the style of Tholuck and other German sermonizers, who seem to hold that the purpose of preaching is not to rouse the soul by an antagonistic struggle with sin through the reason; but to soothe the passions, quiet the will, and bring the mind into a frame in which it shall incline to follow its own convictions of duty. They take for granted, that the reason why men sin is not because they are ignorant, but because they are distracted and tempted by passion; that they do not need so much to be told what is their duty, as persuaded to do it. To me, brought up on the very battlefield of controversial theology, accustomed to hear every religious idea guarded by definitions, and thoroughly hammered on a logical anvil before the preacher thought of making any use of it for heart or conscience, though I enjoyed the discourse extremely, I could not help wondering what an American theological professor would make of such a sermon.

"To preach on faith, hope, and charity all in one discourse—why, we should have six sermons, on the nature of faith to begin with: on speculative faith; saving faith; practical faith, and the faith of miracles; then we should have the laws of faith, and the connection of faith with evidence, and the nature of evidence, and the different kinds of evidence, and so on. For my part I have had a suspicion since I have been here, that a touch of this kind of thing might improve English preaching; as, also, I do think that sermons of the kind I have described would be useful, by way of alternative, among us. If I could have but one of the two maz-

\* The hymns beginning with these lines, "If human kindness meet return," and "Behold where, in a mortal form," are specimens.

ners, I should prefer our own, because I think that this habit of preaching is one of the strongest educational forces that form the mind of our country.

"After the service was over I went into the vestry, and was introduced to Mr. Noel. The congregation of the established church, to which he ministered during his connection with it, are still warmly attached to him. His leaving them was a dreadful trial; some of them can scarcely mention his name without tears. C. says, with regard to the church singing, as far as he heard it, it is twenty years behind that in Boston."

"Heard Mr. Binney preach this morning. He is one of the strongest men among the Congregationalists, and a very popular speaker. He is a tall, large man, with a finely-built head, high forehead, piercing dark eye, and a good deal of force and de-

termination in all his movements. His sermon was the first that I had heard in England which seemed to recognize the existence of any possible sceptical or rationalizing element in the minds of his hearers. It was in this respect more like the preaching that I had been in the habit of hearing at home. Instead of a calm statement of certain admitted religious facts, or exhortations founded upon them, his discourse seemed to be reasoning with individual cases, and answering various forms of objections, such as might arise in different minds. This mode of preaching, I think, cannot exist unless a minister cultivates an individual knowledge of his people.

"Mr. Binney's work, entitled, 'How to make the Best of both Worlds,' I have heard spoken of as having had the largest sale of any religious writing of the present day."

### MONTHLY SUMMARY OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WITH regard to the war in the East, matters remain much as they were when we penned our last summary. The Emperor of Russia has taken heart, and intends to keep possession of the Danubian principalities, of which he styles himself the protector. Austria has hitherto failed of fulfilling the terms of the convention entered into with the Porte, to occupy the Wallachian territory. Whether or not Austria will act offensively, the allied forces of England and France will make an attack upon Sebastopol, the stronghold of Russia in the East. There will, we fear, be horrible carnage. Thousands of human lives will be sacrificed to this Moloch. And we ask for what? What oppressed, down-trodden peoples will these mighty armaments deliver and succour? It is now most manifest, what Mr. Cobden and others long ago affirmed, that England has nothing to fear, either in the East or West, from Russia. Even Turkey, unaided and

single-handed, has successfully resisted this over-dreaded power. The issue of this war will, after all, we apprehend, be to enable Austria to prolong and consolidate her tyrannical sway over the oppressed peoples of Hungary and Italy. But the triumphs of the oppressor will be short.

The census returns on religious worship, because unpalatable, have been violently impugned in the House of Lords by the Bishop of Oxford, according to whom the dissenters made great efforts to swell the attendance on the Census Sunday, by getting popular preachers to supply their pulpits. How could Bishop Wilberforce, who without doubt is exceedingly clever, make such a silly statement? The question might have suggested itself to a less wiser head than his lordship's: If popular dissenting preachers lent their services to fill other chapels, what became of their own? No person, not even an ecclesiastical peer, would be so daft as

to imagine, that if the animus had been strong enough, it was possible for an individual to be in two places at the same time. Lord Palmerston, when appealed to the other night, gave a full and decided answer to the bishop's objection, by certifying the general correctness of the census returns.

