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THE  
**EARTHEN VESSEL:**

AND  
CHRISTIAN RECORD & REVIEW.

FOR  
**1 8 5 0.**

VOLUME VI.

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# THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

"Take these evidences—and put them in an *Earthen Vessel*, that they may continue many days." Jeremiah xxxii. 14.

"We have this treasure in *Earthen Vessels*, that the excellency of the power may be of GOD, and NOT of us." 2 Cor. iv. 7.

## "Set Thine House in Order; for Thou shalt Die, and not Live!"

A PLAIN ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

MEN, BRETHREN, AND FATHERS:—At the commencement of another year, I desire to acknowledge the good hand of God towards me, in having preserved and prospered me, in my soul, and in my circumstances; so that (although my trials, temptations, crosses and sorrows, have been neither few nor small,) I have abundant reason gratefully and joyfully here to set up my Ebenezer again, and to say—"HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED ME." Hallelujah; bless and praise his holy name.

But the message, Christian brethren, which I have to bring to you at the opening of the new year, is, indeed, a solemn one, although unto the real child of grace, there is a blessedness connected with it. The message is this—"SET THINE HOUSE IN ORDER; FOR THOU SHALT DIE; AND NOT LIVE."

It was on Saturday evening, December the 8th, that I was alone by myself, in a waiting posture, silently and faintly thirsting for God to speak some word into my soul—(for I had been bodily ill for many days previous)—when, without book or Bible—or any instrument whatever, I both heard and felt these words spoken in my soul, "*Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die; and not live.*" A very peculiar frame of mind came over me; I felt it to be just possible that my Lord and Master was about to put an end to my earthly career, and take me home to himself. I quietly sat me down, and, taking up a book, opened right on these words, "Blessed are the dead which die IN THE LORD, yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." I felt a holy solemnity possess my mind. In the course of the night, the message was still speaking in my soul, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." When I arose in the morning, the word was still with me. I was led seriously to reflect thereon; it was the message which I was constrained to carry twice

that day to the people of my charge; and deep, I believe, was the impression made upon many souls.

Brethren—that message, more or less, has followed me; and in a two-fold capacity, I am constrained to address you very briefly therefrom. First—

As a poor, and generally despised servant of God, and minister of Jesus Christ, I say unto you all—"Set thine house in order; for, [before very long,] thou shalt die, and not live."

Art thou a minister of the Gospel?—A pastor over a people?—Thine, then, is a high and an holy—a useful, and an honourable position. But is thine house in order? Is the church over whom God hath placed thee, walking as becometh those that are redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb? Are the ordinances faithfully administered; and do the members of the body of Christ, as faithfully attend unto them? Beloved—ministers are God's appointed watchmen. "I have set watchmen, upon thy walls, O, Jerusalem;" and good old Benjamin Keach says, "Ministers have a GREAT CHARGE committed to them; which they must see to; and so behave themselves, as that they may have their accounts ready to give up with joy." They are entrusted with the faithful Word of God; with the ordinances of God; and, instrumentally, with the care of the church of God. As watchmen, they must not give way to slumber—to idleness, carelessness, or indifference; they must not wink or connive at error, inconsistency, apostacy, hypocrisy, or sin of any kind; but with all Christian faithfulness they must cry aloud, and spare not, when dangers, delusions, and dark deceptions do abound. Brethren—Is there anything out of order in the house? Is there covetousness in the hearts of the people? Are they carnal, and not spiritual? Are they proud, and not humble? Are they indifferent about the honour of God and the gospel, instead of being ac-

tive in his cause—zealous for his glory—and devoted to his service?

Alas! alas! I think I hear you cry out of deep sorrow, saying—"Indeed, the house is altogether out of order; and our souls are cast down within us, because the ways of Zion do mourn; but few come to her solemn feasts; her gates are desolate; her friends do sigh; her enemies prosper; her beauty is departed."

Join with me, then, dear brethren, in supplication and fervent prayer to our Almighty Saviour, beseeching him to arise, to plead his own cause; to pour down upon his churches a copious shower of the Spirit's gracious influence, that we may stand upon our feet—lift up our voices like a trumpet—and, as an army with banners, go forth proclaiming, and earnestly contending for THE TRUTH, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth

In another capacity, as the poor Editor of this little periodical, I must briefly address you. For five years, I have laboured, by night and by day, to render this a useful and valuable medium of spiritual matter and profitable information for the church of Christ in this and in other parts of the world; and when I consider the ignorance and the poverty in which I was enveloped and the reproach under which I lay, when this work was commenced; when I review the difficulties and dangers that have surrounded me while bringing my *Vessel* along during these last five years; I stand amazed at its existence, while I desire to bow the knee of my soul in solemn thankfulness and praise to Him whom I am constrained to call my faithful, my loving, my ever-gracious LORD and SAVIOUR, for the thousands of mercies—for the timely deliverances; for the encouraging testimonies; and for the spiritual consolations which have followed me in marvellous succession from the very first day of my being raised up in London to preach and to publish the precious truths of the gospel, until now.

Yes! dearly beloved brethren, I declare unto you, that I am, in my own soul's estimation, an astonishing instance of the sovereignty of Jehovah's grace—the pureness and freeness of his mercy—the unchangeableness of his love—and the Omnipotence of his power in delivering, pardoning, supporting, and supplying a poor, guilty, mean, helpless, and (once) hopeless sinner.

But, the Lord has given me a house; he has given me a post to occupy; he has given me a work to do; and that work stands in connection with the building up of his kingdom, and the carrying out of his purposes in the days in which we live. He has marked the thousands of imperfections which have associated themselves with all that I have done. He has, for a long time, endured my manners in the wilderness; but now he is saying unto me, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." Brethren! I have long been convinced that, in every sense of the word, the house

is out of order. Whether I consider the injustice done to many of my correspondents—the oftentimes bad arrangement of the matter—the hitherto unsafe mode of publication—the precarious position of the work—the single-handedness of its proprietorship and responsibility—or, the overburdened condition both of my mind, and of my body; which ever way I turn, on whatever department of my labour I look, I feel most painfully and powerfully the necessity of attempting to set the house in order; in other words, to adopt such measures as might bring around this publication, such an amount of co-operation, strength, wisdom, and direction as should place it more effectually in the hands of the church at large as its own messenger and servant; and not as the organ or vehicle of a single individual.

Here, for the present, I pause. The Lord having thus powerfully spoken to me; and, having enabled me thus plainly to speak to you, and given you to understand that my one principal object is that the *Earthen Vessel* should be, in every way, devoted to the glory of God—the diffusion of truth—the insisting upon, and illustration of a divine experience—to the conveyance of such information as may be useful to the faithful—and, in a temporal point of view, to the affording of assistance to some of the afflicted servants of Christ—(if profit from it should accrue,)—I say, having been constrained to throw these things open before you—discarding, (in God's service) secrecy and monopoly, and coveting co-operation and unity—I now await the arrival of such suggestions and propositions, as may ultimately place the *Earthen Vessel* in such a position as shall, with God's blessing, render it ten thousand times more useful than it ever yet has been: while I subscribe myself your willing servant, and affectionate brother in Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

*Bermondsey New Road, Dec. 20, 1849.*

P.S. There are, some thousands of persons now reading the *Earthen Vessel*, who have never seen the early volumes. I desire to inform such friends that complete sets of the work from the beginning, may be obtained; and I should be most happy to supply them. We have, during this year been compelled to reprint the numbers for January and February, 1849; these reprints are a very heavy loss; but sets cannot be completed without them: and to the many hundreds who have applied in vain for January numbers, I beg to say that we had no idea that there would be so great a demand for them, consequently, when we reprinted it, we only worked off 250 copies; these were gone in no time; and many hundreds have since been called for; it is a grievous thing to have to reprint it again, as the cost of composition of one number of the *Vessel* is very heavy; but, in order to enable a great number of friends to perfect their volumes, it must be done, and, please God, it shall be done very soon.

## THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

JANUARY 1st, 1850.

“And thou shalt hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. It shall be a Jubilee unto you, and ye shall return every man unto his own possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.” Lev. xxv. 10.

THE laws and regulations of Moses, the Jewish legislator, were excellent; for if a man in Israel had been compelled through poverty to sell his possessions, they returned to him again at the year of jubilee; or if a man's father was reduced in circumstances and died poor, the children, at the year of Jubilee, returned into the possession of their fathers. Thus the fiftieth year, or the year of Jubilee, was a year of feasting, rejoicing, and great joy. Some say the word Jubilee is derived from the word *Hobil*, which signifies to call back, or restore, because then possessions were restored to their just possessors; others say the etymology of the word is *Joble*, or *Jubal*, which signifies trumpets, or musical instruments. However, under all circumstances, it was a time of merriment and great joy, such as we, in our language, should call a jovial feast.

Previous to the Jubilee there were six sabbatical years, and the seventh sabbatical year was the great Jubilee, when all lands were restored to their first possessors, and all bondmen, bond women, and slaves, made quite free. On this sabbath the land, the people, and even the beasts had rest. Typical of the Gospel sabbath, when the discerning spiritual man, both the soul and the poor beast-like body, find a rest on the Sabbath-day and ceaseth from labour. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested from his works on the seventh day, when he had completed the old creation work. But in the new creation, in Christ Jesus, the soul is brought into the true sabbath and finds rest from toil and labour. In the old creation the evening and morning were the first day, the evening and morning the second, the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth day, and so on, till the seventh morning came, which was God's sabbath made for man. Here God and man rest together. And to the soul born of God and created anew in Christ Jesus there remaineth a rest; “his rest shall be glorious.” The first dawn of light, life, and love in the soul, after the

first evening of darkness under the law, is a morning, and thus the soul hath many evenings of darkness and mornings of shining light before the true sabbath morning dawns upon the soul, or the great sabbath, called the Jubilee.

“And thou shalt number seven sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years; and the space of seven sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years.” Lev. xxv. 8. Then comes on the seventh sabbath, which is the Jubilee. But before the heaven-born soul enters into this true and glorious sabbath of rest, it has many evenings and mornings, and short sabbaths, and rests. Light and darkness, labour and rest, joys and sorrows, bondage and liberty. But the glorious sabbath of rest must come. “There remaineth a rest for the people of God.” And this rest is a rest for both God and man, because God came down and took up his rest in the man Christ Jesus, “God with us.” And as Joshua brought the people into the promised rest, Jesus brings us into the true rest in God, who rests in his love towards us in Christ Jesus. And Jesus brings us into God's love to rest and abide in him. For you read in Ruth, “that the man will not be at rest until he hath finished the thing;” that is, the thing was not finished until Boaz had married Ruth and redeemed the inheritance. So Jesus, the Redeemer, was not at rest until he had finished the redemption work, married us to himself, and brought us to rest in the love and bosom of our God. And this is the rest wherewith he causeth the weary to rest; saying, Come unto me all ye that labour, and I will give you rest.

Brethren beloved, the inheritance was sold in Adam, satan made a false bargain with him, and cheated him, and told our parents that they should be as gods; but as soon as the bargain was struck, they appeared more like devils, for they went out from the presence of God, having lost their inheritance, and sold themselves for nought, and impoverished all their poor children. So that we have



lost our inheritance, and are become slaves, and bondmen under the law, and menial servants to sin and satan. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money." After seven sabbatical years, the fiftieth year was the Jubilee. "Then shall ye cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to be sounded on the tenth day of the seventh month; in the day of Atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land."

Those seventh day sabbaths and seventh year sabbaths all pointed to the rest of the soul in Christ and his finished redemption work; and, in an experimental sense, to the travail of the soul. For after regeneration the soul has many nights and days, labours and rests. But the great sabbath is the Jubilee; when the Jubilee trumpet is sounded through all the land, or through all the powers and faculties of the soul on the experimental day of Atonement. Then the soul exclaims with the blessed Apostle Paul, "Moreover, we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the Atonement." Joy is something that exceeds rest; "A man rests in the night through hope, but joy cometh in the morning." Oh what a joyful morning was it to the poor slaves and impoverished Jews when the Jubilee trumpet sounded from city to city, and was heard throughout all the land. Oh what joy, feasting, and triumph was experienced! Thus the poor soul, that has been so impoverished by sin, and oppressed by satan, and had lost its writings and evidences, comes into the possession of the inheritance of its father, God in Christ Jesus, the inheritance of saints; it joys in God, through the witness of the Spirit, and redemption by blood. The writings from the upper-will-office in heaven are found with his name written therein, and by the Word, Spirit, and blood; sealed up in his heart by the witness of the Spirit sealing him up unto the day of the redemption of the body from corruption. The writings of his inheritance, though long lost, or in the hands of others, or buried amidst the rubbish of confusion, doubt, fear, feeble hopes, and faintings, lest he should die before he comes into the full enjoyment of the inheritance, are now found, and it is good news and great joy of the Jubilee in his soul, because the great trumpet is blown, and

they come into their possession who were ready to perish.

*First*, it is no dubious thing, it is a sound from heaven, the trumpet of the Gospel, which gives a "CERTAIN SOUND." The thing is no longer doubted, it is made sure and certain, from the statute book of heaven; and certain and sure in his own soul, by the witness of the Spirit, written in his own heart and mind by the Spirit of the living God; and he reads it for himself by the light of God's countenance shining into his soul in the face of Jesus Christ; and then, by this certain sound of joy in his soul, he saith, I know there is a crown laid up for me; I know that my Redeemer liveth; and the inheritance of grace and glory mine. Hallelujah! the day of Jubilee is come.

*Secondly*, it is such a soul-animating sound, that the soul receiving it cannot be sad, because it is called the "JOYFUL SOUND." "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound." "It is the oil of joy for mourning, joy unspeakable and full of glory." When this trumpet sounded through all the powers of my soul I could hardly contain myself, the joy was so great. It is like the son of a nobleman, or the son of a lord, come of age to receive his estates, there is feasting, music, and joy. Joy in God, joy in Christ Jesus, joy in the Holy Ghost. And then it is of no avail for any one to move a tongue to contradict the fact. The soul has got possession, the writings and evidences are locked up in the heart; satan, unbelief, doubts, fears, and all inward and outward enemies are silenced. Every tongue that rises up in judgment to contradict it, thou shalt condemn. "For this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Hallelujah! the year of Jubilee is come.

*Thirdly*, it is not unholy mirth and vain sounds of vain songs and profane laughter. It is a "SOLEMN SOUND." The soul that deserved death, hell, and damnation, has received life and favour, and is restored to the high privileges of communion with God through Christ; and rejoices with trembling before God; and becomes solemn in prayer and praises; solemnly praying that God would keep him from falling into sin, and solemnly praising him for restoring grace, and the hope of glory to come. Thus brought into his possessions in

Christ, eating and drinking in his own inheritance, he sings, Hallelujah! the year of Jubilee is come.

*Fourthly*, it is not a sound of a liberty to sin, or a feast of carnal things. It is a "HOLY SOUND." We are called unto holiness, not unto uncleanness; and the soul that hath received this certain, joyful, solemn, holy sound, abhors and loathes sin in all its shapes and forms. Thus, after many days and nights, labours, and sabbaths of rest, the soul is brought into the rest in Christ's finished work, under the full atonement by blood, and into the possession of all things in Christ. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Thus, through the teachings, comforts, and indwelling of the Holy Ghost, a holy solemnity is kept in the soul, and holy mirth experienced within, and "gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord." Isa. xxx. 29. For this feast is made for holy laughter, and wine makes merry, and the soul goeth down in the dances of holy delight in the Lord, with them that make merry in Zion. May many happy souls experience this fiftieth year a Jubilee indeed, and be brought out of bondage, poverty, affliction, and distress, into the enjoyment of their own inheritance in Christ, and see the whole land of glory before them. And sing

"The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return ye ransom'd sinners home."

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.  
*Leicester, Dec. 12, 1849.*

A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE  
**Sufferings and Sorrows of James  
Pennington;**

*Who was delivered from American Slavery, & raised  
up into the Ministry of the Gospel.*

(Continued from p. 274, Vol. V.)

"A few moments after I was taken into the bar-room, the news having gone as by electricity, the house and yard were crowded with gossipers, who had left their business to come and see "the runaway nigger." My captors enclosed me, and said, "Come now, this matter may easily be settled without you going to jail; who do you belong to, and where did you come from?"

"I insisted that I was free. This not being satisfactory, they tied my hands, and went to a magistrate, he was not at home. This was to them a disappointment, but to me it was a relief; I soon learned by their conversation, that there was another magistrate in the neighbourhood, and that they would go to him. In about twenty minutes, we stood before his door, but he was

not at home. By this time the day had wore away to one or two o'clock, and my captors began to feel impatient of the loss of time. We were about a mile and a quarter from the tavern. As we set out on our return, they began to parley. Finding it was difficult for me to get over fences with my hands tied, they untied me, and said, "Now John," that being the name they had given me, "if you have run away from any one, it would be much better for you to tell us!" I continued to affirm that I was free. I knew, that my situation was very critical, owing to the shortness of the distance I must be from home: my advertisement might overtake me at any moment.

"On our way back to the tavern, we passed through a small skirt of wood, where I resolved to make an effort to escape again. One of my captors was walking on either side of me; I made a sudden turn, with my left arm sweeping the legs of one of my captors from under him; I left him nearly standing on his head, and took to my heels. As soon as they could recover they both took after me. We had to mount a fence. This I did most successfully, and making across an open field towards another wood; one of my captors being a long-legged man, was in advance of the other, and consequently nearing me. We had a hill to rise, and during the ascent he gained on me. Once more I thought of self-defence. I am trying to escape peaceably, but this man is determined that I shall not.

"My case was now desperate; and I took this desperate thought: "I will run him a little farther from his coadjutor; I will then suddenly catch a stone, and wound him in the breast." This was my fixed purpose, and I had arrived near the point on the top of the hill, where I expected to do the act, when to my surprise and dismay, I saw the other side of the hill was not only all ploughed up, but we came suddenly upon a man ploughing, who as suddenly left his plough and cut off my flight, by seizing me by the collar, when at the same moment my pursuer seized my arms behind. Here I was again in a sad fix. By this time the other pursuer had come up; I was most savagely thrown down on the ploughed ground with my face downward, the ploughman placed his knee upon my shoulders, one of my captors put his upon my legs, while the other tied my arms behind me. I was then dragged up, and marched off with kicks, punches and imprecations.

"We got to the tavern at three o'clock. Here they again cooled down, and made an appeal to me to make a disclosure. At the same moment I perceived that a panic began to seize some, at the idea that perhaps I was one of a small-pox gang. Several who had clustered near me, moved off to a respectful distance. One or two left the bar-room, and murmured, "better let the small-pox nigger go."

"By this time, all the gossipers had cleared the coast; our friend, 'Jake Shouster,' had also gone back to his bench to finish his custom work, after having lost nearly the whole day, trotting about with a nigger tied. I was now left alone with the man who first called to me in the morning. In a sober manner, he made this proposal to me: "John, I have a brother living in Risters-town, four miles off, who keeps a tavern; I think you had better go and live with him, till we see

what will turn up. He wants an ostler.' I at once assented to this.

"I sat down to eat; it was Wednesday, four o'clock, and this was the first regular meal I had since Sunday morning. This over, we set out, and to my surprise, he proposed to walk. We had gone about a mile and a-half, and were approaching a wood through which the road passed with a bend. I fixed upon that as the spot where I would either free myself from this man, or die in his arms. I had resolved upon a plan of operation—it was this: to stop short, face about, and commence action; and neither ask or give quarters, until I was free or dead!"

"We had got within six rods of the spot, when a gentleman turned the corner, meeting us on horseback. He entered into conversation with my captor, both of them speaking in Dutch, so I knew not what they said. After a few moments, he addressed himself to me in English, I then learned that he was one of the magistrates; I felt another crisis was at hand. Using his saddle as his bench, he put on an extremely stern and magisterial-like face, and carried me through a most rigid examination; at the close, he said, 'Well, you had better stay among us a few months, until we see what is to be done with you.' It was agreed we should go back to the tavern, and settle upon some further plan. When we arrived at the tavern, the magistrate proposed that I should go and live with him, but remain at the tavern with my captor that night, and that he would accompany me in the morning. This arrangement I did not like, but I could not say so. Things being thus arranged, the magistrate mounted his horse, and went on his way home.

"My captor had left his hired man most of the day to dig potatoes alone; but the waggon being now loaded, it being time to convey the potatoes into the barn, and the horses being all ready for that purpose, he was obliged to go into the potatoe field and give assistance. He set a boy to watch me closely, but the time had come for another effort—I left my coat and went to the back door, from which my course would be direct to the wood. When I got to the door, I found the barn, to which the waggon must soon come, lay just to the right, and overlooking the path I must take to the wood. In front of me lay a garden, to the left of me was a small gate, and by passing through that gate would throw me into an open field, and give me clear running to the wood; but on looking through the gate, I saw that my captor, being with the team, would see me if I attempted to start before he moved from the position he occupied. While waiting for the decisive moment, the boy came to the door and asked me why I did not come in. I wished him to hand me a glass of water; expecting while he was gone to get it, the team would clear, so that I could start. I heard him fill the glass, and start to return with it; as I passed out the gate, I 'squared my main yard,' and laid my course up the line of fence, I cast a last glance over my right shoulder, and saw the boy just perch his head above the garden picket to look after me. I felt some assurance that although the boy might give the alarm, my captor could not leave the team until it was in the barn. I heard the horses' feet on the barn floor, just as I leaped the fence, and darted into the wood.

(To be positively continued in our next.)

## Remarks on "Keseph's" Letter

TO THE HON. BAPTIST NOEL.

A FEW MORE WORDS TO A CATABAPTIST.

(Continued from p. 271, Vol. V.)

I REFER to my introductory remarks to Keseph's Letter, in the December number of the *Vessel*, and would again press it on my readers to ponder on the awful and astounding charge brought by Keseph (*alias* Mr. Silver,) against the holy Apostles of our most glorious Lord, whose *servants* they were, and who were led by the Holy Spirit "into ALL truth;" that, they were men of "dissimulation!" Perhaps Keseph is not aware of the meaning of that obnoxious word which he has chosen to convey to us the character of our Lord's Apostles. *I hope he is not*: Dissimulation implies *hypocrisy*; and a man who uses dissimulation is an *hypocrite*. To *dissimulate* is to play the *hypocrite*. Who is there to be found among the ministers of the everlasting gospel, that will *dare* to stand up by the side of Keseph, and venture to malign the character of the Apostles, by charging them with hypocritical dissimulation?

Another scribbler among the Catabaptists (that is, the *opposers* of baptism) has made his appearance since Keseph's wonderful performance, in which he styles the late Mr. Huntington, as "That last great servant and prophet of God in our land!" He also says—"Surely, this saint knew as much upon this subject of baptism as any man; yea, perhaps more than the Apostles did!" Ah, dear me! Mr. Huntington has ceased prophesying upwards of six-and-thirty years. I have it before me now in print, that he used to say in the pulpit, in so many words, "I AM THE PROPHET OF THIS LAND!" Query,—Did this prophet, before his departure, cast his prophetic mantle on Keseph? I trow not. However, reader, "We have a more sure word of prophesy, whereunto we do well to take heed." I would say to all our *modern prophets*, who venture to charge the Apostles with dissimulation, "Go ye your ways." Alas! there were *dreaming* prophets of old; (Jer. xxiii. 28.) and I fear the race is not quite extinct; nevertheless, there are a few *honest men* yet to be found, who have the Lord's word, and, who do "speak that word faithfully." The former is, by the Lord himself, compared to *chaff*, the latter to *wheat*: "What is the *chaff* to the *wheat*?" saith the Lord.

But I proceed with Keseph.

He acknowledges (p. 6, letter) that, "The Apostle Paul administered water baptism at Philippi, and at Corinth." Our reply is—We desire to be followers of Paul, as he was of Christ. This is all he asks for, and this we will concede to him. He says to the *baptized church* at Corinth, "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ. Now, I praise you brethren, that ye remember me in all things, and keep [practice, attend to,] the

ORDINANCES, as I delivered THEM unto you." (1 Cor. xi. 1, 2) Keseph is not honest, in quoting *only* the twenty-third verse of this very chapter, and so particularizing ONE ordinance only—that of the Supper; the Apostle treats of *Ordinances* in the plural. Keseph notes only *one*; the Apostle speaks of *both*; of *baptism*, as well as the *supper*. Keseph takes no notice of the *second* verse, because it would not answer his purpose to do so. Now, these *Ordinances* the Church at Corinth *kept*; that is, they attended to them, they were found administering the *one*, that of baptism; and they neglected not to attend to the *other*, that of the supper also. It is declared concerning the members, composing the baptized Church at Corinth, that, "They heard, they believed, AND were baptised." (Acts xviii. 8.) And though I am told by Keseph, that the Scripture contained in the Acts of the Apostles is not to be depended on; yet, I do, and will, depend on what is recorded therein. Reader, note with me here, three particulars:—1st. We have the word of the Gospel heard; "Faith cometh by hearing." (Rom. x. 17.) so that (2ndly,) they believed: and then it is said, (3rdly,) they were baptised. Mark it well, they were not baptised, (as Keseph would mystify it,) in believing; O no:—but when, or after, they believed, they were baptised: that is, they professed their faith in Christ, and publicly "put on Christ," by being baptised, or immersed, in water, in His name. This they did subsequent to precious faith being wrought in their hearts: even as it is written, "With the heart man believeth—and with the mouth confession is made." (Rom. x. 10.) They declared *vocally*, and *practically*, by being baptised; that, they were the Lord's. They became obedient to his commandments; even of him who saith, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and, "Why, call ye me Lord, Lord, and do NOT the things which I say?" [or command]. John xiv. 15. Luke vi. 46.

Keseph says, (p. 9, Letter,)—"There is, under the New Testament dispensation, but *one* baptism; and that *one* baptism is the baptism of the one Spirit." This is *denied*; and the rule of argument is, "He that affirms must prove." Now Keseph can never prove that which he affirms, so long as the sacred Scriptures remain the standard of decision. To what a man believes, a *positive* proof is required; but, to him that denies, it is sufficient to him to say, "he hath no cause for receiving an affirmation merely."

Keseph says, (p. 10, Letter,)—"We may unquestionably conclude the Apostles never understood our Lord's command in Matt. xxviii. 19, to mean water baptism." "Unquestionably," and "We may rest assured," (p. 9,) are very convenient terms for Mr. Silver to use; but, we receive not his *ipse dixit*, his merely assertion. His *unquestionably*, we question; and will not "rest assured," with anything short of *Bible* warrant. Our Lord Jesus baptised:—1, He made disciples; and then (2,) he baptised them. (John iv. 1.) Let

it be conceded that Jesus himself was not the usual administrator of baptism; still it is declared that, his *disciples* baptised. "They baptised (says Dr. Gill) by his orders, and in his name; whereby he gave countenance and sanction to the ordinance of water baptism; administering it to others, as well as submitting to it himself." In John iii. 23, it is recorded, "And John ALSO was baptizing." that is, John was baptizing, and the disciples of Jesus were baptizing at the same time; only, Jesus made and baptized *more* disciples than John. (John iv. 1.) So that what Jesus' disciples did, is put down to Christ's doing; being done in his presence, by his authority, and with his approbation. Now let us look to Scripture, in its connection and coherence.—"After these things [that is, after our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus,] came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and baptised." (John iii. 22.) I am fully warranted to supply the *ellipsis* here, "And there He baptised." Again—"Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John." But Keseph may, perhaps, have the *hardihood* to say, that, "He baptised with the Spirit." Now, if he durst venture such an *assertion*, then I refer him to John vii. 39.—"This spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him SHOULD receive, [that is, afterwards,] for the Holy Ghost was NOT YET given,—because, that Jesus was not yet glorified." Now what will Mr. Silver do with this Scripture? Verily, it is a blow at the root; and, such a blow as uproots the whole of his hypothesis, and completely demolishes all his system. In his own assuming language I retort on him, and aver "That man must be hardened by prejudice," that refuses to bow to the positive declarations of the Word of God.

In p. 9, Letter. Keseph calls in question any authority given to Peter to baptise Cornelius, and those who believed with him, *in water*. He tells us, "They were baptised with the Holy Ghost before Peter baptised them *in, or with water*." It is granted, that they were so baptised *prior* to their immersion in water. Let us look at this case of Peter, and enquire whether he acted *without authority*. What says the Word? It tells us that, Cornelius was warned from God, by an holy Angel, to send for Peter, and "to hear words of him." (Acts x. 22.) *Words*—the *doctrines* of the gospel, and the *ordinances* of it; so that being taught by the *one*, he might submit to the *other*. Peter went, therefore, to Cornelius, *by the authority of the Lord*; who said to him, "Arise, and get thee down, and go with them, for I have sent them." (verse 20.) When Peter came to Cesarea, Cornelius said to him, "We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." (verse 33.) Peter preached the gospel to them: God the Holy Ghost blessed the word preached in a very extraordinary way and manner; so that they were not only regenerated and converted, and so became

proper subjects for baptism; but, the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit came upon them, even as upon the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. Now let it be noted most particularly,—Peter was "to declare all things that were commanded him of God," (verse 33.) The angel had told Cornelius, "He (Peter) shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do." (Acts x. 6.) The baptism of the Spirit, Cornelius could not "do;" God himself must do that. But Cornelius could do, he could be obedient to the commandments of the Lord, by his servant Peter. Now Peter, beholding what God had done, says—"Who can forbid these persons submitting to the ordinance of baptism; who can deny the administration of it to them? They have the Spirit of Christ; they have the grace of God in their hearts: these are a necessary pre-requisite to water baptism. They have the one, and they only are right subjects to attend to the other." "He commanded them to be baptized, in the name of the Lord." (verse 49.)

Keseph says—"Peter baptized them." (p. 10, Letter.) I do not read it so.—The sacred word says, he "commanded" them to be baptized; not "he baptised them." I consider that the phrase "in the name of the Lord," may stand connected with the word "commanded," so that the true sense of the passage may be, that—*In the name of the Lord, and by AUTHORITY from HIM, he commanded them to be baptized.* He was to tell Cornelius all things which he, Peter, was commanded of God; and baptism was among the things so commanded. Peter gave command, or directions, for them to be baptized. He did not (it seems) baptize them himself; most likely one of the six brethren (Acts xi. 12) that accompanied Peter from Joppa, administered the ordinance. I pursue not this subject; but, this command to baptize will illustrate what is meant in John iv. 2, although I expect Keseph will not thank me for the illustration. We here learn what Peter said, and what he did; and that he had authority for it from the Lord. He used no "dissimulation." In relating the whole affair, or, as the Scripture has it, "In rehearsing the matter from the beginning, and expounding it by order," to the apostles at Jerusalem, Peter concludes the account with—"What was I that I could withstand God?" Acts xi. 4, 17. Dr. Gill very properly remarks—"To have refused to administer baptism to them, would have been acting contrary to the commission of Christ, a withstanding the will of God, and opposing the grace of the Spirit of God."—Gill in loc.

Keseph says—"Neither had Ananias any authority from Christ to baptize Paul with water," (p. 10, Letter.) I ask, Did the Lord send Ananias to Paul, or did he not? He did. Then did the Lord know what would be the result? Did he know that Ananias would baptize Paul with water, or not? On this question I hinge the whole. Would any master send his servant on an errand, if he knew beforehand that

the servant would exceed his orders, and do that, which he would by no means wish to have done? Would he not caution him, and tell him not to do it? Certainly. "I am (says the centurion) a man under authority; and I know what obedience means. I say to my servant do this, and he doeth it." (Matt. viii. 9.) He does exactly what his master bids him, and no more. Our Lord gives his high approbation to this—he marvelled. Mark well verse 8. But upon Keseph's argument, a reply might have been made by Jesus to the Centurion, somewhat after the following manner. "Your servants are more obedient than mine. They obey your orders implicitly. When I send my servants on my solemn errands, they do that which I would not have to be done. O that my servants were as faithful as your's are! I send Ananias with a message to Paul, and he baptizes Paul with water, which was contrary to my will. I send another of my servants, Peter by name, on an errand to Cesarea, and here he must be using water too. And Paul also (being taught it perhaps by Ananias, not by me) must do the same. And so, water baptism, the "legal Jewish baptism," (p. 6, Letter) which I would have had abolished, they were determined to maintain and continue. 'They feared to offend the Jews,' (p. 6,) but, they did not fear offending me. But, I said nothing about it. I never reproved them; I left no orders in my sacred Book, the New Testament, that water baptism was to cease; and so it must continue in the churches of the saints from age to age, and from generation to generation, although it has my dis-approbation. It is true there will, here and there arise up some wise men (?) even men more honest (?) than my holy apostles, whom I called my 'friends,' and unto whom I made known all that I had heard of my Father. (John xv. 15.) Of one of them it shall be declared that, 'he knew more than my apostles;' and another shall charge them with 'dissimulation.'"—But, O reader! what am I writing? Such a strain I dare not pursue. Surely, Keseph must perceive that this is the ground of his argument. God forbid it should be mine! Let him read it and tremble. I now call upon one of my Master's maligned servants; I read the charge of "dissimulation" brought against him and his fellow-servants. Let us hear his defence.—"As God is true, our word was not yea and nay. He that hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts. We are not, as many, which corrupt (deal deceitfully with, margin) the Word of God: but, as of sincerity, but, as of God in the sight of God, speak we in (or of) Christ." 2 Cor. i. 18—22; ii. 17. Well done, good and faithful servants: ye have long received your crowns of glory!

I have not yet done with Keseph, but hope to take some further notice of his Letter to Mr. Noel—perhaps in next Vessel. London, December 14, 1849. STRICTUS.

## WHAT THE BANNER OF TRUTH IS : AND TO WHOM IT IS GIVEN.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

THIS is one of David's "*Michtams*," or *Golden Psalms*; and is as its title denotes, full of precious Gospel truth, which is more to be desired than gold, yea than fine gold, and its revenue than the choicest silver.

Let us in the first place, notice,

*The Characters.*—"Them that fear thee."

Fear is a passion planted in our nature, all mankind possess it in some form or other; but the fear of God is altogether distinct from that, its origin is divine, its nature spiritual, its tendencies holy, and its duration, eternal. It is a black mark affixed to every unrenewed character, that they have not the fear of God in the heart, nor before their eyes; the worldlying, the formalist, the pharisee, and the graceless professor, are alike destitute of it; that servile legal principle, which leads a man to tremble and fear for the consequences of sin, which he never hated, and for which he never was humbled, is not the fear of God; Cain, Balaam, Judas, and devils also, possessed this feeling, as do many an hardened enemy of godliness in our day.

This holy principle is wrought in the soul by God himself, when he quickens a poor sinner into life, he says, "I will not turn away from them to do them good, but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." Jer. xxxii. 40. It is one of the first traits in the Christian's character, "hence the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." *Abraham* had it. *Jehovah* said to him, "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." Gen. xxii. 12. *Joseph* feared God, when he said, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" And *Nehemiah* also, he could not be guilty of the wickedness that former governors had practised—"So did not I [he says] because of the fear of God." Neh. v. 15. Happy, indeed, is the man that feareth always, for thus runs the divine promise, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

Secondly,

*The Banner.*—"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee." There can be no question but the Lord Jesus Christ is here intended. The Holy Ghost commissioned his servant *Isaiah* to proclaim, "In that day [the day of the Gospel dispensation] there shall be a root of Jesse, [a glorious description of Christ, see Isa. xi. 1, 10.] which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious." Now a Banner or Standard, signifies three things, *first*, *unity*; the spouse says "He brought me to the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love." Song ii. 4. And we know by happy experience, that the

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soul-cheering ordinances of the Lord's house, have a very blessed tendency of uniting the hearts of God's family together; wherever this Banner is displayed, it will have an attracting, uniting influence, over the living family; the Lord saith, "I, if I be lifted up will draw all unto me." Second,

*A Banner is the symbol of WAR.*—God-fearing people are sure to meet with opposition, both from without and from within—Satan, the world, and carnal professors, are formidable adversaries without; while inbred sin and corruptions, darkness, deadness, depravity, and unbelief, form a mighty phalanx of enemies within. Now the Lord has very graciously promised that, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of *Jehovah* shall lift up a Standard against him, and put him to flight," *Isaiah* lix. 19, that is, he shall exalt, lift up and glorify Christ, in his person, blood and righteousness, so powerfully in the experience of the tried, exercised soul who fears God, that shall enable him to say with David, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? *Jehovah* is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Yea, though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." This is the triumph of faith, excited by the Holy Spirit's lifting up Christ, in the heart of a deeply exercised soldier of the cross. Away then, goes Satan, and hard at his heels, flies the world, unbelief and ungodly professors too, like a parcel of cowardly thieves, they are all put to flight.

"In vain the tempter frights my soul,  
And breaks my peace in vain,  
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,  
Revives my joys again,

*But the Banner is also expressive of Victory.*—When *Israel* had obtained a most glorious victory over *Amalek*, "Moses built an altar and called the name of it *JEHOVAH-NISSI*," that is, the Lord is my Banner; it was not by human might, nor by *Israel's* power; but by the hand of the Lord alone, they achieved so splendid a victory. It signifies nothing how weak, helpless, or defenceless a man is, if he fears God, he is a host in himself—all God's *Elijah's*, are "The chariots of *Israel*, and the horsemen thereof," 2 Kings ii. 12. The best defences of any people in time of public calamity are holy, zealous, God-fearing men! While at the same time they unite in ascribing the glory, the whole glory, unto Him who is *Jehovah-Nissi*.—Thirdly, notice

*Its Design.*—"That it may be displayed because of the truth." This shews *publicity*, the standard of truth is not given to be furled up, but to be exposed to view; Christ in his wonderful name, person, and work, is to be preached and proclaimed in the Gospel, fully

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and freely, and nothing kept back; Christ who is the Banner of the Gospel, is given for this express purpose; so it is written, "Go through, go through the gates, gather up the stones, lift up a *Standard* for the people.—How beautiful, upon the mountains (in the church) are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace: that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!" Isaiah lii. 7. O, ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence.

"Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoner Lamb,  
Salvation thro' his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim."

But this also implies *Decision*.—David says, in another place, "In the name of our God, we will set up our banners,"—freewill, and false delicacy, plead for compromising the Gospel; carnal policy, and the fear of man, would have us be careful, lest the consequences of boldly and openly sowing the truth, should be prejudicial to our worldly interests. But the God-fearing man seems to make a truce with the enemy; the consequences he leaves with his Master; whatever he may suffer in the cause, he knows he shall lose nothing by it; the Standard of the Cross was given him to be set up; "That it might be displayed because of the truth." Good "Micaiah said, As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, *that will I speak.*" 1 Kings xxii. 14. It is absolutely necessary that the Gospel be fully and faithfully declared, that Christ be preached, and the banner be displayed, *because of the truth*; that the cause of God and truth may be diffused far and near; that its promotion may bring glad tidings to poor sinners, and a revenue of glory to him, whose name is JAH.

Reader! hast thou the fear of God in thine heart? then to thee is this banner (Christ) given; it is God's best, choicest gift; O prize it highly, and let it be displayed in your life, walk, and conversation, among a wicked and despising generation. So he it. Amen!

CORNELIUS SLIM.

#### Correspondence between two Relatives of the late Daniel Herbert, of Sudbury.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot express to you the desire I have felt for months past to become personally acquainted with you, as I believe you are now the only near relative we have on our dear mother's side. And since I have understood you were a minister of the everlasting gospel, that desire has much increased; being therefore on a visit with my half sister, I walked over from Tooting with my brother-in-law last Wednesday evening to Westbourne Street. I never saw you before, but I knew you before you entered the pulpit, from your great likeness to my beloved grandmother Herbert, and when I heard you advance those truths that my soul loveth,

and heard also that you did not forget the little ones, those that have not come to full assurance of faith, but who keep hobbling by the shepherd's tents, and waiting for the moving of the waters, I determined to write to you, feeling sure you would excuse my doing so. I cannot tell you what I lost in my precious father, or how I miss him, and though I have two or three dear Christian friends for whose friendship I desire to feel thankful, yet his place cannot be supplied by any earthly friend. I have no doubt you have seen his "*Wilderness Mercies*" addressed to me, noticed on the Wrapper of the "*Earthen Vessel*," if so, you in some measure can judge what a parent I lost in him. But he has entered his eternal rest, I would not have him here again. No, no, I only wish to join him one day in singing, "Salvation to God and the Lamb."

And now, dear Sir, what more shall I say, but that I wish you every blessing, and that you may feel the full enjoyment of those blessed truths you preach in your own soul; and should you feel inclined to write me a few lines, they will be thankfully received by

Yours, most affectionately,  
MARY ANN GROOM.

Lower Tooting, March 12th, 1849.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE COMMON FAITH,—With holy joy, I desire to greet you in the name of the Lord Jesus, and acknowledge with thankfulness the sweet testimony you were pleased to forward me of your good wishes for my welfare. Although, hitherto unknown to each other, I trust that henceforth, (not merely on account of our relationship to the late Daniel Herbert, of Sudbury, who is deservedly esteemed by the lovers of naked truth for his "*poetical artillery*" which he brought into the field of Zoan against the Arminian host,) but for the truth's sake, we shall have a growing acquaintance with each other, according to the will of God, in things holy, spiritual, and divine.

That you feel, and doubtless will, the irreparable loss which you have sustained by the removal of your beloved father, (whom I well knew) from the reach of your sighs, sorrows, groans and tears, I can easily believe, yet would I tenderly say unto you, rejoice, that He that is more than father, mother, brother, friend, is ever nigh, and that not only do your sorrows reach his wakeful eye, your sighs his gracious ear, but your sufferings and supplications his tender heart. I regret that when you were at Westbourne Street, on Wednesday last, you did not make yourself known to me; however, I hope the next time you visit "the hallowed favoured spot of our indulgent God," you will favour me with an interview, in order that we may talk matters over touching the mysterious leadings and dealings of our covenant God and Father, who hath, I trust, loved us with an everlasting love, and given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through

grace, according as He hath chosen us in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world.

May "Wilderness Mercies" be wondrously multiplied in your way to the celestial city, so that you may bear witness to all around of the manifold wisdom, marvellous ways, and mighty works of Him whose we are, and whom we love and serve. That your soul may live,—enjoy health,—increase strength,—and joyfully adore the God of your salvation, is the prayer of one

"Who hopes to reach the blissful shore,  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more,  
Where saints abide in love's embrace,  
And ceaseless sing their song of grace."

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

(To be continued.)

