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THE BAPTIST MESSENGER

AN

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ONWARD AND HEAVENWARD.

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

"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."—
PSALM LXXXIV. 7.

LAST month we saw the pilgrims in the valley of Baca drinking from wells which their industry had digged, but which Divine mercy filled.

That place is not the end of their journey; they pass *through* it, but they do not dwell in it. Healthful as the place may be, profitable as it certainly is, there is no abiding city even there. The watchword is still, "Onward," the captain's order is ever "Go forward." Heaven is only to be gained by constant marching. Arise ye and depart, for the trumpet sounds, and the army is on its march.

These words may be considered a sort of panoramic description of the whole journey, in which we may observe, a Constant Progress—a General Meeting—and a Glorious Consummation.

I. A CONSTANT PROGRESS.—"They go from strength to strength."

The text says, "*they go*," and this is true of them all their life long. Do you see that army of God's elect with their banner of Jehovah-nissi waving in the air, and the cloudy pillar of guidance in the sky? Well, they may be halting now for a moment, but "they go." They are like a regiment of soldiers travelling through our country. When they come into a town they are billeted for the night, but in the morning "they go."

Yes! that sacramental host of God's elect are not men to settle on these low grounds, for their home is in "fairer worlds on high;" and, therefore, onward and upward "they go."

Oh, Christian pilgrim, remember, if thou art sitting in a sweet arbour of rest, or lying in the green pastures which grow by the river of the water of life, thou hast but short time for sitting or resting, for hear ye not the shout, "They go! they go!"

From scenes of bliss, from the chamber of communion, or the banqueting house of joy, "they go." As good soldiers inured to

weariſng marches, they are upon their feet, they have put on their ſhoes of iron and brass, their loins are girt with truth, their ſwords are drawn, and their ſhields uplifted. The hoſt is moving; the army is on its march; "They go! they go!" Hell may oppoſe them with its might; the world may marſhall againſt them its hoſts; the fleſh may encumber their journey, but all ſhall be unavailing, for the King is in the miſt of them. They are invincible through his omnipotence, and again the ſhout is heard, "They go! they go!"

Up! loiterer, doſt thou wiſh to be miſſing when the muſter-roll is read? Awake thou that ſleepeſt, for the army is far in advance. Run, as for thy life, for know that only runners in the race can win the crown. Oh! my Chriſtian brethren, are not many of us ſadly in the rear? Our poſition is that of ſtragglers out of rank. Let us ſtrive to overtake the troops, let us baſten to join our fellows; for if *we* tarry *they* may not, they cannot, for inſpiration ſaith, "They go! they go!"

There ſhould be no ſtanding ſtill, no turning to the right or to the left, nor lingering in the plain, but we ſhould each remember that it is written, "*they go.*" But further it is ſaid, "They go *from ſtrength to ſtrength.*" There are various renderings of theſe words, all of which contain the idea of progreſs.

1. There is our own good translation of the authorized verſion, "ſtrength to ſtrength." That is, they grow ſtronger and ſtronger. Usually, if we are walking, we go from ſtrength to weakneſs; we ſtart freſh and in good order for our journey, but by-and-by the road is rough, and the ſun is hot, we ſit down by the wayside, and then again purſue our weary way. But the Chriſtian pilgrim having obtained freſh ſupplies of grace, is as vigorous after years of toilsome travel and ſtruggle as when he firſt ſet out. He may not be quite ſo elate and buoyant, nor perhaps quite ſo hot and haſty in his zeal as he once was, but he is as ſtrong, and travels, if more ſlowly, quite as ſurely. Some gray-haired veterans have been as firm in their graſp of truth, and quite as zealous in diſfuſing it, as they were in their younger days; but, alas, it muſt be confeſſed it is often otherwiſe. However, the promiſe ſtands good: "The youths may faint and be weary, and the young men may utterly fall, but they that wait upon the Lord ſhall renew their ſtrength; they ſhall run and not be weary, and they ſhall walk and not faint." Some there are who ſit down and trouble themſelves about the future. "Alas!" ſay they, "we go from affliction to affliction." Very true, O thou of little faith, but then thou goeſt from ſtrength to ſtrength. Thou ſhalt never find a bundle of affliction which has not bound up in the miſt of it ſufficient grace.

Thou muſt not judge a future trial by thy preſent portion of ſtrength. True, thou art not ſtrong enough now to face the trial

that is to come upon thee at some future time, but thou shalt go from strength to strength—"As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Look at yonder rivulet. If thou shouldst ask it how it will have water enough next summer, for it is all running away as quickly as possible, what would be its answer? Would it not say, "Man, I have enough for the day, and although every drop of this water will be gone by to-morrow, I shall always have a fresh stream running in, so that if thou passest by some twenty years hence, I shall be as full as I am now, though my water is always rushing away." Ah, little faith, the fountain cannot be dried, fresh necessities shall have fresh mercies. Yea, so far from decreasing in strength thou shalt grow and wax stronger and stronger. Like the sun in the heavens thou shalt shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. There shall be an increase in spiritual power, for thou shalt advance from strength to strength.

2. One Jewish Rabbi reads it, "from *company to company*." You know the Jews used to go up to the temple in bands, and some would start sooner or come from a shorter distance, and these would be in advance of the others. There might have been seen one band, and then another a mile or two behind, and some again at a distance behind these. Some young men who were impatient to get to Zion would run and overtake one company, and keep with them a little while, but seeing another troop in front they would run after them, and so go from army to army until they were in the very first rank. This is what we all should strive after. We should not say, Well, I am doing as much as some others of my fellow-travellers, and that is enough; but rather say, There is such a one who is doing more, making greater advances; I must emulate him; and when you have overtaken his tribe then there will be some one beyond. So it is still, on and on, from company to company.

