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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)

# BAPTIST MESSENGER

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## THE VALLEY OF WEEPING.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools."  
PSALM lxxxiv. 6.

PILGRIMAGE to some shrine seems to be an essential part of most religions. The tribes of Israel made yearly journeys to Jerusalem, that at one great altar they might sacrifice unto the Lord their God. Borrowing the idea, probably, from the Jews, we find false religions inculcating the same. The disciples of Brahma are required to undertake long and painful journeys to the temple of Juggernaut, or to the banks of their sacred river, the Ganges. The Mahometan has his Kebla of worship; and, if he be thoroughly a devout follower of the false prophet, he must, once in his life, offer his petitions at Mecca. And who has not heard of the palmer plodding his weary way to the Holy Sepulchre, or of the Canterbury pilgrim going to the tomb of Thomas à Becket?

But the religion of God, the revelation of our most merciful Father, does not thus deal with man. It prescribes not an earthly pilgrimage. It knows nothing of local restrictions. It declares that "neither, in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father;" that "God is a spirit," and is everywhere present, and as a Spirit "must be worshipped," not merely by outward acts, but "in spirit and in truth."

Yet "pilgrimage" is one of the leading ideas of Christianity. Every Christian is mystically a pilgrim. His rest is not here. He is not a citizen of earth. Here he has no abiding city. He journeys to a shrine unseen by mortal eye, whither his fathers have arrived. This life-journey is his one object. He came into the world that he might march through it in haste. He is ever a pilgrim, in the fullest and truest sense. Nothing can be more pleasing to a thoughtful Christian than marking the footsteps of the flock, tracing the track they have left in the blood-besprinkled way. Thus the geography of Christian life becomes an interesting study. To enter the wicket-gate, to sit in the arbour on the hill-side, to lie in the

chamber of peace in the House Beautiful; to stand on the Delectable Mountains, or walk among the spice beds of the land Beulah, yields far sweeter pleasure than fairy dreams, or tales coloured by fancy whispered by the lips of music.

But some other parts of the way are not so inviting; we love not to enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death, nor to approach the mountains of the leopards, nor the lions' dens, yet must they be passed. Let us notice, with regard to this pilgrimage, a gloomy place, a toilsome effort, and a heavenly supply.

Dear Christian reader, we invite you to accompany us to a spot which you have either seen or shall see—it is to

#### I. THE VALLEY OF WEEPING.

The best description given of the valley of Baca seems to be that it was a defile through which a portion of the tribes had to pass on their journey to the city of their solemnities. It was a place noted for its dryness, and therefore pits were digged therein for the purpose of holding rain-water for the thirsty way-farers as they passed through it. But, probably, the Psalmist looked not so much at the place as at its name, which signifies "Valley of Sorrow or Tears." The Septuagint translates it, "Valley of Lamentation," and the Latin Vulgate, "Vale of Tears." We may therefore read the verse thus:—"Who passing through the vale of tears make it a well," &c.

Of this valley we may observe, first, *It is much frequented.* The way to Zion lies through its glooms. Many of God's chosen ones are carried from the breast to glory, and thus escape this dreary place, but every other of God's children has to pass through it. Some seem to be always in it. They can just dimly recollect happier days, but those are past long ago. They have for some time been the children of grief. They seldom eat a crust unmoistened by a tear. Sorrow's wormwood is their daily salad. Perhaps some sudden calamity has snatched away the gourd which covered their head, and, Jonah-like, they think they do well to be angry even unto death. A haze, dark and heavy, hangs like a pall before their eyes, and clothes life's scenery with sadness and gloom. Some are associated with ungodly partners, and their days are made bitter and their lives a burden. Various are the causes of grief. The chains of melancholy differ in their size and material. Bound in affliction and iron, art thou saying, "He hath made my chain heavy?" Oh, child of grief, remember the vale of tears is much frequented; thou art not alone in thy distress. Sorrow has a numerous family. Say not, I am *the* man that has seen affliction, for there be others in the furnace with thee. Remember, moreover, the King of kings once went through this valley, and here He obtained his name, "the Man of sorrows." And it was while passing through it he became "acquainted with grief."

But, blessed be God, all his people are not thus clad in sackcloth and filled with bitterness. Some of them can sing for joy of heart, and, like the lark, rise to heaven's gates, carolling notes of praise. Yet, be it observed, there is not one who has not had his valley of Baca. He of flashing eye and cheerful countenance was once walking in its dark and dreary paths. He who danced before the ark had cried out of the depths unto the Lord. He whom you heard in prayer with free heart blessing his Maker was lately in his bed-chamber, crying out with Job, "Oh that my grief were weighed!" and with Jeremiah, "He hath filled me with bitterness, and made me drunken with wormwood!"

Oh, mourner, say not that *thou* art a target for all the arrows of the Almighty; take not to thyself the pre-eminence of woe, for thy fellows have trodden the valley too, and upon them are the soars of the thorns and briars of the dreary pathway.

Secondly. This valley is exceedingly *unpleasant*. We love to ascend the mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense, rather than to descend into this dismal region. For tribulation is not joyous, but grievous. Disguise sorrow as we may, it is sorrow still. No pilgrim ever wished to enter here, though there have been many who have rejoiced in the midst of its darkest and most gloomy paths.

Now let me briefly tell you why this valley is so unpleasant to the heaven-bound traveller. It is so because he can find no water in it. Earthly joys are continually failing us; and created cisterns, one after another, are dried up. A hot, dry wind steals away every drop of comfort, and, hungry and thirsty, our soul fainteth in us. No fruit of sweetness grows here. It well answers the description of Watts:—

" It yields us no supply,  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy."