The prospects of the harvest are very cheering. The crops are excellent, and promise to be remunerative to the cultivator, although at a much lower rate of prices than has for some time past been realized. May the God of Harvest vouchsafe suitable weather for the ingathering of these precious fruits of the earth!

**OPEN-AIR PREACHING.**—On Lord's-day July 16, the Rev. W. Brock preached in one of the streets of the Seven Dials, St. Giles, to several hundred persons, who listened with marked attention to an address founded on the parable of

the Prodigal Son. In Birmingham, Sheffield, and other places, open-air preaching has been prosecuted by evangelical clergymen, as well as by dissenting ministers.

The several matters of ecclesiastical polity and parliamentary reform are progressing in the right direction. Notwithstanding the present warlike movement, we have hope concerning the future of the peoples of our own and every land. A bright day is dawning. The Lord hasten it in his own time!

An insurrection has broken out in Spain. The infamous conduct of the queen and her paramour having exhausted the patience of the people, there has been a general rising throughout the entire kingdom. As a last expedient to preserve her crown, the queen has requested Espartero, the constitutional general, to undertake the formation of a new and liberal ministry.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**TRING, NEW MILL, HERTS.**—On June 6th, of Rev. J. S. Warren. After reading the Scriptures and prayer, by Rev. E. Davis, of High Wycombe, the Rev. W. Payne, of Chesham, delivered the introductory discourse, and proposed the usual questions. The Rev. Mr. Payne, sen., offered the recognition prayer for the pastor, and the Rev. J. T. Wigner, of Lynn, (Mr. W.'s former pastor,) delivered the charge to the minister. In the afternoon, after prayer, by Rev. Mr. Avery, of Aston Clinton, the Rev. E. Davis addressed the church; the Rev. Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Woods of Tring, and various other ministers, took part in the services.

**TENBURY, WORCESTERSHIRE.**—On June 8th, of the Rev. A. W. Heritage, as pastor. The Rev. J. Hall, of Hay, delivered the introductory discourse. The recognition prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Stanley, of Peter Church, and the Rev. J. Hall, of Gorsley, delivered the charge to the pastor. In the afternoon a large assemblage of members and friends was gathered to witness the laying of the foundation stone of a new chapel, by Mrs. Heritage, when addresses were delivered by several ministers. In the evening, after prayer, by the Rev. B. Johnson, an address was delivered to the church and congregation

by the Rev. J. Jones, of Lay Hill. The new chapel is to be forty-six feet by thirty-two feet, and the sum to be raised £700.

### MINISTERIAL RESIGNATIONS.

**DESBOROUGH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—The Rev. Thomas Clements has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this place.

**TRING, HERTS.**—Rev. W. Woods has expressed his intention to resign his pastoral connection with the Baptist Church in Akerman-street, in this town.

### MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

**NEW BRENTFORD.**—The Rev. J. W. Lance, from Houghton Regis, Dunstable.

**PRESTON, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**—The Rev. Fitzherbert Buggy, from Winchester. Mr. Buggy preached his farewell sermon in the New Congregational Chapel, Jewry-street, on June 25th, to a large audience, composed of Episcopalians, Independents, and Baptists.

**GLASGOW, EAST REGENT PLACE.**—The Rev. James Bullock, A.M., a member of the Baptist Church, Tewksbury, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate, and entered upon his ministerial duties the first Sabbath in July.

**BRIGHTON, SALEM CHAPEL, BOND-STREET.**—Rev. George Isaac, from Chelmondiston, Suffolk.



#### NEW CHAPEL.

**STRATFORD GROVE.**—The foundation stone of a new Baptist Chapel was laid on Tuesday, July 6th, by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire. The address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Angus. Prayer was offered by the Rev. S. Davies, of Bow-road. In the evening a public meeting was held at Rokeby-house, at which Mr. Alderman Wire presided, and the Revs. G. Fishbourne, J. E. Stallybrass, B.A., W. Deering, S. Murch, J. Hooper, and J. Woodard, took part.

#### ASSOCIATIONS.

**THE SERVICES OF THE SUFFOLK ASSOCIATION** of the Baptist Churches were held on June 15th and 16 h, in a tent at Chersfield. On Tuesday, brother Harris, of Rishangle, presided, brethren Bland, of Chashunt, and Brand, of Aldringham. On Wednesday, brother Trotman presided, and brother Cooper, of Wattisham, preached. The circular letter on Experimental Godliness, written by brother Hill, was ordered to be printed. The next meeting to be held at Great Ashfield.