Ah! there is the band of Sunday scholars, and some boy is journeying in that number. Well, let him move on till he is in the senior classes, let him join the church, and then run on to unite with the army of teachers, nor let him tarry but seek evermore to get beyond, and to gain the first cohort of the soldiers of the cross.

Of similar import is the rendering of another learned rabbi, who says it means, "from *class to class*," that is, from a lower to a higher form in the school of Christ. From the class of weepers to the class of little faiths; from thence to the singing class of joyful believers; then to the reading class, consisting of those who read their titles clear to mansions in the skies; then to the college of confidence, where we take the degree of assurance, and can append to our names the affix of "sinner saved."

3. Another version has it, "from the house of the sanctuary to the

house of doctrine;" or, from doctrine to doctrine, and truly, if it be not a good rendering, it is good divinity.

All doctrines are not to be learned at once. Some puzzle their heads about election, but let them first learn the elementary principles—"repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." Yea, let them, above and before all things, try to learn the atonement, and get well grounded in that, and of the rest it may well be said, "Then shall they know when they follow on to know the Lord." There are some things which have stumbled some at one time which have since become marrow and fatness to them. Let no one imagine that theology is a science to be learned in an hour or two. Some men get hold of one book, and they think there is everything in that. Poor things, let them read a little more, and their mistake may be corrected. A little head knowledge in religion is a dangerous thing. Go on and you shall learn. And oh, the peace of mind a man has who has come to grasp the scheme of grace, and see all the parts thereof compact together. Thus believers go from doctrine to doctrine.

4. Dr. Gill mentions as one meaning "They go from victory to victory," conquering and to conquer. Like Wellington marching through the Peninsula, as soon as one battle is over the Philistines are upon us again; but, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thou hast slain one foe, but here comes another, and ere thou canst wipe thy sword, or rest thyself, another foe is the herald of another victory. He falls, and thou canst write another name on thy list of conquered foes. On the Duke of Wellington's funeral car were the names of his victories. Ah! it would take a great space to write down all the believer's victories; the last enemy is Death, but he is destroyed; and the Christian in his last struggle may write "Vici" on his shield.

5. Matthew Henry mentions another rendering to these words, namely, "from virtue to virtue." There are some of the virtues which bloom at the moment of the new creation; the others are there in their seeds, but not in their perfectly-developed form. We must add to our faith virtue or courage, which is a grace seldom possessed; and then next to courage comes patience, which is a plant of later birth; and then comes experience. So you see we go from one virtue to another. My brother, is there one grace in which thou dost feel thyself too deficient, then seek after it that it may be true of thee, "they go from virtue to virtue." The graces are gregarious, they never come alone: if you have one virtue you may hope for another. Put into exercise what you have, just as the fowlers bring their own birds out to sing, so that others may come to them, so let one grace sing, and bring others into thine heart. How pregnant with meaning is God's holy Word! Of this blessed book, as David said of Goliath's sword,

we may say, "There is none like it." We must never expect to know all God's law, when a single sentence contains such a profundity of meaning.

Gather together in your mind all the ideas thus given to you, and you will know how to understand what it is to go from strength to strength. May it be our honour and happiness, dear reader, thus to go on our journey with our faces Zionward! Observe—

II. A GENERAL MEETING. "*Every one of them,*" &c. Scattered as the sons of God are they are all converging to one centre; they have all one point of attraction to which they tend. Their various paths lead to the same home in heaven. Here we find the safe arrival of every pilgrim most certainly declared:—"Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." The ignorant, the feeble, the poor, the sickly, the unknown, and the unnoticed, all are there. The tried, the afflicted, the persecuted, the tempest-tossed, and the tempted one is there. And the backsliding, sinful, wandering one, now recovered, and pardoned, and purified, is there too. He is a good admiral who brings every ship safely into harbour. He is a good shepherd who can gather all his scattered sheep, bring them through the glens and ravines, and pen them all safely at home. Let one be away, and the flock would not be complete; but, sweet thought! every one of them shall appear in Zion. Oh, if one were *absent*! could it be said that some David's seat is empty, then there would be weeping in the land of joy; but it can never be. In heaven there is no untenanted mansion, no vacant seat, no crown destitute of a wearer; no harp with silent strings. Surely the completeness of our Father's family circle will be a theme for highest praise. O weary traveller, believe not the suggestions of unbelief, heed not the insinuations of Satan; for God hath said it, and it must be accomplished: "Every one of them shall appear in Zion." Observe—

III. A GLORIOUS CONSUMMATION. "*Every one in Zion appeareth before God.*" The crown of a Christian's joy is the thought of appearing before God. What is the presence of royalty, what the levée of monarchs, what the palace of marble and the hall of ivory, if once compared with the grand presentation before the King of kings! How men will crowd to see a Cæsar, to behold an emperor! This glorious appearing casts into the shade all earthly vanities and trifling pageantries! Yes, our eyes shall see the King in his beauty, and then will our cup of joy be filled to its brim.

To stand before the Lamb will be the highest and sweetest enjoyment of the glorified. To behold the angels will be but to see the courtiers. We shall walk "the golden streets;" the harp of joy will be in our hand, and the crown of life on our head, but that vision—that rapturous sight—that gaze of surpassing blessedness, shall

engage all our powers, shall steep our ransomed and beatified spirits in an ocean of sacred and unutterable bliss.

Are not then, beloved fellow-travellers, the glories of the new world worth all the pains and toils of thy weary travel? Upward and upward still be thy motto; gird up thy loins, grasp thy staff, and on. Tarry not, but go from strength to strength, until thou dost appear before God.

TRIALS FOR THE TRUTH; HISTORIC SKETCHES OF BAPTIST NONCONFORMITY.