It is, moreover, disagreeable travelling in this valley, because the way is rough and rugged. In some parts of the Christian journey we are led into green paths and by the still waters, but this valley is thorny, stony, and flinty, and every way uncomfortable. True, there are many labourers called promises ever at work breaking the stones and helping passengers over its more difficult places; but for all that journeying through it is very rough work for all, but especially for those pilgrims who are weak and ready to halt.

It is also frequently very dark. The vale of tears is very low, and descends far beneath the surface. Some parts of it indeed are tunnelled through rocks of anguish. The chief cause of its darkness is that on either side of the valley there are high mountains, called the mountains of sin. These rise so high that they obscure the light of

the sun. Behind these Andes of guilt God hides his face, and we are troubled. Then how densely dark the pathway becomes! Indeed, this is the very worst thing that can be mentioned of this valley; for, if it were not so dark, pilgrims would not so much dread passing through it.

The soul of the traveller is also often discouraged on account of the length of the way. Through the darkness of the place it seems as though it had no termination, for, although it is known that the dark river of death flows across its extremity, yet in the dark season the celestial city on the other side cannot be seen. This is the Egyptian darkness which may be felt, and, like solid piles of ebony, at such times it appears to have an adamantine hardness in it.

Besides, this valley is much haunted. Evil spirits are very common in it. When a man is in the valley of Baca, Satan will soon be at him. Like the bandit, he waylays us in the roughest and darkest part of our way. This much deepens the horror of the place.

Thirdly. This valley is *very healthful*. In all the King's dominions, save alone the royal pavilion in glory, there is no spot more conducive to the soul's health than this. The air from the sea of affliction is extremely beneficial to invalid Christians. Continued prosperity, like a warm atmosphere, has a tendency to unbind the sinews and soften the bones; but the cold winds of trouble make us sturdy, hardy, and well braced in every part. Unbroken success often leads to an undervaluing of mercies and forgetfulness of the giver; but the withdrawal of the sunshine leads us to look for the sun.

Fourthly. It is a *very safe place*. We are not so likely to stumble in rough ways as in smooth and slippery places. Better walk on rugged rocks than on ice. If we lose our roll, it is in the harbour of ease,—not in the valley of Baca.

Fifthly. It is, therefore, a *profitable place*. Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well, when they cannot be discerned from the top of a mountain. So are many things seen in adversity which the prosperous man dreams not of. We need affliction, as the trees need winter, that we may collect sap and nourishment for future blossoms and fruit.

Sorrow is as necessary for the soul as medicine is to the body.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

The benefits to be derived in the vale of tears are greater than its horrors, and far outnumber its disadvantages. There was a fiction once of a golden cup at the foot of the rainbow. It would have been no fiction had they put it in the dark cloud. In this valley of Baca there are mines of gold and of all manner of precious things; and

sometimes even in the dark one may perceive the diamonds glisten. And many a pilgrim has here been made rich to all intents of bliss. Observe—

## II. THE PILGRIM'S TOILSOME EFFORT.

When Eastern shepherds travel, if they find no water, they dig a well, and thus obtain a plentiful supply of water for themselves and for their cattle. So did Isaac, and so also the rulers did for the people in the wilderness. When we are thirsty and there is no water to be found in the pools, we must dig deep for it. Calvin translates it,—“They, travelling through the valley of weeping, will dig a well,” &c. This teaches us that—

1. *Comfort may be obtained even in Baca.* We often look for it and fancy there is none. Like Hagar, the child of our hope is given up, and we lay down to die; but why should we, when there is water to be had, if we will but seek for it? Let no man say, My case is hopeless; let none say, I am in the valley, and can never again know joy. There is hope. There is the water of life to cheer our fainting souls.

2. It teaches that *comfort must be obtained by exertion.* Well-digging is hard labour. But better dig for water than die of thirst. Much of the misery Christians feel arises from inaction. Cold numbs the hand if exercise be not used. We are bound to use every Scriptural means to obtain the good we need. The sanctuary, the meeting for prayer, the Bible, the company of the saints, and private prayer and meditation—these revive the soul. We must dig the wells. If there be rocky granite we must bore it; and what a mercy! if the well has ever so small a bore the water will flow.

3. It teaches us that the *comfort* obtained by one is often of use to another; just as wells would suffice for the company who came after. I read some work full of consolation, which is like Jonathan's rod, dropping with honey. Ah, I think my brother has been here before me, and digged this well. “Songs in the Night” could only have been written by that nightingale in the thorns, Susanna Harrison. Many a “Night of Weeping,” “Midnight Harmonies,” an “Eternal Day,” “A Crook in the Lot,” a “Comfort for Mourners,” has been a well digged by a pilgrim for himself, but has proved just as useful to others. Specially we notice this in the Psalms, “Why art thou cast down?” &c. Travellers have been delighted to see the foot-print of man on a barren shore, and we love to see the waymarks of the pilgrimage while passing through the vale of tears. Yea, the refuse and *débris* of the receding camp often furnish food for the stragglers behind. We may notice

## III. THE HEAVENLY SUPPLY.

The pilgrims dig the well, but, strange enough, it fills from the top, instead of the bottom. We use the means, but the blessing does not

lie in the means. We dig a well, but God fills it with rain. The horse is prepared against the day of battle, but safety is of the Lord. The means are connected with the end, but they do not of themselves produce it. See here the rain fills the pools, so that the wells become useful as reservoirs for the water.