### Looking by Faith to Christ : and Suffering by Fellowship with Christ.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am in receipt of yours of the 23rd of October, in which you say much and many things, and though you do not wish a reply, nor do I see any thing which requires it, yet, as it is an opening of the Lord's Providence, I think it not right to let it pass disregarded, as I know not what the wisdom of God may design in it. I have often been struck in the course of my life with the dispensations of divine Providence, how full, and of how great importance, and what great anxiety, alarm and interest some have excited, and yet have passed over and scarcely left any mark or impression behind, while others have been brought about by the smallest trifles, and even without design, have been the beginning of the destruction or deliverance of a kingdom, the greatest works and wonders of the Lord have often been wrought, and his glory most bright and clear where man has been altogether passive and unconscious, yea, even opposed to God. "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprize. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong," Job v. Surely of all poor froward and perverse sinners, I have cause to fall the lowest, and sink the deepest in shame, as a poor, vain mortal, how often has he confounded my wisdom, and broken my purposes, and put me to shame, his mercy has prevented my destruction in instances, more than I can conceive, how much of my wisdom, and self-will, has broke out in earnest prayers, and wrestling with the Lord to obtain something for myself, in some form or other, which if he had granted, I had been undone, but he seeth the end from the beginning, he leadeth us by the way that we should go, not that which we would go. It would be a token of his displeasure, if he take away the cross and say, "Let him alone," the Lord is indeed long-suffering, he is "the God of patience," "he is a God that pardoneth iniquity," "he hath not dealt with us after our sins, neither rewarded us according to our iniquities." I have forfeited my life and all my mercies ten thousand times ten thousand; I have trifled away the richest love, the greatest mercy, and the tenderest sympathy and compassion which healed and soothed and bound up my poor guilty, dis-

tressed, and broken spirit, and brought pardon and peace to my heart, broke it into penitence, and holy love, in looking upon him whom I have pierced, and mourning over his dear suffering soul and body, and beholding the Father, wounding, and bruising, and putting to grief his dear Son; a meek, lovely, harmless, holy, innocent Lamb, this drew my poor soul and won my whole heart to love and obedience, this was sensible comfort, eating the flesh of the sacrificed Lamb, and drinking his blood, a passing into a state of life, liberty, peace and friendship with God. O what doth such love and mercy demand at my hands? what but my whole heart and soul, and strength of body, and spirit? O my most base, and treacherous heart, that I have not walked worthy of this high calling! O, that mine eye and all my motives and thoughts and affections had been single and pure and upright, and wholly directed to honour him, that there had never been a coolness in my heart, a withdrawing of the affections, a trifling, or forgetting, or backsliding, an indifference or forgetfulness, or ingratitude to this my gracious Lord, for such great love; but, O, alas, alas! my sad ungrateful, unprofitable, worthless, treacherous, and slighting, trifling, and backsliding affections, from him who demands my whole heart, whatsoever ye do, whatsoever ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Let this text of scripture be the rule of judgment to try one day's experience in every affection, action, thought, and desires, the temper, conversation, the spirit, &c., under every circumstance, in every state, every trial, every cross, when he comes with the circumcising knife to circumcise the heart, to cut off the right hand, to pluck out the right eye, that which is nearest the heart, the only comfort left us in this world, that is where he is jealous, and for which he contends: he must reign alone, all is tolerable while it comes to this, while we can live upon comforts and manifestations; but when it comes to self-denial, and a daily cross, to live by faith, upon the faithfulness of God in his promise, the person, righteousness, sacrifice and mediation of Christ, to take his yoke, to learn of him, to have fellowship of his sufferings, and be made conformable unto his death, he bears the whole weight of all our sins, and the curse due to them in a state of desertion, under the hidings of his Father's countenance, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," He being in an agony prayed more earnestly, "O my Father, &c., if it be possible let this cup pass from me, but nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." If we are to be made partakers of his spirit, it is needful we have fellowship of his sufferings, and be made conformable to his death, there is a needs be, we are in heaviness, through manifold temptations, or afflictions; we are called to have fellowship in his sufferings; we suffer from the same cause, but not in the same degree; Christ suffered from the wounds, and bruises of manifested justice and the pouring out of the curse and wrath due to our sins; we suffer from the apprehension of the effects of that wrath, in the revelation of it in our conscience, so as to teach us the dreadful evil of sin in the sight of God, and bring us to see the righteousness of God in our condemnation. Alas! what base ingratitude! What treacherous, deceitful, backsliding, depart-



ing, trifling away, and slighting his great love! He daily loadeth us with benefits, compasseth us about with mercies, yet where is the heart that flows with continual love, and pure gratitude, and tender affection to him which demands our whole heart? Surely we trespass upon his patience, and long suffering, day by day, and hour by hour. What but pure love and abounding goodness could bear with such sinners, that thus trifle with such amazing grace? What a word is that "thou hast made me," to serve with thy sins, "thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities!" What a piercing arrow is this to a poor sinner's heart, that is made to feel the wounds and agonies of the dying Lamb of God, yet here is a mercy, he reproves, corrects, and chastises us when he might condemn us utterly; he brings us to his feet, with our guilt and shame, with all our inward pain, and grief, and anguish of soul, when he might justly banish and drive us in a moment into outer darkness, to weep, and gnash our teeth, but without repentance or pardon, yet when lying at his feet in all our woe, with our mouth in the dust, he shows himself in all his tenderness and compassion; he is touched with the feelings of our poor, distressed souls, he openeth his loving heart, he permits us as it were to lay beside him in the garden and to mingle our broken suffering souls with his, he heals us with his stripes, he draws out the pain and anguish from our souls, he takes away all our guilt, he breaks us into penitence and holy grief and love, he breathes into us his meek, lowly, loving, humble, submissive, tender, and obedient spirit, we are baptized into his death, and rise up in his likeness, we are joined unto him and have one spirit, "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord," we behold the fulness of the love, the exceeding riches of the Father's grace, "in his kindness toward us by Christ Jesus," his heart is peace, and perfect love and pure good will to poor sinners, there is no wrath, nor fury in him to poor sinners, and when any poor soul is so weighed down with its load of guilt and sin, as it must needs fall down at the feet of Jesus and confess and beg mercy, and lie with the mind and spirit there, a poor object of mercy as having nothing but misery, God will surely commune with any such a poor soul, he will glorify his dear Son in such a soul, and he shall see the travail of his soul and rejoice over it, to bless it with all the riches of his love and death, &c. Soul dealing with Jesus makes the spirit tender, meek, and loving, and obedient, and is very sensitive at the least touch of sin, or defilement, as his honour and glory is dear to the heart, so the least thing which dishonours him, wounds and grieves it, hence arises a burning jealousy and revenge, self hatred and loathing of its own life at the discovery of a base, ungrateful, departing, coolness and indifference to his dear name, and honour and glory, here is cause for daily and hourly humiliation, confession, repentance, prayer, and watchfulness, and laying still lower and lower in shame, and also teaches the need of faith, to live upon the holy person, righteousness and sacrifice of Jesus. We must decrease, he must increase, we sink lower, he rises higher: be this your portion.

Your's, in Him,

Tippingham, Oct. 29, 1849. JOHN WADE.

### The Conversion of Saul of Tarsus.

"And he trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Acts ix. 8.

HERE is, first, the solemnity of mind in which Paul was—trembling and astonished: wherein we notice, first, its cause. Many things, awful in themselves, do make men generally tremble. The judgments of God in the earth,—the terror and majesty of the Divine precept, simply as recorded,—the voice of God in the heavens,—His voice in the natural conscience. Here we find the cause is very plain; it is not simply the terror of the law that alone worketh wrath—but the revelation of the gospel of Jesus; and a throwing aside the veil of darkness and obscurity, in which the gospel had been shrouded, to the mind of persecuting Saul. "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest!" Never were words either more suitable, or more powerful! It is not "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob!"—though that was no less a fact—but, "I am Jesus!" This was the name by which he would be known to his child Saul, and by him, to his many saints, through time, to the end of the world. "Therefore, (said Paul) I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified!" This is my theme, though the world approve not. I am committed to it, whatever result.

1. *The glory of Jesus made him tremble.* David said, "I remembered God and was troubled." That glory was a light above the brightness of the sun; fitly shadowing the light of the glorious gospel which should shine into his heart; as well as the law of God, as a light, revealing to him hidden things out of darkness; and indeed, as whose light it was, is said to be "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his Person!" It is this alone, dear reader, that shall make you tremble now—or in the Day of Judgment!

2. *His searching view of his conduct made him tremble.* In the absence of consciousness of the Lord's presence, men say, "Who is the Lord that I should obey him?" But when, as in Pharaoh's case, the secret of the heart and conduct is made manifest, and set in order before us, we tremble and are astonished—trembling lest our worst fears should be realised, and astonished we are yet out of hell, yet spared, and having a glimmer of hope of salvation. The Lord knew Saul's errand; he had well considered the danger of his lambs—and the enmity of that persecuting lion, that ravenous wolf! What a rich display of love in that expression, "Whom thou persecutest!" "The injury is done to me!" said the Father, when the child was abused; "I will resent it," saith the Lord, "I will avenge them speedily!"

3. *The voice which spake to him.* Here was revealed, in as clear a manner as possible, God disapproved his conduct. Whoever on earth favoured him—the great uncontrollable power in heaven was against him—"Tis hard for thee to kick against the pricks!" Indeed, it is enough to make one tremble and astonished, to know that his whole life has been one of rebellion against the dread Sovereign of the skies! "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned," cried one. Should this fall into the hands of any headstrong sinner, rushing heedlessly on towards death, the grave,

judgment, eternity, let the warning voice be heard! Those solemn words have made stout hearts to tremble, and rebellious ones to faint. May you, in them, hear the voice of the Son of God—"It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks!" 'Tis hard to resist God: nay—his will, his law, his truth!

We have noticed the cause; what were the effects following? His pressing necessity pressed out a cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Behold the subdued one! The mighty chief in satan's army—an earnest inquirer asking the way to Zion! "Whither shall I flee?" said Bunyan's pilgrim; and soon afterwards, in his earnestness, he tells us, "I fled the next way, and so fell into despondency"—the slough of Despond.

See here his *submission to Jesus*. None can call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Spirit. Some may cavil that it was simply a matter of courtesy. Saul was in a very different state of mind than that readiness to shew *courtesy* to Jesus before he called him; yet now he calleth him Lord, even as David did before him—"The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand," &c. A man having just found he is in a wrong way, has been walking in a dangerous path, without a light to guard his steps into a right one, cries, "What shall I do?" His cry is earnest; for, without help, he must be lost—and that *for ever*. The Lord Jesus condescends to answer him by directing him to that very spot where he intended to take men and women to prison for their love to Jesus, and to take them bound to Jerusalem. Oh, wondrous grace! astonishing love! The man who intended to come a persecutor—comes an inquirer! The destroyer comes to be made alive! The storm, ready to burst upon the city of Damascus, does but yield to them and the church, the richest drops of heavenly blessings ever conferred on man! He went full of the devil—ere he returned, he was as full of Christ. He is not given to expect any fresh immediate revelation from heaven, "Go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do!" And so it was, by one who feared him, as a child does a lion, whose roar had been heard; but the assurance of the Lord is sufficient. May we not learn here, the Lord will honour his servants! It was by means of Ananias's ministry he received consolation and his sight. Thus the Lord put an honour on the ministry of the Word. Remember, for thy comfort, poor trembling soul, though you wait long, God will hear and deliver thee at last.

*Blackmore.*

WILLIAM.

## REMARKS UPON EFFECTUAL CALLING.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—As one of your constant readers, my attention was directed to the piece written by "W. C. P." on *Effectual Calling*. I read it, and read it; and as the writer wished your readers to do, I pondered it over again and again; and the deliberate conclusion I came to was—that W. C. P.'s mind, when he wrote that piece, was in very great confusion; that is, supposing that I have any light or understanding in the matter of which he attempts to give a description. This is a profound and important subject; and, as

an old disciple, I may be allowed to make a few observations on what W. C. P. has produced. I know nothing of the writer; the advancement of truth is all I desire. First, what does the writer mean by *real* concomitants, or things attending a *legal* call. I suppose he means that the things attending a legal call are so very similar to the effects produced by a living and effectual call, that it is difficult to define which things belong to either the one, or the other. Now, it is my belief that such confusion arises in the minds of men because they are not versed, in any good measure, in the two separate and distinct states and standings of all mankind in their two proper and natural heads. Now, all this writer's results of an obedience to a legal call—viz., "consistent professorship, sincerity of purpose, chastity of life, purity," &c.—stand in the Adamic state, and are accursed of God above and beyond all publicans and harlots, the offspring of a cursed, corrupt, and devilish root—and nothing opposes God's free grace more than this legal spirit! Witness the same in all the pharisees, especially the one in the temple; and yet this is, forsooth, "the fair and promising shell which is to contain, and be concomitants of the vital call!" Why, the very first thing done in effectual calling, viz., "the darting in of eternal life;" or, in other language, the quickening of the soul into vital union with Christ, would break this beautiful shell all to atoms, and make it appear what it was before—*filthy* rags. Now, this divine life communicated, — or quickening power brought into the soul,—and Christ the incorruptible seed conceived—constitutes effectual calling:—that is, from darkness to light; from the power of satan to God; from Moses, the killing letter, to Christ, the quickening spirit: and this soul, doubtless, will surmount all the throbs and pangs of this new birth, and ultimately rejoice that the man-child is born, and brought forth in his heart the hope of glory.

True, there are many very good things uttered, in the course of this piece, but the mass is so mixed, that as a whole, it is very objectionable. What the writer means by "the spirituality of sin spreading itself through the soul," I do not know. I can understand the spirituality of the law, which opposes the corrupt, filthy, fleshly workings of sin to the enlightened understanding; but I do not perceive that sin, with its carnal filthiness, can be anything spiritual; and therefore, to hold the same up as a sure criterion to the church of God, could not be wise or profitable. But the most objectionable part of the article is the manner in which the writer handles the law, and the extraordinary place he assigns to it, in this production. He says, "Love is shut up in the human heart;" and defines it as "the secret and holy fire of the law—and this makes the heart willing (the law does) to love the things which

God loves; love to his ministers," &c. Then again, "This *divine, holy, and fiery law* being brought into the very heart and understanding, which is the spirit and essence of man, will most effectually carry on that work which will bring the sinner to heaven." Now the above passage is altogether in opposition to every sound divine I ever read—cross to the Scriptures—and contrary to the very tenor of divine revelation. The law, Mr. Editor, is the ministration of condemnation. Worketh love? O no;—*wrath*? Doth it bless? O dear no; it curseth! Doth it produce new covenant work, or doth it belong to the old covenant? It would do the writer no harm to carefully read blessed Luther's Commentary on the Galatians, the which I have latterly done, much to my confirmation in the truth; and, when I turned from the perusal of that masterly work, and looked at W. C. P.'s, I could but say within myself, Where are now the men who rightly understand this one article of justification—the right uses of law and gospel—equal to, did I say? Nay; in anything approaching to this worthy Reformer?

Now, if the remainder of the article be no more acceptable than the commencement, I, for one, would rather not see it in your little bark. My Christian love to you.

From, dear Mr. Editor, your's truly,  
AN OLD HEARER OF H. FOWLER'S,  
Gower Street.

London, June 6, 1840.

#### Administration of the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism at the Surrey Tabernacle.

ON Wednesday, December 12th, the ordinance of Believers' Baptism was administered by Mr. James Wells to forty-four persons in the above place.

For a long time previous to the doors of the chapel being opened, the avenue leading to the chapel was crowded with persons anxious to obtain admittance. A great number of persons took tea at the chapel; and as soon as the doors were opened, the place was nearly filled; and before the service commenced was crowded in every corner, and at the time the ordinance was being administered, there could not have been less than from twelve to fourteen hundred persons present.

At a quarter to seven the service commenced by singing the well-known hymn,

"Jesus, and shall it ever be—  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!" &c.

After which Mr. Wells offered up a prayer; another hymn was sung; and Mr. Wells then proceeded, from the water-side, to address the congregation.

Mr. Wells, without taking any particular words for his text, said, he should first shew the truth of this ordinance from the Word of God. Secondly, say a few words about "Strict Communion" and lastly, shew why they attended to that ordinance.

He (Mr. W.) said that baptism profigured the death and resurrection of Christ, and the death and resurrection of his people by him. He next shewed that the word, *baptism* from the Greek word, *baptizo*, throughout the whole Bible, means to *immerse*, and in no one case *sprinkling*. He next shewed the glaring inconsistencies of a certain Greek Lexicographer, who was a sprinkler. Mr. Wells also shewed that by a little literary twisting, the translators (who, it is well known, were nearly all sprinklers,) had substituted the word *with* for *in*; as in the passages found in Matt iii. 11; Mark i. 8; Luke iii. 16; John i. 26, 33. But he challenged all to deny that the Greek word meant any other than the word *in*. He then said that we have baptism throughout the whole of the Old Testament as well as the New. As instances in the Old Testament, he cited the cases of Noah and family in the ark—the Israelites passing through the wilderness—Aaron and his sons, who were to be *washed* before they ate of the holy things—Naaman, the leper. In all these and many other instances Mr. Wells observed that none other than baptism was shewn forth. We find that the Old Testament closes up with John the Baptist, and the New Testament commences with John the Baptist, and we there find him baptizing *in* Jordan. In the Old Testament we find many baptisms, but in the New they are all concentrated in this one; and as the baptism in the Old Testament was for the washing away of the filth of the flesh, and for the healing of all kinds of diseases; so, all the diseases of the church meet a remedy in Christ; and in this one ordinance the whole of the baptisms of the Old are concentrated. Some argue that John's baptism stopped when Christ was baptised. Let us see; John takes up baptism from the Old Testament, Christ comes and takes up John's, and now "Jesus cometh from Galilee to Jordan [a distance of one hundred miles.] to be baptised of him." It is a part of the outward righteousness of the church thus publicly to own Christ, and to disown the world and sin. And when Christ came *up out* of the water, the heavens opened, and a voice spake, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Thus was divine authority stamped upon this sacred ordinance. But when the Saviour took it up, what did he do with it? Put it down? No! Let's see. In Matt. xxviii. 19, after his resurrection, we hear him saying, "Go ye, therefore, teach all nations, **BAPTIZING** them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." So you see he included it in his commission.—Well, and what did the disciples do with it? Mr. W. here referred to the day of Pentecost—as also the baptism of Lydia and her household. Some advocates for infant sprinkling will tell you that no where in the New Testament will you find any mention of so-and-so's son or daughter being baptised, which they take as a proof of their having been sprinkled in their in-

fancy; but their argument is easily set aside by this answer—that in no one case do we read of so-and-so's son or daughter sitting down at the Lord's table. Therefore, if we take the Lord's authority from the one, we must for all.

Mr. Wells now came to state a few things respecting "Strict Communion;" and said—you will ask—Do you find strict communion also in the Old Testament? Yes. And in the New? Yes. Strict communion is the order of heaven—for through Jesus Christ alone is there admission there. In the Old Testament, the first instance we have, is of the ark, for it was *in* and *by that alone* that Noah and his family could be saved from the flood.—Again in the fourteenth of Leviticus—you will see strict communion to be plainly written. None were to eat of the holy things without *washing*. Many other instances Mr. Wells referred to in the Old Testament, but we pass on to the New. Mr. W. said—Come we now to John the Baptist in the Wilderness—a friend comes to him and says—John, I like your doctrine and I like your declaration—but I don't like that baptism. Would he not say—what! you like the doctrines yet not like the things which the Master has commanded? Suppose again we had gone to the apostle Paul and said—can't we be admitted to the church without being baptized?—What does he say?—"Keep the ordinances as they are delivered unto thee." To bring it to a point (says Mr. W.) in order to have any other way you must have another Bible.

Thirdly—our reasons for attending to this ordinance,—1st, Because the Lord commands us. 2nd, Because of the wonderful things associated with this ordinance. 3rdly, Because of the kingdom to which it belongs. 4thly, Because of the greatness of the salvation from which Christ has delivered us. 5thly, Because we have to obey the Lord—for "to obey is better than sacrifice."

Mr. Wells having concluded his address, another hymn was sung, and he then proceeded to immerse in the watery flood twenty-seven females and seventeen males, after which, Mr. W. concluded the service with prayer.

We understand that this is the first time that the baptistry in Surrey Tabernacle has been opened for two years.

#### New Baptist Chapel, Waterloo Road.

The friends of Mr. John Branch met together on Monday evening, December 17th, when near 200 persons sat down to tea; after which, the Committee connected with the erection of a new chapel (their present place being, as they say, too small)—reported the progress they had made. The ground and premises which has been purchased for the same—will cost £300, out of which sum they had collected and promised £360. The remainder of the purchase money for the ground and premises they hoped to have by Christmas.

#### TIDINGS FROM JAMES OSBOURN.

Dated, New York, Nov. 27, 1849.

THE report of Mr. Osbourn's death was false! We rejoice to find he is in health; and still hard at work, preaching and publishing the glorious gospel of the blessed God. The following are his words:—

"Brother Banks—I am well, in health and spirits. My *old* friends here, and many *new* ones, are gathering round me again thick and fast, and we are joyful together in Christ our heavenly King. I preached three times last Sunday, in two chapels, and have yet a great deal more of it to do before I leave here for Baltimore. At the last of this year, or at the beginning of next, I would (D.V.) write to you at full length, if I could learn that it would be agreeable to the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel* for me to do so.

"All the copies I brought from London of my 'Liberty Taken without Grant,' are sold off. My address is, Baltimore City, North America. I left home ten days ago—leave here for home next week. My family is in prime health. Hope you, and family, and all friends are well. My love to them all. I am your's respectfully,

"JAMES OSBOURN."

[In reply to this, we write to say, an epistle from him would not only be agreeable, but would be received with pleasure.—ED.]

#### LINES

*Expressive of the Author's Feelings, whilst under the Terrors of Mount Sinai's Law.*

Rock of unceasing ages,  
Say—Wast thou cleft for me?  
Thine own unerring Word declares  
Thou wast; and I am free!  
Free! what unbounded mercy!  
Free from the "wrath to come!"  
And rais'd, through Christ's redeeming blood,  
To an eternal home!  
Long, dreadful, dark despair  
O'erwhelm'd my guilty soul;  
And satan raged within my breast,  
Almost without control.  
Like one possess'd of "legions,"  
All earthly comforts fled;  
And, for awhile, I seem'd to be  
Amongst the living—dead.  
Dead to each kind affection,  
My heart was hard as stone;  
And yet, in agonising prayer,  
I bent before his throne.  
Nor bent in vain; the God of love  
Bid satan's malice cease;  
And once again my troubled breast  
Was fill'd with joy and peace.  
Peace, flowing from redeeming love,  
From Jesu's wounded side,  
In accents sweet, it seem'd to say,  
"Poor worm—for thee I died!"  
And, oh! may I amidst that throng—  
Manasseh, Mary, Paul,  
Sing, yes indeed! 'twas mighty grace  
Sav'd me the worst of all!

SUSANNA.

WHO ARE ENGLAND'S FAITHFUL WATCHMEN?  
WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING!

IN our Supplementary number, we introduced this three-fold inquiry; and informed our readers that it would (please God,) form one of the permanent headings in the *Earthen Vessel* for some time to come. The sketches, similar to those we then gave, will be continued; by this means a three-fold object will, in some measure, be attained. In the first place, the ministers of Christ will here be found speaking out the real condition of their souls—their views—their prospects—their conflicts—their deliverances—their mercies; and thus they will, many times, be the means of comforting, encouraging, and refreshing their brethren, who may be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. Secondly, destitute churches will hereby often hear of men of God, who may be likely to assist them, in their seasons of widowhood and loneliness. And lastly, the good hand of God, in raising up—in keeping up—and in prospering a generation of holy men, as under-shepherds to his sheep, and as pastors over his people, will be manifested oftentimes to the no small pleasure of many of the living family.

Let it be observed, we do not purpose to give long biographical memoirs: no; but to catch (as opportunity may serve) GENUINE PORTRAITS OF THE MINDS of such men as profess to be, and as appear to be THE SERVANTS OF THE MOST HIGH GOD; and, whether these men are captains over hundreds; captains over fifties; or only captains over tens, will be no matter of consideration with us. Our object will be to ascertain how far these men wear the image of Christ—breathe the spirit of Christ—feed the sheep of Christ—preach the truth of Christ; and thereby give full proof of their ministry. Neither will it be a question with us whether these men are in the church of England, as it is called; or out of it. The grand points with us, will be these—THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL—THE TRUTH OF GOD IN THE MINISTRY—AND THE DEMONSTRATION OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE IN THE GENERAL DEPORTMENT. Where we find such men, we find the men whom the KING delights to honour, who are the excellent of the earth, and the true messengers of heaven.

With these few introductory remarks, we enter upon our work; earnestly beseeching the Lord to direct—to prosper—and to bless us, and all who love his dear name in sincerity and in truth.

The Rector of Winchelsea

SAYS,

"THIS IS THE GOSPEL! AND THERE IS NONE OTHER."

This holy decision we find in a very precious discourse preached by Mr. West, in London, October 4th, and which has been published by James Paul: it is entitled,

*"Exaltation of Christ, a Prince and a Saviour."*

We think it right to say, we have no temporal interest whatever in the publication of these discourses; our commendation, therefore, purely arises from the conviction that sermons of this kind are certain to be not only *acceptable*, but really *useful* to such of the living family as "know the joyful sound." Oh, it gladdens our souls now and then to find—in the midst of the mass of cold sentimentality and moral philosophy which abounds in our day—a little heavenly fire on the ministerial altar.

We have no personal acquaintance with the preacher of this discourse; but as we read it, we felt it came from his heart—and it came into our heart—and gave us a holy love to him, to his Master, and to the glorious things herein spoken, both of the church and of her living head.

The following extracts evidently declare Mr. West to be a solemn soul-searching experimental minister of Jesus Christ; and one of Zion's faithful watchmen in these days.

"When I was in the vestry, just now, before the service began, I was told of the death of a brother minister, a Dissenter, who has just been cut off by cholera. Now it may be perhaps, that I was told this in the vestry that I might speak of it from the pulpit, that the fact might touch some of your hearts. Perhaps, what I have been preaching hitherto may not have touched you. But how does this account of a death so sudden affect you? You may be cut off before you leave this house of God! Are you prepared to die? Are you in Christ? Are you living upon Christ and the gospel? Have you received the gift of repentance? If not, you are proud and unhumiliated! Have you received the free grace and mercy of God? Are your sins blotted out? "*Love covereth all sins.*" O what a love is that! that love of God in Christ that covereth all the sins of his church! Look at poor David, when he had fallen into that fearful sin of adultery, and his eyes were opened to see that sin into which he had fallen—what anguish of spirit it gave him: and see what it cost him to get at the pardon of his sin. Hear him saying, 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' 'Covered sin,' a blessing comes with it. How is it covered? It is covered from the sight of God: it is hid under the blood of Jesus. Read Psalm xxxii. and see how much it cost him before he obtained the pardon of his sins. 'For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me,' &c., &c., but when *at last* the pardoning mercy of God was granted him he shouted out then, 'Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye righteous; and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart.'

"Those of you that are *in Christ*, how do you feel when you hear of such an event, as that of which I have just told you, the death of a beloved brother who is now before the throne; he is gone from the noise and bustle of London, and has, I

believer entered into glory, and is now realizing, set forth in that glorious gospel which he so faithfully preached. How is it with you, I ask, brethren; and how is it with me? Are we prepared? Have we got Christ in the vessel? Have we the oil of grace in our hearts, or only the lamp of profession in our hands? Look at the case of Mary; she was found weeping at the sepulchre, and why? "They have taken away my Lord!" Well, but there was the grave and the grave-clothes, and two angels in white sitting. So here is a church, a pulpit, a minister, and a congregation of people, but these may be only the grave as it were, and the grave-clothes. The point is, where is the Lord? Forms are nothing without him. His presence is what we want. That presence consecrates and blesses. "They have taken away my Lord," what is the grave to me? "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." And now, brethren, is the Lord here? Is he energising me in the pulpit, in the preaching? and is he influencing and melting your hearts to hear the word? These are solemn thoughts and demand attention. It is a sweet passage, brethren, for you to meditate upon, in John xx. Look at it for a moment. "Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept she stooped down into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white." Aye, there were two angels, you see, but they did not satisfy Mary; she wanted her Lord. "And they say unto her, why weepest thou?" Why do you weep, Mary? "And she saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." They have taken away my hope, my life, my consolation, my all, and I know not where they have laid him. Now mark, "And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus." He was near her, but she did not know him. Brethren, do you always know him? "Jesus saith unto her, Woman why weepest thou. Whom seekest thou? She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away." Now mark, "Jesus saith unto her, Mary!" Can I attempt to preach to you what she felt at that moment? When Jesus called her "Mary," she knew him then "Jesus saith unto her, Mary!" Ah, that was enough! "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine," saith the prophet Isaiah. Is it not so? Is this going too far? "She turned unto him, and said, Rabboni, which is to say Master." Do you know anything of such experience. Have you ever been seeking for Jesus at the sepulchre? If so, He has always been near you; but you have never known and never will know Him unless he reveals Himself; and so my preaching is useless unless God bless the word, and apply it by His Spirit to the soul. But mark what He says, "My word shall not return unto me void." This is God's word! and I am in no anxiety about it, do not however misunderstand me in this—I long to gain souls to-night, to have seals given me—to receive souls for my hire; it would be the very joy of my heart to hear that I was to-night made the instrument of the conversion of even one soul—but mark me! I am in no anxiety about it. The work, and the efficacy of the ministry, is the Lord's. Here is the ground that I rest upon and

take a firm stand—"My word shall not return unto me void, it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." If there is any saint here to-night to whom God means to give a blessing, or if there is any carnal man, an ungodly man, or a professing man, to whom the Lord intends to shew mercy, and make the recipient of His Almighty grace, it shall be done in spite of everything. When God calls, you shall obey."

### Samuel Adams on "Grace in the Wilderness."

SAMUEL ADAMS is the curate of Thornton and Bagworth, in Leicestershire.

It has been very justly remarked of some men in the Church of England, that—they are sound in many of the principal doctrines of divine grace, but as regards the deep discriminating and essential features of vital godliness in the soul, they are confused, and vastly wide of the mark. The gospel in theory, is one thing; the gospel in divine experience, is another. Many men in these days are clear enough in doctrines; but we have no evidence that the kingdom of God is within them; we have no proof of their being sent out of the pit by the blood of the covenant; nor of their being brought into the banqueting house of everlasting love.

Samuel Adams, however, though in the Church of England, lives, and speaks like a man who knows the LORD JESUS CHRIST for himself. We will let him speak here. Do you, reader, mark what he says:

"It is a great thing to be in Christ, for then I am in his heart, in his love, and in his prayers; and it is a great thing for Christ to be in me, for then he is in my prayers, my life, and my conversation. It is a great thing for God to be in me, for then he is in my heart, will and affections; and it is a great thing to be in God, for then I am in his purposes, in his covenant, and in his love. It is a great thing for the Holy Ghost to be in me, for then he is in my prayers, desires and thoughts; and it is a great thing to be in the Holy Spirit, for then I am in his comfort, his teaching and his leading; in life, truth and liberty. O what a very precious word is IN."

"I think I may say with Job, the Lord gave me grace and took away my sin, he gave me wisdom and took away my folly, he gave me righteousness and took away my iniquity, he gave me light and took away my darkness, peace, and took away my trouble, love, and took away enmity, truth, and took away ignorance, justification, and took away condemnation, yea, my stony heart, and gave me a heart of flesh to fear love and adore him, to feel after him and find him: O blessed be the name of the Lord."

"I look at creation as the entrance gate to the city of eternity, the grand entrance of the world to come: the vast concave of heaven forms the triumphal arch of God, and as in eastern cities the gate is the place of judgment, so Jehovah will place his throne of judgment on this earth, where he will summon all witnesses, try all causes, assemble all persons and parties, and judge all men; for the whole world is one grand vestibule to the King of king's Palace: one beautiful gate of the celestial city, one gorgeous, grand,

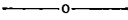
and magnificent gateway of the world to come; it is the open door of invisible space."

"If some men speak of darkness, I know what darkness is which may be felt; or if they speak of terrors, and of horrors; the fears of hell, of prison, and of judgment to come; of the depths of hell, of the plague of the heart, of the terrors of the law and the wrath of God; I have known and felt the same: or if of eternal life, of a good hope through grace, of peace which passeth all understanding, of joy unspeakable, of visions and revelations of the Lord, and of the third heavens; I know them all for I have felt the same.

"My heart is like a fountain sealed, which, when the Lord opens, it pours forth. I cannot pour out my heart before him, until he unseals the fountain, and while it is open, it springs up to everlasting life."

"I want not only to feel in my daily trials and distresses that I have a God to go to, a friend who loveth me; but I want so to live that in every casting down I may go with confidence, I may have access, and find no bar between. Eph. iii. 12.

"Believer, keep at the throne of grace, there you see God face to face, there you see the Lamb of God which taketh away your sin, there you hear his voice, there you find rest and peace and life for your souls, there you pour out your whole heart, there you learn wisdom, receive mercy, find grace, and receive the Holy Ghost, who is the spirit of grace and supplication in you."



### Samuel Cozens digging deep into the Mysterious Mines of Eternal Truth:

AND SOUNDING THE ALARM!

It is a sacred pleasure in these days to have full proof that our Lord and Master is still calling, some of Adam's wicked sons out of Satan's kingdom, and putting them, not only into the kingdom of grace, but also into the ministry of the gospel. Samuel Cozens, in his work entitled, "The Lost Found; and the Rebel Saved;" has clearly demonstrated the power of God's grace in making him a vessel of mercy; and the Lord's subsequent dealings with him, encourage us to hope that he is of heaven designed for real and extensive usefulness in the church below. The following epistle, strikingly illustrates the double fact, that the Lord has given our brother a work to do, and that that work is often tried even as by fire.—

"MY DEAR BROTHER PAUL, I was glad to hear such a pleasing account of yourself, and Church, may the Lord go on to bless, and increase you on every side. I am fully employed, writing, visiting, and preaching. I am preparing for the press one of the most useful works that ever was written: I intend getting it out in cheap parts monthly, I give you the following extract for *your opinion*:

"ADVOCATE—a Patron to defend: a Pleader at the bar of a judge. The Greek word Paraclete is rendered in 1 John ii. 1, Advocate, and is applied to the Lord Jesus; who makes intercession

for all the transgressors *with whom he was numbered*, Isa. liii. 12, and for the non-imputation of the transgression he took *from* them. 8 v. His furrowed back points the judge to the stripes he endured: his gasping wounds are ever open to the eye of justice; demanding, in consideration of his sufferings and death, the absolution of *all sins*, and the bestowment of all spiritual blessings. This word is in four instances rendered a Comforter, and is applied to the Holy Ghost, John xiv. 16, 26; xv. 26; xvi. 17. And I (the incarnate Advocate,) will pray the Father, and he will give you another Comforter, (or spiritual Advocate). This spiritual Advocate is given in answer to prayers of the human Advocate: the latter ascended to be an Advocate *with God*: the former descended to be an Advocate *with us*. Christ pleads the cause of men in heaven; the Spirit pleads the cause of God on earth: Christ prevails *for us*; the Spirit prevails *in us*: Christ pleads the veracity of God; the Spirit pleads for and leads into all truth: Christ presents his blood before the throne; the Spirit applies it to the hearts of sinners. The *utterable* intercession in the saints, is presented in the *utterable* intercession of Christ."

"The subject of our meditation yesterday, was the 'hidden manna.' The manna was round, white and sweet, gathered, ground and baked. (Exod. xvi. 14, 31. Num. xi. 8.) The form denotes his eternity, the colour his perfection, I spoke of his personal perfection from the womb, and his practical perfection to the tomb. The taste of this manna was as honey, this set forth the sweetness of a precious Christ, the spouse says his fruit is sweet, (Sol. Song ii. 3.) His cheeks are as sweet flowers, and his lips as sweet smelling myrrh. The gathering, grinding, and baking sets forth, his apprehension, sufferings, and death. It was adapted to the hunger of all those brought out of Egypt. It was abundant to supply all Israel. It was added day by day as long as Israel was in the wilderness. Well say you, this is all right, but how is it with your soul? Ah! that's the point. Well, I will tell you, I am at times driven to my wits end as to my call by grace, and my call to the ministry. I feel so much spiritual destitution, mental darkness, and soul deadness at times, that I wish I had never touched the plough, nor opened my mouth in the gate, but that marvellous contradiction is frequently verified in my experience 'when I am weak, then am I strong,' or strengthened, I will give you one of many such instances. I arose two or three Sabbaths ago, most awfully dark (after a day of close reading and prayer from morning till past midnight, without finding a single word to fix upon, or rather without having a word sealed on my heart or opened to my understanding), and with more frenzy than faith. I closed my eyes and opened my Bible, and my mind was instantly arrested with these words, 'The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of asse-

blics, which are given from one Shepherd.' Four things were immediately presented to my mind, 'the one Shepherd,' Christ, 'assemblies,' the Church in its various sections, 'the masters' the ministers or under shepherds, and lastly, their ministry, in which you have three things, first, the source of a spiritual message 'from one Shepherd,' secondly, the two-fold description of the effectual word, goads and nails: and thirdly, *in what*, and to *whom* the nails are fastened. Here is a criterion for us, no word will do but what comes from his mouth who hath promised 'they shall receive the word at my mouth.' Men of intellect may do without God, but a fool must be taught of him. I do not wonder the great and learned lead the van, because few of these have their eyes open, and the inhabitants of the earth are nearly all blind, and strange to say, blind people will have a blind leader, they will not be led by one whose eyes have been enlightened; ah, friends, these are awful days, my heart sometimes shudders to see on a Sabbath morning thousands flocking to hear truth belied, Christ denied, and God traduced. The glorious Trinity by them confessed in a form of words, is afterward deduced to a something infinitely inferior to the creature. They snatch the sceptre of sovereignty from the hand of God, and put it into the hands of sinners, and tells him he is a God, able to enter the empire of bliss, or traverse the confines of hell at his own will and pleasure. They do as the soldiers did, rob Christ of his righteousness, and clothe him (his church) with the purple robes of the old covenant. And as for our dear and blessed teacher the eternal Spirit, he is a non-descript with some, and a non-entity with others. God will assuredly visit for these things. Things in the religious world are hastening to a crisis, the portentous 'signs in the sun, moon, and stars,' are becoming more and more visible; the distress of nations, the perplexity of our civil leaders, the fearful state of the church, and the shaken heaven calls aloud to our souls to 'look up;' we have been looking down too long, we have been more swinish than the 'swine' in our ministry. May God help us from this time forth to 'lift up our head for our redemption draweth nigh,' Luke xxi. 25—28. I pray the Lord to help us to sound an alarm in his holy mountain, and as we draw nearer the 'midnight' cry louder, and louder, 'the bridegroom cometh!'

But how few will listen to the cry of his second advent: amazing sottishness! the subject flashes into one's very hearts almost from every page. The professing world are worse by far than Israel of old, these did expect the first, but thousands now a days, deny the last. No man dare say when (but he has authority to declare) he will be revealed from heaven with the angels of his

power,' In flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.' 2 Thess. xvii. 8, 9. From yours in the indissoluble bonds of the everlasting covenant of peace.

"REBEL SAVED."

Wolverhampton.

John Corbitt, of Manchester, in the Furnace.

COMMUNICATIONS, from various parties in Manchester, have reached us; and deeply afflicted are we in our souls, to find it possible that ministers and men, *professing* to have the love of God in their hearts, should act, as some have done. The time is not yet come for us fully to develope and lay open all that we know respecting the base, the hypocritical, and cruel conduct of certain parties, who have pretended to have a great concern for the welfare of immortal souls in Manchester. No: we must (for the present) hold back many things which would clearly shew the  *motive*, which has actuated some men in what they have done in and for Manchester. Nevertheless, as we are fully aware that there are not a few men who have been moved to expect that they should be introduced as Gospel Ministers into Manchester, we solemnly beseech them to be exceedingly careful how they become ensnared, and encompassed by circumstances that may embitter their future days. An highly honoured, faithful, and long established Baptist Pastor, (in one of the provinces,) said to us, the other day,— "I have had an invitation to go to Manchester, to preach for a month. But I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAS CAUSED MR. CORBITT TO LEAVE Oldham-street?" Let every other invited minister be fully satisfied on this head. The brother referred to, declined the invitation. Now, we have no objection to good men going to Manchester TO PREACH THE GOSPEL; no, indeed: but let them be careful of two things: first, that they do not instrumentally hold up hands that are unclean; and, secondly, that they do not add affliction to an already deeply wounded, and, we consider, deeply injured servant of God.

We have said, brother Corbitt is in the furnace; but the Lord is with him there. From the first moment of our acquaintance with him down to the present, we have proved him to be an honest, straight-forward, God-fearing man; and this, we are fully persuaded, he will be found to be; and from documents now before us, we can boldly, and unhesitatingly say, his movements and his ministry at Oldham Street, were consistent, scriptural, and irrepachable. And from Oldham Street Chapel, Mr. Corbitt, and his friends, have been driven, after endeavouring to do every thing that christian men could do.



What we have written here, has been purely out of love to the cause and honor of Christ's gospel, and Christ's ministers, and Christ's people. We have written on our own responsibility; from facts that we are well acquainted with. Neither persons nor parties have suggested these lines. We desire, instrumentally, to encourage the heart and to strengthen the hands of our esteemed brother Corbitt, knowing that in Manchester he is set for the defence of the Gospel; and solemnly believing that the Lord our God will help and honour him, by most blessedly qualifying him for his arduous work in and by the trials that now surround him. We have neither time nor space to enter further into this subject now; but here it will not rest.

#### Mr. Tryon in Manchester.

As regards the present state of things in Manchester, at the present moment, a dear Christian (lay) brother writes as follows. From his epistle it will be seen that there are various doors opening for the preaching of the Gospel: and truly we may say—"some indeed preach Christ even of envy—and some also of good will;" but what of all this? Why, CHRIST IS PREACHED; and we therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice; knowing that, ultimately, all this shall work together for good. But here are our brother's own words!—

"DEAR BROTHER, you may be surprised to hear that we have four places opened in Manchester this week; viz. Mr. Taylor, at George's Road; Mr. Corbit, at Bridge Street; Mr. Palmer, Oldham Street; and Mr. Tryon, High Street. What think you of this now? Your remarks in the Vessel respecting Brighton, seem to have roused some from their lethargic state; and they are for having some 'first rate men' in Manchester; they say, 'Here is a population of 400,000 in and round about Manchester, to be saved or lost; and this is a serious item to look at.' My reply to those who are disposed to go fishing for 'good parsons,' and, as they say 'first class men'—do every thing decently and in order; and support the men when you get them, and then I see no wrong; but a great beauty. The Lord's family are one in our glorious Head; yet are there many members, and all members of the body cannot perform the same office. I say not this to encourage divisions, but I believe that the Baptists here have been too shut up—too much straitened in their own bowels; so that they hitherto shrinked from speaking to a living child of God if he did not go to the same chapel. Nevertheless, I am sorry that Mr. Corbitt has been so badly used; and I have done and will do all that I possibly can to hold up his hands. I heard Mr. Tryon last night; and I only wish I could do as 'he says; not as he does;' With respect to walking in the 'narrow way,' his line is so strait that truly 'few there be that find it.'—Most of what he says is solemnly true; and the rest he is not clear in; therefore "let him that exhorteth wait upon his exhortation; and he that prophesieth, on his prophesying." All

men have not the same gifts; all that men say is not to be heeded, but what God says is to be heeded: all that men do is not to be followed, but only so far as they follow Christ."

#### Removal of Mr Powell from Matfield Green to Reading.

How mysterious, very frequently appear the providential dealings of the Lord with his ministering servants! They have experimentally and practically to learn many important lessons; it is necessary that they should have an extensive acquaintance with the various characters constituting the churches of Christ: the genuineness of their faith in Christ, and the divinity of their call to preach the gospel, must, moreover, be tested again and again; and herein lays—as we believe—the cause why they are oftentimes shifted from place to place, and from one section of the church to the other.

Our brother Powell's ministry has come to an end at Matfield Green. He has left it honourably; and the Lord has opened for him an effectual door in Providence Chapel, Reading. A few lines from an epistle of his will be interesting to many of his friends: He says:—

"Prior to my leaving Matfield, we convened a farewell meeting, which was much better than any of us expected. Six ministers were present, and all spoke. The people generally manifested deep regret. The tribute of affection was about £5 8s. The meeting was solemn and comfortable. Father Waterman and family being unwell, none of them were out. It seems very strange, brother Banks, that I should be leaving, without fault in doctrine or practice; with a chapel full of people, and the warm affection of a large majority both of the church and the congregation! Brother Waterman wept when parting! He told me I came there with a good character, and he would give me one on leaving. Where I now am, of course all is yet strange, and I am not yet settled down; and my gospel is perhaps rather strange to some; how things will wear remains to be told."

God grant they may wear well!—ED.

#### Thomas Edwards's Description of a real Servant of Christ.

"WHO is this Thomas Edwards?" This question has been put to us again and again. Here is an answer that Heaven will never deny; that hell can never alter; that earth will never disprove; an answer that both saints and angels will rejoice in around the throne of God. Thomas Edwards is a native of Tunbridge Wells;—a brand plucked from the burning;—a sinner saved by sovereign grace;—one that sincerely and ardently loves Jesus Christ, admires the Gospel of God—esteems very highly the saints of God;—and walks faithfully in the ordinances of God's house; and is moreover, one that has been recently set

upon the walls of Zion, to "PREACH THE WORD." This being his position, you may be sure three things more may be truly said of him: he has enemies *without*: he has some conflicts *within*: but at times his Lord and Master indulges him with soul-comforting communion in private; and a happy ministerial liberty in public. Oh, that his ministry may be abundantly useful in bringing sinners to Christ, in feeding the Church of God! Amen.

Hear what he says himself:

"DEAR BROTHER, one of my hearers called on me yesterday, saying that a person informed him that he was glad Mount Zion Chapel was opened, but regretted that they had not got a proper minister. He therefore called on me to know what was a proper minister. Now although I am not worthy the name of a minister, I could not help the following thoughts flowing into my mind, but glad at the enquiry; and thought it opened a way for a public answer. If you would allow them to appear in your "Vessel," I should feel glad: I know my brother, I am young; and it would look better for an older minister to answer the question, but in this forgive me."

### What is a Proper Minister?

A proper minister, my friend,  
Is one whom God himself doth send,  
His Gospel to proclaim.  
He's one who once was dead in sin,  
But now by grace renew'd within,  
Is truly born again.

He's one by God the Holy Ghost,  
Convine'd of sin, he knows he's lost,  
And by the law condemn'd:  
But notwithstanding sin and law,  
He feels he stand's without a flaw  
In Christ, the sinners' Friend.

A sinner of Jehovah's choice,  
He's one that's heard the Saviour's voice,  
And well that voice doth know:  
For once, while with his grave clothes bound  
He heard His sweet and solemn sound—  
"Loose him and let him go."

Translated by a mighty hand,  
From darkness to Immanuel's land—  
He owns the pow'r divine.  
Created thus, he stands anew,  
And in the workmanship we view  
The Saviour's image shine.

His lip, his life, his walk agree,  
To glorify the One in Three,  
And spread his deathless fame:  
With gospel trumpet in his hand,  
On Zion's wall, at God's command,  
The truth he does proclaim.—

Salvation full and free by grace,  
To Adam's lost and ruin'd race,  
The worst that can be found:  
By God's appointment, sinners hear,  
Believe, repent, with humble fear,  
And bless the certain sound.

Electing love is clearly shewn,  
And efficacious grace made known  
By Zion's Holy King.  
His precious blood, that fountain new,  
So fairly open'd up to view,  
And sinners plunge therein.

From the wardrobe, now then henceforth,  
He brings the robe of matchless worth,  
To clothe the cleansed soul:  
This beautiful and spotless dress,  
Is call'd, Imputed Righteousness,  
And clothes the sinner whole.

He's one that wrestles with the Lord  
For blessings to attend the word;  
He's often at the throne;  
He's one who does not seek the fleece,  
But longs to see the flock increase  
With such as Christ will own.

He takes the Bible as his guide,  
And in the Lord he does confide;  
Yea, looks to him for all:  
For seed to scatter on the ground—  
For wisdom, that he may confound,  
And make his foes to fall.

For grace to strengthen well his heart,  
And love to cheer his inward part,  
And help him well to fight:  
Cloth'd in the armour of the Lord,  
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword,  
He trusts in Jesu's might.