CHAPTER XVI.—IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

THE day following the preparation of this address to the governor and General Court, in which he offered to come from Newport and discuss the question of baptism, provided they would appoint a time and place, was Commencement day at Cambridge. The governor, council, ministers, and leading citizens of Boston were there in attendance upon the exercises. The aspects of the place were very different then from their present appearance. Where now are commodious and elegant edifices for the accommodation of the students, for the library, chapel, dining hall, and lodging rooms—where beautiful streets are laid out, with elegant residences bordering either side, then stood, in impenetrable grandeur, the primeval forest, or lands and swamps covered with thick shrubbery, elegantly festooned with various native vines, and ornamented with a great profusion of fragrant, wild, nameless flowers. Those sturdy Puritans could not have dreamed that within the brief limits of two centuries such wonderful changes could transpire as have taken place—that in that retired jungle a city would spring into existence, surrounded by a group of sister cities, with numerous school houses, churches, public buildings, and myriads of inhabitants. Much less could they have imagined the political and national changes which have occurred, by which the two feeble colonies of New England and Virginia have grown into a sisterhood of thirty-one independent states, yet bound together in one beautiful, harmonious whole, and constituting

one of the largest and most powerful nations upon earth.

During the progress of the exercises at Cambridge on that day, a man was wandering along the shore on the Boston side of Charles River. He was anxious to cross, but unfortunately all the spare boats that belonged to the citizens of the little town were on the Cambridge side, having been used in conveying visitors to the college. Finally an Indian, who had been out fishing in the harbour all the morning, came, on his way home, sufficiently near the shore to be hailed. The man called to him, and by signs engaged him to paddle him across the stream in his birchen canoe. Having arrived on the other side, the passenger hastened to the college, and placed in the hand of one of the magistrates a letter; it was the offer of Clark to come from Newport, and engage in the much-talked of discussion. It was not a welcome document. The advocates of infant sprinkling did not wish to meet Mr. Clark in an oral argument. They knew that that rite was safe so long as it was protected by the sword of state, but they could not foresee what results would grow out of a public disputation. Still, as the governor had been the first to propose such a disputation, and the magistrates had assured Mr. Clark it would be granted, they were in a dilemma what course to pursue so as to avoid the discussion without a compromise of character, or without a tacit implication of the weakness of their own side. The ministers and magis-

trates conversed upon the subject after the reception of Clark's letter at Cambridge with great interest. The object of the consultation was, to devise some way to extricate themselves from their position without yielding any advantage to the Baptists.

Finally the minister of Boston, Mr. Cotton, who was more strongly opposed to the public controversy than some of the others, drew up a reply to send back, in which he stated that Mr. Clark had misunderstood the governor, who had not enjoined or counselled a public disputation, but had simply expressed the opinion that if Mr. Clark would confer with the ministers upon the subject of infant baptism, they would satisfy him of the propriety of the practice, and he would not be able to maintain his own views before them; that this was intended for Clark's information privately, but by no means as a challenge to dispute publicly on the subject. "Nevertheless," continued this ingenious divine, "if you are forward to dispute, and that you will move it yourself to the court or magistrates about Boston, we shall take order to appoint one who will be ready to answer your motion, you keeping close to the questions to be propounded by yourself; and a moderator shall be appointed, also, to attend upon that service; and whereas you desire you might be free in your dispute, keeping close to the points to be disputed on, without incurring damage by the civil justice, observing what hath before been written, it is granted. The day may be agreed if you yield the premises."

This was signed by the governor, Mr. Endicott, the deputy governor, Mr. Dudley, and three others. Mr. Clark regarded it as a singular document, and understood its practical bearing. He viewed it as an attempt to change the entire ground of procedure, and shelter the governor from the charge of having proposed the discussion. In the expression of a willingness to grant the discussion, provided Clark would move it himself to the court or magistrates about Boston, he discovered an attempt to throw the whole responsibility of the

disputation upon himself, and to make it appear to result from his "forwardness to dispute."

Two other remarkable features connected with this affair, which increased the cautiousness of Clark's movements, were—first, that whilst this letter of Cotton's was signed by five colonial dignitaries, it was not an order of court; it was not an official document. It was signed by them in their private capacity, and had not the signature of the secretary. Mr. Clark therefore did not regard it as a reliable state paper.

The other remarkable circumstance was, that this attempt to throw the whole responsibility of originating the discussion of infant baptism upon Clark was made, when they knew that there was a law of the colony which ordered that "if any person or persons shall openly condemn or oppose the baptizing of infants, and shall appear to the court wilfully and obstinately to continue therein, after due time and means of conviction, every such person or persons shall be sentenced to banishment."

Clark knew that their unofficial document would afford him no legal protection, and that in case the disputation went on in the manner they proposed, it would be an easy thing for some one to enter a complaint against him, and secure his conviction. He therefore wrote the following frank and manly epistle, and forwarded it to them:—

To the honoured Governor of the Massachusetts and the rest of that honourable society, these present.

Worthy Senators:—

I received a writing, subscribed with five of your hands, by way of answer to a twice repeated motion of mine before you, which was grounded, as I conceive, sufficiently upon the governor's words in open court, which writing of yours doth no way answer my expectation, nor yet that motion which I made; and whereas (waving that grounded motion) you are pleased to intimate that *if I were* forward to dispute, and would move it myself to the court or magistrates about Boston, you

would appoint one to answer my motion, &c.—be pleased to understand that, although I am not backward to maintain the faith and order of my Lord, the King of saints, for which I have been sentenced, yet am I not in such a way so forward to dispute, or move therein, lest inconvenience should thereby arise. I shall rather once more repeat my former motion, which if it shall please the honoured General Court to accept, and under their secretary's hand shall grant a free dispute, without molestation or interruption, I shall be well satisfied therewith; that what is past I shall forget, and upon your motion shall attend it; thus desiring the Father of mercies not to lay that evil to your charge, I remain your well-wisher,

JOHN CLARK.