Grace may well be compared to rain for its purity, for its coming alone from above, and from the sovereignty which gives or withholds it. But we linger in this valley no longer, only desiring that our readers may have showers of blessings, and that the wells they have digged may be filled with water. Oh, what are means and ordinances without the smile of heaven! they are as clouds without rain, and pools without water.

But if the Holy Spirit attend the means, then shall we go from strength to strength until we shall appear before God in Zion.

*(Other articles by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will appear in the future Nos. of this Mag.)*

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

### CHAPTER XIII.—A SINGULAR INVITATION.

THE individual referred to at the close of the last chapter was no other than the brother of the mill, whom the old lady had seen in the distance, and who had now reached the travellers. They accosted him, told him they were strangers, and asked him where they could receive hospitality.

"As to that, our rulers are very jealous lest hospitality should be extended to unsuitable persons, and therefore require the license of the magistrates to authorize the virtue. But if ye will go with me, I will show you where there is a house which no one will prevent you from entering, and where there is food which no one will forbid your eating. If ye understand, follow me."

There was something so original, hearty, and frank in this invitation, that they accepted it. They did understand, and were resolved not to compromise the stranger for his kindness. During the walk to the house, the conversation assumed such a character that the parties found that they were in sympathy with each other in their religious views. The walk was not long. When they reached the threshold, the brother said,—

"This is my house. I will neither invite ye in nor forbid ye to enter; ye may do as ye please; but as ye have commenced following me, ye will probably continue." They understood, and followed him in.

When the dinner was ready, he said, at the same time preventing, with difficulty, the smiles from playing upon his countenance,—

"Here is food. I will neither ask ye to taste it nor prohibit ye from eating it; ye may do as ye please; but hungry men, with a meal before them, are never at a loss." They understood again, and were soon at work discussing, with a relish which keen hunger alone can give, the plain, but healthful diet before them. It is scarcely necessary to intimate to the reader that the object of this caution on the part of Eaton was to throw the whole responsibility of their proceeding upon the three men themselves, so that he might avoid the liability of a conviction under this arbitrary law.

During the conversation that ensued, the trio of travellers understood that the colony was agitated upon the subject of baptism; the ministers and

rulers were exceedingly fearful of Baptist sentiments, and were vigilant in discovering and severe in treating all of that sect.

Leaving this hospitable family, they prosecuted their journey towards Lynn, where they arrived in the latter part of the afternoon.

At a distance of two or three miles from the main village stood a small house, partly built of logs, in which resided an old man by the name of William Witter. He was a member of the Baptist church which had been gathered at Newport. In consequence of his age, he was unable to meet with his brethren at Newport, and therefore had requested his church to send some of its members to visit him. His request was complied with, and John Clark, Obadiah Holmes, and Crandall were appointed to that service. Clark and Holmes were both Baptist ministers. Clark was the pastor of the church. Subsequently, Holmes became his successor in that office.

Whether these representatives of the Newport church attracted attention and awakened suspicion by inquiring where Witter lived, or whether this brother had given notice that he was expecting some of his church to see him, it is difficult now to tell; but certain it is, the magistrates were alarmed, and ordered the constable to be on the alert for the apprehension of any suspicious persons. The travellers found Witter's house, and received a cordial greeting. The old man was overjoyed to see them. He little thought of the protracted and painful trials which this fraternal visit would occasion. Both parties had so much to say that conversation was continued until late in the night.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### RESULTS OF A MEETING.

The next day being the Sabbath, and the meeting-house being at so great a distance, it was proposed that they should have worship where they were, and that Mr. Clark should preach. Father Witter would thus have an opportunity of listening to his own pastor,

whom he had not been privileged to hear for a long time.

Accordingly, in that rough-built, solitary private house, social religious services were observed. After the offering of praise and prayer, Mr. Clark announced his text. Believing from his own experience, and from the indications of the times, that a period of unusual temptation and trial was about to befall the people of God, he had selected, as an appropriate passage from which to discourse, Rev., 3rd chapter and 10th verse—"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." During the delivery of his introduction, four or five strangers unexpectedly came in, and quietly took seats with the little domestic congregation. Having finished his introduction, Mr. Clark said, "In opening this interesting passage of holy writ for your serious meditation, I shall in the first place show what is meant by the hour of temptation—secondly, what we are to understand by the word of his patience, with the character of those who keep it—and thirdly, the soul-cheering encouragement which is furnished by the promise that those who keep this word shall themselves be kept in the hour of temptation and trial."

He proceeded in his discourse with increasing earnestness, the little audience, in the meanwhile, giving the closest attention. Father Witter, sitting in an old, high-backed arm chair, in one corner of the room, was listening with tearful eyes and open mouth, as though he had not heard the true doctrine for many months. It was to him a great luxury to hear his own pastor, in his own house, treat so appropriate and comforting a subject as the one he had announced. Alas! the sweetness of the occasion was soon converted into gall. These unknown, harmless strangers, observing Sabbath worship in a remote part of the town, for the especial comfort of one of their aged brethren, had (as we have intimated) attracted the attention of the magistrates, and were destined to furnish,



in their painful experience, an illustration of the truth of the text. During the progress of the discourse, two constables entered the room.

"What does this mean?" said the first. "Why hold this unlawful assembly? Is not the meeting-house good enough, nor the doctrines preached there pure enough for ye, that ye must hold a gathering of your own, to the scandal and injury of the place?"