Upon his head, this helmet too—  
Salvation for his hope we view,  
Which glittering in the sun:  
His loins with truth well girt about,  
He puts his enemies to rout,—  
They all before him run.

His feet with heavenly peace well shod;  
His confidence alone in God;  
His hanner he displays,—  
The gentle breezes from on high  
Unfurl it in the gospel sky,  
And sinners Jesus praise.

Things new and old he brings to view,  
And then enforces precepts too,  
As well as doctrine sound:  
He says, where God's own truth's proclaim'd  
And Christ from first to last is nam'd,  
My friends, you should be found.

And when the Lord his labours bless,  
It cheers his heart, revives his breast;  
And, lo! we hear him now—  
With heart and voice uplifted high—  
Love and affection in the cry,  
Exclaim—"Why tarriest thou?"

Since Christ, by faith, you now receive,  
And in his precious name believe,  
Then in his footsteps tread:  
Ye humble souls of Jesu's flock,  
This is the way—despise it not;  
This way went Christ, your head.

He, in this ordinance, can view  
Christ's death and resurrection too,  
Nor cares what others say;  
But with the Bible in his hand,  
He cries throughout Immanuel's land—  
"This in the King's highway!"

This way the Lord himself has made;  
To tread the same we're not afraid,  
When cheer'd by love divine:  
This is the door we enter in,  
The Gospel City of our King,—  
Then eat the bread and wine.

Since Christ alone your soul doth save  
Then, why not bow beneath the wave,  
And rise in him anew?  
Him whose you are, and whom you serve,  
Your ceaseless praises does deserve—  
Then glory in him too.

Since we in all his triumphs share,  
We surely ought his badge to wear,  
Though we should suffer loss:  
May love to Jesus Christ alone  
Enable you his cause to own,  
And humbly take his cross.

These lines, my brother, now I send,  
A public answer to my friend  
Who did the question ask:  
And surely, 'tis my humble cry,  
May such a minister be I,  
And prove so till the last.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 14, 1849.

### The Golden Candlestick in the Temple of the Lord, by Thomas Corby.

UNTIL the manuscript of a sermon, entitled "The Golden Candlestick," &c., came into our hands, we had never heard the name of this good brother, who, it appears, has been preaching the pure Gospel of Christ in Buckinghamshire, and other parts, for some few years. We read the sermon with pleasure, and real soul-profit. It is as clear, as consistent, and as interesting a piece of modern divinity as we have met with lately. There is an unfolding, and spiritual working out of the word of God which bespeaks not only a fruitful mind, but a mind consecrated to God's service, and sweetly guided by God's good Spirit. We hope to hear that this servant of the Lord is settled with a people who may be able duly to appreciate, and extensively to profit by his labours. In justification of what we have said, we make one brief quotation from the discourse itself, which reads thus:—

"Having set forth, as briefly and lucidly as possible, the general order of the temple of Jehovah, in which 'the whole family in heaven and earth, serve him day and night,' we come at once to observe, the object with which it is adorned. In doing this, we may remark, that the 'candlestick all of gold,' is the church of the living God, and is identical with the seven golden candlesticks mentioned in the first chapter of the Revelations, which Christ says are the seven churches. It may, perhaps, at first, appear difficult to reconcile this difference between one candlestick and seven; but the difficulty will quickly vanish by the use of a very simple illustration. There is on each side of this pulpit a candlestick branching out from a single upright; now seven such would constitute seven complete candlesticks; but suppose you unite the seven, by fixing them in one bowl, they are then no longer seven candlesticks, but one, or chandelier. So it is with the church of God—though it is composed of different sections, and it is sometimes found expedient to speak of these sections distinctly from each

other; yet they 'are all one in Christ Jesus,' who when supplicating in behalf of his primitive disciples, said, 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.' The unity of the church with God and itself, constitutes its real efficiency and grandeur. Canticles vi. 10.

"The next thing observable in this candlestick is the material of which it is made: all of gold, without any mixture of baser metal. The image which Nebuchadnezzar saw was composed of various substances, diminishing in value from its 'head of gold,' to its feet, which were a compound of iron and clay. But 'the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold,' like their glorious head, are of the most durable and valuable substance, without dross or alloy. Their intrinsic worth in the divine estimation, is evident from the price with which they were bought, being 'redeemed not with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ.' He parted with all he had to purchase the field in which his golden treasure lay concealed among the heaps of ruin, occasioned by the fall; and though we may traverse the world that lieth in wickedness, without being able to determine where his undiscovered inheritance lies, yet 'the Lord knoweth them that are his;' and in due time he will make them manifest; for being 'appointed heir of all things,' as 'Head over all things to the church,' he appoints unto his servants their work; promising to 'direct their work in truth,' and by means of ministerial appliances he undermines the mountains of sin; and however deeply they may be embowelled in earthliness and unbelief, he brings his hidden ones to light out of every kindred, and nation, and language, and people—leading them with weeping and with supplications to his feet, to be disposed of according to his sovereign pleasure. For it was a covenant declaration and promise of the Father to the Son on his ascension into glory, saying, 'Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.' Psalm ii. 8, 9.

"But when the ransomed of the Lord are brought out, and separated for his use, they are still in need of undergoing a purifying process; just as golden ore when taken out of the earth has to pass through the ordeal of the refiner's crucible, in order to fit it for the immediate use of the artificer. Precious as they are in the sight of the Lord, they are, notwithstanding, greatly compounded of sin and self-righteousness, which must necessarily be purged off, to make them 'meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.' Therefore, they are passed through the fire of the sanctuary, for 'the Lord's fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem.' 'From his right hand went a fiery law for them,' under the action of which they have to lie, till, by its intense heat, they are dissolved into penitence and contrition, when their sins and self-righteousness flow out of their hearts, and foam upon their consciences like a foul scum, filling them with self-loathing, and abhorrence of their evil deeds. But though the flames of a broken law will consume a sinner's self-righteousness,

they cannot separate a sinner from his sins, for those who are under its exciting influence for ever so long a period, find to their great dismay, that iniquities keep continually boiling up within, without their being in any degree 'purged from their own sins.' And, therefore, though it is necessary the law should do its work, by the application of the Spirit, in order 'to make ready a people prepared of the Lord;' it is also requisite they be released from its dominion through the merits of Christ, 'whose blood cleanseth from all sin,' and be subject to the powerful operations of his love, which 'many waters cannot quench,' which 'floods cannot drown;' and which 'hath a most vehement flame;' that being all melted down into indissoluble union with himself, and moulded and fashioned after the image of him that created them, they might answer to the saying that is written, 'This people have I formed for myself, they shall shew forth my praise.' For he hath said, 'I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God.' Zech. xiii. 9."

### Formation of a Gospel Church

UNDER THE PASTORATE OF MR. T. D. WOOD.

A few persons who have been sitting under the ministry of Mr. T. D. Wood in a convenient chapel in Wilderness Row, Goswell Street, were publicly recognized as a Particular Baptist church, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, 1849, on which occasion, the following ministers, Messrs. Eason, Newborn, Coles, Wyard, Box, and Bonner, assisted in the service. Mr. Milner first stated what was not a New Testament church, and what was: and what form that should take as an organized body in the world, strongly disproving the notion of National Christianity and state interference in spiritual matters. That no king-craft or priest-craft has any right to interfere with the solemn rights of conscience. The two officers are those of a pastor and deacon in it, any other is not wanting. Such other would be as an extra wheel to a piece of machinery, it would be in the way. There is order in the Lord's house, which is to be attended to. He did not consider Baptism an ordinance in the church, but one out of it, and in order to coming visibly into it. Baptism does not bring regeneration, but a regenerated person brings Baptism. Persons come into the church by the suffrage of the church they come into, and any one so coming in, is requested to give a reason of the hope that is in them. The ordinances are loved for the Lord's sake, nor do believers go out of the church—at death we but go from the church militant to the church triumphant.

*Mr. Box of Woolwich*—administered the Lord's supper after the right hand of fellowship had been given, and noticed that Mr. Peacock's church was formed here 33 years ago; the chapel being lent them on that occasion—He approved of the faith

and order of Mr. Wood.—He read their articles of faith, or covenant agreement they then pledged themselves to have entered into with each other, which chiefly related to the interchange of Christian duties and feelings towards each other as members of the same body. He then spake of the Lord's Supper, as belonging to them on such a profession of faith; that it was not to be administered in sick chambers, or on the scaffold, but in its proper place, and only to pardoned sinners in the presence of each other; not to be given as a passport for heaven; but because such were saved.

*Mr. Bonner* addressed the Church in a very affectionate, faithful, and reasonable manner. The service proved to be a very interesting and solemn one.

### SPIRITUAL ADORATION.

Oh, that my tongue and heart could praise  
The dear Redeemer all my days,  
Who laid aside his crown, and came  
To save his church from endless shame.

A glorious sight it must have been  
To view this condescending scene;  
The King of heaven to leave his throne,  
And in man's form to earth come down.

But here the scene it did not end;  
He came to be the Sinner's Friend;  
Well knowing Adam's race must die,  
Without one stand their surety.

And to his church a Friend he stood,  
And paid the debt with his heart's blood;  
And when "'Tis finished," he cried,  
Stern justice then was satisfied.

Angels and saints loud praises sing  
To Christ, the sin-atoning King;  
You cannot raise your notes too high,  
For what he did on Calvary.

Lord, hear my poor, but earnest plea;  
Let me not lie so far from thee;  
Do whisper in my soul this tale,  
"Thy foes 'gainst thee shall ne'er prevail."

Thy praise, I fain, dear Lord, would sing:  
But thou must come and touch the string:  
And then, earth, hell, and heaven shall hear  
That thy rich praise I do declare.

"POOR ELIZA."

[To these sincere and simple breathings we must add a little bit of doggerel; which (with much solid comfort) flowed spontaneously from my heart the other morning, when returning from a preaching journey, it was pouring down with snow and rain: all without was gloomy and dull: but my soul within had peace; and as I trudged across Waterloo Bridge, my happy spirit gave vent to the following lines:—

Ten thousand praises I will bring;  
Ten thousand halloclajahs sing;  
I'll make heaven's highest arches ring,  
With adorations of MY KING,  
When home to heaven I come.

More followed; but this comprises all the soul desires here; and all it can enjoy hereafter. ED.]

THE FUNERAL SERVICES AND SERMONS  
FOR THE  
**Late James Harrington Evans,**  
*Of Bedford Row.*

IN our supplementary number, we gave some account of the death of this highly-esteemed and truly useful servant of God. He is gone to his rest; and we now briefly notice the services connected with the funeral.

Mr. Evans died at Stonehaven, in Scotland, on Saturday, December 1, 1849, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; his mortal remains were deposited in Highgate Cemetery, on Thursday, December 6th. On that occasion, Mr. C. Shepherd delivered an address, at the close of which, he gave the following as descriptive of

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MR. EVANS.

Mr. Shepherd said :

"Although Mr. Evans was a great sufferer for three months both bodily and mentally, his sun did at last go down without a cloud, and he passed out of time into eternity without a struggle. Jesus was to his soul as a morning without clouds, and gave him a peaceful end. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' Being asked on one occasion how he felt, he said, 'At peace with God.' But subsequently to this, and on the Sunday (November 25) previously to his death, he was enabled to speak sweetly of Jesus, and the expressions he used, show the deep views he had of the pollution of his nature, and the clear perception the Holy Ghost vouchsafed to him of his acceptance in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. The following extract from a letter written by his beloved wife to one of the deacons of John Street church, November 26, will show that the glorious truths he preached so powerfully to others were the food of his own soul in a dying hour :—

"Yesterday morning I said to him, that I felt sure much prayer was made for him that day; that I had written to you to tell you he was worse, as I felt the church ought to know it. 'You should tell them the state of my mind,' was his reply. I then asked him if he had any message; and he answered, 'Tell them I stand accepted in the Beloved, notwithstanding all my sin, and infirmity, and hellishness.' In a minute he proceeded, 'I never felt more than I do now my sin and hellishness; but in Jesus I stand—Jesus is a panacea.' I had previously remarked how soon he would be with Jesus, and had spoken a little on that subject; and as his mind began to wander, I left the bedside, and sat down by the fire; when, in a few minutes, he said, 'And am I so near eternal glory, and not rejoicing in it?' I replied, 'But I think you do.' To which he answered, 'In a measure.' He was, however, then exhausted, and could not speak more. This morning I read to him parts two and three of the three hundred and sixty-third hymn in our selection, which, from his manner, he much enjoyed, though he did not speak; nor did he when I read some passages of Scripture; but, some time after, when I expressed some sympathy and tenderness, he said, 'But soon to be with Jesus, whom I love;

who loved me before I loved him.' After this (Nov. 26) it may be said, he scarcely spoke at all; but, when released from a body of sin and death, (Dec. 1,) his voice was heard in heaven singing, 'Salvation unto our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb.'"

On the following Lord's-day morning Octavius Winslow preached a funeral sermon, in John-street Chapel, from these words—"Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ;" in the course of which he made the following allusion to one particular period in the life of the deceased.

"There was a period in the early part of his ministry in this place, when his views on two essential doctrines of the Gospel underwent a mournful change. Losing sight of his Model, guided and ensnared by the teaching of man—for this, my brethren, was the secret of his error—he ceased for a moment to hold fast the profession of his faith without wavering. Need I say that it was a mental, and not a moral defection from the truth? For during the whole of the period that he walked beneath this cloud, his single and honest aim was to know and to do the will of God. But what, my brethren, were the effects upon himself of the views which he adopted, preached, and published? A drying up of all unction, a withering of all power, a thinning of his congregation, and an end of all success—indeed, an entire paralysis of his ministry, and usefulness. Beware how you tamper with the Godhead of the Saviour, and with the Divine personality of the Holy Spirit! But it pleased God to recover his servant from these views; and from the moment that he emerged from this temporary cloud, the Sun of Righteousness shone forth in him, and through him, with greater effulgence than ever, nor ceased to shine, but increased in its lustre until he arrived at the perfect day. Oh! what true contrition of heart, what sincere repentance, what deep self-abasement marked his return to the truth! With what touching, heart-melting language—his eyes often suffused with tears,—was he wont to advert to the period of his error. You are witness how earnestly ever after was he both by his pen and his pulpit to repair the injury he had done, and to establish the doctrines he had impugned."

Baptist Noel and Mr. Shepherd also preached sermons on the occasion; but we find nothing of a very striking or interesting nature therein.

NOTICES.

"LINES to the Memory of the late J. H. Evans, embodying an Affectionate Address to the Members of his Church, by Edmund Baxter, will be published in a separate form; and inserted, if possible, in the *Vessel* for February.

"Election, Sanctification, Obedience: or, The Cause, the Means, the End: the Substance of Two Sermons preached in West Bromwich, by C. H. Marston, and published by request;" will be noticed in our next. Also, "No Separation from the Love of Christ; the Substance of a Farewell Sermon by Cornelius Slim."

## THE EXCELLENT PROPERTIES OF THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD,—Grace be with thee and thine.—I am now in the city of New York, on a visit, and here I expect to preach on Sunday next. My health is good, and so is that of my family, and I hope the same is true with you and yours; and I also hope your faith in the everlasting gospel abideth firm and sure, and is in a right healthy condition, and strong enough to honor God, and to trust him, when and where by sense, you cannot trace him. 'Tis most blessed to *have faith in God*, as Christ once said to his disciples. If we might personify faith, we would say of it, *This is the man whom the King delighteth to honor*. But why doth the King, the Lord of Hosts, delight to honor faith? Answer: Because faith will honor the Lord, and the Lord hath expressly said, *Them that honor me, I will honor*: and in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, we may see some of the wonders that this faith hath performed in its time; and having done so much to the honor of its *author and finisher*, we may venture to say, *many graces have done virtuously, but faith excellest them all*; and on it is put double honor, for it is affirmed that God is both its *author and finisher*.

Now I say, I hope your faith, even this very faith of which we are speaking, in the everlasting gospel, abideth firm and sure, and is in a right healthy condition, and able to say now what once it said, to wit, *I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song*. There is something very gainful in faith, for it can forage the fields of bliss, and creep into the bosom of its author, and pluck choice berries from the tree of life, and draw virtue from a divine promise, and gather strength from the furnace of affliction, and acquire a large stock of useful information from poverty's vale, and a flood of light from the decrees of God; and with these things, comfort, cheer, edify, and confirm the believer in the truths of the gospel of Christ; and hence we may consider the faith of God's elect to be a gainful grace to him that possesses it, and I think you and your dear companion in life do possess it. But still I suppose your mind is sometimes in a cloud, and a thick cloud, so that neither sun nor stars in many days

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appear, and you grope as if you had no eyes, and grunt and groan as though the struggles of death were upon you; but groan and mourn as you may, you can't extinguish that holy spark within, nor blot faith out of your book, for it was written there by the finger of God, and must remain there as monumental of his pure and inalienable love to your soul; but at death, however, there will be an alteration made, for faith will be exchanged for fruition, and your better part abide in a clime where changes and war are not known; and towards that pacific and most happy clime, I trust we are hastening.

Come then, my brother, let us take courage and hope in God, and press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. In this world we may look for tribulation, and a heap of trying things; but in the crucified,—the slaughtered Lamb, is peace and rest for ever and ever. It is this that bears our spirits up, in a storm and in an evil day. What, alas! should you and I do but for there being peace and rest in our great High Priest? Surely that frightful monster, sin, would soon reduce us to despair and death. In the sweet consideration of there being a happy home for the soul in Christ, we must and we will be glad, though trials and afflictions await us. With this world, you know, we shall soon have nothing to do. Cares and woes, and sorrows and pains, will all vanish from our sight, so soon as ever eternal noon breaks in upon our souls without a cloud, which will be as soon as mortality is swallowed up of life. In what an improved condition we shall then be placed, and happy shall we be in our new habitation. Think on these things, dear sir, and bless the Lord for his great goodness toward us, for you see how promising our prospects for another world are, and to the Lord our God we are under a very high obligation for the same; and I hope we shall ever feel grateful to him, and before him walk humbly, and serve him in the spirit all the days of our life.

Brother Steadman, I humbly hope that my late visit to England was not in vain in the Lord; and indeed, I am persuaded it was not, but that it will prove to be as *bread cast upon the waters, and found after many days*. If God bless-

eth, none can curse. God's counsel must stand, and he will do all his pleasure; and he hitherto hath, and in future he will, dispose of me in a way that shall redound to his glory and honor; and with this I'm perfectly satisfied, knowing the Judge of the whole earth will do right with me and others. It is a most blessed thing to *be still and know that the Lord is God*: and in this kind of stillness may you and I be found, *when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall*. It is very solacing to an afflicted mind, to know that, although man in and of himself, is a poor frail creature, *in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength*. Here, sir, is safety from the noisome pestilence and the howling storm of divine wrath.

Do pray, my friends, try and think on me when you are before the throne; and fail not to present my best wishes to my friends in Brighton and Bolney. Write to me, if you think well of it, and direct to *Baltimore City, North America*. I expect to print another new work this winter, consisting of letters to my friends in England and America. The volume will contain over 200 pages, and it may be had of Mr. C. W. Banks, of London, as I shall send a box of them to him next spring.

I am, yours, very affectionately,

JAMES OSBOURN.

*New York, Nov. 1849.*

### Holy Waters.

"And he said unto me, Son of Man, hast thou seen this?" Ezek. xlvii. 6.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—As we are commanded to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, I send you a basket of crumbs that you may give them to the doves that sail with you in your *Earthen Vessel*.

We shall first look at the question itself, and then at the object.

I. Hast thou seen this? Reader, answer for thyself. Canst thou say, "Once I was blind, but now I see? Are the eyes of thine understanding opened to see *spiritual* objects? Mind, we do not say *religious* or *moral* objects, but *spiritual*. None but the elect can see spiritual things; therefore, they who do see them are the elect. With them is the secret of holy leaven fermenting the soul—the secret of holy seed vegetating in the heart; and these are shewn the covenant of grace, and the things of that covenant; and these only. Not one of Ishmael's seed can behold spiritual things; and this is the marked difference betwixt the bastard and the heir of promise. They may sit in the same pew, at the same table,

—but the latter sees what the other sees not; hence he is interested often when the other is not. He looks into the holy law of God and perceives that it is spiritual,—while he is carnal, *sold* under sin! And now he looks into himself, and he beholds the *spirituality* of sin, and discovers that its baneful influence contaminates every thought—every idea! From the crown to the sole a virulent leprosy defiles the mental system, and no part is clean! The chambers of imagery are full with the objects of abominable worship! and the man stands aghast at the sight and trembles at the word of the Lord, which thus, in its killing energy, searcheth him throughout. He trembles in himself, lest he should never rest from the days of adversity.

But those very eyes that have, with terror and dismay, been looking into the dispensation of wrath, are bye-and-bye given to look into that of mercy, and to exult in the perfect law of liberty. Now the terrified soul is astonished at the freeness of grace, the richness of love, the fulness of pardon, and the glory of justification, by and through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ! And such is the case with the son or daughter of man given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, and, with the prophet, behold the object before us—the beautiful river of God!

II. "He shewed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal," saith John; the elect, with eyesight given them, are privileged to see the same thing; and your readers, my brother, are to enquire, by the following, if that privilege has been theirs: for indeed it stands as an infallible rule that to see the least matter of the new covenant by divine teaching, is a proof that all that covenant is theirs, seeing none but heirs of promise can behold anything of the things which God hath prepared for those who love him!

And now we have to speak of the source, the water, the channel, and the depths of the river.

1. *The source*. John says it proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb. His brother Ezekiel says it ran out from the temple under the threshold of the house. Upon what is the throne erected and the temple founded? Upon a Rock—and that Rock is Christ! The whole multitude of Israel is found in a land of drought under the conduct of Moses the schoolmaster, who holds in his hand the rod of God, the rod of Truth, and of Justice. With this rod the Rock has been smitten; and lo! the water of life, clear as crystal, flows forth from the one foundation of the church of God! "Upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The fountain was opened for Abel; he, (with all the elect,) washed therein, and was clean. Reader, hast thou seen this?—the smitten Rock, the crucified Immanuel!

2. *The water*. John says again, "This spake he of the Spirit which they that be-

lieve on him should receive." So that we are not left to grope in the dark as to what this water is. Being the water of life, there can be no eternal, or spiritual life apart from it. Nor can the dead do anything to get this water of life; nor doth its Sovereign Giver consult with the inhabitants of his city as to whether he should lay this water on, or whether they would like to have it; for all to a man would say, "No!" "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength, *and ye would not*; but ye said, *No*!" Isa. xxx. 15. Again, "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls. But they said we *will not walk therein*," Jer. vi. 16. Thus, as the Lord knows, if he were to consult with men, and proffer them this holy water, all would say, "No." He doth not tarry for man, nor wait for the sons of men; but passeth by them when he will, and saith LIVE; yea, while in their blood, he saith, LIVE! And thus the holy water is laid on, and man's willing and running is set at nought. While the man is fast asleep in his own house, and in a state of rebellion, the conduit pipe is attached! He is begotten of God, but he knoweth it not; the water of the Spirit is in him, but he believeth it not! Yea, and such are the effects of this holy water when it comes in contact with sin that the man becomes deadly sick, vomits, and pours his liver on the ground! Sin, in all its horrid virulence revives, and a deadly poison seems to paralyze the whole of his legal strength. His soul is hunger-bitten, and his heart is laid in irons. His corruptions effervesce, and the scum thereof overflows and runs from the heart! Reader, hast thou seen this?

3. *Its channel.* Paul saith, "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." The mystery is still the same. The flesh of Jesus is the flesh of the church, yea, our own flesh and bones. *His* without sin, but *ours* with sin; and yet though our flesh is sinful, and our body vile, the flesh is not sin. Sin is the transgression of the law; and therefore only a verbal, or actual thing, and not substantial, though often spoken of under that form of speech: then, if the law is removed, transgression ceaseth: for where there is no law, there is no sin. Now, in my judgment and standing, I am not under the law, consequently, I have, in a virtual sense, "ceased from sin," and, in the exercise of faith in the one offering I have "no more conscience of sins." Hence, by the consecration of blood on the lintels and door posts of my Egyptian house, and by the sanctification of faith, I am holy, so that satan does not touch me. The anointing of blood is my safeguard; and the divine mandate, "Touch not mine anointed," has a holy power! And thus, and thus only "He that is be-

gotten of God, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." 1 John v. 18 Then it follows that by this consecration our bodies are holy; as it is written, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" 1 Cor. iii. 16; vi. 19. Thus it most plainly appears that the flesh of the saints—of the church, even in its fallen condition is the only channel of the river of the water of life in this wilderness world. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels;" the banks of the river, are banks of red earth—banks of clay! Reader, hast thou seen this?

4. *Its depths.* The prophet saith they are of four different degrees; viz., to the ancles, to the knees, to the loins, and then waters to swim in; and these answer to the babe in the womb—shut up under legal bondage; to the sucking child, to the young man, and to the father. Or thus—the seed vegetating under the clods, the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear. And it is through this river the ministerial prophet has to walk according to the measure of faith which he can see among his people. He can see some only like the woman at the well just beginning to drink of this living water; in their case the waters are yet shallow: they are only feeling after Christ, and are little ones indeed. He can look at others; and lo! out of their bellies flow rivers of living water. In prayer and praise they can and do pour forth heart-cheering truth by the blessed teaching of the Holy Spirit. And yet these, as yet, are only knee-deep, milking out, and being delighted with Zion's glory. At others (but these are few indeed) and they have waters to the loins: they are strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and able to overcome the wicked one. Such are young oxen just fit for the ministerial yoke, to plow the ground, and work in the vineyard. Again, he looks, or would like to look at others, perhaps himself; and lo! in such are seen waters to swim in: for there, in them, the glorious Lord is seen a place of broad rivers and streams. Even so. Amen.

W. C. POWELL.

Reading, Dec. 29, 1849.

### Ezekiel's Vision.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—Having spent much time in examining that hidden, obscure, and very profound portion of the divine word contained in the last eight chapters of Ezekiel, (for I may say I have written upon every verse of it,) which would altogether amount to some volumes, I send you what I consider the main drift of the opening verse, for perusal; which, if approved, perhaps I may send you another, and not commit them to obscurity, as I have done so many. It being a portion of the word which is but seldom spoken from, and perhaps but seldom



read generally, from the measurements or hieroglyphical style of its writing, much of it being expressed in numbers, measures, squares, and the like form of expressing it; one remark of this style, "That a great part of the wisdom of the Eastern nations was wrapt up in hieroglyphical emblems and numbers. The symbols of Pythagoras are a remarkable instance of this kind of learning. This method God hath thought fit to make use of to discover some mysterious truths in his word." So writes *Ostervald*. These hieroglyphics cannot be reconciled with the wisdom of the flesh, but are, as I believe them, designed to express, that great **FOUR SQUARE**, as manifested in the whole life, work, walk, and person of Christ; and in accordance with this, "The city lieth foursquare." This is so far as I have been led to see the substance of this vision.

H. W.

### The Holy City, Jehovah Shammah.

"In the visions of God brought he me into the land of Israel, and set me upon a very high mountain, by which was as the frame of a city on the South." Ezekiel xl. 2.

*In the visions of God.*—Mysterious are the visions of sacred Scripture, all of which will appear more clear and explicit in the days of the seventh angel's sounding. "When he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God shall be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets." Seven is a perfect number, which indicates the blast of this trumpet to be the most powerful, clearest, sweetest, and perfect, and best understood in that age during which this gospel is preached. Then the contents of the book given John to eat shall be unfolded, and those visions understood, even those sublime mysteries: especially the glorious vision of God himself, the mystery of the "Three One Jehovah."

*In the visions of God brought he me into the land of Israel.*—I would desire to adore with heartfelt gratitude God the Holy Ghost, in attempting to offer a few poor thoughts on this sublime portion of his word, confessing my entire ignorance, without the light of the Spirit, to understand spiritual things, praising that unutterable grace for bringing a poor worm into this mysterious land of Israel, the glory of all lands, or the church of Christ, a poor sinner at his feet, to own him Lord of all. *He brought me*: here declares the personality of the Holy Spirit, an expression which several times hereafter occurs in this vision. It is the office of the Holy Spirit to lead and enlighten a poor sinner, and to bring into this land. ▲ porter to Christ. (Chapter xl. 1, 24, 25.) Man, by nature, has no capacity to receive truth without him; no one can come here unless brought by his power. This land is hereafter shewn in chapters xlvii. and xlviii.

*And set me upon a very high mountain.*—The apostle says, "See (saith he) that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee on the mount." The temptation of satan with Christ was on a mountain. Christ's sermon, so well known, was from a mountain. He after prayed on one; chose his disciples here; was transfigured on one; crucified on one; ascended to heaven from one, "where Jesus had appointed." The people of God are called to shout from the

top of the mountains: "O Zion, get thee up into the high mountain:" which implies a spiritual elevation of soul, from which, as on an high eminence, a good prospect is presented before the mind—a discernment given of the things of God to the soul: which is sometimes the case with a child of God, filling him with astonishment and wonder—from whence a good view of things is realised to his exceeding joy: and he is set as "upon a very high mountain."

*By which was as the frame of a city on the South.*—This frame is a kind of ground plan, drawn by the glorious Builder of Zion after his eternal mind. The plan of a building, of itself, is dark and enigmatical, best understood by him who framed or drew it, who sees all its parts and proportions by the sketch he has drawn. Such is this mystical frame of Zion; a sight of which faith now and then catches a glimmer of, "as through a glass darkly." Each stone that constitutes this building is in its own place, and according to this frame, which frame-work is from everlasting. The gospel kingdom is meant by it; which is "fitly framed together, and groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord." The same in substance as beheld by John, the New Jerusalem, by whom this vision is opened, explained, and enlarged, especially in the 21st and 22d chapters of Revelation, which is the true key towards a right and profitable interpretation of this, in which the agreement is very striking, in some things there is a difference, but yet, like all other Scriptures, illustrating, each part throwing light on each other by differing. Probably this frame, (in which these *eight chapters* I consider included,) is the outward aspect of the church on earth, taking in its many imperfections connected with it. John's description of the same Zion, may be said to describe the church in its perfect form of worship, seen in Christ as following him. John beholds the last and best estate of it. Ezekiel sees it in its first and after stages of increase. Ezekiel dwells chiefly on observing laws, commands, measures, and "to do them." John's view is higher: he beholds the church complete, "as a bride adorned for her husband,"—having gone through her ceremonies and ordinances as *saved sinners*—having a right in Christ to all the blessings of eternal life. Whereas, Ezekiel has more to do in describing ordinances, and the church in them, not for acceptance before God, but the fruits and evidences of a measured state, as chapters 43 and 44. John beholds a greater glory surrounding the church than does Ezekiel, and expresses it under the idea of golden imagery. "It was of pure gold, as it were transparent glass." Not a word of gold is said by the prophet; but he is to mark well all the particulars of her character; to shew the form and fashion of the house, and take away that which had corrupted it. John's view is the readiness itself—"prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" or, as Christ says, "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." The light of John's city is most glorious, "clear as crystal," whilst much obscurity and darkness surrounds Ezekiel. There is also a marked difference in the way the city was shewed to each of

these servants; both were in captivity, and "carried away in the spirit to a great and high mountain." John saw her "coming down from heaven from God"—Ezekiel views her upon the earth on the mountain;—both see the glorious object connected with it—the Lord Jesus Christ! But how different!—to Ezekiel he appeared as a "man of brass, with a line of flax in his hand, and a measuring reed"—John says, "He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city," &c. So that in summing it up we may say of it, "for brass I will bring gold." Such is the superiority of the gospel view, as described by John, to the glory of the law.

*By which was as the frame of a city on the South.*—Of the city itself; it was a "city of truth;" a "city of righteousness;" the "city of the great King;" the Lord's city builded together; the name of which is given, with all its mystical dimensions, in the last verse—"And the name of the city from that day shall be "Jehovah Sham-mah;" differing from all others in its laws, constitution, and government. What its measures are, my aim has been to give, so far as light hath broke in upon me, concerning them with all its outward appendages; and this was *on the South*. This site indicates pleasantness and fertility, a situation agreeing with, and suited for those trees of meat found growing within it; (Ch. xlvii. 12, 7. Isa. v. 1.) "Streams of the South." We may call this the gospel side, in distinction from the law, which is usually spoken of as the north; "on the sides of the North." This is shewn from another richer, and more fruitful quarter, where the fruits of the Spirit will be seen far more glorious than was ever found on the Old Jerusalem. On the sides of the North, the city of the great King. The whole of this vision must give way; it being an "example and shadow of heavenly things;" for "shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious? By the South light of the gospel the Old is swallowed up, "The whole earth is full of his glory." (See Isa. 54 and 55.) "Having the glory of God, and the light was like unto a stone, most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;" which, by the blessed Spirit, is sealed and revealed to whom he pleases.

H. W.

### "A Sinner Saved by Grace."

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION AND PEACEFUL DEATH OF JAMES TURNERY.

"By grace are ye saved." Ephes. ii. 8.

THE Lord Jehovah has shewn us another instance of his sovereign love by manifesting himself to a poor sinner in the following striking and glorious manner:—

James Turnery, of Slapton, in Buckinghamshire, held a small farm for some few years at the above named place, (since the decease of his father, who held the farm before him under the countess of Bridgewater, being part of her estate;) and like all others of the children of Adam, was born in sin, loved the ways of sin, the practice of sin, and knew nothing of God, or the ways of God, until about eighteen months ago, when the Lord was pleased to bring him into judgment and arraign him at his bar as a guilty, lost, and undoue sin-

ner; and to shew him that without a Saviour, a Substitute, and a Mediator, he must be lost eternally. He saw God would be just in his final destruction. He says of himself, concerning the way he was brought out of darkness into marvellous light, "I once went to London, and while there I went to the Surrey Tabernacle, and heard Mr. James Wells preach, but did not like him, nor the sermon he preached; I hated him, and thought he was a very base person, and would not hear him again; but the next time I went to London, I *must* go to hear Mr. Wells; still I hated his person and his preaching, for it did not suit me; and I thought I never would go to the Surrey Tabernacle any more; but my hatred was overcome by the Lord, for every time I went to London I *must* go to hear Mr. Wells, until at length the Lord was pleased to use him as an instrument in bringing a conviction of sin into my soul; then I felt very uneasy in my mind; often wished I had never heard Mr. Wells at all." He told his uncle several times, "he wished he had never heard that Wells; for he had now such thoughts, and such trouble of mind, that he could get no comfort night nor day. He says, "I was in this state for some time," and being afflicted in his body, he could not have the privilege of hearing the gospel but seldom. He says, "I was afraid to bend the knee to pray to the Lord for forgiveness and mercy for some time, and still thought I should never have been in this dilemma, if I had never heard Mr. Wells preach; (but now I should rejoice if I could hear him again.) I have thought many times I had been such a great sinner there was no mercy for me. Thus I continued for some time, till one Lord's-day evening, when my wife was gone to chapel, (a Wesleyan chapel, there being no other in the village, she being a member of the Wesleyan body,) I was in the house by myself; I knelt down to pray to God; and he that gave me the desire to pray, gave me words also, and I then enjoyed great liberty in my soul. After this, the Lord was pleased to speak to me the following words:—"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." This is the way the words were brought to me; and when I entered my room, I asked for my Bible; and when my wife had given it me, I opened it, and to my astonishment opened on the very words that were brought so forcibly to me just before. I then saw they were not wrote in the way they were spoken to me by the Lord. I found great encouragement from them, and could not help shedding tears, for God had given me that peace that the world can neither give nor take away; and this was what I was longing for; my burden seemed now quite gone; I felt no fear of death, which had been to me before so dreadful. After this, I was sometimes tempted to think I had been deceived; and was deceiving myself: and at other times I felt so comfortable in my mind, that nothing seemed to trouble me. One Lord's-day afternoon I rode to Leighton Buzzard, to hear a Mr. Clarke preach; he was led to speak of my state, describing my character, and I found great consolation under his sermon.

James Turnery was sorely tried because he could find no one that ever came to visit him that understood the trouble of his soul; there were several of his friends and neighbours who were

Weesleyans, that told him he should not be so doubtful; and if he spoke of a guilty conscience, sinful thoughts, and the temptations of Satan, they told him he should not give way to them, but should overcome them by having good thoughts, and praying to God, &c. They did not understand his disease, and were physicians of no value. About this time he obtained a little book wrote by Mr. Corbitt, of Manchester; and in that he found a description of many things he had been the subject of; he found a fellow-feeling, and what Mr. Corbitt had experienced he had experienced himself: this gave him great encouragement, he had a great desire to see me, as he had been informed by his uncle, I had been set at liberty, also under Mr. Wells. I was requested to write to him, and also to pay him a visit. I wrote to him, and when he opened my letter he found it commenced with "*Dear Brother in the Lord;*" he said that was almost too much for him; he thought I did not know what a sinner he was, or I should not have addressed myself to him in that way, and thought he had no part with the brethren of Christ. He read the letter, shed tears over it, felt glad to think I was mindful of him, and I promised to pay him a visit which I did at a time appointed. I paid him a visit and found him reclining on a sofa in his parlour, with two other of his relations; he looked very ill; but his illness was not the slightest trouble to him; he longed for the pardoning blood of Christ to be applied to him; he longed for the manifestation of the love of Christ. He felt assured he was near his end; that he should never recover; but his great concern was about a future life of glory, or eternal misery. He was satisfied the people of God were saved by Christ alone, but he was enquiring "AM I ONE OF THEM?" I wrote again to him, and by some means the letter had not been received by him. His uncle said to him when he had been informed I had wrote to him, "You never told me you had received a letter from Henry." "I have not," says he, "well, (rejoined his uncle) he tells me he wrote some days since." His wife knew nothing about it, (it had been quite forgot) but he went to a drawer where he kept several papers, and opened it, the first thing that met his eye was the letter with the seal still not broken, "*here it is!*" says he, it was a welcome messenger to him. I mention this to show the appetite he had for spiritual things, for other objects he had no relish. I saw him once more after this time, when he told me of the above circumstance, and added, "I have began writing to you several times but it always went behind the fire," he thought but little of himself; but others he esteemed much, thus was fulfilled in him the scripture, "esteem others better than yourself." When I was visiting him the first time, he said I did not know what a great sinner he was; I answered him—"let you have been as great sinner as ever you may, I feel convinced I can prove to you I am a greater sinner than you; but Christ is a greater Saviour, than we are sinners; that is a mercy." He said to his uncle at one time, (he used to work for him occasionally) "next year you will see my grave in the church-yard, when you are at work in this barn." After this his uncle met with a serious accident that nearly terminated in death; he said to him, "I hardly know now whether you will not be called home

first." This had been his prospect; but before the year closes he is called before his uncle, who, through the goodness of God, is recovering from the injury sustained. He was taken worse about a fortnight before his death, and his uncle having sufficiently recovered to visit him once more, went down to see him; he held him by the hand for some time, wept, and rejoiced to see him again before he bid the world adieu; his uncle prayed by him on one occasion, after which he said, "I feel so comfortable in my mind, I do not fear death; and am willing to go now:" about ten minutes after this he said, "I now feel uncomfortable; I do not fear death, but my mind is not so comfortable as I could wish," his uncle said, "I believe before you die, you will leave a blessed testimony that you are saved," and so it was, for on the day he died, being about noon, he said to his relations, "you may go down, and get your dinner," only his sister remained with him; a few minutes only had elapsed, he called her to him, repeating the following words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them," and the following lines:

"There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks, and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day,  
There God the son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore,  
Sickness and sorrow pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more."

The Lord gave him dying strength in dying moments, and he left a blessed evidence, saying, "I AM A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE." These were the last words he uttered that could be understood; he tried to speak afterwards, but not to be understood; he breathed his last without a struggle or a groan, on Lord's day, November the 25th, 1849; (leaving a widow to bewail her loss,) at the age of thirty eight. His mortal remains were interred in the church yard; there to lie till the resurrection morning, when the great trumpet shall sound and awake the dead. On Friday, November 30th, many friends followed him to the parish church, his uncle gave out the hymn he repeated before his death, which was sung by the friends, and others that came to observe the last of one that had been a friend to the poor, and a useful man also. He was a very fearful disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ; he often expressed a wish during his illness to write a letter to Mr. Wells, but was afraid he should thus expose himself as an hypocrite, which he verily believed himself to be. He was very much tempted to think he had not set out right, and more so because many professors of religion that attended him, had not set out in the way he had; but I told him all God's people are brought more or less to feel the terrors of a broken law; and that was the right way; for the Holy Ghost declares, "I kill and I make alive; I wound, and I heal," so there must be a killing before being raised to life; a wounding before the balm

of Gilead is applied; and thus he found what he sought for; though the vision tarried, it was for an appointed time, and he was enabled to wait patiently for the manifestation of Christ as his salvation, and thus, though fearing he had not been called by grace, fearing to take hold of the promises of the Gospel, fearing to call God *his* Father, fearing he was nothing but an hypocrite, fearing he was too great a sinner to be forgiven, yet among all those fears, God did not forsake him, for he knows well how fearful his people are, and this is the reason he has left so many, "fear nots," in the legacy to his children, here we see the power, the mercy, the grace, the justice, and the glory of God manifested in the person of this man poor in spirit, yet an heir of the kingdom of heaven. God grant there may be many thousands more brought in the same way that James Turney was, to the foot of the cross, to view a bleeding Saviour! Amen.

Correspondence between two Relatives of the late Daniel Herbert, of Sudbury.

(Continued from p. 15.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Beloved, for the truth's sake, how shall I thank you enough for your kind, Christian letter? I have read it again and again, and I cannot express to you, dear servant of the Lord, how unworthy I feel, of having such a letter from you, or any of the ministers of the everlasting gospel. It has been a rich feast, and I desire to bless my all-indulgent Lord, for inclining your heart so to write to one of the least of his family. I long to see you, for I shall, I trust, esteem it a great favour to be able to speak to one like you, for I do, dear friend, sometimes stand in such doubt of myself, the little hope I sometimes feel, is gone. I go mourning about, shut up close in "Doubting Castle," and fearing, I never knew what it really was to be born from above. Then again feeling a little hope, that I shall one day praise him with joyful lips, feeling Jesus, dear precious Jesus, somewhat precious to my soul, his people, and his ways precious also, and that I could suffer any thing for him, and I am sometimes bold enough to tell him, that as I have desires in my heart, that only himself can satisfy, as his word declares, nature could not give me these. his work must be begun which he hath promised to complete. Therefore, I must hope against hope, and cry till he grant me the desire of my heart. O! how precious have I found that passage, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee." Surely, had he meant to destroy me, would he have shewed me what he has? But, dear friend, when the heavens seem as brass, and there seems no answer to prayer, how hard it is to say "*He doeth all things well.*" You will forgive my writing so freely to you, it is such a privilege to speak to one that I feel assured is one of the Lord's Watchmen, and will not despise the lisplings of the little ones. I hoped to have been at Westbourne Street before now, but the same day I wrote to you at Tooting,

I was summoned to Town, as my dear father's widow had fallen down and fractured her ribs. I have therefore, not been able to leave her, and on the same account I must beg your kind forgiveness for not having answered your kind letter before. And now may the dear Lord bless you, dear Sir, with his continual smiles, and feed you with the finest of the wheat, is the sincere prayer of yours most affectionately,  
MARY ANNE GROOM.

To Mr. Stenson.

(To be continued.)

A BIBLICAL INTERPRETER.

MR. Samnel Cozens, of Wolverhampton, has, for some time, been closely engaged in the editing of a work which partakes of the nature of an historical and spiritual expositor of the sacred Scriptures. His desire is to issue it in cheap monthly parts, so as to place it within the reach of the poorest of the Lord's servants and people. We trust the Lord will carry him through it, and make the path plain before him; for, from what we have seen of the work it is evidently calculated to be instrumentally useful to Zion at large. We make the following extracts from a letter just received from him.

"ADAMANT, or diamond; a precious stone, the first in rank and value; the most perfect colour is the white. Its name JAHALOM, comes from a word which signifies to *break*, or *subdue*; and from hence a hammer has its name, because this stone breaks other stones, but cannot be broken itself. Some say it cannot be broken by hammers of irons, nor consumed by fire. Jewish writers say Moses used it in hewing the tables of the law, and in fitting the precious stones in the ephod; and Solomon in cutting the stones for the building of the temple. Isaiah v. 6; strong, hard, and obstinate as the adamant is, it is to be softened, and that by blood (Plin. Nat. Hist.) The adamantine heart must yield to the blood of the cross. Ezekiel's forehead was made like an adamant; he was endued with courage, fortitude, and undaunted boldness in declaring the word of God. This stone is used by Jewellers to polish their gems with, and by glaziers to cut their glass with. This stone is first a type of Christ, the stone of stones, (Matt. xxi. 24.) Secondly, of his word, (Jer. xxiii. 29, Exod. xxviii. 18. xxxix. 11. Jer. xvii. 1. Ezek. liii. 9. xxviii. 13. Zach. vii. 12.)

"AGATE, to shine, to sparkle, or to captivate. The second precious stone in the third row of the breastplate. 'And the third row a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst' Exod. xxviii. 19, on which were written the names of Gad, Asher and Issachar. The Agate is of the flint kind; its colours are various, and of different degrees of transparency, they were first found by a river of the same name in Sicily. The gospel—the ordinances of the gospel, are figuratively called windows of Agates, (Isaiah liv. 12) because through it, or by them, the Lord enlightens dark sinners. The piercing rays and the rising beams of the sun of righteousness oftentimes accompany the word spoken, and when it is the case, the speaker is the window through which the light shines into the

human heart. Agates formed a part of the Syrian merchandize; Ezekiel xxvii. 16. They were held to possess a preserving power especially against scorpions.