To this fair and honourable proposal of Mr. Clark, the governor and magistrates to whom it was addressed thought it the wisest policy to return no answer. The matter was accordingly dropped by their silent retreat. Thus ended the unfortunate challenge of the governor and the persecution of the pastor of the Newport Baptist Church.

Mr. Bates and Stephen, who had from the first deeply sympathized with Clark, were greatly rejoiced when the affair had reached its end.

CHAPTER XVII.—INWARD LIFE.

It is time that we inquire into the fate of Mr. Clark's companions. Mr. Crandall, who was sentenced to a fine of five pounds for being one of the company, was released upon promising that he would appear at their next court. But they did not let him know when the next court would sit until it was over; and as he was not present according to his promise, they obliged the keeper to pay his fine.

With poor Holmes it fared far worse than with either of the others. He had been sentenced to pay a fine of thirty pounds, by the first day of the next court, or else to be *well whipped*, and to remain in prison until he provided sureties for the fine. Sureties he would not furnish, because he was determined

not to pay the fine. Consequently he was kept in prison. At the time of his trial before the Court of Assistants, when the above cruel sentence was passed against him, he replied,—

"I bless God I am counted worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus;" at which one of the ministers (Mr. John Wilson) so far forgot the sacredness of his office, and the sanctity of the place, as to raise his hand, and strike him in open court, at the same time saying, "The curse of God go with thee."*

During the continuance of the imprisonment of Clark and Crandall Holmes enjoyed their company. This was a source of unspeakable comfort. The conversation, the sympathy, and the prayers of his fellow-prisoners assisted to banish the despondency and gloom which would otherwise have oppressed him. But after their deliverance, and when he was left alone, he was greatly distressed in spirit. In his own account of it, he said, "After I was deprived of my two loving friends, the adversary stepped in, took hold of my spirit, and troubled me for the space of an hour, and then the Lord came in, and sweetly relieved me, causing me to look to himself; so was I stayed and refreshed in the thoughts of my God."

As friends had paid the fines of the other two prisoners, and had secured their release, it seemed a hard case that he should be left to feel the scourge. Brethren who sympathized with him resolved that he should not. Strong-faith Bates, Stephen, the brother of the mill, and a few others, raised, by a contribution among themselves, enough to pay his fine. But Holmes would not permit it. In reply to their kind offer, he said,—

"I dare not accept of deliverance in such a way. And though I greatly thank you for your kindness, and would acknowledge, with gratitude, even a cup of cold water, yet I desire not that you should yield to the unrighteous demands of my persecutors. Having committed no crime, I will not permit

* Holmes's Letter, in Backus and Benedict.

my friends to pay a single farthing for me."

The first day of court was drawing near; when, if the fine was not paid, the substitute would be exacted, in stripes, and groans, and blood.

Though Holmes was strongly convinced of the truth of Baptist sentiments, for which he was imprisoned, and was conscientiously opposed to the payment of the fine, or to the doing of anything else voluntarily, as a penal requisition, yet he was nowise ambitious of the honours of the whipping-post. He shrunk with dread from the sufferings of the scourge. He knew that, when the Court of Assistants sentenced one to be "well whipped," it meant something, and would be executed to the very letter. Yet the night preceding the infliction of the sentence he passed in sweet, refreshing sleep. In the morning, notwithstanding they knew that they would provoke the wrath of "the powers that be," Strong-faith and Stephen, with several other friends, called at the prison, to comfort and encourage the *criminal!* After appropriate religious conversation and prayer, that God would give strength to suffer, and especially that he would open the eyes of the persecutors, to see and love the truth, Strongfaith took from a basket, in which he had stowed a variety of comforts for the poor prisoner, a bottle of old Madeira wine. Pouring out some in a glass, he offered it to Holmes.

"No, brother. I thank you for your kindness, but I shall take no strong drink until my punishment is over, lest, if I have more strength, courage, and boldness than ordinarily could be expected, the world should say that I was drunk, or that I was carried through by the strength and comfort of what I had taken. No; let me so suffer, that, if I am sustained, God shall have the glory."

Still, the prisoner was by no means certain that he would not shrink, faint, or show signs of physical cowardice, though he thus spake. Instead, however, of strengthening himself with wine and other luxuries, which had been brought, he left his friends to be entertained with each other, whilst he

withdrew into another room, to hold communion with his Lord. So soon as he had retired by himself, he was overwhelmed with the deepest gloom. He was tempted to question his own sincerity and the purity of his motives. A something within, which he attributed to Satanic agency, said, "Remember thyself, thy birth, thy breeding, thy friends, thy wife, children, name, credit. Thou art dishonouring all these by thy public scourging. Is this necessary, when others are ready to save thee from suffering, and thy friends from disgrace?" His heart sank within him. The idea of dishonouring any who were dear to him was more painful than the anticipated punishment; but presently the thought occurred to him, or, as he afterwards expressed it, "There came in sweetly, from the Lord, as sudden an answer: 'Tis for my Lord; I must not deny him before the sons of men, (for that were to set men above him,) but rather lose all; yea, wife, children, and mine own life also.'" This, however, did not afford him permanent peace; for soon a series of questions rushed into his mind, creating confusion of thought, and reviving his disquietude of feeling. "Is it for the Lord that you are about to suffer? Have you his glory alone in view? Is it not rather for your own or some other's sake? Is it not obstinacy or pride? Is it not resentment or bigotry? Is not selfishness at the bottom?"

These unwelcome, and, as they seemed to him, involuntary queries increased his distress; but after a jealous and careful scrutiny of his motives, he was convinced, as he said, that, "It was not for any man's cause or sake in this world, that so I had professed and practised, but for my Lord's cause and sake, and for him alone; whereupon my spirit was much refreshed."