Mr. Clark paused in his discourse. The little audience turned their eyes with surprise and grief upon the disturber.

"Ye have no business here," said the second. "Ye must disperse or take the consequences; and they'll not be pleasant, I tell ye."

"We do not intend, friends," said Mr. Clark, calmly, "to break any good and wholesome laws of the land."

"No parleying," replied the first. "Come, shut up your book, and go with us; we have come to apprehend you."

"Apprehend us!" replied Clark with astonishment; "we wish to know by whose authority. We should like to see your warrant."

"We come with authority from the magistrates; and as to our warrant, I will read it."

He then drew forth a document, and read as follows:—

"By virtue hereof, you are required to go to the house of William Witter, and so to search from house to house for certain erroneous persons, being strangers, and them to apprehend, and in safe custody to keep, to-morrow morning, by eight o'clock, to bring before me.

"ROBERT BRIDGES."\*

During the reading of this precious paper, the hand of the constable trembled, as though he were conscious he was engaged in a bad cause. After he had finished, Mr. Clark said,—

"It is not our intention to resist the

authority by which you have come to apprehend us, but yet I perceive you are not so strictly tied but if you please you may suffer us to make an end of what we have begun; so may you be witnesses either to or against the faith and order which we hold."

"We can do no such thing."

"You may," repeated Clark, "in spite of the warrant, or anything therein contained."

After as much uncivil disturbance and clamour as the pursuivants of the English bishops, under Laud, indulged in when they arrested the Puritans, and broke up their Conventicles in England, the two constables apprehended the two ministers, Clark and Holmes, with their brother Crandall, and led them away. There being no jail or other place of confinement in Lynn, the three prisoners were taken to the alehouse. It was a deeply affecting scene to old Father Witter to see his beloved pastor and brethren taken from his own house, prisoners, for no other offence than worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. A recollection of the fact that they had visited him (and had thus been caught in the snare) by his own invitation, added to his sorrow. As the three prisoners left the house, the pastor said to the venerable man,—

"The hour of temptation and trial has come, but let us keep the word of his patience, and He will sustain us in the time of trouble."

At the tavern, whilst at dinner, one of the constables said,—

"Gentlemen, if you be free, I will carry you to the meeting." To which they replied,—

"Friend, had we been free thereunto, we had prevented all this. Nevertheless, we are in thy hand, and if thou wilt carry us to meeting, thither will we go."

"Then I will carry you to the meeting." To which the prisoners replied,—

"If thou forest us into your assembly, then shall we be constrained to declare ourselves that we cannot hold communion with them."

"That is nothing," said the constable.

\* In our account of the treatment of the Baptists by the civil government of Massachusetts, we have followed the statements of Clark, Holmes, Backus, and Benedict.

"I have not power to command you to speak when you come there, or to be silent."

Seeing the determination of the officers to take them to the meeting of those whose principles and practices they disapproved, Mr. Clark repeated the course of conduct which they should feel themselves compelled to pursue.

"Since we have heard the word of salvation by Jesus Christ, we have been taught, as those that first trusted in Christ, to be obedient unto him, both by word and deed; wherefore, if we be forced to your meeting, we shall declare our dissent from you, both by word and gesture."

From this frank disclosure, the magistrates knew what to expect. They saw that if they took these strangers to meeting, it must be by compulsion. The prisoners would not go willingly to a meeting of those from whose principles of state-and-church government they so widely differed; they saw, moreover, that if they compelled them to go, a disturbance would be the consequence. The prisoners forewarned them that they should feel constrained, from a sense of duty, to express publicly their dissent, and the constables knew that this would at once kindle a conflagration. For a moment they hesitated; but after consultation with the tavern-keeper, they decided to take them.

The three men, whose own worship had been broken up, were now taken, without their own consent, to the meeting of the *standing order*. The congregation were at prayers when they arrived. As they stepped over the threshold they raised their hats, and civilly saluted them. A seat was then assigned them, which they occupied. After they had taken their seat, they put on their hats. Mr. Clark opened his book, and commenced reading to himself. Mr. Bridges, who had made out the warrant for their apprehension, seeing them sitting with their heads covered, became excited, and ordered the constable to remove their hats from

their heads, who at once obeyed, but not in the most amiable manner.

After the prayers, singing, and preaching were over, to which the prisoners listened without offering the least interruption, Mr. Clark rose, and, in a respectful manner, said,—

"I desire, as a stranger, to propose a few things to this congregation, hoping, in the proposal thereof, I shall commend myself to your consciences, to be guided by that wisdom that is from above, which, being pure, is also peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated." He paused, expecting, as he subsequently said, that if the Prince of Peace had been among them, he would have received from them a peaceable answer. But the pastor, probably fearing that some difficult questions might be asked, and a troublesome theological controversy ensue, replied,—

"We will have no objections against the sermon."

"I am not about to present objections to the sermon," answered Mr. Clark, "but as, by my gesture at my coming into your assembly, I declared my dissent from you, so, lest that should prove offensive unto some whom I would not offend, I would now, by word of mouth, declare the grounds, which are these: First—from the consideration we are strangers, each to other, and so strangers to each other's inward standing with respect to God, and so cannot conjoin, and act in faith, and what is not of faith is sin; and in the second place, I could not judge that you are gathered together and walk according to the visible order of our Lord—"

"Have done!" cried Mr. Bridges, with the authority of a magistrate. "You have spoken that for which you must answer. I command silence."

After the meeting, the trio of prisoners were taken back to the tavern, where they were as vigilantly watched during the night as though they had been guilty of robbery.