**AGONY**—to strive in contest. Excessive pain, wherein all the powers of nature are convulsed by wrestling with a fierce and potent antagonist, who agonized (or, according to the Greek, strove) with all the powers of hell, till he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Was ever war like this? The visible God man in conflict with the invisible posse of fallen spirits—*Was ever blood like this!* the body bathed without a wound—

“O Lamb of God was ever love like thine,  
To suffer thus for Israel's sins and mine?”

“I intend comprehending every thing in this work; that is to say, all persons—places—creatures, animate and inanimate—Jewish rights—and gospel ordinances—diseases of the body—and all words of interest.

Errata for January Vessel, page 22, gaping wounds, *not gasping*. This spiritual advocate is given in answer to the prayer of the human advocate, not in “answer to prayers.”

### JEHOVAH-JIREH:

OR, THE PROVISIONS OF A FAITHFUL GOD, AS MANIFESTED IN HIS WONDERFUL DEALINGS WITH THE LATE MRS. ELIZABETH LACHLAN.

THE above is the title of a work recently published in fortnightly parts. From Part 3, we make an extract or two as under, feeling persuaded that many of our readers would be not only interested, but encouraged and strengthened in the divine faithfulness of our adorable Lord, by a perusal of the work. At the close of the first section of the work (wherein an outline of her early life is given,) we find the following explanatory introduction to the second section of the work. The Editor, a Christian physician, to whom was entrusted the valuable manuscript, thus writes:

“This gifted servant of Christ has continued her wonderful history under another form, that of pleading and petitioning before the Lord, by frequent entries in her Diary, which shall be now introduced to the reader's notice, with this observation, that, since it was the will of her heavenly Father that she should be kept so very low in her circumstances, and be brought down to want a few farthings for a meal, so also the marvellous display of God's faithfulness as her JEHOVAH-JIREH were continually manifest day by day for twenty years. These events were the means also, in the Lord's hands, of making her, in truth and indeed, a pilgrim and a sojourner in the world, and of removing her from one part of the metropolis to another, until she had been in upwards of a hundred dwelling places. Here she met with so many characters, witnessed such singular displays of God's power and love, was enabled to lay the truths of salvation before so many souls, that it is very doubtful whether any faithful minister in the Lord's vineyard, has been the instrument for delivering God's truth to so many persons collectively, as she did individually; whether in the streets, or houses, or public conveyances, or shops,

and in visits from house to house, during the years of her spiritual wanderings.”

One short letter is all we can now give; but the deep and fervent spirituality of these letters is delightful.

“*Gloster-street, Queen-square, Feb. 1835.*”

“Come all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell what wonders he hath done for my soul and my body. Holy Lord God, would that I could come before thee as I ought, with deep love, deeper gratitude, and a deeper sense of thy goodness, and love, and faithfulness.

“I had, Lord, three halfpence in my pocket yesterday. I went to the baker's for a twopenny loaf, asking the woman, to whom I have talked of thee, to trust me for the fourth halfpenny. She refused. I bought a penny loaf, and as I looked up to thee, I said, Lord, remember the poor. I have only one halfpenny left. Thou didst answer me, ‘The Lord strengthen thee, and send thee help out of Zion.’ I knew thou wouldst help me, O King of Zion, in whom are all treasures, by whom, out of thy fulness, is every gift dispensed to man. To-day the post brings me a letter franked by the Duke of St. Alban's with a little message from Lady Frederick, and ten pounds from Lady Georgiana. This is the Lord! O, my God, make me to trust thee as mortal man ever trusted thee. ‘Thou shalt guide me with thine eye.’ Make me watch the beckoning of my Father's eye, and when he beckons my footsteps this way, let me instantly run the way of that commandment; and when he beckons me that way, let my soul still call out, ‘howsoever, let me run.’ Let my soul be a helpless kid, dandled in the eternal grasp of the Lion of Judah; and though I be as a ball tossed to and fro, yet let me smile at every danger, and rest in the love of everlasting strength and wisdom.”

### Longing for Home.

O, had I the wings of a bird!  
I'd fly to the regions above,  
Where sorrow and sin are unknown,  
And bask in the sunshine of love.

I'd fly in the arms of my God,  
And tell him the grief of my heart;  
And ask him to let me remain,  
Nor bid me again to depart.

He knoweth the path I have trod,  
How thorny and rough it has been;  
The changes on earth I have had,  
How chequer'd indeed is the scene!

But sweet and delightful the thought,  
Time with me is hastening on;  
The years that are number'd for me,  
Will soon have an end and be gone.

And then O how joyfully I  
Shall leave this clay tenement here;  
These eyes will be peaceful and dry,  
That oft' has shed many a tear.

The cords that now bind me to earth,  
My Jesus will soon cut in two;  
To those that I love here below,  
I shall bid them a joyful adieu.—A. G.

## The Lord, the Redeemer, Husband, and Shepherd of His Saints.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Peter v. 7.

MAN, by nature, is prone to trust to himself, and to an arm of flesh, rather than to God. Well, indeed, is he described as a wild ass's colt: for he goeth astray from the womb, speaking lies. Paul, in Romans iii. 13, says, their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips, and so on: in this state, then, the exhortation would be useless, and in vain; before ever the sinner will turn an ear, to hear for himself, an almighty change must take place; he must be born again—born from above. All his comeliness and beauty turned into corruption, so that it is nothing less than a new creation; he is brought, in some measure, to experience as Job, when he said, "The arrows of the Almighty are within me; the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit, the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me." In this state, and under such distressing circumstances, (as to feeling) the language is truly applicable; and under the divine anointing of the Holy Spirit, the soul is led to cast his care upon Jesus, to venture wholly and entirely upon him, for life and salvation, to hide in his wounded side—to fly to him for the want of a refuge, and to shelter beneath his atoning sacrifice from the burning heat of Sinai's fiery mount. And shall such a soul ever be lost? Not while Jesus can save! for he has given him life, which is eternal life; and while Jesus lives he shall live also. He may, indeed, be permitted to wander upon the dark mountains of sin and folly, and be taken captive by satan, the infernal fowler, who is everywhere laying traps and gins to ensnare his feet; and by his plausible language and cunning devices, to lead him into byepath meadow; but he shall be delivered. Jehovah has declared, "even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty one of Jacob."

There are many cases and perplexities, to which the children of God are subject during their pilgrimage through the wilderness of the world to the heavenly

Canaan; many dark nights of soul desertion they have to endure—many deep tribulations to pass through—many sharp temptations to encounter from satan. Oh, who can tell the awful depths into which the soul sinks, while labouring under some vile, hot temptation! (I could mention one, but I forbear.) Sometimes at my wit's end, wondering where the scene will end: and like Job, my language is, I am made to possess days of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me; when I lie down, I say when shall I arise and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. Many weeping times, mourning times, hungering times, and times when there is hardly a traveller to be found in the same path, are the portion of the royal blood-bought throng here below. But, there is a blessing connected with each of these stages, and the poor soul must be brought into them before he can experience deliverance out of them. Then comes the enjoyment of the blessing, after that ye have suffered; the Cross first, then the Crown. The Great Captain was made perfect through sufferings, and all his noble army have, in their measure, to tread in the same path. He went before them, and endured such an amount of sufferings that they cannot comprehend; and all for them, to bring them to glory. Well might poor Peter say, "casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you," Peter had experienced his blessed care, in many remarkable instances; and knew that none but him could keep them from falling; therefore, would admonish and exhort the church thus to act, and to incite them thereto, for their encouragement says, "For he careth for you." The Lord Jesus Christ careth for his people in four ways:—

1.—As their Redeemer. "For they are his redeemed."

2.—As their Husband. "They are his, betrothed unto him in love—his bride."

3.—As their Father. "They are his Sons and daughters."

4.—As their Shepherd. "They are his sheep."

1.—He careth for you as the Redeemer. He left the throne of his glory, the bosom of his Father and came down

into the lower world, took upon him our nature, pure as it came out of the hands of God, when he made man in its pristine purity, and in that nature, in union with his divine, suffered, bled, and died, to redeem his church, who had sold herself for nought, was sunk in ruin, death, and degradation, by the sin of her first parents and by actual transgression; as a law breaker, she was arrested by divine justice, and her sentence was passed, even her condemnation and death; but Jesus, in the fulness of time, appeared to put away her sin by the sacrifice of himself; he had entered into covenant from everlasting with the divine Father on her behalf, and had become her Surety. The eternal Father trusted in the Son of his love, and by virtue of the faith the Father had in him, all the Old Testament saints were saved with an everlasting salvation, and were admitted into the heavenly rest; to the praise of his glory who first trusted in Christ.

2.—He careth for you, as a Husband. And in this relation how kind, tender, and affectionate he manifests himself to his beloved Bride; he calls her, "his choice one, his love, his undefiled one. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" He has entered into marriage union with her, he has undertaken to provide for all her necessities here below, and to consummate the whole when time shall be no more. As she stands in union with the Lamb, she is free from all condemnation, and ever was, and ever shall be. O yes; she stands in him all glorious! "her raiment is of wrought gold; yea, of the golden wedge of Ophir. And in raiment of needlework shall she be presented before the throne of his glory, without spot or blemish, or any such thing." He has manifested the love he bore her, in that he found her in her blood, and said unto her, "live!" yea, in her blood, he said unto her, "live!" She had wandered far from him, and played the harlot with many lovers, yet his language was not like Moses, which was, "Write a bill of divorcement." No! but, "Behold I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall, that she shall not find her paths. Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her, her vineyards from thence, and the

valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth, and as in the days when she came up out of the land of Egypt." Hosea ii. 6, 14, to 20. "Fear not! thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee, and with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs! let me see thy countenance; let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

3.—He careth for you as a Father. What a striking proof have we of the care and love of our covenant God; in that character, he is the everlasting Father, he has pity joined with power. Like as a father pitieth his own children even so is the Lord manifest unto them that fear him. For he knoweth whereof we are made, he remembereth that we are but dust, a bruised reed will he not break, nor quench the smoking flax. We have recorded in parable his love towards his prodigal son, he received his portion of his father, and went off into the country; and when he had spent all, (blessed state) he would have satisfied himself with the husks which the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. (Read Luke xv. 12, to 24.) How the father shewed his love! "the father saw him a great way off, and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him." The father's love was the same; and when he saw the poor forlorn creature returning, it manifested itself to the beloved object. There was no recrimination, no casting off, and sending to hell, as some would have us to believe; but, on the contrary, the father called for the best robe to be brought forth, and put upon him; a ring for his finger, and shoes for his feet, that he might appear, indeed, as a son, adorned to sit down to feast on the fatted calf. Such is the love of God to his dear children; and as Kent has left on record:

"Glory to God, they ne'er shall rove  
Beyond the limits of his love;  
Fenc'd with Jehovah's *shall's* and *wills*,  
Firm as the everlasting hills."

4.—He careth for you as a Shepherd. The patriarch, Abraham, knew something of that care, when the Lord told him to leave his kindred and his father's

house, and get him to a land that he would shew him. As a shepherd leads his flock, so the Lord led him, as also Isaac and Jacob. The Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye.

David, under the influence of a sweet testimony in his soul, could say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." How do you know that David? "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters." But will not your Shepherd forsake you if you stay away from him? Oh, no! "He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of his righteousness, for his name-sake." The Lord Jehovah tried and tested the *care* of the Shepherd for his sheep, when he called out, "Awake! O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts." "Smite the Shepherd"—he stood his ground, and received into his heart the sword of Divine justice. In the days of his flesh he said, "I lay down my life for the sheep; and he that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Here we behold him made perfect through sufferings, he had to enter under the curse of a broken law. The fulfilling and magnifying of that law, was the door through which Jesus, as the Great Shepherd of the sheep, had to enter, and by that act consecrated and opened up a new and living way, through which, if any man enter, he shall be saved; and go in and out and find pasture.

As a Redeemer he is great and glorious! his finished work angels desire to look into; the saints admire, and by faith triumph in, even in this lower world; and when the last elect sinner shall be called in, then shall time be swallowed up in vast eternity! the Lord Christ will deliver up the kingdom unto the Father, and God be all in all. They shall then sing without a jarring note; and—

"Grace shall be their lovely theme,  
Free redemption! glorious scheme!  
This will be the song above,  
Praise to Jesus' bleeding love."

As a Husband, he is full of loving-kindness and tender compassion. He is not ashamed to own his bride; he was not ashamed of her before time, when

he entered into covenant with the Father on her behalf, and betrothed her unto himself in righteousness. He was not ashamed of her in time: no; but consoled her and went about doing her good, and he will not be ashamed of her at the great resurrection day; but will present her to the Father, decked in all mediatorial glory.

"O may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face:  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold."

As a Father he ever watches over the best interests of his children, he will never spare the rod, and so spoil the child; if they be disobedient he will correct them. "For whom he loveth he chasteneth, not for his pleasure, but for their profit, for the Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever; he always has an ear to their cry, and his pity is joined with power."

"Father," the rebel cries,  
"I've sinned against thy love;"  
The Father then replies,  
"Bring hither the best robe;"  
Yes, bring it forth, and put it on,  
For this, my son's alive again.

"Put shoes upon his feet,  
And on his hand a ring;  
Bring forth the fatted calf,  
And let us eat and sing;"  
And now the Father's house abounds  
With joy, and sweet harmonious sounds.

As a Shepherd, he is ever watchful, ever mindful of his flock; he knows their weaknesses and their wants, he knows their enemies who would devour them if they could; and the cunning they manifest to allure them away from the fold. He has taught the sheep to distinguish between his voice, and the voice of strangers: they know his voice and follow him; but a stranger they will not follow. Satan, the wolf of hell, would worry and destroy them; and sometimes the sheep are permitted to wander on the dark mountains of doubt and unbelief; and what havoc the devil would make amongst them there, if he were to have his will and pleasure concerning them. But—

"He may assault and oft annoy,  
'Tis all he can; he can't destroy."

No; the great Shepherd has his eye upon them, and he will never lose one, or



suffer satan to touch that life which he has purchased by his death.

All his sheep shall come to Zion,  
With them he will never part ;  
Beasts of prey, nor roaring lion,  
None shall pluck them from his heart,  
All his chosen ;  
Cost him wounds, and blood, and smart

Reader, we shall soon have to cross the river Jordan : may it be our happiness to say with the Apostle Paul, feelingly, in our soul's experience, " For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Then we can also sing with the poet ; and when under the sweet anointings of the blessed Spirit, TRIUMPH in the blissful anticipation thereof.

" Yes, I shall soon be landed,  
On yonder shores of bliss ;  
Then, with powers expanded,  
Shall dwell where Jesus is.

" I soon shall reach the harbour,  
To which I speed my way ;  
Shall cease from all my labour,  
And there for ever stay.

" Sweet Spirit, guide me over  
This life's tempestuous sea ;  
Keep me, O Holy Lover,  
For I confide in thee !

" O that in Jordan's swelling  
I may be helped to sing,  
And pass the river, telling  
The triumphs of my King !"

A POOR WORM.

THE

### Unsearchable Judgments of God.

BRETHREN, BELOVED :—*Finity* never can comprehend *Infinity*. God in his sovereignty has circumscribed and set bounds to the intellect of elect and holy angels : he has set bounds to the intellect and knowledge of fallen angels, or devils : God has bounded the intellect and knowledge of wise philosophical men of the world ; though, indeed the wise children of this world, in their generation, are wiser than the children of light, and oftimes the worldly wise, intellectual preacher in a pulpit, has more to say, and shines brighter in the eyes of men than a spirit-taught, humble, spiritual preacher ; for the worldly religious are more pleased with noise, show, and a multitude of fine words, than they are with sober, sound, spiritual, experimental truth. But, " God hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed them unto babes." And God has set bounds even to revelation,—" Secret things belong unto God."

Many men's preaching have much power and attraction in it—but then it is human

power and physical force : human wisdom forcing itself into divine mysteries to make a display before men to exalt itself, without the soft, sweet, anointing power of the Spirit : the power of man, rather than the power of God ; so " If the iron be blunt, they put more strength to it." But the power of the Spirit in preaching, is first—to sinners under the law, like a hammer that breaks the rocky heart ; and then, as a holy melting fire, to dissolve it in contrition, and melt it with love and mercy at a sight of the bleeding wounds of Christ : " Not by power, not by might, (of man) but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Thus, the power of a mere *intellectual preacher* is quite different from a *spiritual preacher* anointed by the Holy Ghost. The former forces things upon your understanding : the latter, by the help of the Spirit, opens the door of your understanding, oiling the hinges, while his hands, tongue, and his lips drop with myrrh, and sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the locks ; for if through his preaching Jesus enters in at the door, and the Spirit anoints your soul, the room (the earthly tabernacle) is filled with the odours " His spikenard gives a good smell."—Song.

But to return to the subject.—" How unsearchable are his (God's) judgments, and his ways past finding out." Then, who among angels, or the fallen sons of men, dare step into the judgment seat of God ? The holy and elect angels will not do it. They, in modesty, veil their faces before him, being conscious that their knowledge is circumscribed and limited : modestly desiring to learn, and look into the mysteries of God taking human flesh, and bleeding on a tree, for rebellious man's sin. The intellect of proud fallen angels is limited, and through pride and malice, their judgment confused, though indeed they would set in judgment upon the Son of God in the flesh—questioning his power and divinity. Thus saith the devil—" If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down ;" viz—off the pinnacle of the temple. Proud angels and proud men would know and do something very great for admiration : and would test others according to their own pride and judgment of greatness. " If thou be so great, shew us something that will make the world admire thee—shew us something that will make the world wonder : come, jump off church-steeple, and pinnacles of the temple ; turn stones into bread ; admire me for my greatness, and worship me as all the world do—as their god, for I can do wonderful things : if thou doest these things, I will take thee into my service, and all the kingdom of the world shall admire thee as a wonderful conjuror in my dominions, and thou shalt be counted great in the world." Thus the judgment of fallen angels, and proud men's cunning greatness is broken and confused through pride. Their light is darkness. Thus satan in his way, would have made the Redeemer great in this world, and the men of the world have

made a worldly king of him. But their glory was no glory to him. Suffering, despised, dying men, let us look at Christ's dying, rising, reigning glory, and remember that if we suffer with him, we shall reign with him. Rather than be carried away with the glory of the world, the glory of proud men, and the glory of the devil, let us rather thank God, that if by any means he blasts this glory from us, and humbles us with his humble Son, who was humbled unto death for us, to destroy the works of the devil, overcome the world, and bring us to the knowledge of his love here, and his glory hereafter.

If the judgment of holy angels, the judgment of fallen angels, the judgment of philosophical men, the judgment of judges in an earthly court, and the judgment of the Christian man, while on earth, is limited, and oftimes confused, concerning men and things here, oh how daring, proud, and ignorant must be that poor mortal, who blindly rushes into God's judgment-seat to be a judge of his judgments!!! Some author has truly said, "But fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Brethren! Let us be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath. For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. And let us be slow to judge, because our judgment in many things is so shallow and limited. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." How can we be judges of God's judgments upon others? Are we greater than the apostle Paul? We are sure that he had the spirit of God, and drank deep at the stream of revelation; still his judgment and knowledge was limited in God's judgments upon men. For God has his own secrets that he gives no man an account of, though we know that his judgment and judgments are according to truth. Hear the greatly inspired, able-minded, yet humble Paul; "O the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!"

Truly spiritual men have a spiritual knowledge and judgment in spiritual things, some more, some less, according to the ability which God giveth, in the limits of his revealed word, and the revelation of his Spirit, according to which they have a judgment and knowledge of truth and error, and a judgment of men by their works, words and actions here on earth. But to attempt to invade omniscient infinity, and step into God's judgment throne, to be a judge of his judgments is daring presumption!

Job's affliction, was reckoned by some, as a judgment from God upon him for his sin, which indeed was but God's solemn teachings, fatherly instruction and correction. When the angel lamed Jacob, ignorant men might have said it was a judgment of God upon him, when they saw him limping and halting upon his thigh, but it was only God's love to him, in weakening the old outward man, that the new and inward man might be strong in the Lord and the

power of his might. And so it is with all the seed of Jacob now, who are made to feel their infirmities and weakness, that the power of God may rest upon them. The devil, and ignorant men might suggest, when the apostles were stoned and beaten with rods, that it was God's judgment upon them, whereas their wounds were only scars of honour while fighting with the world, sin and satan, in God's holy war. Thus I might go on at length, but I will conclude by saying, brethren, be sparing in judgments upon others, but abundant in mercy. It is a sorry mistake in men, and evinceth great ignorance, pride and presumption, when they are offended, and their pride mortified by any one, to say if any common calamity come upon the person, or person so offending them, O it is a judgment of God upon them because they offended me! Who is ME? and who am I, that God should bring down judgments upon other saints of his, because they have offended me, when perhaps I was as much, or more in fault than they were. What! because my will is thwarted, my conceit pulled down, my follies rebuffed, and my pride mortified, shall I say, if any affliction come upon them who thus have, perhaps justly offended ME, O it is a judgment of God upon them, because they offended me? If we see, feel, and know what we are, and are sensible of our vile-ness and rebellion, and are under a right influence, we shall rather say, I wonder that God could bear so long with such a wretch as I am; I wonder that his judgment has not been brought down upon my head, and sent me to hell. In families sometimes, there is a proud, overbearing boy among the rest, who is determined to be master, and afflict his brothers wrongfully, and then if his brothers say, or do the least thing to him to thwart his will, off he goes to his father, "father! will you flog them boys, they meddled with ME, give them a good flogging, and if you kill them I don't care!" But the father has been a silent observer, and knoweth from whence the offence cometh; presently he takes the rod into his hand, and says, "come you hither my lad," and he lays the rod on him so sharply, till the boy begin to question whether the father has any mercy or love for him at all. Then he puts him in the cellar, saying, "there my lad take that, and learn to be a good boy."

During my pilgrimage, and even in my own experience, many such things have come under my notice, of which I could write at length, but now forbear. Brethren, under the affliction of nations, calamities in our own nation, churches, families, and afflictions in our own souls, may we learn to be good boys, and neither fight one another, slander one another, nor run about telling tales of one another, and if we have been bad boys, let us learn to be better boys and mind what our Father says to us. "Little children, see that ye love one another."

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, December 19, 1848.

A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE

## Sufferings and Sorrows of James Pennington;

*Who was delivered from American Slavery, & raised up into the Ministry of the Gospel.*

(Continued from p. 9, Vol. VI.)

"The sun was now quite down behind the western horizon, and just at this time a heavy dark curtain of clouds was let down, which seemed to usher in haste the night shade. I have never before or since seen anything which seemed to compare in sublimity with the spreading of the night shades at the close of that day. My reflections upon the events of that day, and upon the close of it, since I became acquainted with the Bible, have frequently brought to my mind that beautiful passage in the Book of Job, 'He holdeth back the face of His throne, and spreadeth a cloud before it.'

"Whatever my readers may think of the history of events of the day, do not admire in it the fabrications; but see in it the impediments that often fall into the pathway of the flying bondman. See how human bloodhounds gratuitously chase, catch, and tempt him to shed blood and lie; how, when he would do good, evil is thrust upon him.

"On entering the wood, I found myself embosomed in the darkness of the night, and entangled in a thick forest of undergrowth, which had been thoroughly wetted by the afternoon rain.

"I penetrated through the wood, thick and thin, to the distance of three miles. By this time my clothes were all soaked through, I felt a gloom and wretchedness; the recollection of which makes me shudder at this distant day.

"I was now out of the hands of those who had so cruelly teased me during the day; but a number of fearful thoughts rushed into my mind to alarm me. It was dark and cloudy, so that I could not see the north star. How do I know what ravenous beasts are in this wood? How do I know what precipices may be within its bounds? I cannot rest in this wood to-morrow, for it will be searched by those men from whom I have escaped; but how shall I regain the road? How shall I know when I am on the right road again?

"These are some of the thoughts that filled my mind with gloom and alarm.

"At a venture I struck an angle northward in search of the road. After several hours of laborious travel, dragging through briars, thorns and running vines, I emerged from the wood and found myself wading marshy ground and over ditches.

"I can form no idea of the distance I travelled, but I came to a road about three o'clock in the morning, and pushed on with all my speed.

"A fresh wind had sprung up; it was chilly and searching. This with my wet clothing made me very uncomfortable; my nerves began to quiver before the searching wind. The barking of mastiffs, the crowing of fowls, and the distant rattling of market waggons, warned me that the day was approaching.

"The day dawned upon me when I was near a small house and barn, situate close to the road side. The barn was too near the road, and too small to afford shelter for the day; but as I cast my eye around by the dim light, I could see no

wood, and no larger barn. It seemed to be an open country to a wide extent. The sun was travelling so rapidly from his eastern chamber, that ten or fifteen minutes would spread broad daylight over my track. I therefore took to the mow of the little barn at a great risk, as the events of the day will show. It so happened that the barn was filled with corn fodder, newly cured and lately gotten in. You are aware that however quietly one may crawl into such a bed, he is compelled to make much more noise than if it were a feather-bed; and also considerably more than if it were hay or straw. Besides inflicting upon my own excited imagination the belief that I made noise enough to be heard by the inmates of the house who were likely to be rising at the time, I had the misfortune to attract the notice of a little house-dog, he commenced a fierce barking. I had at once great fears that the mischievous little thing would betray me; I fully apprehended that as soon as the man of the house arose, he would come and make search in the barn. It now being entirely daylight, it was too late to retreat from this shelter, even if I could have found another; I, therefore, bedded myself down into the fodder as best I could, and entered upon the annoyances of the day, with the frail hope to sustain my mind.

It was Thursday morning; it was not until about an hour after the sun rose that I heard any out-door movements about the house. As soon as I heard those movements, I was satisfied there was but one man about the house, and that he was preparing to go some distance to work for the day. This was fortunate for me; the busy movements about the yard, and especially the active preparations in the house for breakfast, silenced the dog until after the man had gone, when he commenced afresh, and continued with occasional intermissions through the day. He made regular sallies from the house to the barn, and after smelling about, would fly back to the house, barking furiously; thus he strove most skilfully throughout the entire day to raise an alarm. There seemed to be no one about the house but one or two small children and the mother, after the man was gone. About ten o'clock my attention was gravely directed to another trial: how I could pass the day without food. The reader will remember it is Thursday, and the only regular meal I have taken since Sunday, was yesterday, in the midst of great agitation, about four o'clock; that since that I have performed my arduous night's travel. At one moment, I had nearly concluded to go and present myself at the door, and ask the woman of the house to have compassion and give me food; but then I feared the consequences might be fatal, and I resolved to suffer the day out. The wind sprang up fresh and cool; the barn being small and the crevices large, my wet clothes were dried by it, and chilled me through and through.

I cannot now, with pen or tongue, give a correct idea of the feeling of wretchedness I experienced; every nerve in my system quivered, so that not a particle of my flesh was at rest. In this way I passed the day till about the middle of the afternoon, when there seemed to be an unusual stir about the public road, which passed close by the barn. Men seemed to be passing in parties on horseback, and talking anxiously. From a word which I now and then overheard, I had

not a shadow of doubt that they were in search of me. One I heard say, 'I ought to catch such a fellow, the only liberty he should have for one fortnight, would be ten feet of rope.' Another I heard say, 'I reckon he is in that wood now.' Another said, 'Who would have thought that rascal was so 'cute?' I listened and trembled.

"Just before the setting of the sun, the labouring man of the house returned, and commenced his evening duties about the house and barn; chopping wood, getting up his cow, feeding his pigs, &c., attended by the little brute, who continued barking at short intervals. He came several times into the barn below. While matters were passing thus, I heard the approach of horses again, and as they came up nearer, I was led to believe that all I had heard pass, were returning in one party. They passed the barn and halted at the house, when I recognized the voice of my old captor; addressing the labourer, he asked, 'Have you seen a runaway nigger pass here to-day?'

"LABOURER.—'No; I have not been at home since early this morning. Where did he come from?'

"CAPTOR.—'I caught him down below here yesterday morning. I had him all day, and just at night he fooled me and got away. A party of us have been after him all day; we have been up to the line, but can't hear or see anything of him. I heard this morning where he came from. He is a Blacksmith, and a stiff reward is out for him, two hundred dollars.'

"LAB.—'He is worth looking for.'

"CAP.—'I reckon so. If I get my clutches on him again, I'll mosey him down to——before I eat or sleep.'

"Reader, you may if you can, imagine what the state of my mind was at this moment. I shall make no attempt to describe it to you; to my great relief, however, the party rode off, and the labourer after finishing his work went into the house. Hope seemed now to dawn for me once more; darkness was rapidly approaching, but the moments of twilight seemed much longer than they did the evening before. At length the sable covering had spread itself over the earth. About eight o'clock, I ventured to descend from the mow of the barn into the road.

"All I could do was keep my legs in motion, and this I continued to do with the utmost difficulty. The latter part of the night I suffered extremely from cold. There came a heavy frost; I expected at every moment to fall on the road and perish. I came to a corn-field covered with heavy shocks of Indian corn that had been cut; I went into this and got an ear, and then crept into one of the shocks; eat as much of it as I could, and thought I would rest a little and start again, but weary nature could not sustain the operation of grinding hard corn for its own nourishment, and I sunk to sleep.

"When I awoke, the sun was shining around; I started with alarm, but it was too late to think of seeking any other shelter; I therefore nestled myself down, and concealed myself as best I could from the light of day. After recovering a little from my fright, I commenced again eating my whole corn. Grain by grain I worked away at it; when my jaws grew tired, as they often did, I would rest, and then begin afresh. Thus, although I began an early breakfast, I was nearly the whole of the forenoon before I had done.

"Nothing of importance occurred during the day, until about the middle of the afternoon, when I was thrown into a panic by the appearance of a party of gunners, who passed near me with their dogs. After shooting one or two birds, however, and passing within a few rods of my frail covering, they went on, and left me once more in hope. Friday night came without any other incident worth naming. As I sallied out, I felt evident benefit from the ear of corn I had nibbled away. My strength was considerably renewed; though I was far from being nourished, I felt that my life was at least safe from death by hunger. Thus encouraged, I set out with better speed than I had made since Sunday and Monday night. I had a presentiment, too, that I must be near free soil. I had not yet the least idea where I should find a home or a friend, still my spirits were so highly elated, that I took the whole of the road to myself; I ran, hopped, skipped, jumped, clapped my hands, and talked to myself.

"Saturday morning dawned upon me; and I began to feel a hunger more destructive and pinching than I had before. I resolved, at all risk, to continue my travel by day-light, and to ask information of the first person I met.

"A little after the sun rose, I came in sight of a toll-gate; I found it attended by an elderly woman; I asked her if I was in Pennsylvania. On being informed that I was, I asked her if she knew where I could get employ? She said she did not; but advised me to go to W. W., a quaker, who lived about three miles from her, whom I would find to take an interest in me. She gave me directions which way to take; I thanked her, and bade her good morning, and was very careful to follow her directions.

"In about half an hour I stood trembling at the door of W. W. After knocking, the door opened upon a comfortably spread table; the sight of which seemed at once to increase my hunger sevenfold. Not daring to enter, I said I had been sent to him in search of employ. 'Well,' said he, 'Come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm, and we will talk about it; thee must be cold without any coat.' '*Come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm!*' These words spoken by a stranger, but with such an air of simple sincerity and fatherly kindness, made an overwhelming impression upon my mind. They made me feel, spite of all my fear and timidity, that I had, in the providence of God, found a friend and a home. He at once gained my confidence; and I felt that I might confide to him a fact which I had, as yet, confided to no one.

"From that day to this, whenever I discover the least disposition in my heart to disregard the wretched condition of any poor or distressed persons with whom I meet, I call to mind these words—'*Come in and take thy breakfast and get warm.*' They invariably remind me of what I was at that time; my condition was as wretched as that of any human being can possibly be, with the exception of the loss of health or reason. I had but four pieces of clothing about my person, having left all the rest in the hands of my captors. I was a starving fugitive, without home or friend—a reward offered for my person in the public papers—pursued by cruel man-hunters, and no claim upon him to whose door I went. Had he turned me away, I must have perished. Nay, he took me in, and gave me of his food, and

shared with me his own garments. Such treatment I had never before received at the hands of any white man.

“A few such men in slaveholding America, have stood, and even now stand, like Abrahams and Lots, to stay its forthcoming and well-earned and just judgment.”

(To be positively continued in our next.)

### EXPERIENCE,

BY J. S. WHITAKER, P.L.S.

WHEN first to Moses brought,  
I found out to my cost  
He took me by the throat,  
With “pay me that thou ow’st:”  
I very quickly wrought  
With labour, toils and sweat,  
But found I only got  
The deeper into debt.

Sometimes I thought I had  
Some great advances made,  
But something very bad  
Soon knock’d this on the head;  
The law’s first rightful claim,  
At “fifty pieces” stood,  
But I increased the same,  
Till I “five hundred” owed.

The thunders pealing by,  
Now tore afresh my breast,  
Like Job I curs’d my day  
And envied every beast;  
Sunk in the horrid pit,  
Plung’d in the miry clay,  
I still contriv’d to get  
More filthy every day.

My hopes were past and gone,  
To work I had no strength,  
Of money I had none,  
And thus I lay; at length  
I strove to raise a cry  
While smiting on my breast,  
Lord undertake for me,  
For I am sore oppress’d.

Lord, save my guilty soul  
From dropping into hell,  
Thy wrathful waves controul,  
Nor sink me in their swell;  
I have not ought to say,  
Why sentence should not pass,  
Not ev’n one mite to pay  
To obviate the curse.

As peaceful streams that flow  
I heard a heavenly sound  
Say, “loose him, let him go,”  
For I’ve a ransom found;  
I saw thee from above  
When in thy blood thou wert,  
And in a time of love  
Spread over thee my skirt.

I said unto thee, live,  
I say, arise and shine,  
Remission now receive  
In full, for thou art mine;  
I will be with thee in  
Six troubles and in seven,  
And surely come again  
To bring thee safe to heaven.

O! loving kindness great,  
And better far than life  
To reach my low estate,  
Of sinners very chief,  
What was it met the ease  
Of such a worthless wretch?  
It was almighty grace  
Put to Almighty stretch.

O! when I once shall see  
Thy face so greatly marr’d,  
And see Thee full display  
Thy hands and feet so scarr’d,  
Then with immortal parts  
My ravish’d soul shall own  
Had I ten thousand hearts,  
Thou shouldst have every one.

### LINES

Written by Pastor Drake to a Sister in Christ.

DEAR SIR:—The following lines were written by our good brother Drake to a sister in Jesus, many years ago. She has long since gone to her eternal home. Thinking they might be acceptable to some of your numerous readers, in like circumstances, I am induced to send them, if you think the Lord will approve and bless them, through the medium of the ‘Vessel,’ which still floats on the waters of salvation. Praying that you may be kept strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, I am, dear sir,  
Yours in Him,  
C. J.

Chatham, October 1, 1849.

“It is well.” 2 Kings iv. 26.

YES, christian traveller to the promis’d rest,  
Tho’ sore afflictions now thy bosom swell,  
Thy covenant God ordains it for the best,  
And, ‘midst your sharpest trials, ‘it is well.’

Ere stars were fix’d—or earth’s foundations laid,  
His thoughts of love did on his chosen dwell;  
He receiv’d them all in Christ, their living Head,  
And from eternity, with them, ‘twas well.’

When, with the giddy throng, you run the race  
Which leads to woe, did he not break the spell,  
And guide your feet into the way of peace,  
While angels joy’d o’er you, and sang—‘tis well.’

And when you sought to him in deep distress,  
And low before his throne of mercy fell—  
Did he not say, from henceforth ‘I’ll thee bless?’  
While your eas’d heart responded ‘It is well!’

Amidst severest trials you have found  
His presence near, your rising fears to quell;  
And tho’ unnumber’d foes beset you round,  
By him supported, it has yet been ‘well.’

How oft, when smarting ‘neath his chast’ning rod,  
Has some sweet promise cheer’d you in your cell;  
And you have prov’d him still the faithful God  
In your affliction, and have said, ‘tis well.’

When cares for your dear children made you groan,  
(And like as Abraham pray’d for Ishmael,)  
You’ve borne them in your cares, before the throne,  
And found relief—assur’d it should be ‘well.’

Has he not heard and granted your request,  
And caus’d your child of his rich grace to tell?  
While she, with you together, have confest  
The Saviour’s goodness, saying ‘It is well.’

Tho’ much she lov’d, and was by you belov’d,  
The Saviour’s love to her was greater still;  
And tho’ her sickness-death a trial has prov’d,  
His voice is in it, saying, ‘It is well.’

And from the throne of glory could she speak  
Of those bright joys which in God’s presence dwell,  
What heavenly music on your ears would break,  
Rejoice, dear father, mother, ‘It is well!’

## WHO ARE ENGLAND'S FAITHFUL WATCHMEN? WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

(Continued from p. 21.)

I WAS on my way from Hounslow, where I had been speaking in the Lord's name, when I was led to reflect upon the present position of some of the faithful servants of God. I thought it was a most encouraging fact that the Lord is still raising up many truly devoted men in the ministration of the gospel. Romaine, Huntington, Hawker, Gadsby, Watts Wilkinson, George Francis, John Stevens, Harrington Evans, David Denham, John M'Kenzie, and many more, are gone home to their rest; there are a few venerable witnesses yet on the walls; Joseph Irons, John Warburton, Master Sutton, John Kershaw, John Andrew Jones, Friend Martin, of Malmesbury, John Foreman, and a few beside; but, before a very many Christmases are gone over England's head, some, if not all of these highly-favoured men, will have finished their course, and be in the presence and kingdom of their Redeeming Lord. What prospect have we that the places of our departing brethren will not be left altogether vacant? Blessed be God, the prospect is good. In every part of England, we have a few clean, faithful, zealous, and decided men, who, in their several spheres of action, and according to the ability given to them, are exhibiting **THE TRUTH**—pointing to the cross—bringing sinners to Christ,—and instrumentally building up the saints in their most holy faith. Of these men—(men in whom the church's hopes for future usefulness and activity are fixed)—I shall speak, as opportunity may be given. It is my desire, if the Lord spare my life, to furnish, in the pages of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** an interesting Register of the parts, the positions, and the prospects of these dear servants of the Lord; for, in most of them, the converting power, and saving grace of God, have been most distinctly seen.

Before I proceed, I may here note, for the information of my brethren in the ministry, (whose spiritual and ministerial prosperity I greatly desire,) that good old Robert Hall's "Charge delivered at the Ordination of Mr. G. Moreton, in 1771," has just been revised by J. A. Jones, and is published uniform with *Bunhill Memorials*. It is entitled, "GOD'S APPROBATION; THE STUDY OF FAITHFUL MINISTERS." This Charge, my brethren, it will be well for you to study deeply; it is weighty, comprehensive, and faithful: and will be highly esteemed by such holy men in the ministry as desire not only to begin but to *finish* their course with joy.

### Richard Shutte on Divine Sealing.

WHAT man of God that has stood on London Bridge, and there counted the multitude of steeples which are seen lifting their heads in every direction, but has silently

mourned over the death-like forms, and delusive errors therein performed and promulgated? London abounds with unregenerate clergymen; but in the midst of them God has a few living witnesses for himself, and for his truth; and among them we have Richard Shutte, who ministers at St. Augustine, and St. Faith's in Watling-street, nearly in the centre of our metropolitan city. The following extract is from a sermon of his recently published by James Paul. The text is, Sol. Song viii. 6, 7:—

"Set me a seal upon thine heart," and convey to me under that seal, all the graces and blessings which thy love has to give: for the "foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." He knows them who have the mark or seal. When a man sets his hand or seal to a will or deed of gift, he declares, 'This is my act and deed; this is my will and testament.' So when our glorious Christ sets his seal upon a child of grace, he becomes his, and has a right and title to all he has to bequeath, both here and for ever. The Word of God is the outward witness; the Eternal Spirit, the sweet remembrancer of Jesus, is the inward witness. And the Scriptures most clearly assign to him the office of sealing God's children. "After that ye believed in Christ, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise." Now, let us not make mistakes here. Faith, or believing, is not the *cause* of salvation, but the *effect*: not the cause of safety, but the fruit. "Christ is all and in all." The Spirit's sealing, too, is not a mere effect, but a cause, for all the Lord's family were sealed before time. But, in one sense, both Christ's redemption, and the Spirit's sealing, may be called the fruits and effects of the original and eternal purposes of the Triune Jehovah towards the church. Nevertheless, our trusting in Christ, and our being sealed by the Holy Ghost, differ as much as effects from causes. The sealing here, is a manifestation to the souls of the elect of their sonship and heirship. 'Because ye are sons' before time, 'God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, whereby ye cry, Abba, Father.' This is the manifestation or sealing. The high and glorious privileges of the child of God are not known until this sealing takes place. However religiously the sinner may have been engaged, and however punctual (like Paul in his unregeneracy) in all the ritual observances of religion, until this sealing takes place, every 'sacrifice is an abomination in the sight of God.' It is the signing and sealing that makes it good in law. And when the Holy Spirit seals the child of God, then he receives the earnest of his inheritance. Now do you know anything of this sealing? Have you been delivered from the power of darkness, and been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son? Has that 'mystery which has been hid for ages and generations,' and now is made manifest to God's saints, been manifested to you? Then you are savingly acquainted with this sealing. Here are the beginnings of the tri-

nymphs of faith. As the Eternal Spirit leads you more and more to see your own nothingness, and Christ's all-sufficiency, you will trace all your mercies to the fountain head, even to that covenant which is 'ordered in all things and sure. When a soul, like the church here represented, desires to be set as a seal upon Christ's heart, what a delightful thought is it of being so near to Jesus always; not only in his sight, and as the High Priest bearing the names of Israel on his breast-plate, she might be a constant memorial before him, but still nearer than this, even in his heart, and upon his arm, to live always with him, and never, never to be separated from him. The church also says, 'Set me as a seal upon thine arm.' The arm of the Lord is his power. To be as a seal upon the heart of Christ, and not upon his arm, would be of no avail. His love and power are never separated. Oh, set me as a seal upon thine arm. Let me also, blessed Jesus, be engraven on the palms of thy hands. Thus 'they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever;' the children of God can never be erased from his heart, nor taken out of his arms, for they shall 'never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of his hand.' What an everlasting security is here for the Lord's family! What shall arise to counteract divine bearings? What shall break down the security of them who have 'the Eternal God for their refuge, and underneath whom are the everlasting arms?' What can arise to circumvent the Lord's upholding preservation of the church, while carrying them from the womb to the grave? 'I the Lord do keep it. I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.'

#### J. Clark's Warning for wicked Servants.

No one who knows our brother Clark—(late of Oundle,) will dispute the propriety of our placing him among ENGLAND'S FAITHFUL WATCHMEN. He is one among the many servants of God that have come out from the late John Steven's church, in Mead's Court, Soho. After being sent hither and thither preaching Christ's gospel, the Lord has, in his providence, sent him to Doncaster, where his labours are acceptable; and, we may add, where the ministrations of the pure Gospel of Christ is greatly needed. God Almighty grant him long there to continue; and there honour him, by abundantly succeeding his labours. We hope shortly to furnish some interesting particulars connected with the cause of God and truth at Doncaster, at present we can only say, it is a cause that greatly needs the sympathy and support of all truth-loving people. A most important letter from them was read to the Committee of the Society for relieving faithful Gospel Ministers, and for assisting destitute churches, at their last meeting, and we are glad to find the Committee are anxious to render them all the support and encouragement that may lay in their power. The following is from the pen of our esteemed brother Clark; it will furnish some idea of the

true character of the man. In a letter to us, he says:—

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD—You are aware that a work, by the late William Huntington came out, many years ago, entitled "*The Naked Bow.*" It appears that the author had been a servant for several years in a variety of families; he tells us of the fearful end not only of the heads of these houses, but also of many of his persecuting fellow-servants. Having been a servant myself for upwards of thirty years in some families of rank, my mind has been impressed to send you an account of what took place in one of those families, making manifest the Lord's awful judgments upon the ungodly.

My situation at this time was that of under butler. On entering in the service of this large establishment, I found my fellow-servants were the most debased, and immoral in their conduct I had ever met with: the family perfectly indifferent with regard to the bad morals of their servants. I very soon became like a speckled bird for the ungodly to shoot their envenomed arrows at; but the Lord enabled me to bear all their hard speeches, and ill manners; and made me ever ready to do any of them a kindness; if any of them became unwell, they found I paid them every attention, so that some of them would stand up in my defence; indeed, they began to shew me more respect than they did the upper servants. If any were disposed to treat me with unkindness, the coachman or footman would take up my cause and defend it. In this family, where I lived for six years, the Holy Lord was pleased to bless me, and to make me more useful than I ever was in any other in the course of my long servitude.