He was also greatly comforted by the following passages of Scripture, which were sweetly suggested to his mind: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" "Although I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "And he that continueth

to the end shall be saved." But anon, the thoughts of the terrible scourge occurred to him, and he feared that the severity of the dreadful punishment would be too much for his sensitive flesh. The disgrace of the punishment he regarded not. That belonged to others, and not to himself. Like his Lord and Master, he despised the shame. But the anticipated pain of the heavy blows made him shrink. He knew his weakness and sensitiveness, and feared that he would be overcome. Again he betook himself to the throne of grace. He prayed earnestly that the Lord would be pleased to give him a spirit of courage and boldness, a tongue to speak for him, and strength of body to suffer for his sake, and not to shrink from the strokes, nor shed tears, lest the adversaries of the truth should blaspheme, and be hardened, and the weak and feeble-hearted be discouraged. His prayer was followed with fresh consolation and strength. It produced a state of trustful submission to God, causing him to yield himself, soul and body, into the hands of his Saviour, and leave the whole disposing of the affair with him.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN AFFECTING SCENE.

WHEN the time arrived for the condemned Baptist preacher to be led forth to punishment, and the voice of the jailer was heard in the prison, Holmes listened to it with a degree of cheerfulness. Taking his Testament in his hand, he went forth with him to the place of execution. As he approached the whipping-post, around which were gathered a crowd of spectators, he calmly saluted them. Two of the magistrates were present to see that the whipper did his duty—Mr. Increase Nowel who had signed his sentence, and Mr. Flint. After waiting some minutes in expectation of the governor's coming, Nowel commanded the executioner to do his office.

"Permit me," said Holmes, as the executioner seized him, "to say a few words."

"Now is no time to speak," replied Nowel. But Holmes was unwilling to suffer in silence. He desired to declare to the multitude the grounds of his belief, and the reasons of his punishment. He therefore lifted up his voice, and said,—

"Men, brothers, fathers, and countrymen, I beseech you give me leave to speak a few words, and the rather because here are many spectators to see me punished, and I am to seal with my blood, if God give strength, that which I hold and practise in reference to the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus. That which I have to say, in brief, is this: although I am no disputant, yet seeing I am to seal with my blood what I hold, I am ready to defend by the word, and to dispute that point with any that shall come forth to withstand it."

Magistrate Nowel told him, "Now is no time to dispute."

"Then," continued Holmes, "I desire to give an account of the faith and order I hold." This he uttered three times. But Magistrate Flint cried out to the executioner, "Fellow, do thine office, for this fellow would but make a long speech to delude the people."

In compliance with this authoritative mandate, the executioner roughly seized Holmes, and began to strip off his clothes. The sentence was to be inflicted upon the prisoner, not upon his garments. But Holmes was determined to speak if possible. Whilst therefore the whipper was removing his clothes and preparing him for the lash, he said to the people,—

"That which I am to suffer for is the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ."

"No," replied Magistrate Nowel, "it is for your error, and going about to seduce the people."

"Not for my error," said Holmes, "for in all the time of my imprisonment, wherein I was left alone, (my brethren being gone,) which of all your ministers in all that time came to convince me of an error? and when, upon the governor's words, a motion was made for a public dispute, and upon fair terms so

often renewed, and desired by hundreds, what was the reason it was not granted?"

This was a close and significant question. As all the multitude knew that a public disputation had been anticipated, but had not yet taken place, the inquiry of Holmes seemed to demand an answer. Nowel therefore replied,—

"It was the fault of him who went away and would not dispute," referring to Clark. But this, as we have already shown, was not the case.

Flint became impatient at this colloquy, and repeated his order to the executioner,—

"Fellow, do thine office." Holmes, however, would not remain silent. Whilst being disrobed, he said,—

"I would not give my body into your hands to be thus bruised on any other account whatever; yet now I would not give the hundreth part of a wampum-peague* to free it out of your hands."

"Unbutton here," said the executioner, as he gave his jacket a jerk.

"No," said Holmes; "I make as much conscience of unbuttoning one button as I do of paying the sentence of thirty pounds. I will do nothing towards executing such an unjust law."

Faithful to his word, he would not voluntarily assist the executioner in the least in removing his garments from his back.

He was as helpless as if he were asleep, and the executioner had to handle him as though he were a statue. Still he continued addressing the people.

"The Lord," said he, "having manifested his love towards me, in giving me repentance towards God and faith in Christ, and so to be baptized in water by a messenger of Jesus, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, wherein I have fellowship with him in his death, burial, and resurrection, I am now come to be baptized in afflictions by your hands, that so I may have further fellowship with my Lord, and am not ashamed of his sufferings, for by his stripes am I healed."

* The sixth part of a penny.

The executioner, having removed so much of his garments as would hinder the effect of the scourge, and having fastened him to the post, seized a three-corded whip, raised his hands, and laid on the blows in an unmerciful manner. Stroke followed stroke as rapidly as was consistent with effective execution, each blow leaving its crimson furrow, or its long blue wale in the sufferer's quivering flesh. The only pause which occurred during the infliction of this barbarous punishment was when the executioner ceased a moment in order to spit in his hands, so as to take a firmer hold of the handle of the whip, and render the strokes more severe. This he did three times. During the infliction of his painful scourging, Holmes said to the people,—

"Though my flesh and my spirit fail, yet God will not fail." The poor sufferer did not fail. He found that his strength was equal to his day. Though the lash was doing its bloody work upon his sensitive flesh, yet his spirit was sustained by heavenly consolations. In his own account of his experience during this dreadful ordeal, Holmes subsequently said,—

"It pleased the Lord to come in and fill my heart and tongue as a vessel full, and with an audible voice I brake forth, praying the Lord not to lay this sin to their charge, and telling the people that now I found he did not fail me, and therefore now I should trust him for ever who failed me not; for in truth, as the strokes fell upon me, I had such a spiritual manifestation of God's presence as I never had before, and the outward pain was so removed from me that I could well bear it, yea, and in a manner felt it not, although it was grievous, as the spectators said; the man striking with all his strength, spitting in his hand three times, with a three-corded whip, giving me therewith thirty strokes."