The next morning they were taken by the constables before Mr. Bridges, who made out their mittimus, and sent

them to the prison at Boston, there to remain until the next County Court.

This mittimus charged them with "being at a private meeting in Lynn on the Lord's-day, exercising among themselves—offensively disturbing the peace of the congregation at the time of their coming into the public meeting in the time of prayer in the afternoon, with saying and manifesting that the church in Lynn was not constituted according to the order of our Lord, with *suspicion* of having their hands in rebaptizing one or more among them, and with refusing to put in sufficient security to appear at the County Court."

In addition to these charges, it was alleged against Mr. Clark that he met again the next day after his contempt, as they called it, of their public worship, at the house of Witter, and in contempt of authority, being then in the custody of the law, did there administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to one excommunicated person, to another under admonition, and to a third that was an inhabitant of Lynn, and not in fellowship with any church; and yet, upon answer in open court, did affirm that he never rebaptized any.

They were all three found guilty. Mr. Clark, the pastor, was fined twenty pounds, equivalent to about eighty dollars, or to be well whipped. He desired to know by what law of God or man he was condemned. The governor, who did not deem it beneath his dignity to be present on this important occasion, stepped up, and, with much earnestness, said to Mr. Clark, "You have denied infant baptism. *You deserve death.* I will not have such trash brought into my jurisdiction. You go up and down, and secretly insinuate unto those that are weak, but you cannot maintain it before our ministers. *You may try and dispute with them.*" To this violent harangue of the chief magistrate of the colony Mr. Clark would have replied at length, but the governor commanded the jailer to take the prisoners away. They were accordingly all three remanded to prison.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A CHALLENGE.

DURING his confinement that night Mr. Clark thought much of the insinuations which had been thrown out against him by the governor the day before, and especially of the challenge which had been given him to discuss the question of baptism. It seemed to him as if the great Head of the church had placed him in that position that there he might be a defender of the truth. He looked upon it as a most favourable opportunity to remove the various aspersions which had been unjustly cast upon the Baptists, and show that in doctrine and practice they were true Christian men. By speaking in behalf of his brethren, it appeared to him that he might possibly be the instrument of removing the unjust disabilities to which they were subject, but especially that he might, by presenting the arguments for their peculiar belief, and their objections to infant sprinkling, be the means of opening the eyes of others, and convincing them of the truth. Yet when he thought of his own inability to do full justice to the subject, and of the disadvantages under which he would labour in having the ministry of the standing order and the government arrayed against him, his heart sunk within him. "But will not the Saviour be with me? Have I not faith to believe that, according to his own promise, it will be given me in that same hour what I ought to speak?" The taunting permit of the governor, "You may try and dispute with the ministers," was constantly ringing in his ears. He offered earnest prayer for direction and assistance, and finally resolved that, by the grace of God, he would accept the governor's challenge. He did not, as a Christian minister, dare to refuse.

Accordingly, the next morning he addressed a document to the court which had condemned him, accepting the governor's proffer of a public discussion of the points at issue between the Congregationalists and the Baptists, and asking the appointment of a time

and place for the occasion. This threw the court into a peculiar position. A prisoner, who had been condemned and sentenced mainly for his religious views and practices, but to whom the governor had thrown down the gauntlet for a discussion, had accepted the challenge. For the court to refuse its sanction would be a tacit rebuke of the governor, and a silent admission of the weakness, or their fear of the weakness, of their cause.

After much ado, therefore, Mr. Clark was informed by one of the magistrates that the disputation was granted, and the time fixed for it was the next week. When this became known to the ministers of the colony, it created great excitement among them. They disapproved the arrangement. They had no wish to enter upon the discussion; they desired to have it abandoned. They therefore saw the government, and earnestly besought them to avoid it; but it seemed too late. They had gone too far to make an honourable retreat. But finding the ministers so averse to a disputation, the magistrates had Mr. Clark brought into their chamber, and there endeavoured to change the issues between him and them. They inquired whether he would dispute upon the things contained in his sentence, and maintain his practice; "for," said they, "the court sentenced you not for your judgment and conscience, but for matter of fact and practice." But Mr. Clark was not to be misled by any partial or erroneous statements of the matter; neither was he willing that such statements should go unrebuted. He therefore manfully replied to these magistrates,—

"You say the court condemned me for matter of fact and practice; be it so. I say the matter of fact and practice was but the manifestation of my judgment and conscience, and I maintain that that man is void of judgment and conscience who hath not a fact and practice which correspond therewith." He then continued, "If the faith and order which I profess is according to the word of God, then the faith and

order which you profess must fall to the ground; but if your views of truth and duty are scriptural, mine must be erroneous. We cannot both be right." To these statements the magistrates apparently assented.

Although Mr. Clark had been informed that the disputation had been granted, and the time appointed, yet it was all *informal* and unofficial. He desired to obtain an official permit, or order, for the discussion, under the secretary's hand. He would then, he felt, be protected; otherwise, the debate might be referred to as evidence of his being a disturber of the state, and a troubler of Israel. He therefore availed himself of the opportunity which was furnished by this private interview with the magistrates, to say to them that if they would be pleased to grant the motion for the public disputation *under the secretary's hand*, he would draw up three or four propositions, embracing the points which he presented in his defence before the court, and would defend them against any one whom they might choose to dispute with him, until, by arguments derived from the word of God, he should be removed from them.