There was a good man, an independent minister, in a neighbouring town, of whose church I became a member; this dear servant of the Lord has long fallen asleep in Jesus. The family were church folks; at least some of them would go there on a Lord's-day morning, but their servants might please themselves, go or not, as they thought well. The coachman and footman would frequently be in the public house the whole of the time; and no notice taken of this conduct: and yet they objected to their going to a Dissenting chapel. About this time, the Lord was pleased to hear and answer my poor prayers, several of my fellow-servants began to feel their awful state as sinners, and began to bow down, and worship the Lord with me; this continued until I was quite satisfied the Lord was in the matter. Several were received into the church, of which I was a member. We now had a little praying company in the servants' hall, when the rebellious part was from home. The house-keeper, a worthy woman, would oftentimes bow down with us before the Lord, and I believe she became a truly converted person. Now my captivity was turned like the streams in

the south; but this was too much to go on without interruption. Satan began to roar and to stir up a great persecution against us. The butler persecuted me, as the ring leader; an ungodly cook, the kitchen-maids, and the gardener persecuted some which were under him. This man was quite a Tom Paine; speaking against religion with the greatest contempt. This storm continued to rage for some time, until the poor maids were obliged to leave their situation. This made sad work of our little praying party; but the Lord gave me strength to stand my ground. Prayer by the church were offered up for us. Presently new servants came into the house: they were all cautioned against myself, as much so as if I had the plague; but after a short time they would come and tell me they were all of them told to keep out of my company as I should be sure to make them Methodists, and then they would be discharged as others had been. This would have effect for a time, but they soon came to us in prayer and praise. So that one after another would become praying characters, until the wicked said, that they were quite sure that I had dealings and doings with the devil; and I should ruin all the servants. Some of them really became afraid to be with me, for fear I should do them harm, or cast a spell upon them. The gentleman at length said, "had I known you were a Dissenter, I would not have had you in my family: for you have made all my servants dissenters." I replied, "Sir, I am sorry I have not been more successful; for you have yet many drunken and swearing servants." The answer he gave, surprised and shocked me, as coming from a magistrate, a master, and a father; he observed, "that is nothing to me, if they attend to what I want them." Sir, I said, it appears to me that you prefer a drunken, swearing servant to a praying one; he made me no reply, but turned away, and left the room. Seeing my time was come to leave this family, I wrote him a note to give him notice of my intention; with this he was very angry. A few weeks before the time was expired, the house-keeper who had become a godly christian woman, asked me to walk into her room, and with tears in her eyes, related a remarkable dream. She observed, I am so troubled in consequence of your leaving, that I cannot get any rest: and last night I dreamed that something fearful was coming upon this family; and having lived with them for so many years, I am distressed for them. In my dream, it appeared that a great many lay dead; and the wind then blew off the head of the castle, and all the people were running away from it.

Now, dear brother, I am come to the Naked Row. This good woman requested I would let her know where I lived, that she might write to give me information of what she expected would come to pass. My next situation was in the West of Eng-

land; a few months only passed away, before she wrote to tell me, that one of my late fellow-servants had drowned herself in the river near to the castle. Shortly after this the gardener, before alluded to, as an admirer of Tom Paine's works and ways, he returned from supper in the steward's room to the garden house, where he slept, applied a pistol to his mouth, and blew off the crown of his head; he was found dead in the morning: the third case was that of a young man; he was for a time pantry boy with myself, but had left and became a dissipated youth; lost his situation, and also his character; and having attended a boxing-club, on his way to some lodgings, he laid down by a lime kiln, and was found dead. The fourth case was that of a groom, a most awful drunken wicked man; this man would oftentimes, when we have been upon our knees in the servant's hall, begin to curse and swear; and to make use of the most foulest words, and if I reproved him, he was like a tiger let loose upon us. I have never forgotten his fearful countenance; it is so impressed upon my memory. He was an incarnate devil; and sometimes I have said, surely his measure of iniquity is full. This was really true. He was taken with most violent pains in the bowels: it took several persons to hold and keep him from self-murder. The good woman said, he died with curses upon his wicked tongue. The scene did not end here; the coachman died almost suddenly; and very soon followed the carpenter. These were my fellow-servants; but it did not stop with them; a son, which from the battle of Waterloo brought home many scars, both upon himself and also his horse, after travelling through the greater part of Europe, was about to pass over the river Wolgar, in a town upon that river, died with the bloody-flux. Soon after this, a daughter died in child-birth; and then the father died as he lived. He disinherited the elder son; the castle, with its beautiful park, was, with many hundred acres of land, sold to a rich banker; who took off the head of the once splendid castle, and took down part of the walls, and now the ivy is growing inside the drawing room, and large hall; and thus we see the dream fulfilled.

Dear brother, do with this as you think well. Perhaps it may interest servants like myself, if so, I have more to say about the castle. Your's in Jesus,

J. CLARK.

Before closing up this article, I must announce the publication of Part 3, of "THE VALIANT MEN OF ISRAEL," by our brother Garrard of Leicester. Sixteen of the servants of God are here noticed. We will only quote his lines upon four of them:—

George Murrel, of St. Neot's.

"GEORGE MURREL, sober, grave, discreet,  
In manners kind, in spirit sweet,  
No saint would he offend;



He has sail'd through deep seas of grief,  
But Christ the Lord is his relief,  
Yes, Jesus is his friend.  
Christ is his life, Christ is his love,  
And from his soul will ne'er remove,  
He lives on Jesu's breast;  
Where Jesus is, he soon shall be,  
From plagues, and death, and sorrows free,  
His wearied soul at rest."

—o—  
**Mr. Newborn, of St. Luke's.**

"Newborn, conceived, and born in sin,  
A warrior once with naval men,  
First born to care and woe:  
Then born again to constant strife,  
'Twixt sin and grace, and death and life,  
'Twixt flesh and spirit too.  
Hark! how his rumbling cannons roar,  
Of caliber the largest bore,  
Storming strong holds of hell;  
The conflict sharp, 't will not be long,  
Soon shall he join the conqueror's song,  
With heavenly conquerors dwell."

—o—  
**George Abrahams, of the City Road.**

"Abrahams, born of Abraham's seed,  
And inwardly a Jew indeed,  
One truly born of God;  
And circumcised in hearts and ears,  
The heavenly truths of Christ declares,  
Love, righteousness, and blood.  
The oil of joy is in his heart  
His lips, the sacred truth impart,  
Love, honey, milk and wine;  
Which 'cheers the heart of God and man,'  
Yes, God in Christ with us made one,  
In righteousness divine."

—o—  
**Thomas Poock, of Dairy Lane, Ipswich.**

"Poock, once was stiff, and stout, and stern,  
Dear soul! he had much more to learn,  
In Jesu's humbling school;  
Melted with mercy, love, and blood,  
He fell down flat before his God,  
Crying, 'Lord, I've been a fool.'  
'Rise up my love,' the Saviour cries,  
'Take this eye-salve, anoint your eyes,  
My bleeding agonies see,'—  
My Lord, my God, my Jesus dear,  
I'll spread thy glories far and near,  
For thou wast slain for me."

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**SURREY TABERNACLE ANNIVERSARY.**

AMONG the churches holding and maintaining the distinguishing doctrines of divine grace in this part of our island, we suppose the Surrey Tabernacle takes the lead in Anniversary matters, both as regards the time and the attendance. The eleventh anniversary was holden on Wednesday, January 9, 1850. Mr. Septimus Sears preached morning and afternoon. We heard his last discourse; it was on the 5th verse of the 103rd Psalm. The preacher illustrated the first part of his subject by a lengthened paraphrase of Deut. xxxii. 11, 12. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him." There was a great deal said here, both on the first and after stages of the Christian's experience. Mr. Sears's mind is evidently well furnished with the good Word of God; and knows how to use it; his style is very sedate, simple, and respectful; but we do like a little more energy, unction and power, than it was our lot to find under hearing.

We have no doubt, however, that the discourse was useful to many in low states of soul. When he came to speak of "the mouth being satisfied with good things; we felt exceedingly dissatisfied; for in that part of his sermon he was neither straight enough—high enough—deep enough—rich enough—full enough—nor positive enough—to satisfy our souls. No; indeed. The words "*Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things,*" are precious words; they refer to the soul being brought blessedly into a realization of the LOVE—the BLOOD—and the anointing, delivering, preserving, and comforting power of a Triune Jehovah; and we quite longed to hear Mr. Septimus Sears bear witness to these glorious matters as from his own soul's experience. He did say something; but we longed for more.

In the evening Mr. John Foreman preached a sterling gospel sermon to a full congregation, from "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Altogether, we think it was a good day; and we trust the power and presence of the Lord was much enjoyed.

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**Snows' Fields Meeting on behalf of the Christian Poor Society.**

ON Monday evening, January 14th, a public meeting was held in Snows' Fields Chapel, Southwark, in aid of the funds of the Society for relieving the Lord's poor in times of need. About one-hundred and seventy took tea; after which Mr. Thomas Stringer opened the meeting by giving out that beautiful hymn—

"Oh, love divine! how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my longing heart  
All taken up with thee?"

Our venerable brother Massey then gave the meeting a brief account of the origin, proceedings, and general design of the Society. We understood the Society had been established upwards of thirty years, and nearly £800 had been carefully and judiciously distributed among God's poor people, as opportunity and means had permitted. The dear old soul spake very feelingly, and savourily of so useful and truly Christian-like an association: and we felt most deeply interested in what he said.

Mr. John Nichols, (editor of *Zion's Trumpet*, and pastor of a Baptist Church in Chelsea,) was then called upon to address the meeting. He suggested the adoption of loan funds in churches; so that instead of giving four or five shillings per week—to lend a poor brother two or three pounds, enabling him to commence in a little way of business, whereby he might return the loan, and be independent of the poor fund. Mr. Nichols said, in his own church this system had been adopted with some good success, and he thought by this means there need be but very few poor in our churches except the aged and afflicted.

Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, then rose. The chapel, by this time, was crowded in every part; and every eye was fixed on, and every ear opened to attend to the speech of this highly-popular advocate for the distinguishing doctrines of divine grace. Mr. Wells commenced by shewing the necessity and benefits of rigid

economy in matters of housekeeping; and in doing so he spoke most vehemently against ministers smoking and drinking. He implied that ministers ought to set an example; and abandon all unnecessary luxuries. He referred to some ministers who would travel one hundred miles to preach a sermon, and having done so, would sit down, and smoke and drink glass after glass. *He thought* such ministers did more harm than good; and *we thought* that if Mr. Wells could find the minister who would (after preaching) sit down, and drink, and smoke immoderately, that such a man was not worthy to stand in so solemn and responsible a position: but we hope, indeed, such men are rarely to be found. Mr. Wells illustrated the system of economy by referring to what he had done in his early days; and went to declare that with fifteen shillings per week he had maintained his family, and saved sufficient to pay off some old debts. It may be asked—"How could this be done?" Mr. W. shewed it was done by living principally upon potatoes and bread, and a little "husband's tea;" and that he was never stronger or better in his life than at that time. Now, if bread, potatoes, and a little tea, are the only things necessary to preserve a man's constitution, and to maintain his strength, we certainly think there might be less poverty than there is; but, we shall be the last to advise our hard working brethren in the ministry to adopt this mode of living, unless driven to it by absolute necessity: and too many of them, we know are often obliged to come on even shorter commons than this. Our brother strongly endeavoured to impress upon ministers the advantages of early rising, industrious habits, and an abstaining from the practice of eating and drinking at their people's houses. "Let your visits," said he, "be purely pastoral and spiritual." He thought a Society of this kind was calculated to do much good. In a religious assembly we never witnessed so much excitement as this address produced.

C. W. Banks spoke next. He said, it appeared to him that Mr. Nichols's loan fund on the one hand, and Mr. Wells's economy on the other, went almost to shew the possibility of getting rid of poverty altogether; for if by loan funds we could put poor brethren into business; and if by living upon bread and potatoes, a very small sum would be sufficient to maintain a family, there certainly would be but very little necessity for societies of this description. But he remembered the portion of Scripture with which the Lord first sent him to preach the gospel; it was this—"Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?" And during the fifteen years that he had been acquainted with the churches of Christ, he had had opportunities of witnessing in many instances the failure of both the systems his brethren had so warmly advocated. He had known instances where loans, and public and private subscriptions had been made for poor brethren, but still they had continued poor; he had also known individuals who had been of the most industrious habits, and had laboured hard to get out of poverty, but they could not. He believed the choicest of God's saints were among the poor; and there was one text had been much on his mind that day—"To him that is afflicted pity should be shewed from his friend." He rejoiced greatly in the labours

of such societies as this; and fully believed that where churches looked carefully and consistently after their poor, that the Lord would prosper them.

Mr. Hillman, of Bethel Chapel, Deptford; Mr. Thwaites; Mr. Edward Mote; Mr. Fenlon; and Mr. Thomas Stringer, severally addressed the meeting. We should have been glad to have given the substance of each speech; for there were some excellent ideas and suggestions in each, but limited as we are for room, we cannot.

A good collection was made; and ministers and friends parted as though they had spent a profitable evening: and we say in conclusion, God speed Snows' Fields Poor Society. Amen.

#### Jireh Meeting, Brick Lane, St. Luke's.

A SIMILAR meeting was held on the following (Tuesday) evening in Mr. J. A. Jones's chapel, as above. The principal object of the Society was to provide coals for the poor of the Lord's family. Mr. John Foreman, Mr. James Wells, Mr. Wyard. Mr. Coles (of Brentford,) Mr. Aldiss, Mr. J. A. Jones, and others, addressed the meeting; and with one little exception, the meeting was found to be exceedingly profitable to many that were present.

#### Meeting of Mr. John Corbitt's Friends in Manchester.

ON Tuesday evening, January 1, 1850, the friends of Mr. John Corbitt, held a public tea meeting, in the large room adjoining Heywood's Hotel, where they have met for divine worship since their dismissal from Oldham Street. On entering the room we were much gratified at the noble spirit which had evidently been exercised in the preparatory arrangements. We heartily wished some of our slow-moving London friends could have been present to witness the excellent provision made for accommodating the friends. One long cross table at the head of the room, and several long tables running from the top to the bottom of it, well laid out and furnished with every thing calculated to add comfort to the visitors, at once cheered and animated our spirits. The room was brilliantly lighted up with gas; and around the different walls, were suspended beautifully printed texts of Scripture, such as "BE WATCHFUL,"—"THEY SHALL PROSPER THAT LOVE THEE;" and many others. We said to ourselves—"This is Manchester all over." Whatever the Manchester people take in hand, and take into their hearts, they carry out in a spirit of greatness and zeal which makes one feel that you are among a people who are decided and determined to do their best for the cause they have in hand.

By half-past five o'clock the tables were furnished with guests; and when Mr. Corbitt gave out a verse to be sung supplicating the Divine blessing, they all rose, and in one full chorus made the very walls to echo, and our hearts to rejoice with the most delightful harmony we think we ever heard. Now the action commenced; two distinct parties went to work in down-right earnest; the first party were *the waiters*; who, from a regular Manchester boiler in an adjoining room, drew off the tea into the pots and placed them on the tables, where an abundance of cups and saucers, plates of bread and butter, cake,

sandwiches, &c., &c., were to be found; so that the other party, *the consumers*, had nothing to do but to regale and refresh themselves as fast as they pleased.

Among the waiters, our well-known friend Bradburn, under whose excellent direction the whole had been conducted, (and to whom the grateful thanks of the meeting were justly due,) was to be seen as busy and evidently as happy as the industrious bee on a fine summer's day; and it would have been a treat to any old friend to the cause of truth in Manchester, to have seen with what extraordinary rays of inward delight the sweet little face of our brother John Hudson was lighted up on this occasion. You may depend upon it, his "little soul" (as master Osbourn used to say,) quite leaped within him for joy, while he cheerfully administered to his Christian brethren and sisters, the good things of this life. JOHN HUDSON WAS AT HOME; and in his element! and he can only be truly at home, but as he is engaged in some of those holy and happy labours of love which are connected with the advancement of a dear Redeemer's kingdom on the earth. Without any disquietude or disorder, the whole of their immense body of friends took their tea, after which an hymn was sung—C. W. Banks read a portion of God's word, Mr. John Corbitt wrestled with God in prayer for his presence and blessing, and then the business of the evening commenced.

The venerable old Scotch treasurer, Mr. J. Glasgow, first addressed the meeting; he read an honest, straight-forward, and encouraging statement of the financial affairs of the church; from which it was evident that, notwithstanding all the painful circumstances through which they had been called to pass, there had been manifested an extraordinary spirit of liberality in the support of the cause so dear to their hearts. The statement read by Mr. Glasgow, and the warm-hearted remarks which he made, appeared to give the greatest satisfaction. How comfortable it is, thus to have every thing open and above board, entirely sweeping away all suspicion, and filling the people's hearts and hands with strength and gladness!

The next speaker was Mr. J. F. Matthews. He calmly reviewed the way in which the Lord had led them, as a church and people; and in an able, affectionate and encouraging address, exhorted them to act out their principles, and to cleave to the truth. Our brother Matthews was evidently been raised up by God as a sincere and faithful friend to John Corbitt and the church and people over whom he is placed. We inwardly rejoiced to find our afflicted brother Corbitt supported on the right hand and on the left by men of character, consistency, energy and zeal, while, hundreds of believing souls flocked around to hold up his hands. Under these circumstances, we are satisfied, he has nothing to fear.

Mr. James Greenough briefly corroborated the explanation which Mr. Matthews had given relative to disappointments in obtaining a chapel to worship in that had been promised to them.

Then came Matthew Blakeley, a preacher of Christ's Gospel, fetched by sovereign grace, out of a coal pit, where most of his life had been spent. The grace of God was evidently warming his heart; the glory of God, and the good of souls, were in his eye; and the blessed Spirit nicely

opened his mouth to speak of things closely connected with the welfare of Zion.

J. Holliday, Esq. delivered a chaste and beautiful address; after which, William Price, (an itinerant preacher,) spoke to the friends.

Mr. Corbitt then called upon C. W. Banks to address the meeting. The little man looked as though he was very ill; and we understood he was suffering from severe pains in the head. However, he stood up on a stool, in order that the friends might see as well as hear; and after a brief introduction, his heart got warm, his tongue was loosened, and he spoke out boldly upon the blessed effects of divine grace in the hearts and lives of redeemed sinners. It was indeed a precious theme—THE GRACE OF GOD as developed in the conversion—preservation—and consolation of the elect of God: and all eyes and ears seemed intently set upon the speaker and the subject.

Mr. Corbitt gave the final address. He reviewed the several addresses, and made some well-timed remarks upon the whole.

Another hymn was sung; and the proceedings closed with prayer. We believe a universal feeling of joy and satisfaction was experienced by the friends. It was a good, a happy, a well-conducted meeting—a meeting that spoke loudly what the feelings of the Manchester folks are towards John Corbitt's ministry.

### Formation of another Baptist Church AT WOOLWICH.

ON Lord's-day, January 13th, 1850, a church was formed upon strict baptist principles at Carmel chapel, New-road, Woolwich. In the morning, Mr. Israel Atkinson, (late of Raunds, Northamptonshire,) who is now, and has for some time been supplying here, preached to the people. In the afternoon, the service commenced at a quarter to three; the venerable John A. Jones, gave out a hymn, which was sung; Mr. Atkinson read a portion of Scripture, and offered up a prayer suited to the occasion. Mr. John Foreman then addressed the congregation on the nature and constitution of a gospel church. Mr. F. observed that in the formation of a church no particular mode was plainly laid down in the word of God; but that there were churches, is most evident. In his usual pleasing and at times solemn manner, he spoke of the nature, constitution, and order of a gospel church—remarking, that it was not a natural production, but the offspring of the love of God. He said that many churches below were as colonies or little villages belonging to the kingdom of heaven above, and he looked upon this as one. Regarding the constitution, he observed that there were but two offices named, bishops (or pastors) and deacons; and these two, said John Foreman, (the pastor and the deacons) should be agreed. The order of a gospel church, he proved from the New Testament, to be strict communion, admitting none others to the table of the Lord than those who had previously made a public profession by baptism by immersion.

Mr. Foreman having concluded his discourse, a hymn was sung, and Mr. J. A. Jones rose, and asked the church for some account of the leadings of divine Providence, which had led them to take Carmel Chapel, and to form themselves into a church on the present occasion. This question was answered by one of the members, who read a plain statement of facts relative to the same. From this statement we had intended to have made some interesting extracts, but want of space and time compel us to omit them. Mr. Jones then requested, that those who were about to become members of the church would stand up and hold up their right hand, as a token of the same; which they did. Now, said John Andrew Jones, having thus publicly given yourselves to God, give yourselves to one another, as did the disciples of old, by turning round, and giving each other the right hand of fellowship. This they did; and Mr. John Foreman gave to one of the brethren, as representing the whole body, the right hand of fellowship, in recognition of them as forming a branch of the one true church. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then administered by Mr. J. A. Jones. The newly formed church consists of about twenty to twenty-five members.

In the evening Mr. John Foreman delivered a pleasing discourse on the duties and privileges of the church, from Psalm cxxxiii. 1, "Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

### A Cruel Attempt to Stifle the Hon. Baptist W. Noel:

OR, "OBADIAH" AND "KESEPH" IN A PANIC.

WHAT shall we hear of next, in the professing world? Here is a learned, aged, minister, who has been highly esteemed in many of our churches, and has been called to preach at their anniversaries throughout the metropolis and the surrounding country; but what must those churches think of him now? I mean "Obadiah" and "Keseph," who appears to be ashamed of his name, by assuming these fictitious names to his pamphlets; one called, the doctrine of Baptism, by "Obadiah;" another a letter on Christian Baptism, by "Keseph," to the Hon. Baptist W. Noel.

"Keseph" evidently is in great trouble, and has given himself a great deal of unnecessary, and uncalled-for labour; yea, and has made much work for repentance. Why, what is the matter? Matter! why, because Mr. Noel was not drugged and stupified with Keseph's hypothesis; whereby he might have been blinded, so as not to have seen

"water baptism:" because that when he left the Establishment, he did not become a Cata-baptist, an attempt has been made to stop his mouth from preaching "water baptism." This attempt is extremely cruel. And was it not Keseph's object to plunder and rob Mr. Noel of his present honest attainments upon the above subject, though Scriptural, and according to heaven's high command? What must honest Baptist Noel think of such a presumptuous and awful attempt, and such vile conduct?

Oh, what a stumbling block and a rock of offence is "water baptism" to Keseph, though set forth in the Scriptures as clear as the sun at noon day, instituted by Christ, and enjoined on all his believing followers. Surely, no one was ever more intoxicated with liquors, than Keseph is with his favourite topic, "One Baptism," a supposition, if laboured at till doom's day could never be proved. Oh, for grace to be sober minded, and to take to us the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against these wicked spirits.

Alas! alas! what, are not early impressions, unsanctified education, fleshly notions, misguided zeal, self will, determined bigotry, and all this combined sophistical delusion, not capable of doing? And what mischief are not their performances calculated to do, if the Spirit does not lift up a standard against them? Are they not calculated to disturb the church, bring dishonour to God, bring guilt on the conscience, make work for repentance, put thorns in a dying pillow, deceive and beguile unstable and weak minds, make errors to abound, fill the mind with horror, and, if grace prevent not, bring a gnawing worm in the soul that will never die: notwithstanding this, still the poor inflated creature, thinks there are but few besides himself possessing knowledge. What an awful and pitiable condition! And this appears to be the state of Keseph, and that which his erroneous pamphlet is calculated to produce. The gracious Lord open his eyes to see his delusion and gross errors, and lead him to repentance, and preserve us from such a state.

The above description, though strong, will appear correct by noticing a few (out of the many,) following scurrilous and grievous errors which his pamphlets contain.

Obadiah says, page 29 of Water Bap-

tism, "It is the Antichristian's mode of baptism;" he, of course, meant to convey the idea that all baptists are Antichristians. No wonder then at his attempt to burk Mr. Noel, and stop his progress.

Keseph, page 13, says, of water baptism, "it is will-worship; for it is more than virtually forbidden, and that Paul said he had no authority from Christ to baptise with water." Keseph, page 22, says, "It is witchcraft to be baptised in water," then of course the apostles taught witchcraft after they were baptised with the Holy Ghost, and led into all truth. On page 23, he says that "Baptist ministers abuse our Lord's words, and work; and it is certain they never received their doctrine from the Word of God." Keseph, page 9, says, "the apostles had no authority for baptising with water." And what is more shocking and awful still, in the same page, he would have people to believe that the book of the Acts of the Apostles is not by inspiration; therefore, not to be depended upon; and that the epistles only are by "plenary inspiration," therefore, our only guide.

And thus these two pamphlets abound with delusive sophistry; and all to support Keseph's favourite dogma, "one baptism;" so that while he is determined to deny and oppose one grand and plain doctrine of the New Testament, "water baptism," he endeavours to establish notions unfounded and erroneous, on what he calls the Baptism of the Spirit; yes, and in opposition to the New Testament, he has the effrontery to say, that "the Old Testament saints were baptised by Christ, with his Spirit."—Obadiah p 24.

But I defy Obadiah to prove, by the Scriptures, that any one was baptized with the Spirit, previous to Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension; for Christ called Holy-Ghost-baptism, "the promise of the Father," and "power from on high," which promise was not fulfilled, nor this high and heavenly power manifested and experienced, till the day of Pentecost; and the apostles were to go to Jerusalem, and tarry for its accomplishment (Luke xxiv. 49.), namely, "and ye shall be baptized not many days hence" (Acts i. 5.); which they were about ten days afterwards. Therefore, no one was ever baptized with the Holy Ghost, previous to this: hence Jesus said, "for the Holy Ghost (in his baptismal operation) was not yet given."

It was this which caused Jesus to say to his disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you," John xvi. 7. I might quote many more portions of scripture on this point, but these must suffice here.

Page 149, Obadiah says Holy-Ghost-baptism "is a believing in the heart the gospel;" and page 150 he says, "It is regeneration." This is confounding and amalgamating things; for, according to Christ's testimony, regeneration, and Holy-Ghost-baptism, are two distinct things; it is evident that regeneration was a pre-requisite for Holy Ghost baptism; for it was "he that believeth," and "they that believe," that was to experience "the promise of the Father," and the extraordinary "power from on high," or the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And belief is a new principle springing from regeneration; hence Christ said, "he that believeth on me," as the scriptures hath said, "out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit, (in his baptismal influences) which they that believe on him should receive, &c., John vii. 33, 39. I could shew here what the baptism of the Holy Ghost was; that it was confined to the apostolic age, and ceased with them. But, brother Banks, as I some time ago published a little pamphlet, entitled "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost Ceased; or Baptisms in their own Place: founded on the testimony of Jesus," I send you a copy for inspection. May the God of all grace and peace give you, continually, that peace which passeth all understanding, and keep you composed in, and resting on, Christ Jesus, and establish your soul with grace, that you be not moved away from the truth of the gospel.

Since writing the above, I am happy to find that "Strictus" is still pursuing Obadiah and Keseph's dogma, and, by the sword of the Spirit, demolishing it. Go on, "Strictus," sword in hand, and bring it to the ground. I am yours, in the best of bonds, W. ODLING.

*Foot's-Cray.*

[We extremely regret the omission of very many articles this month: the demand upon our columns increases so rapidly, that it is impossible to meet the wishes of our numerous friends under existing circumstances.—ED.]

## HENRY HOWELL'S FAITHFUL TESTIMONY

CONCERNING A SPECIAL REVELATION WITH WHICH HE WAS FAVORED.

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.*

DEAR SIR—In your *Vessel* of this month, I find remarks on my pamphlet, by *Strictus*, who appears to review it, and Mr. Silver's letter together. Now, I never saw that letter, but for the information of *Strictus*, and for the vindication of the Scriptures of truth, I beg to inform you that my book "*One Baptism; versus Baptists*;" as you will see, was published the latter end of October last; and that in the interval between that and the 21st of the following month, I received a letter from a friend who had read it, in which this beloved servant of Christ (Rev. H. Cole, of the Church of England,) told me my book attempted to gain-say the *Self evident meaning of the word*: these words of my beloved friend much offended me; and I wondered that he could say such a thing; such was the extreme prejudice which had blinded my eyes. On the morning above mentioned, the 21st of November, while laying awake, between four and five o'clock, in a kind of mental vision, I saw our dear Lord standing and approving of his disciples baptising in water; and there (in the vision of my soul) I distinctly saw them in the act of dipping in water. (I hope it is not too familiar thus to speak of the matter as it appeared to me: it is with the deepest reverence of feelings I state it.) Immediately, the divine command appeared so evidently implied in the divine approval that my heart felt as though it would break with grief for what I had written; then came those words of our dear Lord, with some degree of power to my mind, "*If it were not so, I would have told you.*" Those words of dear Mr. Hart's followed with equal power,

"If ought there dark appear,  
Bewail thy want of sight;  
No imperfection can be there,  
For all God's words are right."

The words of my beloved friend, above mentioned, like a THUNDER-CLAP, closed in upon me—"the self evident meaning of the word." After this, (my wonderful conversion to baptism in water,) on the 27th of the same month, I wrote the beloved friend above named an account of the heavenly instruction which divine condescension had given me upon the

subject; and as I cannot better express myself, I send you the following, which is an extract from a copy of that letter to him.

"However strange it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that never before that hour did I perceive that water baptism was commanded by the Son of God. Thus, in one hour, was the whole of that fabric which I had been twelve years in building, and which I considered impregnable, pulled down by a divine revelation. The light upon the subject was then so great, so distinct, and so convincing, that I felt astonished at my former darkness. So clearly did I see the divine command implied in the approval of our Lord, when his disciples baptized into Him those that confessed his name, that I was filled with surprise, and with bitterness of spirit. I saw that my mistake, and my book, bordered upon impugning the wisdom of him whom my soul loved—"WHO IS LIGHT, AND IN WHOM WAS NO DARKNESS AT ALL." The deceit of my own heart was at this moment thrown open in a wonderful manner, and I saw that all along there had been a straining (internally) for an interpretation of the WORD, that would accord with my prejudice, my perverseness, and my spirit of opposition. I now see that *divine illumination* IS *necessary*, to a right understanding of the mind of the Spirit, and the mysteries implied, and professed, in that ordinance. I now know that no one can rightly or really receive it as a divine command, but him to whom it is given. I am now quite convinced that it is as you say '*an open act by which disciples confess their discipleship*;' and by which every true disciple ought to profess and confess the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. By this act, there is made (as it were) a covenant-profession of the Triune God of Israel. Oh yes! I see and feel it deeply. You will believe that I now feel great grief that I should have written against this faith, and against this ordinance of the church of Christ: and that I should have reflected, in any degree, upon the words of certain good men, who have written in defence of this ordinance, and the practice of immersion. 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' these words, I felt, as in a measure applied to me."

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Thus you will see, dear Sir, by the above extract, that great grace and power has been exercised by our condescending Lord the Spirit, to convince a poor gain-saying Cata-baptist of the error of his way in this respect; and this acknowledgment of his mercy, and confession of his truth, is demanded by his word, however much the pride of my worst enemy (my deceitful and proud heart) may be mortified in doing so.

At that time also, it was clearly shewn me, that by these words of John the Baptist, "He must increase, but I must decrease;" he did not mean to say the ordinance of baptism *by*, or *in*, water, was to cease, or decrease; but only in his hands; and that it was to increase at, or with, the ministry of the Lord Jesus, to the end of time. Ah! what will not the deceit of man's heart produce, when directed by Satan to pervert the Word of God: then will it indeed "Hatch cockatrice eggs, and weave the spider's web." Not till I saw it in the *Vessel*, written by *Strictus*, did I ever know that Mr. Huntington styled himself the Prophet of God to this nation; but one thing is evident to me now, that whoever he be that is such, and opposes or neglects the ordinance of baptism, is in this respect a disobedient prophet; and so are all such assemblies; however primly they may profess to walk in the light of Mr. Huntington.

In the secret of my feelings, I have long feared that many of the cata-baptists are a light timbered, and an unhumbléd body of professors.

My pamphlet I called *IN*, and stopt the sale of it, immediately I saw the error; but I trust those who have it, will conscientiously separate that in it which is truth, from that which is not according to truth. I believe my paraphrase of the sixth chapter to the Hebrews, and first three verses, to be divinely true, (see page 12) so far as it respects the internal or spiritual foundation of the heart, and that such was the meaning and mind of the Apostle, though NOT to the EXTENT of setting aside the baptism of water, as I then meant. The answer of the Apostle Paul to them that said, "We have not heard if there be any Holy Ghost," has been brought with power to my mind several times since, "Unto what then (said he) were ye baptised." Herein the Apostle proves that he fully understood that all that professed the name of the Lord Jesus

had been baptised in water in the name of, or UNTO, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Pride, disobedience, and party conceit, is the three-fold enemy of this ordinance of the church of Christ; and I believe the blessing of God is *for them that do it by FAITH*. I now see it to be a witnessing ordinance—a brotherly ordinance—and a uniting ordinance. Many times since, have those words been sweet to me, "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, IN the name of the Son, and IN the name of the Holy Ghost." Baptizing them UNTO the Father, UNTO the Son, and UNTO the Holy Ghost. O, what a privilege to be allowed to do this with authority from the Son of God himself! THIS, THEN, IS TRUE, that none will be obedient to the heavenly vision, but those that have it; nor can there be the obedience of faith, where there is not faith.

I am, dear Sir, in the Lord,

Your's faithfully,

HENRY HOWELL.

January 6, 1850.

### Outline of a Sermon by John Stevens,

Preached at Medd's-court, Sep. 1839,

#### ON THE HUMILIATION OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

THE once humiliating state of the great Ancient of days is a topic always fraught with comfort to the dear children of God, for whatever branches into this, must be found within his eternal state of glory, and his resurrection from a state of death. In the former, he stood too high to suffer, but not too high to engage. Such was the condescension manifested in the council settlements of eternity, and such the unbounded love of this Prince of glory, that, in eternal love-union, he wrapt his church up in his bosom and safely secured every object of his affections within the centre of his heart, until the appointed time should arrive when he would open up the attributes of Deity through his humanity, and shew his beloved Hephzibah his regard, by suffering, and openly putting away her sins, by ample sacrifice in blood and death, an end worthy of heaven and of him who pledged himself to be the sin-bearer of countless millions.

In heaven he was charged with our debt. In heaven it could not be paid; this earth was the platform where sin was contracted, so it was necessary that he should come down to fulfil that contract which in heaven was made, and did not return to his seat of glory and renown until he exclaimed, "It is finished."

The assumption of his inferior nature placed him upon this lower earth not as a private but as a public character. Here he

became the infant of days, and the only instance where the manger became the cradle for Deity Incarnate, who is now about to enter on his career as the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, making himself of no reputation, taking upon him the form of a servant, and became obedient to death even the death of the cross. Thus did our Samson veil his hidden might while submitting to that treatment which was due to us, and condescended to be wounded for our crimes that we might be healed by his sufferings.

Here we are led to distinguish between the act of heaven and that of earth. Our blessed Lord received all his sorrows from the hand of his Father: the sentence of God's righteous law was passed—life was demanded by Justice, and satisfaction required, whilst man's procedure had no justness in it: they treated him as a private person, and proceeded against him as one guilty of crime, and as they supposed of righteous execration. The rage of men and devils was now up in arms against him, charging him with the greatest crimes hell could hatch, but notwithstanding all their hellish design, his spotless character, and the holiness of his dear person remains untarnished. Again, the cause of suffering is guilt, this he could not be charged with, for his immaculate person was holy, undefiled and separate from sin, and this their high priest was made to confess that "he could find no fault in him." The sin was in us, and for us he became a sacrifice, here we see how sovereignty overrules. The agency of darkness was now about to be brought under the agency of light, and to bring about the most wonderful transactions that was ever wrought under the canopy of heaven. Here the agents of that infernal region, with their black prince at their head, are alike working for the overthrow of his kingdom, but like seeming contrary wheels in a piece of machinery all working together for good—for the accomplishment of their utter overthrow, and the glorious design intended.

Many ages had rolled on, but still justice kept his eye on this grand centre of heaven's wonder—this mirror, in which shone so brilliantly the objects of his regard, this nature, which became the looking glass whereby the church should behold him. Justice now on Calvary's top presents the bill to him in whose worthy name the account had been made up, and demanded satisfaction:—the pen of mercy was now dipped in the life blood of the God Incarnate. The debt book crossed, sin cancelled, and for ever atoned for in the boundless ocean of our Immanuel's precious blood.

See the Lord of life and glory now suspended between heaven and earth as unworthy of either! Darkness now supplies curtains while Jesus is being slain—Gabriel is riding on the wing while his divine Master is suffering in death—the dying ransomed thief had the promise of being in paradise that afternoon, and angels are

now about to learn a lesson that amazed them, whilst the rocks are rent, the graves could no longer contain their repository of redeemed dust, the very heavens clothed in sable attire at the retiring of the king of day, and their sanctum sanctorum was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. What did all this show? Judaism is ended—your altars overturned—your houses left unto you desolate—the hand-writing of ordinances that was against and contrary to us, taken out of the way and nailed to the cross—the devil outwitted, and all the hellish rabble now made subservient operators for the glory of our God and the peopling of his paradise above. But as our Almighty conqueror had power to lay down his life so had he power to raise it up again, and having awoke from the sepulchre on that illustrious morning, he wore the livery of the upper world, shewing his people what heavenly dress they also shall be adorned with when they awake up in his likeness: and as he came down without a body, so did he return with such an one he means the church to wear when he shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation; when he will marry his beloved spouse in open glory, and show to a gazing world that she is altogether fitted for wedded love, there to be baptized in the ocean of his bliss and raised to perpetual happiness world without end.

Fellow transgressor, what think ye of Christ? what saith that troublesome lecturer, that unpleasant monitor, conscience? Remember that to be like him is to be safe, and that it is a bitter thing to oppose the Saviour. If thou canst not love him, let him alone. May God, the eternal Spirit lead you to think, aye I say, to think on these all important truths.

Fellow believer in the Lord, let us not forget the privations he underwent in his man nature for us. Our sins were a part of his load, and by his stripes we are healed. Remember he conquered by enduring, let us aim to do the same—but alas! alas! so cold are we in divine things, that it requires nothing less than the energy of a triune God to make a man look after his right. May it please him to warm our hearts on heavenly subjects, and raise our thoughts to a sense of obligation to him who hath wrought such a glorious achievement, that as he is now risen as a sun to be clouded no more. May we daily and hourly exhibit more of that heavenly light which he has set up, giving full proof that we are not of this world, even as he was not of this world. Christian friends, we are now in the porch: a little longer and we shall be for ever shut in to behold his beaming beauties, and ascribe throughout eternity, praise and adoration to him who has washed us from our every stain in his God-like blood.

Mr. John Wigmore preached his farewell sermon at Little Portland Street, on Lord's-day evening, February 24. We understand another place in the neighbourhood is taken for him.



## John Corbitt's Address to his Christian Friends.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and all that love our dear Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

The assertion in your January *Vessel*, of John Corbitt being in the fire, and other reports, have brought me several inquiring, sympathizing, and encouraging letters from my numerous friends in five different counties in the south of England; and I herein beg you will allow me to say a word to them through the medium of your *Vessel*.

To my numerous friends that have written to me in this my present distress, I would say, be of good cheer, for I have had my Jonathans to come to me in the wood, and strengthen my hands in God, as well as my Sauls to pursue me, with intent to hinder or deprive me of my moral and ministerial crown: and though I have had my Zedekiahs to push with their horns of iron, and smite me on the cheek; and Mr. Jehoshaphat to sit silent, and see and know me to be ill-treated; yes, and to join in affinity with some of my vile persecutors and haters, yet I have had the approbation of God, and the answer of a good conscience; and had I my time to come again, I would rather, with old Macaiah, go into the dungeon with a good conscience, than down to the battle with Ahab, and there have to meet the prophet to ask me if I ought to help the ungodly? Yes, I have found my daily help in the spiritual prayers of my church, the constant attention of my deacons, and in the charitable and kind assistance of my brothers Foreman and Banks, of London, who have not ceased to communicate to,—correspond and advise with me in all my trouble. Be of good cheer, therefore, for although I have been troubled, the Lord hath been with me in every fire, in every dungeon, and in every bondage: and I have proved that “as my day, so hath my strength been.” I can but say, my trials have been sore, and my sorrows great; and I would never wish, for myself, or any other man of God, two years more such trial; yet I must confess it is the very best school I was ever in, and I have received more solid benefit than in any place I was ever in before; (no thanks to them that have been the means of it). Yes, as the *Earthen Vessel* says, I have been in the fiery furnace, but my Lord hath, in a most gracious manner, been with me there, so that even the smell of fire has not passed on my imputed garments, for nothing but my hands have been burned, and I have been walking the greatest part of my time at liberty with my Saviour; while those who threw me in, are no better than consumed in the fire of their own kindling. But I have no stone to cast at them; the Lord is Judge, and I can say “Thy will be done.” I am sure he will do what is just to both saint and sinner: yes, my friends, I have learned something of Samson's position, when his brethren bound

him with new cords, to deliver him to the Philistines. I have been bound with the strong cords of jealousy, frowns, censure, and reproach, by some such kind-hearted brethren as bound Samson, after he had began to deliver Israel; and they would as willingly delivered me to the devil, as they would Samson to the Philistines, if they had had it in their power; but no, they could only bind him, they could not deliver him to the Philistines. No, the Spirit of the Lord prevented that, and the new cords were snapped as tow before the fire, and he found a mere jawbone of an ass, and slew them with heaps upon heaps. Yes, what by false accusation, reproach, opposition, and self-pity, I have been so bound, many a time, that I have had nothing before me but distraction. No access to a throne of grace; no communion with God; the Bible sealed up; no text, and Saturday night come; my own pride and unbelief in full view, and the devil at my right hand to resist me; and my own clothes have abhorred me. Thus Sunday morning has come, a congregation coming to hear me, and I got nothing for them; and for me to attempt to preach, appeared nothing but presumption. Thus bound, I have arrived at the chapel; and thus I have mounted the pulpit: when, in my imagination, I could anticipate the whole infernal crew exulting over me, as the Philistines did over Samson: and what has been worse than all, those who have crowned me with thorns, and blinded my eyes, have been present to smite me on the cheek, and cover me with the purple robe of censure, and to follow up any misplaced word with an anonymous letter. The brother that has gone through such things as these, will know how to sympathize with me. But here let all my brethren in the ministry mark well, the Lord's opportunity is man's extremity; for then the Spirit of the Lord has come upon me, my bonds have been broken, and I have found a text as mysteriously as Samson found the ass's jaw, and my fears, doubts, unbelief, pride, and enemies, have been all doubled up in heaps, like the Philistines. Thus I have proved what no man will prove, if he can help it, even that God is a present help in every time of need. But God has his own work to do, and his own servants to perform it, and his own end to answer by it; and

“Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.”

O! how this poor heart has leaped for joy! at such times I could leap over a wall, run through a troop with David, and sing with Hannah; talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogance come out of your mouth, for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed, the bones of the mighty are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength. He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and he

lifteth the beggar from the dunghill, and setteth them among the princes, to make them inherit the throne of his glory; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them; he will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness: for by strength no man shall prevail. Yes, my dearly beloved in the Lord, I have known what it is to have the archers shoot at me, grieve me, and sorely wound me; but my bow has abode in strength, and the hands of my arms have been made strong by the mighty God of Jacob; his truth hath been my shield and buckler, and under his wings I have put my trust: yes, he hath been my strong habitation, where I have had continual resort; and although I have often proved that clouds and darkness are round about him, yet I well know that righteousness and judgment is the habitation of his throne; and a fire goes before him, and burneth up his enemies round about him. I have, indeed, found him so, and have rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory; for in passing through the waters, they have not overflowed me, and through the fire, it has not kindled upon me. Cheer up, therefore, my dearly beloved in the Lord, for there has been no temptation or trouble taken me, but such as are common to men; and with the temptation (not without it) the Lord hath made a way for my escape, that I have been enabled to bear it, and can now bless his dear name and say, I have lost nothing but bonds and dross by it; and now I feel there is a great deal left; so I expect I shall have to go in the fire again before long, for there is no doing anything with such stubborn stuff as I am made of, without this furnace work. My earnest prayer is, that the Lord will be with me there, then I shall be able to say, "Thy will be done." Thus I have learned what it is to have my mouth opened and enlarged, to preach the gospel, by love unfeigned; by the word of truth; by the power of God; by the armour of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left; by honour and dishonour; by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and yet, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, and yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things. Here let my friends through the many parts of England raise with me an Ebenezer of thankfulness to our glorious Lord, for his loving-kindness and unsearchable riches toward me in this distressing stage of my experience.

Thus I have endeavoured to fulfil my duty towards my numerous friends, by shewing you that the Lord hath been with me, and his grace sufficient for me in all my sorrows.

May great grace be upon you, great love dwell in you, and great glory redound to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Your's in the love, blood, and righteousness of a precious Christ, JOHN CORBITT.

## SPIRITUAL REFLECTIONS

ADDRESSED BY

MR. JAMES OSBOURN TO MR. E. BUTT.

BELIEVED IN THE LORD,—Grace be multiplied unto thee. I once more undertake to address a few lines to you, hoping my so doing will not be considered as an undue liberty assumed by me, but be viewed and received as a token of Christian respect from one that lives *over the hills and far away*.

With the exception of a few hours, another year, with all its cares and woes, has just passed away, and left us open to all the trying events, and afflictive dispensations, which the year ensuing may be fraught with; and as the year past was not without its pains and sorrows, so in all probability its successor will yield an ample store of griefs and miseries; nor shall we be able to do much by way of arresting them in their course towards us, nor yet in trying to meliorate their asperity. Divine grace, however, is quite sufficient for all these things, and we do hope that the grace of God will espouse our cause, and stand up for us whenever we are besieged around, and through the whole year be our guide and defence, as it was through the year now past and gone. At all events, the year close at hand will be the fiftieth year of the nineteenth century; and no doubt it will, with some of God's people, be a jubilee year to their souls; a year much to be remembered by them throughout their generation. How you and I shall fare for the following twelve months is to us unknown; but it is not wholly unknown to us that "the Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble," Nahum i. 7. Nor are we altogether ignorant of our own weakness and undone state by nature; and we know very well, that from what we are by nature, many serious inconveniences and great sufferings have been our portion, and in the forty-ninth year of this century, a certain rate of them were handed out to us; and if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when troubles rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick; but having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day, saying, "Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare." Psalm lxxv. 1.