After the requisite number of blows had been given, equalling the number of pounds that he was fined, (from which we learn that, according to the Puritan standard of penal measure, one blow of a three-corded whip, well laid

on, was an equivalent to one pound sterling,) the cords which fastened him to the whipping post were untied, and he was set at liberty. With joyfulness in his heart and cheerfulness in his countenance, he turned to the magistrates Flint and Nowel, and said,—

“You have struck me as with roses.” But not wishing them to imagine that he regarded the punishment as literally light, nor that he was sustained by his own strength, he added,—

“Although the Lord hath made it easy to me, yet I pray God it may not be laid to your charge.”

The crowd now gathered around him, some from mere curiosity, others inwardly rejoicing that the heretic had been scourged, whilst a third class were filled with mingled emotions of sympathy with his sorrows, and indignation at his wrongs.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.—No. III.

By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *Author of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”*

SIBYL JONES, THE FEMALE PREACHER.

C. had been with Mr. Sturge during the afternoon to a meeting of the Friends, had heard a discourse from Sibyl Jones, one of the most popular of their female preachers. Sibyl is a native of the town of Brunswick, in the State of Maine. She and her husband, being both preachers, have travelled extensively in the prosecution of various philanthropic and religious enterprises.

In the evening, Mr. Sturge said that she had expressed a desire to see me. Accordingly, I went with him to call upon her, and found her in the family of two aged Friends, surrounded by a circle of the same denomination. She is a woman of great delicacy of appearance, betokening very frail health. I am told that she is most of her time in a state of extreme suffering from neuralgic complaints. There was a mingled expression of enthusiasm and tenderness in her face which was very interesting. She had had, according to the language of her sect, a concern upon her mind for me.

To my mind there is something peculiarly interesting about that primitive simplicity and frankness with which the members of this body ex-

press themselves. She desired to caution me against the temptations of too much flattery and applause, and against the worldliness which might beset me in London. Her manner of addressing me was like one who is commissioned with a message which must be spoken with plainness and sincerity. After this the whole circle kneeled, and she offered prayer. I was somewhat painfully impressed with her evident fragility of body, compared with the enthusiastic workings of her mind.

In the course of the conversation she inquired if I was going to Ireland. I told her yes, that was my intention. She begged that I would visit the western coast, adding, with great feeling, “It was the miseries which I saw there which have brought my health to the state it is.” She had travelled extensively in the Southern States, and had, in private conversation, been able very fully to bear her witness against slavery, and had never been heard with unkindness.

The whole incident afforded me matter for reflection. The calling of women to distinct religious vocations, it appears to me, was a part of primitive Christianity; has been one of the

most efficient elements of power in the Romish church; obtained among the Methodists in England; and has, in all these cases, been productive of much good. The deaconesses whom the apostle mentions with honour in his epistle, Madame Guyon in the Romish church, Mrs. Fletcher, Elizabeth Fry, are instances which show how much may be done for mankind by women who feel themselves impelled to a special religious vocation.

The Bible, which always favours liberal development, countenances this idea, by the instances of Deborah, Anna the prophetess, and by allusions in the New Testament, which plainly show that the prophetic gift descended upon women. St. Peter, quoting from the prophetic writings, says, "Upon your sons and upon your daughters I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy." And St. Paul alludes to women praying and prophesying in the public assemblies of the Christians, and only enjoins that it should be done with becoming attention to the established usages of female

delicacy. The example of the Quakers is a sufficient proof that acting upon this idea does not produce discord and domestic disorder. No class of people are more remarkable for quietness and propriety of deportment, and for household order and domestic excellence. By the admission of this liberty, the world is now and then gifted with a woman like Elizabeth Fry, while the family state loses none of its security and sacredness. No one in our day can charge the ladies of the Quaker sect with boldness or indecorum; and they have demonstrated that even public teaching, when performed under the influence of an overpowering devotional spirit, does not interfere with feminine propriety and modesty.

The fact is, that the number of women to whom this vocation is given will always be comparatively few: they are, and generally will be, exceptions; and the majority of the religious world, ancient and modern, has decided that these exceptions are to be treated with reverence.

THE BEARDLESS BOY PREACHER.

THE late excellent Mr. Jay, of Bath, who, before he was twenty-one, had preached more than a thousand sermons, says in his interesting autobiography, just published, and from which we intend making extracts for insertion in the pages of the "Messenger,"—

"I remember a circumstance hardly worth relating, soon after I had begun my early career. I went to supply for a Sabbath at Melksham. At this time was residing there an old gentleman from London, a very wise man, at least in his own conceit. I called upon him on the Monday morning. He received

me rather discourteously. He did not, indeed, censure my preaching, but rudely said, he had no notion of *beardless* boys being employed as preachers. 'Pray, sir,' said I, 'does not Paul say to Timothy, Let no man despise thy youth?' and, sir, you remind me of what I have read of a French monarch, who had received a young ambassador; and complaining, said, 'Your master should not have sent a beardless stripling.'" "Sir," said the youthful ambassador, "had my master supposed you wanted a beard, he would have sent you a goat."*

THE MOUSTACHED-IMPERIALED PARSON.

ABOUT a fortnight since several ministers met after one of the anniversary services of a village Baptist Chapel,

not thirty miles from the metropolis.

* Autobiography and Reminiscences of William Jay.