"In case your speaker convinces me that I am in error," said Mr. Clark, following up the subject so as to reach some definite practical point, "then the disputation is at an end; but if not, then I desire the like liberty, by the word of God, to oppose the faith and order which he and you profess, thereby to try whether I may not become an instrument in the hand of God to remove you from the same."

To this the magistrates replied,—

"The motion certainly is fair, and your terms like unto a practised disputant; but, as the matter in dispute is exceeding weighty, and as we desire that in the controversy all may be said that can be, we propose, therefore, to postpone it to a later day."

Poor Clark was therefore taken back to prison, to wait for the arrival of this "later day."

## PEN AND INK SKETCHES.—No. II.

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

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AT THE BOROUGH ROAD TRAINING SCHOOL.

To-day I went with Mr. and Mrs. B. to hear the examination of the Borough-road school for boys. Mrs. B. told me it was not precisely a charity school, but one where the means of education were furnished at so cheap a rate that the poorest classes could enjoy them. Arriving at the hall, we found quite a number of *distingués*, bishops, lords, and clergy, besides numbers of others assembled to hear. The room was hung round with the drawings of the boys, and specimens of handwriting. I was quite astonished at some of them. They were executed by pen, pencil, or crayon—drawings of machinery, landscapes, heads, groups, and flowers, all in a style which any parent among us would be proud to exhibit, if done by our own children. The boys looked very bright and intelligent, and I was delighted with the system of instruction which had evidently been pursued with them. We heard them first in the reading and recitation of poetry; after that, in arithmetic and algebra, then in natural philosophy, and last, and most satisfactorily, in the Bible. It was perfectly evident, from the nature of the questions and answers, that it was not a crammed examination, and that the readiness of reply proceeded not from a mere commitment of words, but from a system of intellectual training, which led to a good understanding of the subject. In arithmetic and algebra the answers were so remarkable as to induce the belief in some that the boys must have been privately prepared on their questions; but the teacher desired Lord John Russell to write down any number of questions which he wished to have

given to the boys to solve, from his own mind. Lord John wrote down two or three problems, and I was amused at the zeal and avidity with which the boys seized upon and mastered them. Young England was evidently wide awake, and the prime minister himself was not to catch them napping. The little fellows' eyes glistened as they rattled off their solutions. As I know nothing about mathematics, I was all the more impressed; but when they came to be examined in the Bible, I was more astonished than ever. The masters had said that they would be willing any of the gentlemen should question them, and Mr. B. commenced a course of questions on the doctrines of Christianity; asking, Is there any text by which you can prove this, or that? and immediately, with great accuracy, the boys would cite text upon text, quoting not only the more obvious ones, but sometimes applying Scripture with an ingenuity and force which I had not thought of, and always quoting chapter and verse of every text. I do not know who is at the head of this teaching, nor how far it is a sample of English schools; but I know that these boys had been wonderfully well taught, and I felt my old professional enthusiasm arising.

After the examination Lord John came forward, and gave the boys a good fatherly talk. He told them that they had the happiness to live under a free government, where all offices are alike open to industry and merit, and where any boy might hope by application and talent to rise to any station below that of the sovereign.

He made some sensible, practical comments on their Scripture lessons, and, in short, gave precisely such a kind of address as one of our New England judges or governors might to school-boys in similar circumstances. Lord John hesitates a little in his delivery, but has a plain, common-sense way of "speaking right on," which seems to be taking. He is a very simple man in his manners, apparently not at all

self-conscious, and entered into the feelings of the boys and their masters with good-natured sympathy, which was very winning. I should think he was one of the kind of men who are always perfectly easy and self-possessed let what will come, and who never could be placed in a situation in which he did not feel himself quite at home, and perfectly competent to do whatever was to be done.

### THE PASTOR'S TRIALS.\*

By seven o'clock the pastor is again in his study. But Satan went also, and stood up to tempt him. He thought of everything that tended to aggravate his relations to the people. There rose to view, not "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," but all the trials and the sharpness of them, till his brain seemed on fire, and he came down to Mary to unburden his heart.

"With one such man here," said he, "as Deacon Ely—his heart beating with mine, his shoulder braced to my own, considering the work his as truly as the pastor's,—I could rise above poverty, or the opposition of the world. The want of sympathy and co-operation from Christian men kills me. These things ought to excite a righteous indignation, such as Jesus felt when He made the scourge in the temple. I confess I feel more than that. Ministers have their lower natures as well as others. The

old Adam in me takes advantage of this provocation to strive for the mastery. Oh! it is no light thing for a people to be the cause of such suffering as I have endured this week; and it is not the first or the second time either, only I believe I have not before known the 'depths of Satan.'"

He was calmer now, and Mary began to insinuate words fitted to soothe and elevate. "God permits these afflictions. There is no doubt but that His design is wise and merciful. Let us look simply to His hand, above proximate agencies. Let the instrument go unheeded, while we receive the evil meekly from Him, and strive to apprehend His gracious intent in the correction. It is no small attainment to be prepared to be a sympathizing pastor. To this end personal acquaintance with grief is almost indispensable. Even the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings.