The many providential mercies we have received of the Lord through this year, show the bountifulness of his heart toward us, as well as lay us under renewed obligations to him; and the wrongs we have done in the sight of God, and yet not cut off in his wrath, prove what is the compassion of his bowels on our behalf. And when we look within us and see what swarms of evil thoughts and devilish concupiscence that there lurk and revel, we may well wonder at the great and long forbearance of the God of heaven to usward, seeing he is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity, Hab. i. 13.

And above all, when we think of the many gracious intimations he gives us of how his mind stands affected toward you and I in regard to the salvation of our souls, we can but be surprised, and thankful, and humble, and resigned to his sovereign good will and pleasure in all things. And then again, how does his sweet whispers of love and mercy warm our souls at times! And how also are we made to sing for joy of heart when he is pleased to lift upon us the light of his countenance!

In the course of this year, we in our religious feelings, if not in our families and temporal affairs, have experienced a variety of changes, which I know very well are incidental to God's children.—Sometimes hot, and sometimes cold.—Now rejoicing in light, and then walking in darkness—Faith firm and strong at one time, anon, paralyzed in all the powers of our souls.—In the morning, peace reigns and triumphs within, by the going down of the sun an intestine war begins and things look fearful. Again, clouds disperse, the warwhoop ceases, the troops are disbanded, and a treaty of peace is formed in the breast and we feel it and are thankful for the same, and are ready to conclude that all intestine wars and broils with us are come to a perpetual end, and we think about dying in our nest; but alas! alas! by the time the cock crows thrice we are plunged into another war, and seeing how things are going with us, we cry out and say, changes and war are against us, Job, x. 17.

So fickle have our religious frames and feelings been through this year: but forsooth, the year 1849 has given us the slip to return this way no more for ever, and in its uncontrollable current, things innumerable were carried off, and to us lost, in dark oblivion lost; nor has the past, in its slipping from us, left a guarantee behind it, that 1850 shall contain no bitter herbs, nor nauseous drugs, nor acids of any kind: and hence the Londoner and the Lawful Captive will have to take the jubilee year just as it comes, rain or shine: these words, however, we may consider to be encouraging to us; "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge," Psalm xli. 7. My hope also is, that we, all through the year ensuing, shall be quiet as observant, and rather more so, of the dealings of God towards us, both in his providence and grace, as we were or have been through the present year. Nor can we be too watchful of the various exercises of our own minds, and the general motions of the Holy Spirit in and upon us. It is certain that of no people under the sun, is vigilance more needed than it is among those who love and fear God. Solomon says, "Ponder the path of thy feet," Prov. iv. 26. This is good advice and quite in season, for men of our complexion of character. However, as we, for the want of more sound wisdom and gospel sagacity, are easily duped by arch enemies, so

it is that we need to watch and wait at wisdom's gate, and readily catch at every little bit of instruction that may in the providence of God be thrown in our path while sojourning here on earth.

The year past and gone afforded us several opportunities of being together, sometimes in private, and sometimes in the house of God, there for me to speak and for you to hear; but 'tis no way likely that the year now coming will yield us even one such opportunity; but the Bible will be open for us, and so will the throne of grace, and so likewise will the heart and the everlasting arms of the Lord Most High; and God Almighty grant that by these, our faith and hope may be greatly strengthened, and our souls comforted, and the fiftieth year of the present century be spent by us in the fear of God, and to the praise of the glory of his grace; and then, indeed and in truth, shall we be enabled to say, "Lord, thou hast put gladness in our hearts, more than in the time that the corn and wine increased among carnal men," Ps. iv. 7.

My brother, believe me when I say that I've still a good remembrance of you all at the Surrey Tabernacle, and among you my unseen spirit often mingles; and as on the last Lord's Day in July of this year, I preached twice in your chapel to overflowing congregations, (the two last sermons I preached in England,) so would I gladly preach twice in the same graceful looking chapel on the two first Lord's Days in January next; unless you are crying out in the language of some of the great and mighty men in Old England, *We have been disappointed in Mr. Osbourn!* If this be your cry, I'll not preach in your chapel next Sunday, and I beg you will tell brother Wells so, for I do hate to preach to a disappointed people.

Sir, I do hope the Lord will greatly bless our souls all through the next year by brightening and strengthening the graces of the Holy Spirit within us, so that we may spring up as among grass, and as willows by the water courses, and subscribe with our hands unto the Lord, and surname ourselves by the name of Israel. And I wish the same may be the case with all the children of God through the length and breadth of the whole globe. Yes, I do sincerely wish all the regenerate church of Christ a happy NEW YEAR, and my best respects to all that ask after me, and brother Wells in special. Write when you can. Adieu. JAMES OSBOURN.

*From my study, just Eight o'Clock, p. m.*

*Baltimore, Dec. 31, 1849.*

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SOME ACCOUNT OF  
**Eight Years' Labour in the Ministry**  
AT LEICESTER.

BRETHREN BELOVED,—Eight years of my poor, vain, mortal life have been spent in Leicester. Joys and sorrows have succeeded each other, and pains and pleasures

bitters and sweets, have been mingled together in my cup; and I have "drank the wine of astonishment." I have been astonished at the foolishness, ignorance, little-mindedness, deceitfulness, and maliciousness, of some professing truth and godliness. And I have been astonished at the villainess, deceit, and wickedness, that have made its appearance in my own heart, year after year; and I feel persuaded, that I have neither found the end, nor the bottom of it. It is such a deep gulf, that I am sometimes afraid to look into it. But most of all have I been astonished at God's longsuffering, goodness, and mercy to me: and I know that God's longsufferings with me, rest all in the great sufferings of his dear Son Jesus Christ for me, otherwise, I must have been consumed.

The wide-mouthed woman, with her wide-mouthed sons and daughters, have no bounds to their tongues. Isa. lvii. 4. They set their mouths, not only against God's truth and people on earth, but against the heavens, and their tongues walk through the earth; "therefore his people return hither, and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them." Ps. lxxiii. 10. Through satan, the evils of my heart, and ungodly professors of godliness, I have been pressed, wrung, and jammed, enough to jam my life out of me; and I am persuaded it would have been so, had not a better life than my own been in me. But perhaps I am a more hard and knotty piece of stuff, than some others of the Lord's people, and need more hacking, hewing, squeezing, and pressing, than some others; but this I know, waters of a full cup have been wrung out of me, though I am not one of those who can cry and weep in a pulpit, to affect and move the natural passions of an audience. I tell you I am rather hard, and have a bad temper to contend with; though sometimes a tear will involuntarily squeeze out in the pulpit, but my tears have been mostly in solitude and secret. I don't want fleshly, carnal, and hypocritical professors to bottle up my tears in their bottle, and go talking and hawking them about the streets. No, no: weeping saints, it is enough for us that the Lord has a bottle for all our tears. "Jesus wept," and every poor afflicted saint have a fellowship of sufferings with Christ, and all their tears are in one bottle. The same sort of enemies that squeezed tears and blood from the lowly, suffering Jesus, wrung them from his suffering saints below. But should the saints of God themselves be tempted by satan to slander and afflict one another, they will have stripe for stripe, suffering for suffering, brought upon themselves by themselves; and tear for tear, and those tears are put into another bottle, the bottle of equity and just retribution, and must be emptied upon their own heads in this time state: not to drown them in wrath, but to melt them in love, mercy, and repentance, until they both come before the throne of God with weeping and supplication; and then God,

their kind Father, puts these into his bottle with Christ's tears, who prayed and wept for his enemies; and the Lord is my witness that I have wept and prayed for my enemies. "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son." Christ prayed for you and me, when we were his enemies, and prevailed for us, and hath conquered and overcome us by his love. Well, then, some of Christ's people are still enemies, both to Christ and us; and when the Spirit of Christ is in us, he makes our hearts hot within us, and this melting fire makes the waters to boil within us, and then we can pray and shed tears even for our enemies; and I believe that such tears will not be shed in vain, if holy fire within cause the warm waters to flow down your cheeks.

But if I run on thus, I shall break the thread of my narrative. I was about to write concerning my coming to Leicester, Well, now I will tell you. Nine years ago I was preaching at Sandwich, in Kent; and some sweet and happy seasons I experienced there with some of "the Lord's hidden ones," for whom I feel a love to this day, though some of them are fallen asleep, and gone home to be with Christ; viz.:—dear old brothers Tenney and Pegden, Mrs. Hopper, and some others. The people there were a mixed congregation, some Baptists, some Independents; and though I loved them all in Christ, I perceived that I could not continue comfortable among them; some differences and contentions would arise; and I was much troubled and distressed, and knew not what to do, so I laid the case before the Lord. Soon after, in the vision of the night, there were two most placid, beautiful, and heavenly persons came to me, they appeared to be of neither sex, yet most benign and heavenly in their appearance. I heard them in the chapel conversing together, while a stream of clear and pure water was running through the chapel. In their conversation, I heard them talking concerning G. Washington Wilks, a young minister, by whom I was baptized at Diss, in Norfolk. I being in the pulpit, those sweet and beautiful persons then approached near me, and one of them put its right hand into my right hand; immediately I felt such transporting and heavenly love flowing through all the powers of my soul, which made me tremble with love and holy fear. It still kept its hand in my hand, and I seemed to feel a sensible pressure, while it drew me quite out of the pulpit. The sweetness and placidness of its countenance, and the solemn, serene sweetness I then felt in my soul, I will not attempt to describe. In the act of waking up, I felt the hand in my hand, as sensibly (I thought) as ever I felt a hand in my life-time; and in the act of opening my eyes, I cannot persuade myself but that I saw that sweet and lovely countenance vanish away out of my sight; and I trembled again with love and holy joy, and the sweetness, and savour, and serene

blessedness rested upon my mind for several days: and the remembrance of it has a pleasantness to this day. I could not tell what it meant. I thought perhaps it might be a token or presentiment, that the Lord was about to send some messengers to take me out of this world to my everlasting home, to be with Christ: but I soon found that it was not to be so then, but that it was rather a token and a call for me to leave that pulpit, chapel, and people, and go nearly two hundred miles northward; for I was drawn in that direction, from the pulpit, by the visitor in the vision: and thus I found that my time was not then run out on earth, but that I had to enter upon a new scene of labour, trial, persecution, and temptation.

Not long after this, I was invited to preach at Leicester, a place which I had never before seen. I travelled in the night by railroad, reached the town at two o'clock in the morning, slept at the Three Cranes. On the next day, I found my way to Mr. Kellum's, the place appointed for me to lodge. There I met with much kindness, and hospitality. When Sunday came, I was conducted to the chapel to preach. When I entered the chapel and pulpit, I thought I never saw such a dark, gloomy, cheerless, miserable looking place of worship in my life, and the people I thought, corresponded with the place. They appeared to be cold, dark, and gloomy, setting as it were in bondage and the shadow of death, while the cobwebs hung about the walls and windows, for the spiders had been busily employed, weaving their webs, and I found afterwards, that some of the people had been weaving the spider's web, and hatching cockatrice eggs. And I felt very queer, cold and in bondage. However, I thought that some great preachers had been in Leicester, and that I must preach some of the great things of the Gospel, otherwise, I should be thought nothing and nobody. So I took my text, "*Yea, he loved the people;*" and went on to shew the ancient, great, and eternal love of the Father in Christ the covenant head of his people, whose goings forth were of old even from everlasting; and the communications of this love by the Spirit, to the chosen, redeemed, regenerated, sanctified and called people of God.

Among the congregation, there was a preacher whose name is Brown, a man nearly blind. Soon as the service was over, and he got out at the chapel door, he, to some of the people, began to rail on the poor preacher and his preaching. Those poor weak creatures thought he was a parson, and must know wonderful things. They immediately drank in his prejudice and poison, and went growling away also, because I preached too much of the great and overflowing love of God in Christ, and too little of the earthly, sensual, and devilish corruption of the fallen creature. Well, they set me down to be no preacher, or at most what is called "a letter man." In and of myself, I am nothing. Another

poor old woman, who had made herself a sort of a governess in the chapel, began to chatter and prate to some others. What are we to do with this man here for a month? What are we to do with him? So that indeed, I have understood since that, there were but five or six, that understood my preaching, and they rejoiced exceedingly, but were rebuked by some others for rejoicing. So true it is, if a minister cannot bring a people up by his preaching, to his standing of faith, love and liberty in the glorious gospel; they will drag him down in the miserable miry place where they are, for indeed, I was brought into darkness and bondage, for some time, for they could hear no preaching so well as the misery, corruption, and rebellion of the creature, and when they sung, it appeared almost as much like crying as singing. Some said, what shall we do with this man here for a month? and I thought how shall I stay here a month? However, in the evening, I preached on this text, "In the day of my trouble, I sought the Lord, my sore ran in the night and ceased not, my soul refused to be comforted." I opened some of the old sores and wounds of the people, and raked a little in their corruptions and miseries; and then they thought they could continue me with them a month, and began to be a little more satisfied.

But O dear! I felt myself in a miserable plight; satan set in upon me, raked up my old sins and bound me fast in chains of bondage and distress, insomuch that I felt as if I had a great sore gathered in my soul, and I went bowed down, moaning and groaning in great distress, and wished myself away from Leicester, said, "O that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." I felt as if I could not live under the sore and burden, and one night I went to bed at my friend Kellum's, and laid groaning part of the night, and suddenly the Lord came to my relief. Light, love, liberty, peace and joy broke into my heart, and the room seemed to be filled with light and heaven, and I really felt as if a great sore had burst in me, and the blessed Spirit the comforter, brought in my heart by faith; the love, blood and righteousness of Christ so sweet, and powerful, cleansing and purifying my soul so completely from sin, that I cried out with joy, "Bless the Lord O my soul," and could not sleep for some hours, my joy was so great.

It will occupy several letters for me to get through my eight years' narrative, but I will be as brief as possible, and write nothing but unvarnished, plain and simple facts, in the course of which I must relate several striking things which may be profitable to ministers, churches, and people of God, and will keep nothing back that is profitable.

#### A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, February 14, 1850.

(To be Continued.)

## PARTICULAR REDEMPTION—A BIBLE DOCTRINE.

DEAR BROTHER:—With the Lord's gracious help and your permission, I will attempt to answer the request of "A," at Strand; found in the wrapper of this month's *Vessel*.

The portion of Scripture I am requested to explain is 1 Tim. ii. 4, 5, 6. The chief, or main difficulty, I suppose, is found in the fourth and sixth verses; namely, *all men—for all*. And this is thought to clash with the doctrine of personal and unconditional election, found in so many parts of the Word of the living God. One thing is quite certain, that the Word of God is one consistent, straightforward, united whole, without jar or contradiction; in itself pure, perfect, true, and righteous altogether; and, although many parts are truly deep and mysterious, so that we cannot fully comprehend them—yet what we know not now we shall know hereafter; therefore, it behoves poor worms prayerfully to ponder, and patiently to wait at the feet of our great Prophet for his heavenly teaching, that he may give us his Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth. And in order that we may know the Lord's mind in his Word, we should well consider the context and the main drift of the writer, and never take one isolated portion or sentence, in order to establish some erroneous notion that has originated in our own brains.

In the discussion of the portion in question, I beg my friends to consider the drift of the Holy Ghost in this place; and then I think that all the difficulty will vanish before them.

In the first eight verses the apostle is giving Timothy instructions and directions concerning PUBLIC PRAYER. First, shewing for whom he is to pray, supplicate, intercede and give thanks—for *all men*; that is, for all classes, ranks, grades, or nations, gentiles (or heathens) as well as Jews; this was, evidently, to meet the objection of many of the Jews who had become Jews indeed, who thought it unlawful to pray, or even to preach the gospel to the heathen world, and even contended with Peter when he did so. (See Acts xi. 2, 3.)

Secondly, the benefit and advantage of such prayers; not that all might be converted and blessed with spiritual blessings but "that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty," (2nd. ver.) In fact, we are forbidden to pray for some, Jer. vii. 16; xi. 14; Christ himself prayed not for the world, John xvii. 9. And in 1 John v. 16, we are forbidden to pray even for a professing brother who has sinned a certain sin.

Thirdly, he shews that such prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings, are well-pleasing to God, "For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, (3rd ver.)

Fourthly, that such prayers are perfectly consistent with the purposes, decrees, mind, will, and Word of God, who has declared from the beginning that the Gentile nations should participate in the great salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory; as the apostle states, "Who will have all men (all classes, ranks, &c.,) to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth," (4th ver.); or this truth he afterwards states; namely, that Christ gave himself a ransom for all the world: that the words, *all men, all the world, the whole world, every one*, is to be understood as above, is abundantly clear from many

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parts of the inspired Word. We will quote a few to establish the point in hand. The first you will find in Luke xi. 10, "And the angel said, Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all people*," that is, all distributively, not universally; for the latter never has been a truth since it was spoken by the angel; neither was it tidings of joy to all them, for it is said that "when Herod, the king, heard these things, he was troubled, and *all Jerusalem* with him," Matt. xi. 3. And the last *all* here, is to be understood only of the king and his courtiers; for when those words were spoken he had not even gathered the priests and scribes together, (4th ver.) *All*, again, is put for a great number in Matt. iii. 5; in John iii. 26, "the same baptiseth, and *all men* come to him;" in Mark iii. 37, "*all men* seek thee;" again, "*all men* did marvel," ver. 20; this reaches only to those men in Decapolis who saw the miracle which Christ did. Paul is said to please *all men in all things*, 1 Cor. x. 33. And yet in some things he pleases none, and in all very few indeed. The grace of God is said to have *appeared to all men*, (all classes,) Tit. ii. 11; but is only effectual in *us*, who are the subjects of the same, (see ver. 12.) Again, Christ hath said, in John xii. 32, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me;" but all men universally never have been drawn to Christ—but some of all nations of the whole earth have, by the virtue and the attractive power of his death and Spirit, have been brought effectually to Christ. The phrase, *all the world, &c.*, is to be understood in the same way, "God so loved the world" in John iii. 16, Christ taking away the sin of the world; (i. 29.) not every individual in the world; nor do I think that we are to understand this as many do of the *elect world*, (though that is a Bible truth,) but rather as it is explained in 1 John ii. 2, "And he is a propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only (i.e. us Jews) but also the sins of the whole world;" *the sins of*, being in italics, it would read "but the whole world;" that is, for Gentiles as well as Jews, shewing that the death of Christ was by no means restricted to the Jews, as a nation, but that he was equally a propitiation for the Gentiles also. "For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation to the ends of the earth; and when the Gentiles heard this they were glad, and glorified the Word of the Lord: (and I beseech you to mark what follows;) and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed," Acts xiii. 47, 48. And to this agrees the song of the redeemed in Rev. v. 9, when they sung a new song, saying, "Thou art worthy—for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every *kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation*." I firmly believe this to be the only redemption that can do a poor, fallen sinner any good; and I must confess that I do not understand that redemption which does not redeem from all iniquity and bring me to God. Titus ii. 14. Universal redemption, (as it is termed,) most assuredly does not this; and, in fact, is no redemption at all: and it is certain that if all men, universally, are intended by the phrase, *the whole world*, then all will be lost; for it is said that the *whole world* lieth in wicked-

ness, 1 John v. 10; the devil is said to deceive the *whole world*, Rev. xii. 9, yet it is not possible to deceive the elect, Mark xiii. 22. Again, *all the world* wondered after the beast, Rev. xiii. 3; that is, "all kindreds, tongues, nations, and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," (7th and 8th ver.) The Gentiles are called the world, in distinction from the Jews, Rom. xi. 12, 15. Thus, then, it is clear that *all men* in this portion, is all *kindreds, nations, &c.*: which will receive further strength if we consider the will of God concerning them, *who will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth*. A popular writer, Barnes, in his notes on this place, alters the word *will* to *wish, or, desire*, and thus reads, "I wish (or desire) all men to be saved," &c.; and thus represents the Lord as wishing, or desiring, that to take place, which, in fact, never will; but sure I am, that all the good wishes in heaven or earth will never save my soul from hell, atone for my sin, satisfy the justice of God, justify my person, quicken my soul, and present me to God at last, without spot, so that I shall have boldness in the day of judgment. But the immutable will, or in other words, the purpose, decree, and covenant of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost will do all this; for his counsels of old are *faithfulness and truth*, Isa. xxv. 1. "God is not a man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent. Hath he not said it, and shall he not do it? or, hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" Num. xxiii. 19, 20. He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou?" Dan. iv. 35. Again, "Who hath resisted his will?" Rom. ix. 18, 19, 20. And it is clear, from the eighth chapter of Romans and the first of Ephesians, that the election, predestination, adoption, redemption, vocation, sanctification, justification and glorification of the church of the living God, is all according to the good pleasure of his will, *who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will*. And these are the truths that God will have them come to a divine and spiritual knowledge of, in the day of his power, "For all thy children shall be taught of the Lord," Isa. lix. 13. "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people, and they shall all *know me*," Jer. xxxi. 31—34.

Fifthly, the apostle shews that this praying for *all men* is also perfectly consistent with the unity of God, and the office and work of Christ, "For there is one God over all kindreds, nations, and people, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus," (5th ver.); shewing that he is not only the Mediator of Jew, but of the Gentile; also proving that all national distinction is now thrown down, and that "in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him," Acts x. 34, 35. The very idea of a Mediator implies a breach, or jar, between two parties; and those parties are here named *God and men*, and the work and office of a mediator is to come between those two parties, in order to reconcile them and make them one. This the Man Christ Jesus has done; the means by which it was accomplished was the shedding of his most

precious blood, called a *ransom* in the sixth verse; and this took place when we were enemies, "For if, *when we were enemies*, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life," Rom. v. 10. See Eph. ii. 12—17. Col. i. 20. Then the work of a Mediator is also to intercede for the offending persons; but Christ did not pray or intercede for the world—but for his own people, "I pray not for the world," John xvii. 9. He gave eternal life to as many as the Father gave to him, (2nd ver.) called his sheep in the 10th of John, his church whom he loved, and gave himself for it, Eph. v. 25, 26, 27. Christ, as Mediator, never reconciled Cain, Esau, Ishmael, Balaam, Judas, and many others who have died in their sins; neither is it the will of God the Father that all men should be saved, "For some men were of old ordained to condemnation," Jude iv.; and it is equally clear that all might have justly been so, but that God will have mercy on some; for he saith to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," Rom. xi. 15. And the mysteries of God's kingdom are hid from many wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes, and none can possibly know them without the Son of God reveal them, Matt. xi. 25, 26, 27. And so far from all being saved and coming to the knowledge of the truth, it is said, "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that *not many* wise men (after the flesh,) *not many* mighty, *not many* noble are called," 1 Cor. i. 26, 27, 28. Now, if it was God's wish or intention that all individually should be saved, would he not, think you, send the gospel to all? the means of grace, (as they are called,) to all? which he has not done to this day; for there are thousands of our fellow creatures, at this time who have never heard there was such a person as Jesus Christ the Son of God, who gave himself a ransom for all. The word ransom comes from two Greek words, and signifies, "a ransom price, in the room or stead of all;" but this cannot be understood of all and every individual man, for then every one would be ransomed and set free, or the ransom price must have been in vain; for when a person pays the ransom price of a poor slave, he is set free; hence we say, his freedom is purchased. Therefore, the *all* here must mean the *many* mentioned in Matt. xx. 29, "The Son of man gave himself a ransom for many." "For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins," Matt. xxvi. 29. "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many," Heb. ix. 28; that is, all his elect, loved, adopted family, all his seed, his members, his church, his jewels, and the like. Hence it is that "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to him," Isaiah xxxv. 10. It is his (God's) will they should come, therefore he makes a way for them, (see 2nd ver.) And again, he is said to bring them to Zion, Jer. iii. 14. How is it possible for those who are now in hell to believe they were once redeemed therefrom? The Lord speaks of his people as being redeemed from death and ransomed from the power of the grave, Hos. xiii. 14. Yea, of death being swallowed up for ever, Isa. xxv. 8. Christ having obtained the victory, 1 Cor. xv. 55, 56, and death being destroyed, and him that had the power of death, that is the devil, Heb. ii. 14; which

Sixthly, is to be testified in *due time*; that is a

*fit, proper, a seasonable time*, "I will give you rain in due season," Lev. xxvi. 4, "Meat in due season," Matt. xxiv. 4, 5. Then it is put for a fixed time, or proper season, "In due time Christ died for the ungodly," Rom. v. 6. Then for a most favourable or suitable opportunity, "A word spoken in due season, how good is it," Prov. xv. 23. So this testimony is to be borne in a fixed and proper season, as Christ gave himself a ransom for all in due time, so the testimony or witness of this is to follow, or be furnished in due time, or in its own times, which testifying is the work of the Holy Ghost, for he said "Christ shall testify of me," John xv. 26, as the Redeemer, Mediator, and Saviour of my sheep, for whom I laid down my life. Most certain then it is, that if Christ died for me, that the glad tidings of his death will be made known to me in *due time*, that is the day of his power; it being the work of the Holy Ghost to quicken me into life, convince me of sin, and lead me to the sin-bearing Saviour, witness in my heart that he died for me; and without I have this blessed witness in my heart, I have no reason to conclude that my name is in the Lamb's Book of Life, or that I shall enter heaven at last. Prove your election first, then make your election sure. If Christ had died only for the Jews, as a nation, the preaching of the gospel would have been confined to them—but as Christ died for some of every nation and tongue, the commission was to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, and "who-soever, (without any distinction of nation whatsoever) believeth and is baptised, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Seventhly, Paul states that for this very purpose "I am ordained a preacher and an apostle; (I speak the truth in Christ and lie not,) a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity," (7th ver.) This verse, to me, explains the whole of the preceding verses, and at once confirms the view that I have here taken, that by the *all* here, Paul meant the Gentiles, and in a most solemn manner, declares that he lies not, but speaks the truth in Christ. And then,

Eighthly, commands that as Christ died for all, and it is good in the sight of God to pray for all, so also, it is lawful to pray and worship God, who is over all, in every place, "I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting," (2nd ver.,) thereby throwing down all distinction about consecrated places or temples made with hands, and shewing it was faith alone that was acceptable to God. And they who were accepted of the Father, must worship him in spirit and in truth. (See John iv. 24.)

Thus, then, dear friends, have I endeavoured to answer your request to the best of my ability, hoping that the God of all truth, light, and life, may open it more fully to your minds if you are his people, or among that number who are seeking to *know* and to *do* the will of God; and if you do receive, believe and, hold as dear to your hearts the *doctrine of election and free grace*, as you say, allow me to ask how you can, if you love those truths, continue to sanction, or hear those preachers who supply at Strand, who, not only do not preach them, but who really hate those who do. How can you reconcile this? I hope you are sincere and honest in what you say; but I must wait until I see you make a bold

and decided stand for those distinguishing doctrines of the Word of God; and, as a church, insist upon having only those in your pulpit who love and preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

And may the God of truth and peace direct and bless you, with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. So prays,

Your willing servant in the Lord,

C. H. COLES.

Old Brentford, Jan. 14, 1850.

## Can a Child of God Commit Suicide?

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Your letter came duly to hand, and I was happy to hear from you; but with regard to the sad affair in question, of which you ask my opinion, I find much reluctance in entering upon it, and had rather not say much on the difficult point in hand.

It is said in the unerring word of God, that "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," and if a man in sane mind murder himself, there appears no space for repentance between the act and death. Though some have argued on the other hand, that if the Lord is pleased to take away man's reason, that he is no longer an accountable creature; but I confess the argument is not sufficiently strong, or scriptural, for me to depend upon, or receive, as my belief.

Samson, it is said by some, destroyed himself in sane mind, and yet the scriptures record him among the catalogue of the faithful, and cloud of witnesses who are gone to heaven. But this is not a sufficient argument to satisfy me; Samson was a public character; and he made it a matter of prayer to the Lord; moreover he was a highly typical character, who laid down his life for the redemption of Israel from the Philistines; as Christ laid down his life of himself. "No man," saith he, "taketh it from me, I lay it down of myself," voluntarily as Samson did his, for Christ laid down his life for the redemption of his sheep; but when a man in sane mind, destroys himself, he has neither private nor public good in view; neither can it be for the glory of God: and I believe, the righteous are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation:" and those who are born of the Spirit, have the Spirit of God in them, over which Satan shall never finally triumph; and "they cannot sin that sin unto death, because they are born of God." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," saith Jesus; a child born of an earthly parent, has the very nature of the parent; and a soul born of God, the Heavenly Parent, has the very nature of God in it: all the conditional promises made to Adam as a man in the flesh, under the first covenant, are forfeited by sin; and whatever promises you may make to your child in the flesh, you through inability may not be able to perform; and should you give them all you promised them, they through weakness and folly may squander it away; but grace-promises of God in Christ are new covenant promises, and cannot be lost, because they are in Christ, and Christ, as the covenant head, holds the bond of all these promises, and the covenant children with them are "preserved in Christ Jesus," in whom all the promises of God to him and them, are yea, and amen in Christ Jesus."



These words "yea and amen," is God's holy oath to Christ and his seed in him; and because God could swear by no greater, he swore by himself, and by his own holiness, two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie; saying, "surely in blessing I will bless thee;" thus Christ and his seed are blessed with life, "eternal life," and favor. Again, this word "Amen," signifies verily and surely: it is the Father's oath to Christ and his seed in him; and "God was manifested in the flesh;" God was in Christ, visibly with the Church on earth, and spoke out the word to the Church, "His name shall be called the Word of God;" and how many times Christ confirms and repeats the oath of God to his people, saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, hath everlasting life, and shall never come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

This "verily, verily," is God's solemn oath: and neither Satan, nor lamented sin, in our poor fallen nature can possibly revoke it: therefore, it is certain, that the Lord keepeth his people in Christ; there, the wicked one toucheth them not; "he holdeth our souls in life, and will not suffer our feet to be moved." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." Satan, with his fiery darts and temptations may touch your flesh, distress and harass your mind, touch your goods as in the case of Job, "when God permits him," but not your life, for that is hidden from him with Christ in God, in the eternal Godhead, in the very life of God, the divine nature: thus, these promises of God in Christ, and through Christ, are eternal covenant promises; (exceeding all the Law covenant promises, "exceeding great, and precious promises," whereby ye are made partakers of the divine nature.)

Now, human nature was not impregnable to Satan; but the divine nature is: therefore, he must destroy God himself, before he can destroy one of the saints sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Christ Jesus, whose life is in God, and God in them; "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him;" and this is the faith of God's elect, elected in Christ before the foundation of the world.

Thus Satan's work of death, can be only in the flesh, and in the unregenerate soul of man, for he cannot touch the life of God in the soul of the regenerate; that will remain as long as God himself remains, and that is for ever: "they shall never perish," no, neither by their own handy works, nor by the power of the devil. They may be sorely tempted in many ways, and tried to the utmost, even beyond their own strength and wisdom, and be at their wit's ends, and may faint under the devil's temptation, and fall foully; then the Spirit of God in them is their only strength, and Christ their life, their only life; for the vile body is dead, "the body of this death; the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness." Rom. viii. 10.

I have been sorely tempted and tried beyond all I can express, insomuch, as I have found myself in Satan's paws, and devouring jaws, and all my strength gone, and none left: and I, as it were, given up as a prey to the destroyer; yea, eaten up as it were, and as good as dead; the temptations of various kinds, (which I have not space to name here) have devoured me; and I

have been in the very jaws of death, without strength to help myself. "But out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Oh, it must have been the Spirit of God in my soul, that kept me and preserved me in death, and self-destruction. But, oh, the Lord, the gracious Lord himself gave the power to the faint; and when I had no strength he gave power by his Spirit in me, to rend the monster temptation in pieces; and out of this eater came forth meat, "the yoke was taken off my jaws, and meat laid before me." Hosea xi. 4. The blessed Holy Spirit, in my spirit, shewed me the bleeding Jesus, the dying flesh, and precious blood of the dear Son of God—"and his flesh was meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed," to my sin-distracted, Satan-hunted, tempest-tossed soul: and out of the strong monster temptation came forth sweetness; sweet deliverance, sweet words from God, sweet words from Jesus, sweet whispers of the spirit in my trembling spirit, ah! sweet as honey: sweeter than honey dropping from the comb." Oh, sweet Lord! said I, hast thou not left me yet, a sinner so vile? Who knows the overcoming sweetness of Christ's love? None but those who receive pardon of sin through Christ, and the anointings and comforts of the Holy Ghost: this is sweet indeed. Men may have a knowledge of the theory of doctrines, and not have the inward anointings and teachings of the Holy Ghost in the soul; but John saith, "ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things, and need no man to teach you;" "all thy children," saith the Father to Jesus, "shall be taught of God."

Again, as you justly remarked, there has no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted, above that you are able; but will with the temptation also, make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor. 10, 3. But if a man murders himself in sound mind he does not escape; and as I said before, there appears no space for repentance between the act, and his death; the poor man among the tombs who was tormented with the legion of devils; and a long time too, was preserved from self-murder, and did escape.

I knew a poor man, in Suffolk, a minister of the gospel, I have heard him preach many times, an old minister, and was acknowledged by the churches as a man of grace, and, poor man, he hanged himself! But the ministers who knew him, gave it in, that he was insano; and therefore, was no longer accountable for what he did; and that he was a saved man; but I must confess it was always a great stumbling block to me, which I could not remove out of the way. We know very well if a man is born again, burn of the Spirit, and brought into the kingdom of God—"which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—that he never goes out of the kingdom of God any more; but though I would speak sparingly, I must say of the poor man in question, that I never was satisfied that he had the life of God in his soul: he never gave any satisfactory signs to me, in his conversation; his chief conversation was about outward things of the world, and sometimes he would just touch upon the outside husks of mere speculative sentiments in the head, but inward heart and soul religion, I must confess, I never had from him; the most favourable view we can have of him,

and the sad circumstance, is, that if he was insane, he might be unconscious of that which he did; but we must leave him to the Judge of all the earth, before whom we must all stand.

But judgment begins at the house of God, and God's people are brought into judgment here, and by the Law have the sentence of condemnation passed in their conscience for sin; and are by the Spirit, brought to God through Jesus' blood: and "by faith in Jesus are justified freely from all things by which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." Moreover, under fresh contracted guilt there is a daily coming to the judgment seat of God, or rather to the throne of grace; where the once judged Man, the condemned man, the dying, the rising, reigning, Jesus, sits at God's right hand, as our righteousness for justification before God. "It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is at God's right hand, who ever liveth to make intercession for us." Thus we may come boldly to the throne of grace that we may obtain the promised mercy through Christ, and grace to help in every time of need, trial, and violent temptations of Satan, and God hath promised us ultimately an escape.

And now, my very dear brother, may God preserve you and me, and deliver us from the black deep gulf, into which many are falling daily. May the God of all grace, supply you with all needful grace from his throne, and preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom. Amen. Christian regards to your dear partner, who, I trust, is an heir of the grace of life with you. Adieu.

Your's truly,

April 10, 1848.

## A Word to, and Work for "Timothy."

I AM no advocate for controversy or contention; and when reproof is necessary, and is administered by a "righteous man," it generally proves "an excellent oil which shall not break the head;" but when and where unnecessarily administered, it breaks the head and heart too. I think Timothy has acted the part of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, in his attempt to put a person right before he is wrong, Num. xvi. 1, 2, 3. I am open to reproof, rebuke, correction, and instruction, when the case requires it; and only then. I fear "Timothy" is half, if not wholly, an Arminian. Throw down Popery I cannot; neither do I attempt it: but cry and exclaim against it, both ancient and modern, I will by the help of the Lord. And if this be setting up another species of the monster, let him be set up, that all may have a fair look at him; also, in exposing Arminian heresy, and proclaiming God's truth, I aspire but to one crown only, not a triple one, a single one will suffice, i.e., "a crown of glory that fadeth not away," 1 Pet. v. 4. Infallibility I ascribe to one only, even Jehovah. The Pope, like myself, is a poor fallible helpless sinner. I have, therefore, no pretension to that to which it is utterly impossible to arrive. In this (bless God) I am no ignoramus; the truths I am enabled to preach (in my poor feeble way) are not mere opinions floating in the brain, but sound substantial facts, founded on the Bible, and unmistakably right. I neither judge, condemn, nor consign to destruction any people. Still I

affirm that all error and lies comes from hell, and again repeat, that grace preventing not, such must and will everlastingly perish.

Now Timothy, take your Bible, and turn to the following Scriptures; and then say—that holy men of God, in denominating ungodly and erroneous men by various epithets, savours more of the image of the earthly than the heavenly, and you must say so too of Christ himself; to use an ancient adage, "You must (yea do) tar us all with one brush."

Read carefully the 7th chapter of Matthew; then read steadily from the 13th verse to the end of the 23rd chapter. Now look at Mark vii. 6; Luke xx. 45, 46, 47; John viii. 55 and 44. Now look at Stephen's words, Acts vii. 51. Turn now to chapter 13th, and 10th verse; and 23rd, and 3rd verse. Now look at 2 Cor. xi. 13, 14, 15; Eph. iv. 14; 2 Thess. ii. 8—12. Now glance at 2 Tim. iii. 1—9; iv. 14, 15; Titus i. 10—13. Now read slowly 2 Pet. 2nd chapter all through; and Jude's weighty epistle. Turn back now to Isa. lvi. 10, 11, 12; lix. 1—8. Now look at Psa. cix. 6—20; Psa. xcii. 6, 7. All Psalm 83rd. You may read, also, Psalm lii. 1—5. Now, if you have got time, you may turn to Job xiii. 4.

But why should I refer "Timothy" to so many portions of Holy Writ? Doubtless, he (like his name-sake) knows the Scriptures well, perhaps from his youth. And if so, I am sure he must acknowledge that a great deal therein recorded by the divine inspiration of God the Holy Ghost, savours much more of the image of the earthly than the heavenly, and the exposure of error and erroneous men written there by prophets and apostles, is the effusion of the natural man and not of the spiritual; that those holy men of God in so doing preach not Christ, but themselves; that the weapons they have used in the defence of the truth are carnal, and has injured Jesus Christ, his prophets, and apostles more than those against whom they so solemnly and unanimously inveighed, that in this their bold stand for, and defence of God's truth, they only set up another species of the monster, popery; and claim infallibility, aspiring to the triple crown. O, "Timothy!" I am truly glad that you have ranked me in company with the Lord Jesus Christ, his prophets and apostles, boldly asserting that we one and all, (for so it must mean) in shewing up the gross inconsistency, conduct, errors, and lies of men and fleshly professors, savour of the image of the earthly and not the heavenly, that it is the effusion of the natural, and not the spiritual man; that the weapons do us more injury than those against whom they are directed; and that I, with the rest, only affect to pity their ignorance and their danger. Yes, "Timothy;" by the help of the Lord, I will still go on to expose their errors; and that by the light of the cross, for that is my favourite topic, my soul's joy, and the theme of my tongue. A man made honest in the cause of God will find it difficult to leave Ephraim and his idols alone altogether; especially in these days of superstition, deception and delusion. Men who are afraid to open their mouths and "lift up their voice like a trumpet," to cry aloud and spare not," may and do say, "Leave them alone;" but Paul says, "Rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith," 1 Tit. i. 13.

Be decided, "Timothy;" and let us see whose side you are on: but pray do not be "Jack on both sides." Some people's words are smoother than butter; they appear to be nice, quiet, good spirited creatures; but war is in their hearts against the sovereignty of God and all his sent servants. From this, and these men, "Timothy," may the Lord deliver you and me.

And now, when'er you write again,  
One boon I ask, "your proper name."

Mine is, and will be, while in the body,  
THOMAS STRINGER.

### The Strength of Weakness.

GOD created man in his own image, and as a necessary consequence he delighted in him—his crowning work, the admiration of angels! Satan, envious at the sight of innocence, and the pure happiness of paradise, determined to mar the perfection of creation; in short, not only to deface, but destroy that which was beloved by Omnipotence. He partially succeeded in his malignant intention: the Most High knew it: and what agency did he bring to bear against the triumph of the spoiler?

Was "Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God, caused to fly swiftly," and gather his host for the battle; to collect the thunders of wrath, and bid accumulated lightnings strike powerless the great foe? No. Such a judgment would have left no voice behind it:—the Eternal had resolved to "make a show of him openly;" therefore his destruction must be by such a medium as would admit of this.

THE WOMAN! The very woman, over whose weakness the devil had but just triumphed, in anguish unutterable, in the midst of tears, is selected and told that her seed shall bruise (*orig. crush*) the serpent's head; thus making very feebleness the instrument of his confusion who was "perfect in his ways from the day he was created, until iniquity was found in him."

When the greatest of all mysteries—"God manifest in the flesh," was to be accomplished, human weakness was again selected, the choice falling upon the betrothed of a Carpenter, who in the fulness of time became the virgin mother of Jesus.

Satan is again on the alert: he had prevailed over the first Adam; and all is gained if he can destroy the second. Formerly he entered into the serpent. Now, he enters into Judas (Luke xxii. 3) and effects through his instrumentality our Lord's betrayal and death.

Ah! where is the promise? The Son of God has bowed his head and given up the Ghost: his dead body is sealed up in the massive tomb of the Arimathean. Solemn period! Time and eternity hang upon it. The great assembly in heaven, and the whole church on earth are involved in the issue of these momentous hours. But—O, joy! suspense terminates; for He who has laid down his life has power to take it

up again! The grave cannot retain him, and having arisen he ascends all glorious to the throne of God, death being virtually abolished, and an end made of sin. True, that in the interim, the devil still has power as the tempter and accuser of the brethren, and with the world and the flesh, endeavours to confound them. Then is there yet hope? O yes! for "the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly; the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head! and the final accomplishment of this, the beloved apostle saw in vision, as occurring shortly after the thousand years of the saints reign with Christ upon the earth (Rev. xx. 10) when weakness will have become strong, and the despised ones participators in a glorious kingdom and heavenly administration.

Delightful climax! For, for this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil! That he who was crucified through weakness, might see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; when the work of his hands which Satan had laid low in the dust shall have arisen from amidst the spoils of ages, and the ancient edifice which once stood the wonder and the praise of Eden, shall be renovated for eternity, and be adorned with every heaven wrought ornament that can gladden and enrich its immortality!

O strength of weakness! for, even "the foolishness of preaching" is made powerful to salvation; and those who first proclaimed God's free unmerited grace to sinners, were the despised ones of the earth. Yet they established a faith which philosophy could not subvert, which persecution could not eradicate, and which stood up, girt with its own purity, certain in the ultimate achievement of victory, and though for a time wounded and bleeding in the wilderness, yet every gash bespeaking a vitality which could be neither quenched nor destroyed! So proving, that God has indeed chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and bring to pass the purposes of his will.

Somersetown.

WILLIAM PALMER.

### The Pardoned Soul Rejoicing.

Attend ye heirs of heav'n  
O listen while I sing;  
My sins are all forgiv'n  
By your beloved King;  
O wondrous grace, my soul through blood,  
Is made as clean as Israel's God.

Angels must stand amaz'd  
To see a wretch so vile,  
From hell's dark dungeon rais'd;  
To see my Saviour smile,  
And in the sweetest accent say,  
Thy darkest guilt is purg'd away.

Come all ye isles around,  
Assist my joyful song,  
Praise him with cheerful sound,  
My humble notes prolong,  
He's worthy, since he could forgive,  
And bid the worst of sinners live.

## WHO ARE ENGLAND'S FAITHFUL WATCHMEN?

## WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

(Continued from p. 48.)

THE more I am led to consider the *dignity*, and *duty* of Christ's faithful servants, the more comforted and encouraged I am in recording anything connected with them that is calculated, in the hands of God, to bring glory to CHRIST, and consolation to his saints. In coming to this most interesting part of my labours again, my mind has been sweetly sanctified and cheered by the expressive description which Paul gives of these highly-favoured men: he says (2 Cor. viii. 23,) "THEY ARE THE MESSENGERS OF THE CHURCHES, AND THE GLORY OF CHRIST." As messengers, they must be men who wait upon the Lord, and bring unto the people those things which HE reveals unto them: and, inasmuch as they are employed so to set forth the Person and work of CHRIST, as (in the hands of the Holy Ghost,) to bring elect sinners unto him, they are therefore called "the glory of Christ." Let us labour to find out who the men are, and where they stand, that do, in these last days, answer to so solemn and glorious a definition.

We desire grace to pursue this part of our labour without partiality. May the blessing of heaven rest upon the testimonies that shall be given!