The conversation was chiefly on speculative points of theology. One of the party, a dandified Baptist minister—with a moustache-imperial!—who had been retailing at second-hand some stale and exploded Germanisms, turned to a staid-looking lay brother, and said,—“Old

gentleman, you say nothing;—what is your opinion about this question?” “Oh,” said the good man, “My opinion is, that you had better get your face shaved, and your soul saved.” This was rich! “A word in season, how good it is.”

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER.—REV. J. RYLAND, SEN., A.M., OF NORTHAMPTON.

BY THE LATE REV. WILLIAM JAY, OF BATH.

MR. RYLAND had resided at Northampton as the pastor of the Baptist church, where also, for many years, he had kept a large and flourishing school. He had, when I became acquainted with him, no pastorate, but preached occasionally for any of his brethren. His residence was then at Enfield, where he had a seminary; but he passed his vacations at the house of one of his sons, who carried on trade in Blackfriars Road. There he was all the time of my first and second engagements at Surrey Chapel; and, as the chapel was near, he frequently heard me, and I gained his approbation and attachment.

He was a peculiar character, and had many things about him *outré* and *bizarre*, as the French would call them; but those who have heard him represented as made up only of these are grossly imposed upon. We are far from justifying all his bold sayings, and occasional sallies of temperament; but, as those who knew him can testify, he was commonly grave, and habitually sustained a dignified deportment; and he had excellencies which more than balanced his defects. His apprehension, imagination, and memory, to use an expression of his own, rendered his brains like fish-hooks, which seized and retained everything within their reach. His preaching was probably unique, occasionally overstepping the proprieties of the pulpit, but grappling much with conscience, and dealing out the most tremendous blows at error, sin, and the mere forms of godliness:

Mr. Hall has said in print, “He was a most extraordinary man, and rarely, if ever, has full justice been done to his character.” And Mr. Hervey, rector of

Weston Favell, often entertained him at his parsonage, and kept up a frequent correspondence with him, as may be seen in seventy of his letters inserted in his life by Mr. Ryland. These letters show, not only the value he attached to Mr. Ryland’s friendship, but the confidence he placed even in his judgment, consulting him with regard to his own several publications, as well as desiring his opinion of the works of others.

The first time I ever met Mr. Ryland was at the house of a wholesale linen-draper in Cheapside. The owner, Mr. B——h, told him one day, as he called upon him, that I was in the parlour, and desired him to go in, and he would soon follow. At this moment I did not personally know him. He was singular in his appearance; his shoes were square-toed; his wig was five-storied behind; the sleeves of his coat were profusely large and open; and the flaps of his waistcoat encroaching upon his knees. I was struck and awed with his figure; but what could I think, when, walking towards me, he laid hold of me by the collar, and, shaking his fist in my face, he roared out, “Young man, if you let the people of Surrey Chapel make you proud, I’ll smite you to the ground!” But then, instantly dropping his voice, and taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by his side, and said,—“Sir, nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.” He then mentioned two promising young ministers who had come to town, and been injured and spoiled by popular caressings; adding other seasonable and useful remarks.

From this strange commencement a

peculiar intimacy ensued. We were seldom a day apart during my eight weeks' continuance in town, and the intercourse was renewed the following year, when we were both in town again at the same time. As the chapel was very near, and spacious, he obtained leave from the managers to deliver in it a course of philosophical lectures, Mr. Adams, the celebrated optician, aiding

him in the experimental parts. The lectures were on Friday mornings, at the end of which there was always a short sermon at the reading-desk; and the lecturer would say to his attendants, "You have been seeing the works of the God of Nature; now go yonder, and hear a *Jay* talk of the works of the God of Grace."

(To be continued.)

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

NORWOOD.—The Rev. Dr. Wills, late of New York, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Westow-hill.

RIDGEMOUNT, Beds.—Rev. T. Baker, B.A., late of Bristol College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church.

CORK, Ireland.—Rev. C. T. Keen, from Regent Street, Lambeth.

GREAT GRIMSBY.—The Rev. R. Hogg, of Long Preston, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church assembling in Upper Burgess-st.

WHITEHAVEN.—Mr. Wilson, from Newtownward, Ireland.

NEW CHAPELS.

HALIFAX.—Trinity-road Chapel was opened for Divine worship on August 10th. The Rev. Messrs. Conder and Stalker, of Leeds, and H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, preached on the occasion. On the following Lord's Day, the Rev. Dr. Ackworth, of Bradford College, the Rev. H. Dowson, of Bradford, and J. E. Giles, of Sheffield, preached. On Monday evening, the Rev. B. Evans, of Scarborough, preached; the collections amounted to upwards of £285. On Tuesday, the services were concluded by a social tea-meeting. About 500 partook of tea together in the spacious school-room under the chapel. Frank Crossley, Esq., M.P., presided on the occasion. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Bfrel, Dowson, B. Evans, Stalker, Cecil, by Mr. Illingworth, Mr. J. Edwards, and by the pastor, the Rev. W. Walters.

CHERMONDISTON, Suffolk.—On Aug. 3rd, the Baptist Chapel, after great enlargement and repairs, was opened for Divine worship, on which occasion sermons were preached by Rev. Messrs. Collins, of Grundisburgh, Cooper, of Wattisham, and Poock, of Ipswich. On the Monday following, a tea-meeting was held, at which addresses were delivered by several ministers.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

NEW BRENTFORD, Aug. 30, of the Rev.

J. W. Lance, formerly of Houghton Regis, Beds. After prayer, by Rev. W. C. Yonge, [Ind.] addresses were delivered by C. Watkins, Esq., who presided, and the Rev. Messrs. T. Smith, Joshua Russell, D. Katters, W. G. Lewis, E. Morley, [Ind.], J. W. Lance, and Peter Broad, Esq. The Rev. E. Adey, of Leighton Buzzard, concluding the proceedings by prayer.