"As to appreciation and sympathy, we do not depend for these on fellow-worms. We can be content to be unappreciated here, so long as Christ understands us, and has a fellow-feeling for us. It is for Him we labour. One of His smiles outweighs all other commendation. To Him we look for our reward; and oh! is it not enough that He has promised it at His coming? It will not be long to wait. Do our hearts crave human fellowship and sympathy? We surely have it in our great High Priest. Oh, how often should we faint but for the humanity of our divine Redeemer! He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our

\* From "THE SHADY SIDE, by a Pastor's Wife," just published by Constable and Co., price one shilling. A book brimful of touching incident; and, barring its pædobaptist tendencies, the traits of character with which it abounds have been sketched with a truthfulness that will cause many a blush to mantle upon the cheeks of some of the "leading men" in our voluntary churches. Every deacon and church member ought to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest its contents; and pastors would do themselves and their respective charges essential service by giving to it the widest possible circulation among them.

flesh; yet He has an almighty arm for our deliverance—human to feel, divine to aid; faithful, over all our failures and imperfections. What need we more? O that tempted, desponding ministers would take to themselves the comfort of those precious things they say to others!"

"Ah!" said the pastor, "it is far easier to show others the way than to walk in it ourselves. While you are talking, Mary, I seem to get above the darkness and the clouds, into the serene light of the upper presence. But alas! I have no wings to keep me up; and I sink, sink, into deep mire, where is no standing. God could carry us through the needful discipline of trial without the aid of His people's injustice. This is the 'unkindest cut of all,' that we are bound to the rack and tortured there by those that smile upon us, all unconscious of the wrong, and call themselves our brethren, and profess to be labouring in a common cause, and take the credit of paying us for our toil. Here is the sting."

"Yet there is balm even for that," said the gentle wife.

"O that I could find it!" sighed he of the wounded spirit. "You have the same cause for bitterness, Mary; how do you get over it?"

She smiled and said: "What panacea do you suppose I have that is not accessible to you? There are, I believe, several ways to cure this heart-burning. When one will not avail, I try another.

Sometimes I reason with myself after this fashion: 'You believe Deacon Hyde is a good man in the main—that, with all his selfishness, he has some grace, and is going to heaven. Well, be patient with him—Jesus has longer forbearance with you; and love him for what he will be when we all awake in Jesus' likeness. Anticipate the day—now not far off—when the scales shall fall from his eyes, and his soul be expanded in the atmosphere of that better world. Who knows but you and he will look back together on these very scenes—he with astonishment and tender reprisals, you with a better knowledge, forbidding his self-reproach, as did Joseph that of his brethren, in joy and gratitude at the good a gracious God brought out of evil!'"

"O my dear, how you put me to shame! I will, by God's grace, try to do better." So they knelt there in prayer, and for a few moments light broke through the clouds. Presently it was dark again—dark with thoughts of his own constitution undermined, and the companion of his youth drooping before his eyes, and his children, the dear lambs of the fold, turned shelterless on the cold common. Take heart, servant of God! thou art not in the crucible for nought. Thy dross is being momentarily consumed. The vessel is fast being made meet for the Master's use; preparing, also, unto glory. Be patient—thy rest is near. But alas for those so dear to thee when it shall come!

## CHRIST THE THEME OF THE MINISTRY.

By the late Rev. W. JAY, of Bath.\*

UNLESS Christ is made the theme of our ministry we have no hope or promise of usefulness. There are some who allegorize the whole of the Scriptures. They find Christ in various places where he never was. Yet I would rather lean to this side than

to its opposite. There were two grand German expositors—the one found Christ everywhere, the other found Christ nowhere. I should always dig hard and long with a text before I despaired of finding anything in it that had a relation to him.

Let us turn to the first preachers of the gospel. They said, "We preach

\* From Mr. Jay's "Final Discourses."

not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord. They "determined not to know anything among men but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Did they seek to "persuade men by the terrors of the Lord"? They were his terrors. It was of the "great day of his wrath" they spake. Did they speak of the Divine perfections? They made them "shine in the face of Jesus Christ." Did they speak of Providence? They placed the reins of the universal empire in his hands. Did they speak of heaven? They made it consist in seeing his glory, and of being "for ever with the Lord." Did they speak of repentance? They never thought of fetching this water out of the millstone of man's natural heart. They knew that the tear of repentance could only drop from the eye of faith in sight of the cross. If they called upon per-

sons to pray, it was to ask in his name. "Yea," said they, "whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him."

The difference between an evangelical and a legal preacher is not, that the one enforces holiness and good works, and the other not; but the difference is, the one makes them the source of our salvation, the other as *evidences*—the one lays them as the foundation—the other employs them only as the *superstructure*. Both admonish, both exhort, their hearers; but here is the difference—the one waters his *dead* plants, and they produce nothing—the other waters *living* ones, and they produce "the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the praise and glory of God."

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

LONDON, **SALTER'S HALL.**—The Rev. J. Todd, from Salisbury.

PADIHAM, LANCASHIRE.—The Rev. Mr. Ashmead, from Great Missenden, Bucks.

POPLAR, COTTON STREET.—The Rev. Mr. Preece, late of Great Grimsby, has received an invitation to the pastorate of this church.

### NEW CHAPELS.

ON Friday, Aug. 11, the ceremony of laying the Foundation Stone of the New Baptist Chapel erecting in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, for the Congregation usually worshipping in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Charles Stovel, by S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., took place: The proceedings commenced by reading, prayer, and praise, conducted by the Pastor. Mr. Peto delivered an interesting address, followed by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, A.M. The Rev. C. Leechman, A.M., concluded the proceedings by prayer. In the evening, a Public Meeting was held at the London

Tavern. D. W. Wire, Esq., Alderman and Sheriff, took the chair, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Underhill, Mr. Tarlton, and Rev. Messrs. Tyler, Trestail, and Bigwood, and by the Pastor. The size of the New Chapel is 77 feet by 39 feet. Total expenditure of Chapel and Schools, £10,140; towards which £7,900 have been received.