—o—

**The Exercises of a Living Minister, by  
William Day.**

FOR some ten or twelve years, WILLIAM DAY was pastor of the Baptist Church in Providence Chapel, Reading, Berks. There the Lord made use of him both in the conversion of sinners and in the edification of saints; and there he was called to experience some deep and heavy trials. In a most mysterious way he was removed from Reading to Tunstall, in Suffolk; an exceedingly quiet and retired part of the country. Tunstall has a large chapel, and some three or four hundred hearers; and presents a large field for labour; but our brother's exercises there have been neither few nor small. Many times he has been tempted to run from the work; but the Lord has mercifully held him fast; and the following extract from a private letter will shew that he has much to be thankful for; while, on the other hand, he has enough to keep him humble, and dependent upon the Lord for consolation and strength still to pursue the course marked out for him. As a christian man, and as a gospel minister, William Day's career has been honourable and honest; experimental

and truly calvinistic; sobriety and sincerity are prominent features in his character. And what he is, we feel persuaded he will continue to be, down to the end of his earthly pilgrimage. That his pilgrimage may be yet for many years continued, and his labours blessed to the family of God, is the real prayer of his poor brother's heart, to whom the following letter was addressed; and which, (without permission,) is here given for the benefit of others, which is in a measure fulfilling our Lord's prediction—"that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops." Descriptive, then, of a faithful servant of Christ, read the following:—

"I am here in one corner of the wilderness, unthought of, and sometimes I think uncared for by men; but, ever-blessed be my dear Lord, *not forgotten by him*, for I do sometimes feel the Lord to be very sweet in comforting my poor soul—enlarging my heart a little—and giving testimony to the word of his grace; humbling me at his dear feet—opening the treasures of his grace—then I feel it pleasant to be any way employed on the premises. But, notwithstanding this, I often sink very low in a low place in my soul, then I think anything would be better for me than a minister, and am ready to say I will not attempt to speak any more in his name. But, my dear brother, I know only one thing will keep us up, and enable me to go forward; that is, *a witness within that God has called me by invincible grace*; and put a word in my heart, as well as in my mouth; and bless his dear name I do know the difference between these two; for one is dry, dull, and barren—the other is life, power, and joy. Oh, that the latter may be more and more enjoyed by me, and also by my dear brother; for we are not sufficient for this work of ourselves; this I feel more and more from day to day.

"We keep up a very good attendance at our chapel; and now and then one or two at a time are brought to tread in the ordinances of the Lord. This revives us again; but how little of this, compared with the many who seem to have some good thing in them, and yet are not brought out fully on the side of the Lord and truth; and when I read of forty or more at a time coming forth, and walking in his ordinances, I fear I am not in the right place. But when I read of captains over fifties as well as hundreds and thousands, I am then made to be still, and if made useful to any, it is his work, and my heart can give him the glory—for I know whatever he parts with beside, he will not give his glory to another."

—o—

**The Christian's Life and Liberty, by Mr.  
Arthur Triggs.**

TO MY BROTHER ISAAC—Beloved of and in the Lord, Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord: and as the good and gracious Lord our

God, is pleased to develop more and more of the divine properties of these truths, that is, a knowledge of God and of Christ, whom to know is life eternal, then is demonstrated in our hearts by the Spirit, the blessedness of grace and peace being multiplied: and I have thought and said, that the sum total of grace and peace multiplied, is God is LOVE: from hence, in the heart-felt experience of the same, we say, *we have known and believed the love God hath to us—God is LOVE; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him; and love constraineth us to say, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," &c.* And the love of God being shed abroad in our hearts, we say with Paul, *I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.* Then the words of the Spirit, by Peter, become familiar to us: "Unto you, therefore, which believe he is precious, and by the power and love of the Spirit, we are brought to know our election of God, and that we have redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ, the forgiveness of sin, according to the riches of his grace; and I add one word more on this dear unchanging subject, that as all these truths are as unchangeable as their divine author and fulness; so we, as believers, being new creatures in Christ, are always, and at all times, living in the fulness and blessedness of the same, in union with Jesus, who saith, "Because I live, you shall live also." It is a dear and precious truth to me, that I live only by simple life, and I have no life but Christ, for he that hath the Son hath life; then let my feelings be what they may, life is manifested by all them; but I do not draw inferences of my blessedness, by my enlarged or contracted feelings, but from life; so that whether I have sorrow or joy, light, or darkness, mountains or plains, affections or health; chastened every morn, plagued all the day long, the enemy coming in like a flood, and his fiery darts being innumerable, yet the life is the same through all, as Jesus saith, "neither can they die any more." And as we are led through all the things mentioned, and all manner of abominations working within: thus it stands to all believers in Christ, *ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Bless the Lord, O my soul:*" this is most blessed to me, my brother, and it is to you also; and we find as Job did, that though all go to the skin of the teeth, yet satan nor sin, nor death can touch our life, it is hid with Christ in God.

Beloved, I received your acceptable epistle this noon, and the contents warmed my heart. I thanked God and took courage, and I blessed him on your behalf, and rejoice with you in the experience of the blessedness of the words of our most glorious Christ; you shall know *the truth* and *the truth* shall make you free: and if the Son, therefore, shall make you free, you shall be free indeed. We know that the statements made about corruptions, rebellions, satan and black arts, are true; but they are not The Truth, Jesus is only that; and our liberty and freedom is only by the Son of God, who hath saved us in himself with an eternal salvation from all our sins; redeemed us from all iniquity; justified us from all things; sanctified us with his own blood; delivered us from all condemnation; was made a curse for us; *yes*, made sin for us, who knew no

sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him, and the eternal Spirit with all our yours, ye are Christ's and Christ is God's; and thus we live and walk in peace with God through Jesus Christ.

My brother, what hath God wrought? He hath set his love upon us, and it hath pleased him to make us his people; and it is only as the Holy Ghost testifies of Christ—the Father reveals him in us and to us; (the abundance of peace and truth, and the Lord Jesus manifesting himself unto us otherwise than he doth unto the world) that we know him—the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; hereby we realise our personal interest in him; but have a mercy to bless him for, that is his personal interest in us, and so joined to him to be one Spirit; and he saith, "he that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye, he rejoiceth over us to do us good, he will rest in his love and water us every moment," and saith also, "lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day;" and Paul ran through all the love acts of the Lord our God, and the consummation is, that we should be to the praise of his glory. I believe if the children of God had their minds taken up with those pure truths, which the Holy Ghost demonstrates in a pure heart, they would not so fight against real, pure, spiritual, heart-felt experience as they do now; but would with us rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh; then they would not judge after the flesh, and condemn others who live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit. It is a singular thing that those who profess to be children of God, should always be fighting against the glorious liberty of the children. I rejoice in the mercy that I am perfectly satisfied with Jesus Christ, my portion and inheritance, and thus I daily sing of him, *The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.* One word more, that is, whatever may be going on within or without, Christ is always precious; our Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and as we live and walk by faith, believing on the Son of God, so we have eternal life in him; and of this mercy speaks Jude: "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life:" (Jude i. 20, 21,) may the peace of God rule in your heart, and the word of Christ dwell in you richly, and the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

You kindly enquire after my health; the preceding truths prove that I live in perfect life and health in Jesus my God and Saviour, although, I have been in the furnace of affliction ever since I saw you; but I am satisfied that all is in love as the Lord hath chosen me in the furnace, for his own name sake. It would take too long to go into a detail of the same; suffice it to say, love under-bottomed and hath ran through the whole, and thus I say, "having obtained help of the Lord I continue to this day, saying none other things than Moses in the law and the prophets did write," &c.; yet in this I have been considered as an evil doer; friends that would have plucked out their eyes once, and have given

them me, have turned their backs on me, done all they could to oppose the Lord and his purpose; a party spirit crept in, a division took place; but the strong and fat wore nonplussed, and the lame have taken the prey; and the feeble poor folks that trusted in the Lord have another house given to them, called, GOWER STREET CHAPEL, where no one can turn me out, while the Lord keeps me in the wilderness. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," I have one friend that loveth at all times, and hateth putting away. I am, as I said before, quite satisfied with him, and rejoice that he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself. I could not refrain saying a few words unto you; and remain,

Your's in our precious Lord Jesus,  
A TRIGGS.

### Soul Prosperity by Reuben Harding.

HAZLEMERE is a small town in Surrey, where, until very lately, there has been no visible cause in connection with the Baptist denomination. We have now a very comfortable chapel—a congregation containing some living souls—and a plain, but honest witness for God speaking to them; Reuben Harding is his name. The following unadorned but faithful recital of some divine mercies realised by him, will be found profitable to living souls.

DEAR BROTHER:—Since you wrote I have been exercised about the question you put to me—"HOW IS YOUR SOUL PROSPERING?—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" I have tried to waive giving an answer, but I cannot rest without writing.

After the Lord was pleased to convince me of my lost and ruined state by nature, and through the law, to kill me to the law, in his Sovereign mercy he was pleased to reveal his dear Son in me, and enabled me to embrace him by precious faith; in him I found a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the storm; I felt the application of his precious blood applied to my conscience, so that I, who was looking for eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord, was brought nigh, yea, to joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I had received the atonement. I seemed then brought into a new world, out of a land of darkness into light; I could not then read a hymn, or scarcely hear a sermon but all was for me; as Newton words it—

"In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his sacred Word,  
I call'd each promise mine."

During this time I was an excavator's labourer on the Eastern Counties' Railway. I first felt peace at Chipstead, in Surrey. This comfortable state lasted for nearly twelve months, although, many times I was ensnared by some of my old sins, and then I used to think it was all over; and satan would tell me the Lord would hear my cry no more; that the righteous were kept from sin, and none heaven-born were ever overcome in the manner I was. I had not then made an open profession; neither had I opened my mind to to any child of God, though I often wanted to; but everybody was so shy of the railway men, as they were accounted the offscouring of all things;

and well they might; but, bless the Lord, amidst all the corruptions of my evil heart, I was kept from open transgression. After seasons of mourning the Lord would appear again, and so captivate my poor soul with his love, that I used to beg he would take me home, that I might never sin against him any more.

I must pass over seven years' experience; during which time I had many manifestations of the Lord's presence, which is better than life, and sharp conflicts with satan, the flesh and sin; but I hope I can say with Paul, "Having obtained help of God, I continue to this present time." My daily cry is something like that of Jabez, "O, that the Lord would bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and keep me from sin, that it may not grieve me, and that his hand might be towards me." I long to be more and more conformed to his blessed image; I do not feel the joy in the same way I did, but am led into a sense of my ignorance and need of divine teaching to know the mind of the Spirit; also of my weakness and dependence on Christ alone for strength; feeling except I abide in him, and am receiving out of his fulness I can do nothing. I desire to bless the Lord he favours me with communion with him now at times; and speaks peace, which the world can never take away.

I come to the last question—"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Well, I am preaching Christ's precious blood to poor lost sinners, as the only refuge. His precious blood and righteousness I must exalt! I feel it so precious to my soul. I am not one of those *Here-am-I-send-me* preachers; I feel necessarily laid on me; inwardly constrained, where a door is opened, I am bound to go; and, with Paul, this is the fruit of my labour, that I preach the gospel without charge. I do feel a sacred desire to press on when I feel the importance of the work, yet often have no comfortable presence of the Lord, this makes me tremble lest I should presume. What I am doing is, when we have no one to preach, then I attempt it as far as God gives me ability; but if any one (as Wm. Garrard says) can preach Christ and exalt him more than me, I am willing to be a hearer, yea I feel I would not stand in the way of any minister, though I do feel preaching Jesus Christ most blessed work, when the Lord's presence is enjoyed. I most times go trembling up into the pulpit, but the Lord proves better than all my fears; and very often without a text till nearly time to speak. I do hope the Lord has owned my ministry to the comfort and establishing of some of his living family; I hope I can see the fruits of my ministrations in the heart by their walk and conduct. We are in peace among ourselves; I may say brotherly kindness increases amongst us, and you know it is good for brethren to dwell together in unity.

We have established a Sabbath school, and have it pretty well attended. Our motto is to teach them the Word of God in the letter of truth, leaving all success to the Lord's blessing, who alone can make anything effectual.

REUBEN HARDING.

### The Scandal of the Cross, the Blessedness of the Christian.

SAMUEL TURNER, of Sunderland, is one of the oldest Watchmen on Zion's walls that England is

now favoured with. He is no friend to believer's baptism; but, in other respects, he is a faithful, and an experimental minister of Jesus Christ. Many of his old friends will be glad to learn that he has cast another "*Mite into the Treasury*;" being the substance of three discourses delivered by him at the Corn Market Chapel, Sunderland, in December last, under the above title.

This dear old veteran in the gospel field first testifies sweetly of the glorious Person of CHRIST: then he treats of the nature of redemption "from the curse of the law." Here he enters most solemnly into the sufferings of Christ, shewing Christ as the SUBSTITUTE: and THE FATHER as a JUST JUDGE, causing to meet in the soul of his beloved Son all the wrath, and death, and terror that must otherwise have fallen for ever upon the whole election of grace. A perusal of this truly Gospel tract will, under God, tend to demonstrate the falseness of universal redemption on the one hand, and the glorious salvation which the Church of God has through and by Christ's COMPLETE REDEMPTION, on the other.

### The Anxieties and Labours of an Itinerant Ministry; and the Origin of the Baptist Church at Wilderness Row, by T. D. Wood.

WE are truly thankful that we can say, we have no jealous feelings respecting the springing up of new churches, nor the raising up of *good men* into the ministry of the gospel. No man that really loves Christ, and esteems his gospel as the most excellent boon that can be bestowed upon any people, can regret the increase of living witnesses to — and the opening of effectual doors for—the promulgation of DIVINE TRUTH. We highly esteem and love all the manifested Servants of God; but we are not ashamed to declare that we have a preference for those ministers who observe the ORDINANCES—as well as preach the doctrines—of the New Testament. Such a man is our brother WOOD, whose letter follows: and which will excite grateful emotions in the hearts of many of our most blessed Master's family.

DEAR BROTHER—The gracious and mysterious footsteps of our covenant God are often seen in our own personal affairs, in which they cause wonder and delight to our minds that he should condescend not only to manage and govern them, but to favor us with a view of his doings. Each instance is worthy of record—but some stand out above the rest, striking our minds and leading us to exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing." Many instances of this kind are seen in the origin of churches, as well as in the origin of the "little stone cut out without hands." That which is our own, is generally most interesting to us: such to me is the case concerning the little band united with me in the fellowship of Christ. It had been my lot for five years previous to the spring of 1847, to speak in the name of the Lord in different villages and towns on Lord's Days, around the metropolis; during the latter part of which time my heart would often send out a wish that the Lord would lead me to a settled spot; as I felt desirous to be speaking to a settled people; besides, the fatigue of travelling fifty or sixty miles on Lord's Day, preaching twice, sometimes

thrice; out early, home late, was too much for my strength, being engaged in business all the week until twelve o'clock on Saturday night. Also, having a family, I was desirous to have them under my care; yet I believe no mortal knew the wishes of my heart. I could not feel justified to take any step but such as God should lead me to; therefore, I kept these thoughts in my own breast. One evening in the month of March, 1847, two persons called, wishing to speak with me, stating they were sent to invite me to preach the next Lord's Day in New Providence Chapel, Henry Street, Gray's Inn Lane. I told them I could not, as I was engaged to preach at Kingston, Surrey; they pressed me much, saying they were quite destitute; but I was engaged. It was then asked, would I go and see the manager and proprietor of the chapel, (who was confined by illness,) perhaps I might get them a supply; this I agreed to: went the next evening; saw him, and by his request, got supplies for the next Lord's Day; likewise agreed to supply them the following one to that myself; so by their wish, I supplied two or three Sabbaths; and got other brethren at other times. I was then requested to continue preaching amongst them; which, after some consideration, I agreed to do upon these terms, that I would (the Lord willing) speak unto them for two or three months, and we, perhaps, might see by that time what the Lord's mind concerning it was; during which time I could get other brethren to go into the country places. Thus I commenced my stated labours on the second Sabbath in May of that year.

This circumstance altogether was remarkable to me, as I had been, at two different times, taking a solitary walk, looking at this chapel, with this thought passing in my mind, 'This is just such a little chapel as I should like to preach in,' yet had no idea that it was likely, as no person there knew me, nor did I know them; and when they sent for me it was because one among them had heard that I was a preacher, but did not know where I lived, therefore had some difficulty to find me. Was it not strange the congregation of the great William Huntington should dwindle to such a remnant as not only were hardly known to exist—but hardly knew that such a thing as a gospel preacher was to be found? Yet so it was. They had become so isolated, that, as some of them said, this was the Sardis state of the church: therefore, it was useless to expect anything but darkness. Ah, how often does poor creature-man judge of God's cause by his poor circumscribed limits! These people, from a congregation of about two thousand, had, since Mr. H.'s death, diminished (as I have since been told) to only eight persons in the chapel the Lord's day before they sent for me. Although a stranger to them, no one enquired a statement of my views of truth, yet I felt it became me, as clearly as possible, publicly to state them. Knowingly, I never kept back any truth, but insisted upon each as brought to my mind. Knowing their probable aversion to the Scriptural order of believer's baptism, it became me to avow it, which I did. This touched some with displeasing sensations; but there I continued preaching for about six months, during which time there appeared a gradual increase; the word was evidently blessed to souls, when, all of a sudden, it came out the chapel was sold,

and would immediately pass into other hands. I therefore preached my last sermon in the pulpit of the renowned coalheaver on Tuesday evening, the 19th of October, 1847; and most likely the last gospel sermon that ever will be preached in it, from the solemn words in the 10th of Hebrews, 26th verse. This terminated the existence of that congregation, which, from the period of Mr. H.'s death until that time, had existed by the means of reading without enjoying either baptism or the Lord's Supper.

I was now brought to a stand still. Some friends to whom the Word had been blessed, wanted to know what they should do, and what I should do? I said I could not say; must wait and see. "Well," I thought, "what does this mean? Shall I seek for another place to speak in—or shall I again go into the country? I felt I could do nothing; I must leave it in the Lord's hands entirely, and be quiet. On the following Thursday a friend called, who occasionally heard me, and said, since Tuesday evening he could not rest, but was constrained to go hunting nearly all day to see if he could get a place for me to preach in, yet had seen nothing but an empty small back work-shop close to Henry Street Chapel. Accordingly, I went with him to see it; when he said, if I liked, he would fit it up for me by the next Lord's Day. To this I assented; went on that day to my new chapel, which I found full as it would hold,—nearly forty or fifty persons. Here, I thought, I will preach until the Lord shall provide a better place, which I was desirous of, as I thirsted to keep the ordinances, which we could not in this place. In justice to those friends unto whom I preached, that had formerly heard Mr. H., I believe there was but one or two who took offence at the subject of baptism; all the rest continued with us; and do to this day—those that can, and when they can. Although the cause of Mr. H.'s was thus extinct, yet the Lord who raises the dead, brought life out of their death, and after continuing together in the little room in Henry Street for a year and a half, we obtained and entered on the 24th of June last, the chapel in Wilderness Row, where, by the Lord's blessing, a few were united as a gospel church on November the 27th, which I hope will prove a tree of the Lord's own planting by "the river of water that shall (although weak and small) endure to blossom and bear fruit to the glory of Him who has said, My word shall not return void." Thus, undevised by human wisdom, without creature operation, a gospel church has originated from the seed buried. This is the more worthy of notice, as it is a known fact that with all the spiritual endowments of Mr. H., he was very averse to a baptist cause, yet the Lord will work, and who shall let?

I send you this simple narrative; if it is worthy the pages of the *Vessel*, convey it therein, if not destroy it. I hope I can say, I wish to live and see the cause of Christ flourish, both amongst those with whom I associate, and in every other place. And the Lord grant both you, myself, and all the ministers and members of the visible church—more love, wisdom, energy, and every grace most calculated to promote that supremely desirable object, is the fervent prayer of your's in the gospel of the Son of God,

T. D. Wood.

### Nathan Horsley's Painful Bereavement.

NATHAN HORSELEY is pastor of a baptist chapel, at Burgh, in Lincolnshire. I first heard of him when I was at Hull, in Yorkshire; and the report was exceedingly favourable, as regards his faithfulness and usefulness in the ministry. If we were rightly informed, he was sent out into the vineyard, as a labourer, through the instrumentality of Mr. John Foreman; and we may add that some good proof that his ministry stands in the power of God has been given. On the 3rd of January, 1850, it pleased the Lord to take from him his beloved partner, Elizabeth Denning Horsely, aged 46 years. We hope in our next number to give some account of her life and last moments.

For a christian pastor to be favoured with a spiritual, faithful, economical partner—is a blessing indeed: but for such a bosom-friend and companion to be removed, is a dispensation painful to an extreme. We feel acutely for our younger brethren when thus bereaved. Their position becomes peculiarly trying, in many points of view: and, at such times, and on such occasions, it behoves the *elders*, and the *sober-minded* members of the church to rally round their pastor: to leave close unto him: to pray fervently for him: to sympathize with him; and, thus, under God to be a kind of *body-guard*, to uphold, to comfort, and to defend him in his season of sorrow and sadness of heart. What our brother Horsley's feelings are, may, in some measure be gathered from the following sentences, which we copy from a brief note just received. He says:—

"I am deeply wounded; and every thing seems to renew my grief. I am left entirely alone. I have no child even to comfort me. I have nothing before me but her *grave*. I fear I seek comfort from the wrong source; at least, I do not always go to the right, as I appear often more to think of my sorrows than my mercies. If I looked more to a throne of grace, than to her empty chair, her empty bed, and empty seat in the house of God, and her grave, which contains all that is dear to me on earth, I should find more comfort, and feel more resignation to the will of God. But who can forget her last sufferings—her dying words—her last look? *I cannot at present*. What time can do, time itself can only tell. I find grief to be a lawless thing; no law can be made for it, and no rule given to it. It will—it must—have its own way.—N. H."

### Hungry Souls panting for Living Bread.

THERE are feasting as well as fasting times for the regenerate, redeemed and elect family of God. The Jews of old who were a typical people had their fasts and their feasts. The dispensation under which they lived was full of shadows of good things to come. On the great day of atonement they had to afflict their souls, that is, they had to fast, to deprive themselves of food, or else suffer the penalty of death. The quickened family of God know what it is in the gospel dispensation to fast on the great day when under the teaching of the Spirit they receive the atonement. Rom. v. 11. They find that there is nothing that satisfies their minds but the eternal provision of sovereign and distinguishing mercy. No spiritual food but in the atonement; but in eating Christ's flesh and drinking his blood, In the things of the world



there is nothing but emptiness, dissatisfaction and death. There is another kind of fasting, sometimes the true spiritual Israelites experience, while on their pilgrimage they go days without the meat of heaven: they sit under a gospel ministry time after time, and they know what they hear is God's eternal truth; but there is not a crumb of living bread for them; the heavens seemed to *shower manna wrapped in dew* for others, but no morsel for them. Sometimes they are ready to think we shall some day perish in the wilderness; but in the midst of this despondency, the Lord Jehovah says "I will not send them away fasting lest they faint by the way." And he sets before them in the gospel the richest repast spiritual men can desire while travellers in this low land condition. He, the everlasting Father, grants to new born babes the sincere milk of the word, strong meat to those of riper age in the spiritual life; and the solemn mysteries of eternal truth; the fountains of the great deep are unfolded and broken up to those, (few though they be) that are fathers in Israel. In the gospel there are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which Christ has laid up for his beloved. In the gospel, blessed be God, there is for all hungry, panting, groaning, and seeking souls, "enough and to spare;" there is an abundant supply—the gospel is like the land of Canaan, in it there are brooks, fountains, corn, honey and wine. In the gospel feast there is no scantiness, no niggardly fare. Here we are in the riches of God's grace, in the depths of his wisdom, among the eternal heights of mercy. When Israel was passing through the wilderness there was no scarcity, and Christ is now saying to his living family—"Eat, O friends: drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." May the blessed angel of the covenant manifest himself unto us and say, "Arise and eat: because the journey is too great for thee." Kings xix. 7. So prays the chief of all sinners, and the least of all saints.

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## Remarks on "Keseph's" Letter

TO THE HON. B. W. NOEL.

A FEW MORE WORDS TO A CATA-BAPTIST.

(Continued from p. 12.)

ON reviewing what I have written, as inserted in the numbers of the *Vessel* for December and January last, I conclude that I have substantiated my charge against "Keseph," that of aspersing the characters of the holy apostles of our Lord; of charging them with being men of "*dissimulation*," &c., so that I shall not much further pursue that subject; though too much cannot be said, in the way of *rebuks*, to that man who, while he dares not attack our glorious Lord and Master *personally*, yet he has had the awful temerity of doing it *covertly* in the persons of his faithful servants, *because* they obeyed their Master's orders. For the Master certainly *did* commission his apostles to immerse believers in water. I could scarcely credit my eyes, when I read on p. 13 of "Keseph's Letter" the following,—"*The apostles were not justified in observing the divers baptisms and legal ceremonies, for the washing away the filth of the flesh, of which the Judaizing teachers were so zealous:*

for, through their [i.e. the apostles'] administration of water baptism, the custom of baptizing with water, for the washing away of sin, prevailed in the church for many years"!!! Truly, the above remarks are of unparalleled atrocity. That the apostles observed "divers baptisms and legal ceremonies for the washing away of the filth of the flesh," is totally destitute, not only of proof and truth, but is a foul libel on their character. The water baptism which they administered, was NEVER "for the washing away of sin;" the *persons* which they baptised were believers in Jesus's *atoning blood* to wash away their sins, not their immersion in water. No! no! But let us listen to *one* of those apostolic baptizers. His language is very explicit; he says, "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from ALL SIN.*" 1 John i. 7. *All the apostles* would have joined the poet Cowper in the following lines:—

There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And, sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

How "Keseph" could *dream* of charging the apostles with being the *originators* of the *popish* doctrine of baptismal regeneration, or immersion in water "*for the washing away of sin*," is passing strange; and can only be accounted for from his blind infatuation as a Catabaptist.

I proceed now to take some notice of that part of "Keseph's Letter" which relates to the "*ancient fathers*." It is true, "Keseph" tells us, that instead of relying on the writings of the *fathers*, we ought to follow the example of *Christ, &c.*, p. 12. This is, by far, the best sentence I have found in his letter. I have read a little of the writings of the *ancient fathers* myself; and have been greatly surprised at some of their strange sayings and incongruous expressions. I have long been of the same mind with Dr. Gill, who says, "The *purest* writers of the first ages were not free from considerable mistakes and blemishes, and deviations from the *Word of God, and doctrines of the apostles*. These writers with more propriety, may be called the *young men*, than the *fathers* of the church. It is of no great moment with us what such men who lived nearest to the times of the *apostles* say, unless what they say, *agrees* with the *apostle's words and doctrines*." (Rev. xxi. 14.)—*Gill's Cause, &c.*, Part 4. But here is the mischief of "Keseph;" he would have us reject the inspired apostles, and *pay attention* to what the *fathers* tell us. In p. 13 "Keseph" informs us,—"*The custom of the church previous to the third century, as appears from the writings of the fathers, was, to baptize infants; and, it was not till the close of the second century, that Tertullian made an objection to infant baptism.*" *Strange scribbling this!* Why the very *reverse* is the fact. Dr. Gill, who was an investigator of the writings of the *fathers* beyond, perhaps, any other man, declares that "*Tertullian was the first writer that ever made mention of infant baptism that we know of. There is no mention made of it in any authentic writer before Tertullian's time. The date of infant baptism cannot, we apprehend, be carried up higher than his time: and we require of any of our learned Pædo-baptist brethren to produce a single passage of any authentic writer, before Tertullian, in which infant baptism is ex-*

pressly mentioned, or clearly hinted at, or plainly supposed, or manifestly referred to." — *Gill's Argument, &c.*, p. 324, *quarto*. So that instead of its being the custom of the Church previous to the third century to baptize infants, it does not appear to have been the custom at all to do so, until about the beginning of the third century; and ΤΙΜΗ it was introduced among other corruptions, and gross superstitions, which then began to creep in, and, ultimately resulted in the dark ages of Popery: and Dr. Gill is right in designating infant baptism, "a part and pillar of Popery." "Keseph" may be correct in saying that, "the primitive fathers (so-called) considered water baptism literally to possess divine properties, that of regeneration, the washing away of sins, &c., p. 14. Some of them, I expect, did so: but "Keseph" must be told, that, those so-called fathers, were the corrupters of baptism. The baptism which they cried up, as containing such wondrous properties, was not the gospel-ordinance of the immersion of believers in water; but, it was the sprinkling of a few drops of water (holy water, they termed it) on the foreheads of poor little unconscious babes, and they called that baptism. Now, as "Keseph" has named Cyprian (p. 15, Letter) as one of those fathers, I shall present the reader with a sample from this said father! He wrote eighty-one letters, or epistles; and in some of them he says,— "By the help of the generating water, the spots of the former time are cleansed away," 63rd epist. "It is necessary that the water should be first purified and sanctified by the priest; that he may be able, by the baptism which he administers, to wash away the sins of the person who is baptized," 70th epist. "It is baptism in which the old man dies, and the new man is born." 74th epist. Methinks I hear the reader cry—"forbear!" Well, it is really nauseating, both to write and read such stupid nonsense. But, we tell "Keseph," that scriptural believers' baptism is a very different affair from all this rant and absurdity. Mr. Joseph Irons, in his *Jazer Vindicated*, informs us, (and that with the sanction of his approbation, for he takes care to have the sentence inserted in italics) that, "In the year 248, the holy Cyprian was Bishop of Carthage. This great man has been rightly designated a model of bishops. In his time it was the custom of the Church to baptize infants as soon as possible after they were born, lest they should die without that sacred rite." Mr. Irons speaks out holdly here, in language that cannot be misunderstood. Alas! we have too many Episcopalian bishops in our day, formed after this "model bishop." Henry of Exeter is one of them; and I could name others that are cast in the same mould. The council of Carthage, in 248, is the highest human authority for infant baptism. In the New Testament it has no authority whatever. "Keseph" says,— "Mr. Robinson, (himself a baptist) admits that the first baptists were miserable interpreters of Scripture; for they misunderstood the import of the texts, and instituted a rite in accordance with their ignorant notions," &c., (p. 20, Letter.) The "first baptists!" who were they? Our Lord Jesus Christ was one of the first baptists; and his apostles were among the first baptists. The rite of baptism, yes of baptism in water, was an "institution" of Jesus Christ, who is Zion's King and Laugiver. My hand trembles. I restrain my pen. "Keseph,"

you are not aware (I hope) of the import of what you have written; or you would not have charged the Fountain of Wisdom with ignorance. O pray think more; and write less.

But you say Mr. Robinson "admits," &c. I ask where does he admit this? Robinson was a man of great research into ecclesiastical history. I have his *History of Baptism*, and his *Ecclesiastical Researches*, in two quarto volumes. I have searched in them both, for this his admission, but I cannot find it. Do pray direct me to the page, if you can. In the mean time, I tell you what I have found in Robinson. I have there discovered a pretty picture of the bishops of Carthage, of which Cyprian was one. Robinson says, "Never had men a more violent passion for absolute power, than these African bishops; and never had men less ability to exercise it. Cyprian was an ignorant fanatic, and as great a tyrant as ever existed," *Rob. Hist. Bap. p.* 182, 184, 195. I find also on this last page quoted, that "Cyprian was put to death in the year 258." Now reader, turn to "Keseph's Letter," p. 15, and you will find the following extraordinary information: "In the sixth century water baptism was considered to be the circumcision made without hands; for sixty-six bishops sat in council with Cyprian, and unanimously determined that infants might be baptized before the eighth day," &c. Alas! poor Cyprian had suffered martyrdom nearly two centuries and a half, that is two hundred and forty-two years before even the commencement of the sixth century. Ah! "Keseph," either your acquaintance with ecclesiastical history is very small indeed; or else you considered the generality of your readers were ready to receive without the least examination, whatever you chose to set before them. You amuse them also with extracts (as you say) from Trænes, Gregory Nazionzon (I suppose Gregory, bishop of Nazionzun, is intended) Chrysostom, Origen, Paulinus, and others; but, you take very good care not to refer us to where we may find what you assert; so that we take your extracts merely for what they are worth, and that is very little indeed.

But I must hasten to a close. In several places, both in "Obadiah" and in "Keseph," (for both are one,) 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21, seems to be a favorite text, and it is quoted again and again. On p. 19 Letter, you say, "But the church at Geneva had more light in the succeeding generation; for in their translation of the New Testament, in rendering that passage, 1 Peter iii. 20, 21, which many do erroneously expound as setting forth water baptism, they say,— 'Not that (baptism) by which the pollutions of the flesh are cleansed off, but the witnessing and sealing (P'attestation) of a good conscience before God.'" Then follows your usual gloss—"Thus expressly pointing to the mighty work of God the Spirit, the Sealer and Witness of the New Testament."

"The Church at Geneva." I really don't know what "Keseph" means by the church at Geneva. If he would direct us to those great men of God, and learned ministers, Coverdale, Goodman, Gilby, Whittingham, Sanson, and Cole, who during the Marian persecution resided in exile at Geneva, and there made a new translation of the Holy Scriptures into English, we shall then know what to look after. I am in the possession of two beautiful perfect copies of the Genevan translation, dated 1607 and 1610. There is a very trifling

difference in them, in the rendering of 1 Peter iii. 20, 21, but in neither of them can I find "Keseph's" garbled quotation, and I expect it is not in his power to direct me to a copy in existence, which is so rendered as he has given it. Now reader, look at "Keseph's," as above, and compare it with my quotation, which I give *verbatim et literalim*.—"In the days of Noe, while the Arke was preparing, wherein fewe, that is, eight soules, were saued in the water. To the which also the figure that now saueth us, even Baptisme agreeth (not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but in that a good conscience maketh request to God) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ."—*Genevan Trans.*, 1607. All I shall remark on "Keseph's" garbled extract is, that *new Bible makers, and old Bible readers, are alike enemies to God.* It is most evident that in the Genevan translation *water baptism* is set forth; and "Keseph's" gloss on the text ("thus expressly," &c.,) must be, by every critical reader of the Word, *rejected*. In my edition of 1608 is a *marginal note* printed, far more to the purpose than "Keseph's" gloss. It is as follows,—"Applying of the former example to the times which followed the coming of Christ: for that preservation of Noe in the waters, was a figure of our Baptism; not as though the material water of Baptism saveth us, as those waters which bare up the Arke saved Noe; but, because Christ with his inward virtue, which the outward Baptism shadoweth, preserveth us, being washed, so that we may call upon God with a good conscience." If "Keseph" is fond of the old translations (and they are blessed indeed!) I have one very ancient, far more so than the Genevan; even by the illustrious Dr. *Wiclif*, who died in 1384. Reader, take it as it lays before me. "Whanne thei abiden the pacience of god in the daies of noe, whanne the schip was maad in whiche a fewe, that is to seie eighte soulis weren maad saaf bi watir. and so baptyem of lyk fourme makith us saaf, not the puting awei of the filthis of fleische, but the axynge of a good conscience in god."

One more remark;—"Keseph" says, "The persons denominated *Baptists*, were not formed into a body until the year 1536, when they made some progress in England." Why "Keseph," I read in my Bible, that in the year 29, which was more than fifteen hundred years before your date, there were three thousand baptists added to the baptized church at Jerusalem, in one day, (Acts ii. 41.) And, within a month from that day, their numbers increased to "about five thousand." a famous body of baptists this, "Keseph." Why, it seems the baptists made "some progress" in those very early days of the church; yes, yes; these were the "ancient fathers," sure enough. But how came all this about? The only answer I can give is,—"So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed." Acts xix. 20.

And now, having looked over "Keseph's Letter," and made a few incidental remarks, I fold it up again; as it is not deserving further notice. I thank the Editor for permitting the insertion of my poor fragments of thoughts; and shall feel obliged to any christian reader, who will kindly and carefully peruse what I have written; and then, take it for examination, "to the law and to the testimony," Isa viii. 20, for after all that is said, written, or preached,

"Here is the Judge that stints† the strife  
When men's devices fall;  
Here is the Bread that feeds the life,  
That death cannot assaile.

"The tidings of Salvation deere,  
Comes to our eares from hence:  
The fortress of our faith is heere,  
And shield of our defence."

—From my Genevan Bible, 1608.

I should like to be favoured with a page or two, in the next month's *Vessel*, just to lay before the reader, from the *sacred unerring Word*, what is not, and what is—"The Baptism of the Holy Ghost;" as this subject is but very little understood by the greater part of the Lord's people.

London, Feb. 14, 1850.

STANTUS.

### The Cabin Boy at the top of the Mast.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Because of late, owing to my unsettled circumstances, I have sent you no treasure for your *Vessel*, have you rummaged your tea caddy to find the letter of the OLD DISCIPLE, penned and sent to you last June, more than six months since? When a boy, I touched the tail of the retreating snake with a twig, and it fetched him back hissing in my face! Why insert so out of season?

I should like to know where the dear old hearer of H. Fowler now resides: but I suppose he is lodging in some of the streets of Great Babylon with the rest of us; but I cannot say which. Could I send him a line, I would certainly invite him to go with me up to Jerusalem, that we might sit together there under the shadow of the Tree of Life, and I have no doubt that its leaves and apples would do him much good: and a little of the sap put to his eyes would much strengthen his sight, and enable him to behold more clearly the deep things of God. But possibly he has hung his weapons on the tower, and ceased to wage war with friend or foe in vales below; and if so, then your readers only are concerned with the following.

The legal call, with its concomitants, is the first bard nut hammered at by the dear old friend. And his objection says that "those so called still stand in their *Adamic state, and are cursed of God*," &c. This is true; nevertheless, I again declare in the ears of the thousands who read your log book, that there is a proper, distinct, and legal call, by which only bond children can properly, and almost always imperceptibly, stand in the house of the visible church. And it is owing to our ignorance of this as ministers; and our utter incapacity to determine, with our rude and puerile attempts to separate before the time, that the streets of our Zion are filled with that iniquity of hatred and malice—envy and jealousy—biting and devouring, which make our churches more like lunatic asylums, than dispensaries for the cure of these awful complaints!

† "Stints." An obsolete word; implying curbs, restrains, puts an end to, &c.

Too well I know that however a legal call may endow a man with gifts, and garnish him with moral holiness, for external and general utility, it leaves at the bottom of his heart all that bitter and dreadful enmity, which at a set time, with due provocation, breaks out in open persecution of those who are called with an effectual call.

I grant also that when the better covenant commences its saving work on the heart of a person previously called by a legal call, (as to matters of salvation) it dashes the beautiful shell to atoms—to rags! yet, still, as we turn rags into beautiful paper, even so must the legal moral shell, in the shape of "good works" be returned, and presented to the world as the light that shines before men: for nought else can the world behold. Without this we walk naked, and our shame is seen! But with this the law is honoured, fulfilled, and established; so that while our *inner* man rejoices in the liberty of Christ; our *outer* man, the body, is clean through the washing of the word!

As to the spirituality of sin, the next hard nut, I say that the essence of a thing is the spirituality thereof. Of course here it is not divine but infernal, so that the quint-essence of sin is the very breath and life of the devil. In those who live and die the children of Hagar, this quint-essence is never touched—never killed; because to them the holy law never comes spiritually, but in the letter only, which, while it sweeps and garnisheth the house, still leaves it the abode of devils, who returning make the case of that man worse than if he had not known the way of righteousness; or had not, by the knowledge of Jesus, escaped the pollution of the world! But in the elect, the law in its spiritual power comes in contact with this essence, fixes on it with irresistible force, and never gives up the contest till it is subdued: then like dross fetched out of the gold by a burning heat, it is purged off by the blood of Jesus, and the washing of unconditional promise. Therefore so far from retracting or eating my own words, I beg leave to take the little banner my master has given me, run up to the very top of your mast and cry aloud and say. "A discovery of the spirituality of sin is a sure criterion of an effectual call; though this jewel being buried in much rubbish, it may be a difficulty for its possessor to define it."

I also repeat, Mr. Editor, that from the moment a saving work is begun in the heart, love is shut up in the soul: and this love is the secret of a holy fire burning through the law, until it has not only consumed sin, but broken forth into the holy flames of joyful ecstasy and adoration before the throne. "God is love. Our God is a consuming fire." This fire is in the law, and sin only is its proper combustible. The fire is one thing, the law is another: the former makes the soul willing to leave

sin, the world, death, hell, and enter heaven in God's only way; and the love of truth, however cutting; the love of the Lord's people, however poor; and the love of faithful men, however severe; are the proofs of this fire in the heart. But the latter on account of the much hidden sin it discovers, works fear, dread, hatred, wrath, death and hell in the breast, so that the sinner is driven to his wits end; and by virtue of this mass of concupiscence he can write nought but bitter things against himself. All the corruptions like scum lie at the top; while the graces like jewels lie at the bottom: and then when death flees, life is made manifest.

And now if the old disciple be still in school, I give him the right hand of loving fellowship at the feet of Jesus. Amen.

I am,

W. C. POWELL.

Reading, January 8, 1850.

OPENING SERVICES AT  
JIREH BAPTIST CHAPEL,  
Near Kingsland Gate.

In giving insertion to the following interesting account, we enter (in spirit) deeply into the sentiments of Watts, when he wrote of Zion—

"I love her gates, I love the road,  
The church adorn'd with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To shew his milder face."

The ordination services were held on Tuesday, October 9, 1849, in JIREH BAPTIST CHAPEL, Union Row, near Kingsland Gate. "Truly it was a day long to be remembered by those who were present at the holy solemnity of ordaining the writer to the solemn and important work of the pastorate among the little church recently formed in that place. The service commenced about a quarter past two in the afternoon, with a very appropriate prayer by Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, whose whole heart and soul was in it throughout. After which, he proceeded to state the nature of a gospel church in its formation, spiritual construction, materials, and order, which he did in a very clear, lucid, and experimental manner; and it found a sweet response in the hearts of those present. Mr. J. Newborn, of Bethesda Chapel, then called upon brother Francis to give some account of the Lord's leadings in Providence, which had brought about the formation of the church, and the settlement of their minister among them. Brother Francis read an account of the rise and progress of the cause; detailed the very marked manner in which he himself had been led by the directing hand of the Lord to hear the preaching in that place; and at length, after much prayer, and seeking counsel from on high for guidance in the matter, had been led to resolve, in the fear of the Lord, to take the necessary steps for the formation of the church; so that thereby the friends, being so associated together, might be in a position to give a call to him who had laboured there for upwards of twelve months past. A church having been thus formed, by giving themselves to the Lord and to each other in his name

—a most affectionate, earnest, and unanimous call to the pastorate, was given and accepted. Pleasing testimony was borne to the Lord's gracious presence in our midst by the power, unction and blessing which had markedly attended, and still continued to attend the ministry of the Word, by sweet sealing tokens of the Holy and Blessed Spirit's presence in testifying of a preached Christ in the hearts of his own tried people; and by giving an increased attendance of poor hungry souls to hear the Word of life. Mr. Newborn then called on the church publicly to confirm the call, which was again unanimously done; and Mr. J. P. Searle (who had been honourably dismissed from the Strict Baptist Church at Philips Street,) to signify his acceptance of the same, which was done by holding up right hand; he then stated his call by grace, and to the work of the ministry, which were done as in the presence of a heart-searching God. The touching and heartfelt record of nearly twenty years in the ways of God, the trials from providential and other circumstances; backslidings and restorings, solemn exercises and soul-humbling confessions of unworthiness, and God's longsuffering mercy set forth amid continued wanderings, mournings, sadness of heart under bereaving, and other painful, though deeply sanctified paths of trial—drew tears from numbers present; and the season was felt to be one of deep interest. Mr. Searle then read a decided and Scriptural confession of faith, of plain old fashioned, experimental, and practical matters, both in doctrine and discipline, which, though despised in the present day, are nevertheless, the good old paths to the kingdom. Mr. Newborn then expressed his hearty approval of what he had heard, and desired the continued presence of the Lord God of Israel among the people. Mr. J. Wells then offered the Ordination prayer, marked throughout by melting fervour of appeal, earnestness of request, and heartfelt brotherly affection, which has embalmed him in the grateful recollections of both minister and people, shewing him to be a master in Israel, deeply versed in the end and design which God has in view in the trials and exercises of those whom he commissions and thereby prepares for each department of his work; expressing, at the same time, his hearty approval of the confession of faith heard that day. Mr. T. Stringer then delivered an earnest, affectionate, and scriptural charge from Ephes. iv. 12, "The work of the ministry;" in which he fully set forth the end and design of the ministry—its difficulties and encouragements; and with a word of prayer, closed the afternoon services about a quarter before six. After which a goodly number sat down to tea, in company with Messrs. Searle, Sen., Wells, Stringer, Shipway, and others. The evening service was commenced at seven, by Mr. Stringer, who read and prayed. Mr. Searle, sen., (late of Aylesbury,) then delivered a sweet, experimental, and appropriate address to the church, from 1 Pet. v. 7; the savour and unction of which still rests on the hearts of those who heard it. After the young pastor had given out the closing hymn, 394th Rippon's, commencing—

'Once more, dear brethren, ere we part,'

His beloved father closed the services of the solemn day in holy fervent prayer for lasting blessings on his son, and the church among whom he was called to labour. Thus terminated the en-

agements of a day of which many testified that they were never at such an Ordination before. The writer desires to express his own thanks, and likewise those of the church to those dear, and honoured brethren who lent their aid on the occasion, cheering and encouraging us by their presence, their counsel, and their prayers. Since then our attendance has greatly increased; our little *Jiveh* is generally filled; we have had additions to our band; we have now six candidates for baptism. Thus we commence the year with tokens of our Lord's presence: to him alone be glory and praise. Amen and amen."

#### Death of Mr. John Fowler.

MR. JOHN FOWLER laboured as a minister of the Gospel, in several parts of England, for a number of years. Yeovil, Manchester, Chippenham, &c., were among the many parts where he has been found testifying of the Gospel of Christ. Since he was constrained to leave Golden Lane, his conflicts have been severe. We have no doubt they were the means of bringing his work to a final close. After a few weeks of very painful illness, he expired on Wednesday, February 15th, 1850; and his mortal remains were deposited in Bunhill Fields Cemetery, by C. W. Banks, on Wednesday, February 20th. We hope to give some account of his last moments in our next.