#### BAPTISMS.

**BEDFORD, MILL STREET, May 23.**—Two by Mr. Killen.  
**BLOCKLEY, June 4.**—One by Mr. Hull.  
**BIRMINGHAM, LOMBARD STREET, June 4.**—Fourteen by Mr. Cheate.  
**ZION CHAPEL, May last.**—Ten by Mr. O'Neil.  
**CHADLINGTON, OXFORDSHIRE, May 21.**—Two.  
**GRETTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, June.**—Four by Mr. Hardwick.  
**IPSWICH, TURRET GREEN FIELDS, June.**—Three by Mr. Lord.  
**LIVERPOOL, STANHOPE STREET (Welsh), May 21.**—Two young persons from the Sabbath school, by Mr. Hughes.  
**LONDON, CHURCH STREET, BLACKFRIARS, June 1.**—Four by Mr. Whympier, for the pastor, Mr. Branch.  
**JOHN STREET CHAPEL, June 2.**—Eight by Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel.  
**SPENCER PLACE, GOSWELL ROAD, July 4.**—Three by Mr. Jennings.  
**BLACKHEATH, DACRE LANE, July 16.**—Three by Mr. Jennings.  
**CHELSEA, COLLEGE STREET, May 26.**—Four by Mr. Palliser.  
**CHADWELL STREET, ST. JOHN STREET ROAD.**—Six at Mitchell Street, by Mr. Hazelton.  
**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, June 4.**—Eight by Mr. Pottenger.

**NEWTOWN, MONTGOMERYSHIRE, June 4.**—Three by Mr. Young.  
**PANDEY'S CHAPEL, DENBIGHSHIRE, April 2.**—Ten by Mr. J. Gower.  
**PRESTON, LANCASHIRE, CANNON STREET, June 14.**—Two by Mr. Bernie.  
**RAMSBOTTOM, LANCASHIRE, May 7th.**—Four, and June 4 four, by Mr. Prout.  
**SANDHURST, KENT, June 30.**—Nine by Mr. Blake.  
**SMARDEN, KENT, May 26.**—Four female teachers in the Sabbath school.  
**SOHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, May 28.**—Two (mother and daughter) by Mr. Smith.  
**TORQUAY, June 4.**—One, who for ten years had been a member of a Pædobaptist Church, by Mr. Carto.  
**FARNHAM, HUNGARY HILL, SURREY, June 4.**—Two by Mr. Drake.  
**MARCH, ISLE OF ELY, CAMBS., May 31.**—Two by Mr. Reynolds.  
**MEOPHAM GREEN, KENT, June 4.**—Three by Mr. Lingley.  
**WILLINGHAM, CAMBS., June 1.**—Six, two of whom were between 75 and 76 years of age.

#### DEATHS.

**PRICE, Rev. BENJAMIN** (known by the bardic name *Cymbro Bach*), on June 28, at Bristol, after a protracted illness. Mr. P. was generally known as a popular preacher, a satirical writer, and a poet. He was engaged during the last nine years in advocating the claims of the Baptist missions throughout the principality.  
**JUDSON, Mrs.**, widow of Dr. Judson, the missionary, June 1, at New York. Mrs. Judson was known by her assumed name Fanny Forrester.  
**GRAY, Dr. J. T.**, Classical Tutor of Stepney College, on July 13, at the residence of his mother, at Brixton.  
**BENHAM, JANE**, the beloved wife of Mr. J. L. Benham, of Wigmore Street, July 6, aged 26.  
**BULGIN, Rev. S.**, June 2, 46 years, pastor of the Baptist Church in Poole, Dorsetshire. Mr. Bulgin, who a year ago terminated his pastoral relations with the church at Poole, had been for several Sabbaths supplying the vacant pulpit of the Independent Chapel at Swanage, Dorset. On Lord's day, June 2, after preaching in the morning and evening, he retired to his apartment, and in a little more than one hour he was "absent from the body and present with the Lord," thus realizing a wish he had long cherished.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY BENJ. L. GREEN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

To whom all Communications, under Cover to the Editors, are to be addressed.