LANGHAM, RUTLANDSHIRE.—The Foundation-stone of a new Baptist Chapel was laid on Aug. 17, and a suitable address was delivered by Rev. J. Jenkinson, of Oakham.

### BAPTISMS.

AUDLEM, CHESHIRE, June 23rd.—Two by Mr. Needham.

BOLTON, LANCASHIRE, July 2.—Five, one teacher, four scholars, by Mr. Owen.

BRIGHTON, May 31.—Five by Mr. Isaac.

BANBURY, OXON, May 24.—Six, by Mr. Henderson.

BIRMINGHAM, HENEAGE STREET, June 4th.—Two by Mr. Taylor.

BRADFORD, YORK, May 28th.—Two by Mr. Sole.

BUCKINGHAM, July 16th.—Two by Mr. Johnson.



- BREACHWOOD GREEN, HERTS, July 2nd.—Five by Mr. Parkins.
- BURY ST. EDMUNDS, June 4.—Four by Mr. Elven.
- CAMBRIDGE, ZION, June 18th.—Two.
- CRESHUNT, HERTS, June 4th.—Two by Mr. Bland.
- GREAT ELLINGHAM, NORFOLK, June 25th.—Four by Mr. Crag.
- HALIFAX, TRINITY ROAD, May 28th.—Sixteen by Mr. Waters.
- HANLEY, July 24th.—Twelve, three of whom were teachers, five scholars in the Sunday school, by Mr. Abington.
- HELLMDON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, June 4th.—Two by Mr. Hedge.
- ELGIN, SCOTLAND, June 8th.—Three.
- HEYWOOD, LANCASHIRE, May 21st.—Six by Mr. Britcliffe.
- LEAMINGTON.—June 4th.—The wife of a clergyman by Dr. Winslow.
- LONDON, SHOULDHAM-STREET, June 18th.—Two by Mr. Blake.
- VERNON CHAPEL, May 31st.—After a Sermon by Rev. O. Clarke, Eight by Rev. T. Cole, of Paradise Street Chapel, Chelsea; and on June 21st, four others by Mr. Cole.
- NEW PARK STREET, August 3.—Seven by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
- BERMONDSEY, WEBB STREET, June 29th.—Twelve by Mr. Chivers.
- BOW, MIDDLESEX, June 25th.—Two by Mr. Balforn.
- MELBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE, June 4th.—Nine.
- MANORBEAR, PEMBROKESHIRE, July 16th.—Six by Mr. Evans.
- MILDENHALL, WEST ROW, June 6th.—Four by Mr. Ellis.
- NEWCASTLE ON TYNE, June 25th.—Two by Mr. Isaac Davies; and on July 2nd, two by Mr. Pottenger.
- POLESWORTH, near TAMWORTH, June 11th.—Two.
- SAFFRON WALDEN, UPPER MEETING, May 22nd.—Two by Mr. Gillson.
- SANDERSFOOT, PEMBROKESHIRE, May 28th.—Two by Mr. B. Lewis.
- SUTTON IN ASHFIELD, NOTTS, June 4th.—Three.
- TWERTON, near BATH, June 4th.—Two by Mr. E. Clarke.
- SCARBOROUGH, July 2nd.—Mr. Marshall, a travelling preacher among the Primitive Methodists, by Mr. Evans.
- STREET, GLASTONBURY, June 30th.—Five by Mr. Little.
- SHREWSBURY, CLAREMONT-STREET, May 28th.—Three by Mr. Howe.
- TUNBRIDGE WELLS, June 25th.—Four by the Pastor.
- RYE, SUSSEX, July 30th.—Two by Mr. Wall.
- WORSTEAD, NORFOLK, July 9th.—Six by the Pastor.
- WOODSIDE, FOREST OF DEAN, June 4th.—Four.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

- NAUNTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, August 2nd, of the Rev. John Lewis, late of Kingstale. Addresses were delivered on the duty of the Church towards its Pastor, by the Rev. J. Statham of Bourton-on-the-Water—On the Relation of the Church to the World, by the Rev. J. Acock of Stow-on-the-Wold; and a Faithful Minister a blessing or a curse, by the Rev. J. Henderson of Banbury.
- MILLWOOD, TODMORDEN, on August 16th, of Rev. J. Kay Rev. P. Scott of Brearly, commenced the services by reading the Scriptures and Prayer; the Rev. S. White-wood delivered the introductory discourse, the Rev. J. Crook of Hebden Bridge, proposed the usual questions. In the afternoon, after prayer by the Rev. G. Mitchell of Bacup, the Rev. J. Harbottle of Oswaldtwistle, gave the charge to the minister, and the Rev. S. Jones of Lumb concluded with prayer. In the evening after prayer by the Rev. W. Jackson, of Cloughfold, the Rev. T. Dawson of Liverpool preached to the Church, and the Rev. J. Smith of Bacup concluded the services of the day with prayer.

#### DEATHS.

- HOLLAND, Mr. W.—On July 31, at Blackheath, one of the Deacons of the Baptist Chapel, Lewisham Road.
- ALLEN, Rev. W., many years Pastor of Cave Adullam Baptist Chapel, Stepney, August 16.

Just published,

A LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT of the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, Minister of New Park Street Chapel, Southwark. Prints, 2s. 6d.; proofs, on India paper, 4s. May be had of J. PAUL, 1, Chapter-house Court, Paternoster Row, by whom, in future "The Baptist Messenger" will be published, and to whom all communications to the Editor are to be addressed.