RICHMOND, Aug. 7, of Mr. W. Winslow. Rev. W. Braclier, of Hounslow, commenced the services by reading and prayer. The Rev. J. Wells, delivered the introductory sermon and proposed the usual questions, and concluded the morning service by prayers. In the afternoon, after prayer by Rev. T. Chivers, the Rev. John Foreman delivered the charge to the Minister, from Exod. 29, 1, 2, 3, and in the evening, Mr. Chivers preached to the church and congregation from 1 Peter. v. 10.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

HORTON COLLEGE JUBILEE.—On the 1st and 2nd of August, a series of interesting services were held at Bradford, in commemoration of the fiftieth Anniversary of the Northern Baptist Education Society. The ministers educated at Horton College, with other friends and supporters assembled in large numbers on the occasion, by many of whom suitable and appropriate addresses were delivered.

BAPTISMS.

OVER, Cambridge, Aug. 10.—Four, one the son of the pastor, by Mr. R. Abbott.

SANDERSFOOT, July 23.—Three by Mr. B. Evans.

SOHAM, Cambridge, July 30.—One by Mr. Smith.

WORTON, Beds, Aug. 6.—Four by T. Smith.

LONDON, Lambeth, Regent Street, June.—Six by Mr. Keen, making about ninety baptisms by Mr. Keen during the last two years.

—New Park Street, Sept. 28.—Twelve by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Church Street, Blackfriars, Sept. 21, After a sermon by Mr. Branch.—Eight by Mr. Whinper.

LANEBEACH, Cambridge, Aug. 6.—After a

- sermon by Rev. J. Peacock, of London, nine by Mr. Wooster.
- LIVERPOOL**, Stanhope St., July 24.—Four by Mr. B. Thomas, for the pastor, Mr. Hughes.
- MALTON**, Yorkshire, Aug. 6.—Two by Mr. Earle, son of the pastor.
- BECKINGTON**, near Bath, Aug. 20.—Twelve in the river, by Dr. Perrey.
- BEULAH** Monmouthshire, Aug. 5.—Two, one the son of the pastor, aged 14, by Mr. Jones.
- BLACKWOOD**, Monmouthshire, July 23.—One by Mr. Morgan.
- CARDIFF**, Bethany, Aug. 3, after a discourse by Mr. Fuller. Five by Mr. Jones.
- COWBRIDGE**, Glamorganshire, July 14.—Four by Mr. Price.
- CLAYTON**, Yorkshire, July 30.—Fourteen by Mr. Asten.
- EPWORTH**, June 25.—Three by Mr. Rodgers.
- FRON** and **GARTH**, Denbighshire, Aug. 13.—One by Mr. Bowen.
- HAVERFORD WEST**, July 30.—Four by Mr. Davies.
- HOLT**, near Wrexham, Aug. 6.—One by Mr. Holland, of Chester.
- UCKFIELD**, July 23.—Two, one a female, aged 72, the other a recruiting sergeant.
- HAYLE**, Cornwall, Aug. 30.—Six by Mr. Messer.
- HORSHAM**, July 30.—Three by Mr. Mote.
- DEATHS.**
- PIKE**, Rev. J. G., Author of "Persuasives to Early Piety."—Sept. 4, at Derby, suddenly, aged 70. He had been 44 years the devoted and successful pastor of St. Mary's Gate Chapel.
- On Saturday, the 9th, the funeral obsequies of this good man were duly observed, attended by the established clergy, not fewer than twelve of whom were present, the Dissenting Ministers, members of the medical profession, and the Committee of the Bible Society. The Service was conducted by the Rev. W. Underwood and the Rev. J. Gawthorn. The latter venerable minister delivered a highly appropriate oration. On Lord's-day, the funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Goadby, of Loughborough, from Matt. xxv. 21. The Chapel not being sufficient to accommodate the vast multitude assembled, the Rev. W. Underwood preached a sermon in the open ground, to many hundreds, from Ps. 116, 15. Mr. Pike has left behind him four sons, three of whom are in the ministry, and two daughters.
- COLLIER**, Miss Rebecca Mary.—Sept. 4th, at Thrapston, Northamptonshire, aged 31, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Collier, of that town.
- SCHWARTZ**, Mr. A., of City Road, on Sept. 9th, of cholera, aged 68. Mr. S., whom it was our privilege personally to know and to love, was an honorable member, and Deacon of the Baptist Church, Spencer Place, Goswell Road. His loss will be deeply felt by his aged and venerable pastor, and by the members of the church and congregation generally.
- HULL**, Mr. Thos. H.—Sept. 14, at Illockley, Worcestershire, late a student of Stepney College, aged 21.
- PONTIFEX** Sarah, wife of Mr. S. Pontifex, of Ashburnham Grove, Greenwich, Sept. 13.
- DENHAM**, Mr. J. E., eldest son of the late Rev. D. Denham, on Sept. 1, of cholera, aged 40 years, one of the excellent of the earth. At his funeral obsequies, Sept. 5, Rev. Messrs. Branch, Chislett, Banks, and Spurgeon, took part in the interesting and solemn service.
- THOMAS**, Mrs. Esther, relict of the late Rev. Thomas Thomas of Nantgwyn and New Chapel, near Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, Sept. 4, aged 70. She was a faithful and consistent member of the Baptist connexion upwards of fifty years; her time, property, talents, and heart, were unceasingly devoted to the support and advancement of the cause of Christ; her end was unusually peaceful and happy.

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.

Of whom may be had,

A STRIKING LIKENESS of the Rev. JOHN BRANCH, Minister of Church Street Chapel, Blackfriars. Proofs, 4s.; prints, 2s. 6d.