#### Death of Mr. West.

IN the neighbourhood of Mile End; at Zoar Chapel; and many other places—Martin West (the carman) has been known for years, as a faithful and experimental minister of Christ. The Lord has been pleased to remove him home. After a short illness, (during which time his mind was solidly staid upon the faithful promises of God,) he fell asleep. His remains were deposited in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery; and our brother White (at Mount Pisgah Chapel,) preached his funeral sermon from—"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man," &c.

#### Death of Mr. William Jeeves.

MR. JEEVES was an honorable and useful deacon of the Baptist Church, at Camberwell, over whom Mr. Attwood is pastor. On the 13th of January last, he was suddenly taken from the house of God below, to his Father's house above. The Funeral Sermon has been published; and a very suitable one it is. The following extract is descriptive of his departure.

"He went in the afternoon of the Sabbath to a prayer-meeting; and while the first brother was in prayer, the arrow was commissioned from above. But it was not so that it stung with pain, as many feel it: but it was like this—the Lord coming from above, appeared to say, 'My servant you must come up hither,' and put him to sleep, as it were, there and then. For when I was fetched to see him, at that very time, about twenty minutes past four, he seemed like a man who had gone to sleep, sitting in a corner of one of the seats in James Street school-room. I went for medical aid, and he was conveyed home. At ten minutes past seven he ceased to breathe. During the three hours he lay like a man asleep—no movement—no symptom of pain—no struggle—but like a man gone to sleep."

# THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FIRST—WHAT IT IS NOT. SECONDLY—WHAT IT IS.

“*What saith the Scripture?*”

I now mostly lay aside, *pro tem*, the polemical pen, that I may plainly set forth what is written by the pen of inspiration. “*What saith the Scripture?*” This was the important question propounded by the Apostle Paul, (Rom. iv. 3, and Gal iv. 30.) *Error* arises from a want of understanding the Scripture; so saith our Lord. “Ye do *err*, not knowing the Scriptures.” Matt. xxii. 29. There are persons that are “*unstable*,” that is, unsettled in their principles; who “*wrest*” the Word of God; they distort it from its true sense and meaning, and make it speak that which it never designed. 2 Pet. iii. 16. See *Gill* in loc.

*Keseph* tells us, “The Scriptures declare that there is, under the New Testament dispensation, but *one* baptism, and, that *one* baptism is the baptism of the *one* Spirit, Eph. iv. 5,” p. 9. letter. It is *denied* that the *one* baptism, in that text, is the baptism of the Spirit. It is the baptism in water, of those who had received the *faith* of God’s elect. In this text *faith* *precedes* baptism: “*one* *faith*, *one* *baptism*.” But I shall now turn away from *Keseph*; and consider the two-fold question propounded. 1. Negatively—what is *not* the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. 2. Positively—what it *is*. And 1. Negatively. And here I adjure the reader, whoever he may be, that he do not *wrest*, distort, and twist my words, and put a *meaning* on my sentences which I altogether *disavow*. It has been the firm belief of my soul, for very many years, in the absolute necessity of a work of grace on a sinner’s heart. That it is the great and almighty work and office of God the Holy Ghost, to regenerate, quicken, enlighten, awaken, and raise up from their death in sin; all those for whom Christ died on the cross. It is the Spirit’s work to convict and convince them of their sin and sinfulness; to cause them to cry out for mercy; to lead them to Jesus; and to work *precious* *faith* in their hearts, whereby they truly *believe* in Christ, to the salvation of their souls. Without the operation of the Holy Ghost on a sinner’s heart, there is no spiritual life at *first*; and also, without the continual influences, waterings, revivals, teachings, manifestations, leadings and guidings, of the same

ever-blessed Spirit, the believer can enjoy no communion and fellowship with his covenant God and Father, through Christ Jesus his covenant Head. All this I steadfastly believe, experimentally know, and as a Christian minister, have proclaimed the same *undeviatingly* from first to last, from the pulpit and the press. In this precious faith I have lived, it has supported my soul under sore troubles; and here is my anchorage “which entereth into that within the veil.” I now fearlessly maintain, and would throw the gauntlet down to any that dare (on Scripture premises) to take it up, that what I have stated above, is indeed the work of God on a sinner’s heart; but, it is *not* what is termed “The Baptism of the Holy Ghost,” as that phrase or term is *used in the Word of God*.

I had an opponent about sixteen years ago, who put this question; “Is not the baptism of the Holy Ghost the *beginning* of Divine teaching?” I then replied, “If the baptism of the Holy Ghost is the *beginning* of Divine teaching, *then* even the *Apostles* of our Lord were not the subjects of Divine teaching; that is, they were not divinely taught *during all the period of our Lord’s continuance with them here below*. Jesus sent them forth with a commission to preach; with power to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, and cast out devils,” (Matt x. 8,) but, if the baptism of the Holy Ghost is the *beginning* of Divine teaching, it is *certain* the *Apostles*, notwithstanding all this great power, were not so baptised until *AFTER* our Lord’s ascension to glory. They were indeed men of God, divinely taught; but, respecting the “baptism of the Holy Ghost,” our Lord himself declared unto them, on *the very day* (after his resurrection from the dead) that “he was parted from them, and was carried up into heaven;”—“Ye SHALL BE baptised with the Holy Ghost *not many days hence*. Ye shall receive power *AFTER* the Holy Ghost is come upon you:” or, as the margin has it “*The power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you*.” Acts i. 5. 8.

“*Not many days hence*.” About *ten* days after our Lord’s ascension. We have the record of the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and it is the *first* record of

the Apostles, Chapter ii, and verses 1 to 4. *Then* were the Apostles "all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Now what conclusion are we to come to from the above premises? even this—That the baptism of the Holy Ghost was that holy extraordinary influence, of which the Apostles themselves were not partakers until after our Lord's ascension to glory. They were to wait for it, and expect to have it conferred upon them in due time.

But, before I proceed to shew particularly, what is the baptism of the Holy Ghost; so, as I have stated what regeneration is, even the grace of God in a sinner's heart, with its precious effects; I would just glance at spiritual gifts bestowed on some of the Lord's people, to qualify them for the work of the ministry, for the edification of the body of Christ, which is his church. On some, apostolical gifts were bestowed. "Paul called to be an apostle," Rom. i. 1. Some in the ancient church had prophetic gifts, as Agabus and others, (Acts xi. 27, 28.) "There were in the church at Antioch, certain prophets," Acts xiii. 1. That scripture in Eph. iv. 11, is full to the point. It implies that to some the Lord gave apostolical gifts; to some prophetic; to some, evangelical; to other some he gave gifts qualifying them to be pastors and teachers. Now the bestowment of these several and particular gifts, is stated to be "for the work of the ministry," that is to qualify persons for that work; for the edifying of the body of Christ," Eph. iv. 12. And so the Lord maintains and keeps up a standing ministry in the church, even by giving out spiritual gifts unto gracious men, whereby they are qualified for their appointed office-work in the church of Christ. Dr. Owen hath well observed, "If the Lord should cease to impart spiritual gifts, he need do no more to take away the ministry out of the church. The ministry then must cease." But I have been longer than I intended on the negative; I now proceed to shew

2. What is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. That is, according to the New Testament account thereof; and it appears to be an extraordinary operation and miraculous power of God the Holy Ghost; by which the apostles, and some only of the first christians were "endued" after our Lord's ascension. I have said, some only of the first christians (in addition

to the apostles) were so endued. The Samaritan believers were first baptised in water by Philip, and were afterwards baptised by the Holy Ghost; yet, it does not appear that Philip himself was so baptised; the Word is silent respecting it. (See Acts viii. 12—17.) Twelve of the Ephesian believers, who had been before baptised in water, "in the name of the Lord Jesus," were subsequently baptised with the Holy Ghost, Acts xix. 2—6. Cornelius, and others with him, were baptised with the Holy Ghost, and were afterwards baptised with water baptism; indeed, Peter himself argues the necessity of the latter, from the fact of their having received the former; and which appears to be one of the things commanded him of God, that Cornelius, &c., should DO, Acts x. 33, 48. Three thousand persons were baptised in water, on the day of Pentecost, of whom we have no account that any of them were baptised with the Holy Ghost. Also, it is said, "Many of the Corinthians hearing, believed and were baptised," and there can be no question by immersion in water, on a profession of their faith, Acts xviii. 8. They were not baptised IN believing; no, no; they believed AND were baptised;" that is, having believed, they were THEN subsequently, on believing, admitted to the ordinance of baptism. The Eunuch also was baptised in water ("see here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised?") but we have no account of his being "baptised with the Holy Ghost;" yet it is said, "He went on his way rejoicing, Acts viii. 36—39. From all these considerations, it appears that the conclusions of those persons who pretend that they need not be baptised in water, BECAUSE they have been, as they say, (?) "baptised with the Holy Ghost," are entirely false and totally unscriptural.

True it is that John, speaking of Jesus, said, "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," Matt. iii. 11. But only point me out one (only one) whom Jesus so baptised during the whole of the period of his ministry prior to his ascension to glory. We have no account of one, no not one. And, as if to set the question entirely at rest, it is recorded, that a little period before "his hour was come," by which is implied his crucifixion and death; after the apostle John had stated what he, Christ, declared, he adds, "But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him SHOULD re-

ceive : for the *Holy Ghost* was NOT YET GIVEN ; because Jesus was not yet glorified." John vii. 39.

Now then, "*What saith the Scripture ?*" We must go to the law and the testimony ; for, if men speak not according to *this* word, it is because *there is no light in them*, Isa. viii. 20. I have stated what the baptism of the Holy Ghost is *not*. But *what is it ?* I repeat, it is those *extraordinary* spiritual endowments conferred on the *apostles* on the day of Pentecost, (and *not before*) ; and *subsequently* vouchsafed to *some others* whom I have named ; whereby they were enabled to *speak with tongues, to prophesy, to heal diseases, to work miracles, &c.* These extraordinary gifts were doubtless needful to *qualify* for the great work devolving on the apostles and *some* of the first preachers of the everlasting gospel, immediately subsequent to our Lord's ascension. He commanded them, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, *until* ye be endued with power from on high," Luke xxiv. 49. And again, "Ye shall receive power, after that the *Holy Ghost* is come upon you : and, ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth," Acts i. 8. The great Master knew the arduous work his servants were to be engaged in, and he was pleased to *qualify them accordingly* ; and that in an *extraordinary* way and manner, and with such a *fulness of the Holy Ghost* as none since the days of the apostle have ever been favoured with. They were endued with power from on high, even the power of the Holy Ghost ; extraordinary spiritual strength of mind, enabling them to preach the gospel, to work miracles in confirmation of their ministry, courage and undaunted fortitude, and intrepidity amidst all reproaches and persecutions whereby they were enabled to face, and oppose their enemies, fearlessly to profess the name of Christ, to glory in his cross, to abide by his sacred *truths* and *ordinances*, to make their way through all opposition, to surmount all difficulties, and to spread the gospel all over the world. As much labour, great service, manifold afflictions, and sore trials, would require extraordinary power and strength, so our Lord *promised* them they should be amply supplied with it all, "*after that the Holy Ghost shall come upon you.*" Our glorious Lord fulfilled his gracious promise ; and Peter, on the day of Pentecost,

acknowledged and proclaimed it. Reader ! listen to him,—"*This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and, having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear,*" Acts ii. 32, 33. That is, "*the cloven tongues as of fire, which they saw sitting on the Apostles : and the various languages which they heard them speak.*"

Methinks I may now stay my pen, as to write more is needless. The sacred, holy oracles of Divine Truth fully prove what I have written. They are *my* guide. Reader ! may they be *your's* also. "*Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good.*" 1 Thess. v. 21.

One word more to *Keseph*, and I have done. Does he profess to have been *baptised with the Holy Ghost ?* as doubtless he does. We will not credit him on his mere *ipse dixit*, or bare *assertion* ; but let him *prove* it by *speaking with tongues, by working miracles, &c.* ; let us see "*a cloven tongue like as of fire, sitting on him ;*" and then, *hearing* and *seeing*, we will be found *believing*.

I arrive at this irrefragable conclusion, that—The "*one baptism*" spoken of in Eph. iv. 5, is the immersion of believers in water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. This may be *disputed* ; but—while the Scriptures are to be our guide, it can *never be confuted*. STRICTUS.

London, March 15th, 1850.

## A LETTER

FROM THE LATE DR. HAWKER TO JOHN ANDREW JONES.

WE have been favoured with an Autograph copy of the first letter sent by the late Dr. Hawker to our brother in the Lord, John Andrew Jones. It was written in December, 1817 ; and, on account of the sweet and excellent spirit therein manifested, it is given *verbatim*.

"My Dear Brother in the LORD JESUS !

"Grace, and mercy, and peace, and love be with you, and with all that love our LORD JESUS in sincerity and truth !

"I pray you to come and see me, and where I dwell, as often as the LORD shall incline your heart. And to-morrow [being Thursday] if you will come in and take your Tea with me at 5 [P.M.] you will find ONE whom you love at His Table. He presides at mine, and all I have and am are His. I can add no more at present for my day is like the Prophet's bed too short to stretch myself upon, and I am now called away. Your and my JESUS bless you. Your's in him.

"ROBERT HAWKER."



## Prayer for Mercy, a Seasonable Duty in Times of Sin and Wrath :

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

[ *This Sermon has lately fallen into my hands, and I thought "Who can tell what good it may do in the hands of the Lord? I will send it on board the Vessel." God all-sufficient bless it, dear reader, to your soul.*—C. H. COLES.]

"O Lord, in wrath remember mercy." Habakkuk iii. 3.

I HOPE we do come to this place to seek mercy at the hands of God, and to compass his altar of mercy. There is no hope for miserable sinners but in a merciful God; a God sitting upon a mercy-seat, *sprinkled with the blood of Christ*. But yet it is hard and very rare to see the rays of mercy in a dark day, when the sky is covered with clouds of wrath; and indeed, if we expect a merciful meeting with God to day, or at this occasion, we need that clear eye of faith that can look through the dark clouds of wrath, and say with the prophet here, "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy." This text is a branch of the first part of Habakkuk's prayer, wherein this good prophet is making intercession for the church in his day, which was a day of great sin, a day of great anger. The first part of this verse points at the report made by God to the prophet, concerning the destruction to be brought upon them in BABYLON. This had a double effect upon him. 1. It made him tremble at the thought of it,—“O Lord, I have heard thy speech and was afraid;” God's wrath, even at a distance, is terrible to a tender soul. 2. It puts him to his prayer; and so should all the tokens of divine anger. Here you have his *prayer* and his *plea*.

1. *You have his prayer*; “O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years.” By God's work here, we may understand his church and people. All people are his workmanship; but the true members of his church invisible are his work in a peculiar manner, and his work by way of eminence; but here they are fallen into a dead sleep; “REVIVE THY WORK;” the work of grace in the hearts of thy people, and thy work of reformation in the church; revive it in the midst of the years. By the years may be understood any time within the term of the seventy years captivity. In the midst of these dark and dreadful years, make known thy name, for “verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.” Make known thy power, thy pity, thy promise, thy providence in the safety and in the welfare of thy church. This prayer was several ways answered; particularly by God's owning the three children in the fiery furnace, and humbling Nebuchadnezzar in the midst of the years of the captivity.

2. *We have his plea*; containing the sum of his prayer, here resumed again in short, viz., “In wrath remember mercy.” The *plea* is MERCY,—NOT MERIT. These words comprehend as many purposes as there are words.

First, the sad case they were in, held out

by the word *wrath*; they were under the heavy tokens of God's wrath.

Secondly, the suitable remedy of *cure*; the only cure for that case is *mercy*; the mercy of God in Christ.

Third, the application of that cure here sued for; “Remember mercy.” The prayer of faith is the putting God in remembrance of his mercy in Christ; and in this way the remedy is applied.

Fourth, the season wherein this remedy is sought and this plea is used, “in wrath;” in a time when wrathful dispensations compass us about, and fearful tokens of his anger.

We purpose to speak of the last branch of the text, because I think it comprehends the former petition, “In the midst of the years;” that is, in this wrathful time, “Revive thy work;” and make it known in *reviving* and *restoring* us. Observe, that in wrathful times, wherein God's church and people are under many tokens of his anger and displeasure, it is most seasonable for them to *plead with him*, that he would *remember mercy*. This, we find, was the constant practice of the church and people of God, “Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies, and thy lovingkindness; for they have been of old. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: but, according to thy mercies, remember thou me; for thy goodness sake, O Lord,” Psa. xxv. 6. 7. In a day of wrath, when it is said of enemies, “They have devoured Jacob, and laid waste his dwelling place,” we have this petition, “O remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us, for we are brought very low,” Psa. lxxiv. 7, 8. Thus, Dan. ix. 17, 18, he prays that God's anger and fury might be taken from Jerusalem; and that the Lord would cause his face to shine upon his sanctuary: and adds, “O my God, incline thine ear, open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name: for we do not present our supplications before thee, for our righteousness; but for thy great mercies.” Thus David also, Psa. xlii. 7, 8, when deep calleth unto deep, and all his waves and billows had gone over him, he adds, “Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.” And when out of the deeps he cries to the Lord, he looks to mercy, saying, “There is forgiveness with thee; yea, with the Lord there is mercy. Let Israel hope in the Lord.”

When God calls his people to the prayer

of faith, he enjoins them to put him in remembrance; "put me in remembrance, let us plead together," Isa. xliii, 26. When God is pleading against us, by his dispensations, he allows us to plead with him, by supplication; and to put him in remembrance even of his mercy; "In wrath remember mercy." Not that God is capable of forgetfulness; but when we put him in mind, we put work in his hand; and he loves to be employed; and when he shews mercy he is said to remember his holy promise, and covenant, and mercy, Psa. cv. 8, 42; cvi. 45. But to offer all the instances to this purpose, would take up too much time. The method we propose for illustrating this proposition, through divine aid, shall be as follows:—

1. *Enquire when a time be said to be wrathful*,—"In wrath remember mercy." What are the tokens of God's wrath that a people may be under—what denominates it a wrathful time? I would premise that wrath is either to be considered as vindictive towards all the enemies of God; and thus it comes for demanding satisfaction of the Christless soul, and so many drops of vengeance, before the deluge of wrath be poured out: or, it is to be considered as fatherly towards the children of God; and so it comes for correction, chastisement, or trial. When wrath comes upon a visible church, it is paternal, and for chastisement. Now, we may give many instances of a wrath-like time. Such as

First, a *sinning time* is a time of wrath; when iniquity abounds, and the love of many is waxen cold; when the Lord gives up a generation to their lusts, saying,—*"They are joined to their IDOLS, let them alone. My people would not hearken; Israel would have none of me; therefore, I gave them up to the lusts of their own hearts."*

Secondly, a *sleeping time* is a time of wrath; when wise and foolish virgins are slumbering and sleeping, and security is universal, as in the days of Noah, when they were eating, and drinking, and marrying, and given in marriage, till the deluge of wrath came upon them.

Thirdly, an *erring time* is a time of wrath; a time wherein errors of all sorts abound, and God gives up men to strong delusions, to believe a lie, because they receive not the love of the truth, that they may be saved; they are left to receive and embrace errors, "that they may be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness; giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils;" when grievous wolves enter in to destroy the church of Christ, not sparing the flock; and when little foxes, as well as great ones, spoil the vines, and the vineyards, and yet no due care exercised to take the foxes, and to try to cast them out that say, they are apostles, and are not, but are found liars.

Fourthly, a *time of apostacy* and falling away of professors, when the pillars of the house are, as it were, bowing and bending:

when Christ is saying to his few followers in effect, "Will ye also go away?" And when there are few to stand in the breach, and to put hand to the Lord's work, as it is said, Jer. x. 20, 21.

Fifthly, an *hiding time*, wherein there is occasion to say, "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself;" &c. When his people go forward, and he is not there; backward, but they cannot see him; on the right and left hand, but they cannot behold him. When not only in a little wrath he hideth himself for a small moment—but in great wrath he hideth himself for a long time; and standeth not behind our wall, near at hand, and ready to come in—but standeth at a great distance, and as it were at the back of the mountains. When the Comforter, which is to relieve our souls, is far away. When we see not our signs, nor see the power and glory of God in the sanctuary. When he seems to cast off his people, to forsake and forget them. When he withholds his Spirit, his enlightening, quickening, nourishing, cherishing grace; and says, in effect, "Behold, your house is left to you desolate." When he lets loose the evil spirit and satan's temptations and delusions: saying, "I will go and be a lying spirit in the mouth of the prophet," when he leaves a people so far as that they forsake him, and his anger breaks forth; and they have an occasion to say, are not these evils come upon us because our God is not among us? Deut. xxxi. 16, 17.

Sixthly, a *dead time* is a time of wrath; a time wherein the work of God is under a dreadful decay, and the things which remain are ready to die. This especially seems to be that time of God's wrath intended here in the text, when the prayer is, "Lord revive thy work." And if it be enquired, how doth this death and spiritual deadness appear? Why this deadness is evident when the word and rod of God doth not awake us; but we remain stupid both under mercies and judgments: this deadness is evident when sin doth not affect or afflict us: but we go on securely in an evil course, and make a sport of sin: this deadness is evident from our unconcernedness for the future, and taking no care to be delivered from impending wrath: this deadness is evident from our being regardless of all religion and religious duties; careless whether we read and pray, or not; and begin to entertain contemptible thoughts of religion and religious persons; and have no exercise of spiritual senses. no motion heaven-ward or God-ward. These are some of the evidences and effects of the Lord's anger and absence: for as his favour is life, and his lovingkindness is better than life; so his fury and anger is death and worse than death. Death among the wicked, and deadness among the godly, are the sad fruits of his anger and our sin; for as the "wages of sin is death," either of body or soul, or both; so, "if we live after the flesh, we shall die." In a word, as it is the anger of the Lord that weakens and

kills us—kills our souls, kills our comforts, kills our zeal and concern about spiritual matters; so it is the anger of the Lord that divides us—divides our hearts, divides our tongues, divides our judgments, divides our counsels: and it is the anger of the Lord that wastes us—it wastes our souls, wastes our bodies, wastes our substance, wastes our days and years, and consumes us insensible, as well as exposes us to terrible outward calamities, confusions and disorders in church and state.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## One of Deborah's Daughters

PRAISING THE GOD OF ISRAEL.

MY DEAR FRIENDS in bonds of the eternal covenant, may grace, mercy, and truth be with thee and in thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom there is no variability nor shadow of a turning. Amen. Hoping you are better in body than when I saw you last; and oh! may the Lord bless your souls abundantly, so that you may have cause to say feelingly, all is well; and to say with dear Kent—

"'Tis well when on the mount,  
We feast on dying love;  
And 'tis as well in God's account,  
When we the furnace prove.

I hope I may say, I am thankful to say, I am well as to the body; and bless the Lord I can say, it is well with my soul, for the Lord hath blessed my soul with his great love and mercy. Well, my dear friends, I have thought much of you since Tuesday night, I should have liked to spent a little longer time with you, for I felt the fire of love to kindle in my heart, and I felt at home and my soul at liberty; and I found that your path and mine are much alike. It is said, how can two walk together except they be agreed? But, bless the Lord, I found that we should well agree, for the Lord hath made us of one mind; and though absent from the body, I have been conversing with you. Well, now if the Lord enables me, I will tell you a little how the Lord leads me on in the wilderness here below. Sometimes, like David, I sink in the mire, where there is no standing. And sometimes the Lord so blesses my soul, and my mountain stands so strong that I think I can never be moved. But as soon as the Lord hides his face, and his sweet presence is withdrawn, I am like Jeremiah in the dungeon, and sometimes I am like Ephraim, I love idols and after them I go. Then the Lord sends a "rod after me and fetches me back with many stripes." Sometimes I feel so dead, so cold, so barren, and so careless, that I care not whether I am lost or saved. And at another time, my soul is heavy laden with guilt and fear; and I cry out, in bitterness of soul, "Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." But like the church of old, I cry in vain. And sometimes I am so

shut up I cannot come forth; I am so hard and shut up in darkness that there is no light at all; and I cry out like Job, "Oh that it were with me as in days that are past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me, and when by his light I walked, through darkness." I call, but the Lord gives me no answer. The Bible is a sealed book. I look on my right hand and on my left, and can see no way of escape; and often cry out, in bitterness of soul, "Woe is me, for I am undone." Sometimes I am so rebellious that I kick and fight like a wild bull in a net. Sometimes, for a few moments, I feel like a little child, and say, "I am the clay, thou art the Potter, do with me as it seemeth thee good in thy sight." And I am, sometimes, made feelingly to say with the poet—

"My times are in thine hands,  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasant or painful, dark or light,  
Whate'er seems best to thee."

Then those are sweet moments and highly prized. Sometimes I can say with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest I love thee." And at another time, I do not feel any love at all. Sometimes I can say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God;" and at another time, I am so full of unbelief and sin, that I think it impossible for the Lord to save such a wretch.

"But his love, in times past, forbids me to think, He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to bring me safe through."

Sometimes I have felt like Paul, when he said he could "glory in his infirmities:" and again, when he said, "nothing could separate him from the love of God which is in Christ our Lord." And sometimes my soul has been so blest, that I have been quite lost to all things here below, so that I have not known whether I was in the body or out. But, as Paul says, "I have been caught up into the third heavens to behold the beauty of the Lord." I have, by faith, sometimes seen the King in his beauty; and blessed be his dear name, I can say, for his honour and glory, last Lord's day, I sat under his shadow with great delight; "and his fruit was sweet unto my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth. He brought me into the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." The word was found, and I did eat it, and it was the joy and rejoicing of my heart; it was truly marrow and fatness to my bones; it was "wines on the lees well refined." Oh! it was to my soul rich food, the hidden manna, the real gospel bread, not Christ and Co. It was fine flower winnowed with fan and shovel, no husk for the swine to eat. It was the true and living bread, such as my soul loves, and it feasted upon it; and I can now bless the Lord for it. It was to my soul royal

dainties, a feast of fat things; yet when the Lord leaves me for awhile to prove me, then I think he is dealing hard with me; and cry out, "not so my Father." And sometimes I feel that to the enemies of truth, I wish them all dead. And the rebellion of my wicked heart would do it; but, at another time, I can pray for them and say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and I think what (or who) hath made me to differ? I once was worse than them; but, bless the Lord, he hath stopped me in my mad career of sin, and hath brought me out of darkness into his marvellous light. And now the dear Lord says, I am clean through the word which he has spoken unto me. The word, as Paul says, came not in word only, but in power and in much assurance by the Holy Ghost, to me, who am the least of all—the worst of all—and the most unworthy; yet to me is this grace given. Oh! bless the Lord, he hath many times said to my soul, "thy sins which are many, are forgiven thee. I cast thy sins behind my back into the depths of the sea, and I will remember them no more for ever." Oh! my dear friends, I can sometimes read the word of God and find such sweetness therein, and I can read my title clear in every page; oh! this is sweet indeed. Then I can feelingly say with Hart—

"Oh! love of unexampled kind,  
That leaves all thought so far behind!  
Where breadth and lengths, and depths  
and height,

Are lost, astonished to my sight!

For love of me, the Son of God  
Drain'd every drop of vital blood;  
Long time I after idols ran,  
But now my God's a martyr'd man.

Oh, then I feel myself as nothing, and less than nothing—Christ is all and in all!

"Then if such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be?

'Tis heaven to rest in Christ's embrace,  
And no where else but there.

Oh, my dear friends, the Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad: and can rejoice in the God of my salvation. He hath led the blind by a way they knew not, and in paths they have not known. He made darkness light before me, and crooked things straight: these things hath he done for me, and hath not forsaken me. He hath, many times, brought "my soul up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet on a rock, put a new song in my mouth, even praise to my God." He hath led me about and instructed me, and kept me as the "apple of his eye." When under sore temptations he has guarded me, and his own arm hath brought me salvation; so that I am enabled to say, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise again; when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me. How great is the Lord, and worthy to be praised."

"My soul through many changes goes,  
His love, no variation knows;  
Whom once he loves, he never leaves,  
But loves them to the end."

My soul has often proved the Lord to be a God giving, a God hearing, and a God answering prayer, though sometimes I "go down into deep waters where there is no standing;" but, bless the Lord, he brings me up again in his own time, and blesses me with light, life, joy, peace, faith, hope, prayer, and praise; he makes mercy sweet, salvation great, and all God's judgments right. Sometimes I can say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want: he maketh me to lie down in green pastures beside the still waters." I felt that, last Sabbath at Guildford, in that blessed ordinance, the ordinance of believers' baptism. Oh, it was to my soul a blessed, humbling, Christ-exalting, God-gloryifying season. Oh, I felt myself so unworthy, not fit to sit down with God's saints; but while feeling my baseness and unworthiness, the Lord spoke these words to my soul, with sweet love and power, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the Spirit of your God."

"Thus by his goodness I fell to the ground,  
And wept to the praise of the mercy I found:  
How great is that love, that mercy so free,  
That from the pit, delivered me."

I often cry out, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me?" "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." My heart is sometimes so full that it runs over with the goodness, love, and mercy of my covenant God and Saviour. There has been times, under the preached word by Mr. Raynsford, of Horsham, and Mr. Spencer, at Guildford, when the Lord has opened the windows of heaven and poured me down blessings in such copious showers, that there has not been room to receive it; at other times, I sink almost into despair, and wonder, sometimes, that the Lord does not cut me down as a cumberer of the ground; and often say feelingly, "Oh, is not this too much. Why am I thus-favoured? Why hast thou taken knowledge of me seeing I was a stranger?" And the Lord has many times answered me in these words, "For mine own sake have I done this, for mine own glory." Oh, my dear friends, shall I ever give him the praise that is due? Now, while I am writing, my eyes are like the fish-pools of Heshbon. Oh, I thought that sweet, that never to be forgotten time, when I followed the Lord's command (baptism). He said, "Come and see the place where the Lord lay, for he is thy Lord, worship thou him." I thought when I stood at the head of the pool my heart would burst, as I wanted to give vent to my feelings. And instead of being daunted with the people, I did want

to tell what the Lord had done, and was then doing for my soul. Oh my dear friends, I felt my soul clothed with humility, and in my right mind : I felt the wall of fire round about me to guard me, and enclosed in the ring of God's everlasting love. By faith I saw the King in his beauty. And I felt when I laid in the water, that I was resting on the arms and on the bosom of my Redeemer. Oh, I felt his sweet embracings, and the sweet kisses of his lips; then could I say, this God is my God, and shall be for ever and ever. He is the wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace. Oh, to behold the wonders of his grace, behold the man Christ Jesus, what hath he done? He hath done all things well. He hath redeemed my soul from death, and my feet from falling. Oh, bless the Lord, I can now say the Lord is my rock, my fortress, my strong deliverer, my God in whom I would always trust. But oh, I fall so short of that; oh, that I could trust him where I cannot trace him, and not dishonour the dear Lord with my unbelief! But the Lord well knows what poor weak creatures we are; he knows we are but dust—

“Weak in myself, in him I'm strong,  
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.”

I have felt some golden moments, and could rejoice in the Lord and in the power of his might. But oh, I have at times to pass through great and sore trials—great and sore temptations! There is a day of prosperity, and a day of adversity—sometimes great distress of soul! But, bless the Lord, Oh my soul, he hath hitherto brought me safe! He hath reigned—he doth reign; and I trust he will still reign. He hath promised never to leave nor to forsake me. But he says he will be a Father unto me. I have often felt the words of some poet,\* and with them I must conclude, Give my love to all friends, and accept the same yourself; and may the best of all blessings rest upon you, is the desire of your unworthy friend.

CHARLOTTE BUBSTOW.

To Mr. Swinyard.

Red Hill, 11th November, 1849.

- \* “I have found the pearl of great price,  
My heart doth sing for joy;  
And sing I must—a Christ I have,  
Oh, what a Christ have I!  
“My Christ, he is the Lord of lords;  
He is the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of righteousness,  
With healing in his wings.  
“Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
My physic, and my health;  
My light, my life, my joy, my crown,  
My glory and my health.  
“Christ is my Father and my Friend,  
My Brother, and my Love;  
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,  
My Advocate above.  
“My Christ he is the heaven of heavens,  
My Christ what shall I call?  
My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,  
My Christ is ALL in ALL.”

LINES,

Written after hearing a Sermon preached by Mr. Nunn, from “The unsearchable riches of Christ.”  
Ephesians iii. 8.

I have dwelt 'mid the lovely and bright things of earth,

And gazed on the pure and sublime,  
'Mid flowers I've wandered in sunshine and light;  
With a heart cold and dark at the time.

In the cool breezy orchard, I've wandered at eve,  
'Neath the rays of the soft setting sun;  
And vainly looked round for the bright star of hope  
To lead to the Glorious One.

When the Lord came in purity, strictness, and truth;

With “pay what thou owest,” or die,  
I have paced the soft path in yon dewy green field,  
With a streaming and sorrowful eye.

Ah! the sweet rising moon, and the pale silver cloud,

Were unheeded, unnoticed by me,  
It was Jesus I wanted, the fulness of love,  
And the bright beams of mercy to see.

The sweet silken leaves of the violet blue,  
Shed their fragrant perfume at my feet;  
The tall snowy lilies were graceful and pure,  
But I sought for a flower more sweet.

One more precious than all, Sharon's sweet perfume'd rose

I ask'd for—but heard no reply;  
All around was as usual—the tall poplars waved,  
And the pale stars shone mildly on high.

I was weary and helpless when Jesus appeared,  
He spoke—and his accents were love;  
“Thou art mine, I redeemed thee, but tarry awhile,  
Ere long I'll receive thee above.”

He led me to “Beulah,” I met with his saints,  
And I hoped he'd indulge my request,  
To abide with his chosen while dwelling on earth,  
In the fair courts of Zion to rest.

Tho' this was denied, yet I praise and adore,  
My God for the way he has led;  
Again, he has blessed me, the lowest, the least,  
With a crumb of his dear children's bread.

I have heard my dear pastor dwell on the sweet theme,

The riches of Jesus my Lord,  
The unspeakable bliss of a glorious Christ,  
And the joys which his presence afford.

Tho' afflicted and sorrowful, I could rejoice,  
Where the “King in his beauty” is seen,  
Where the fair trees of righteousness planted by him,  
Are seen beautiful, verdant, and green.

Oh, bless pastor and people, Jehovah, and grant  
We may meet in the land of repose,  
Where the vast, and “unsearchable riches of Christ,”

Each glorified habitant knows.

Ah! nature thou'rt lovely, but more I admire,  
The wonders of mercy and grace;  
I'd resign thy sweet charms to be bless'd with a home,

Where Deity hallows the place.

Pinner, October, 1849.

A. E. LEE.

## A Man may have Grace, and yet want the Assurance of his Interest in Christ.

ASSURANCE is requisite to the well-being of a Christian, but not to the being; it is requisite to the consolation of a Christian, but not to the salvation of a Christian; it is requisite to the well-being of grace, but not to the mere being of grace. Though a man cannot be saved without faith, yet he may be saved without assurance. God hath in many places of the Scripture declared, that without faith there is no salvation; but God hath not in any one place of Scripture declared, that without assurance there is no salvation. A man must first be saved, before he can be assured of his salvation; for he cannot be assured of that which is not: and a man must have saving grace, before he can be saved; for he cannot be saved by that which he hath not. Again, a man must be ingrafted into Christ, before he can be assured of remission, or salvation, but this he cannot be before he hath faith, therefore there may be grace, where there is no assurance. Christ went to heaven in a cloud, and the angel went up to heaven in the smoke and flame of the sacrifice, and so I doubt not, but many precious souls do ascend to heaven in clouds and darkness. Now a man may have grace, and yet want assurance, and that may arise many these causes.

A man may have grace, and yet want assurance, and that may arise from the exceeding littleness, and weakness of his grace. A little candle yields but a little light, and a little grace yields but a little evidence. Great measures of grace carries with them great and clear evidences, but little measures carries with them but little evidence. Some stars are so small that they are scarce discernible; so some saints' graces are so small, that they can hardly see their graces to be graces. A little fire will yield but a little heat; a little grace will yield but a little comfort, and little evidence: a little grace will yield a man a heaven hereafter; but it is a great deal of grace that must yield us heaven here. A little stock will bring in but a little profit, a little grace will bring in but a little peace, a little jewel yields but a little lustre, a little glory, no more doth a little grace; and therefore it is that Christians that have but a little grace, have but a little of the shine and lustre of assurance, they have but little joy and comfort in this world. Yet that the spirits of weak Christians may not utterly faint, let me give them this hint, viz., that the weakest Christian is as much justified, as much pardoned, as much adopted, and as much united to Christ as the strongest, and hath as much interest and propriety in Christ, as the highest and noblest Christian that breathes, though he cannot make so much advantage and improvement of his interest and propriety as the strong Christian, who hath a greater degree of grace.

Hierom observes upon the heatitudes, that there are many of the promises made to weak grace, Matt. v. 3, 4. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; v. 4. Blessed are they that mourn; and v. 5. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst." Weak saints, remember this, the promise is a ring of gold, and Christ is the precious tried stone in that ring, and upon that stone must you rest, as you would have grace to thrive, and your souls

to be safe and happy. Weak souls, remember this, as Joseph sent chariots to bring his father, and his brethren to him, so God would have your weak graces to be as chariots to bring you to himself, who is the cherisher, strengthener, and increaser of grace: he that makes his graces to be servants, and handmaids to convey him to Christ, the fountain of grace; he shall find the greatest sweetness in grace, and the greatest increase of grace.

A man may have true grace, and yet want assurance, and this may arise from the resurrection of old sins; Ah, when those sins which were long since committed, and long since lamented, and long since loathed, and long since crucified, when those old sins, which hath cost a soul many prayers, and many tears, and many sighs, and many groans, and many complaints, when those sins that have been long buried, shall be again revived, and meet the soul, and stare upon the soul, and say to the soul, we are thine, and we will follow thee, we are thine, and we will haunt thee: ah, how will this cause a man's countenance to be changed, his thoughts to be troubled, his joints to be loosed, and his heart to be amazed; David and Job meeting with the sins of their youth (long after they were lamented and pardoned) makes their hearts startle and tremble. Upon the new risings of old sins, the soul begins to question all, and thus to expostulate the case, surely my estate is not good, my pardon is not sealed; if it be, how comes these sins to be revived, to be remembered? Hath not God engaged himself in the promises of grace, that those sins that are pardoned, shall never be remembered? and surely if these sins be not pardoned, I have reason to fear that others be not pardoned; and if my sins be not pardoned, how shall I escape being destroyed? surely my repentance was not sound, my sorrow was not sincere, the blow, the wound I gave sin, was not mortal, if it had, how comes it to pass that it now meets me like an armed enemy? Thus these new risings of old sins keeps many a man's soul, and assurance asunder.

A man may have grace, and yet want assurance, and this may arise from his falling short of that perfection that the word requires, and that other sainte have attained to: ah, says such a soul, surely I have no grace! Oh how short do I fall of such and such righteous rules, and of such and such precious Christians! ah how clear are they in their light, how strong are they in their love; how high are they in their attainments; how are their hearts filled with grace, and their lives with holiness; all their motions towards God, and towards man, speaks out grace, grace; they pray indeed like saints, and live indeed like angels. Now many poor souls comparing themselves with the perfect rule of righteousness, and with those that are in the highest forms in Christ's school, and that are the noblest and choicest patterns for purity, and sanctity, and finding such a vast disproportion between their hearts, and the rule between their actions and lives, and the lives and actions of others, they are apt to sit down sad and discouraged.

A man may have true grace, and yet want as-

assurance; and this may arise from that smoke and clouds, those fears and doubts that corruption raises in the soul, so that the soul cannot see those excellent graces that otherwise might be discerned, though there may be many precious gems and jewels in the house, yet the smoke may hinder a man from seeing them sparkle and shine: so though there be many precious graces in the souls of saints, yet corruption may raise such a dust, such a smoke in the soul, that the soul is not able to see them in their beauty and glory. The well of water was near Hagar, but she saw it not till her eyes were opened by the Lord. So grace is near the soul, yea in the soul sometimes, and yet the soul doth not see it till God opens the eye and shews it. The Lord was in this place, said Jacob, and I knew it not; so many a precious soul may say, grace was in my heart, and I knew it not, I saw it not. Blessed Bradford in one of his epistles, saith thus, O Lord: methinks, I feel it so with me, sometimes, as if there were no difference between my heart and the heart of the wicked; my mind is as blind as theirs, my spirit as stout, stubborn, and rebellious as theirs, and my thoughts as confused as theirs, and my affections as dis-ordered as theirs, and my services as formal as theirs, &c. Ah, Christians, have not many of your souls found it so? Surely yes; no wonder then, that though you have grace, yet you have not seen it sparkling and shining in your souls. Some have thought that their hearts have been void of grace, because they have been so full of fears and doubts. The best of saints are like the ark tossed up and down with waves, with fears, and doubts; and so it will be till they are quite in the bosom of Christ.

God may deny assurance long, and yet give it in to his children at last, after patient waiting. God appears to David, and brings him out of an horrible pit (or out of a pit of noise) and sets his feet upon a rock, and puts a new song into his mouth. After the church in the Canticles had run through many hazards and hardships; many difficulties and dangers, she finds him whom her soul loved. The prophet sits down and bewails his sad condition, thus, I am weary of my crying, my throat is dried, mine eyes fail while I wait for my God. And I am full of heaviness, and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none. But at last, God appears, and then says he, I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him, with thanksgiving.

Mr. Frogmorton was as holy, and as choice a preacher as most was in England in those days, and he lived seven and thirty years without assurance, and then died, having assurance but an hour before he died; he went to die at Mr. Dod's (who is now with the Lord) and did die there in full assurance of the justification of his person, the remission of his sins, and the salvation of his soul. God denied assurance a great while to Mr. Glover, though he sought it with many prayers and tears; and yet when he was in sight of the fire, the Lord shined forth in his favor so sweetly upon him, that he cries out to his friend, he is come, he is come, meaning the Comforter. So Mrs. Katherine Bretterge after many bitter conflicts with Satan, the day before she died, she had sweet assurance of that kingdom that shakes not, of those riches that corrupt not, and of that crown of righteousness that fades not away. I have read of three martyrs that were bound and

brought to the stake, and one of them gets from under his chain to admiration, and falls down upon the ground, and wrestles earnestly with God for the sense of his love, and God gave it him then at that instant, and so he came, and embraced the stake, and died cheerfully, and resolutely, a glorious martyr. God delayed till he was bound, and then lets out himself sweetly and gloriously to him.

Now God doth delay the giving in of assurance to his dearest ones, and that partly to let them know that he will be waited on, and that assurance is a jewel worth waiting for. The least smile from God when our last glass is running, will make our souls amend for all their waiting; and partly that we may know that he is free in his workings, and that he is not tied to any proportions or qualifications in the creature, but is free to come when he will, and go when he will, and stay as long as he will, though the soul doth sigh it out, how long Lord, how long will it be before my mourning be turned into rejoicing.

God delays the giving in of assurance, not because he delights to keep his children in fears and doubts, nor because he thinks that assurance is too rare, too great, too choice a jewel to bestow upon them, but it is either because he thinks their souls do not stand at a sufficient distance from sin, or because their souls are so taken up and filled with creature-enjoyments, as that Christ is put to lodge in an out-house, or else it is because they pursue not after assurance with all their might, they give not all diligence to make their calling and election sure; or else it is because their hearts are not prepared, are not low enough for so high a favour.—*Brouks.*

### "What an Enemies' Land!"

ENCOMPASS'D with enemies all round about;  
Beset with temptations within and without;  
'Midst so much distraction, how strange 'tis I  
stand,

Too surely I am in an enemies' land.

Opprest with sore evils turn which way I will,  
I fear to go forward, yet cannot stand still;  
So dark my poor mind is, I grope at noon-day;  
And fear least I never should hold on my way.

Sometimes so perplex'd and so harass'd am I,  
That I can't raise a thought half-way to the sky:  
In this sad dilemma I'm filled full of fears,  
And find there's no rest in this valley of tears.

I would fly to arms, but I feel void of power;  
My strength is so small, my courage so poor;  
And oft I'm so faint, I scarcely can stand,  
So worn out am I in this enemies' land.

But ther're three little somethings that still keep  
me up,

'Tis *faith* in my Captain, 'tis *love* and 'tis *hope*;  
I am certain he'll order all things by his hand,  
And at last bring me safe thro' this enemies' land.

Ah! yes, there is still a sweet place of repose,  
A happier home, where no enemy goes;  
A blest habitation, that's free from all pain,  
With Jesus, the Saviour, eternal to reign.

Ere long I expect to see his dear face,  
And join in the song of ransoming grace;  
And when in his Kingdom adoring I stand,  
I'll then bid adieu, to this enemies' land.

January 31st, 1850.

C. E.

## Eight Years' Labour in the Ministry at Leicester.

(Continued from p. 52\*)

BRETHREN BELOVED, — This I can say with the blessed apostle Paul, that bonds and afflictions have awaited me in every city and town where I have gone preaching the gospel of God's dear Son. And where I have been made the most useful, there the hottest persecutions have been;—so that the fierce wind of persecution appears to be the bellows that blows up the holy fire of love and zeal in the soul into a flame, for the glory of God and the conversion of souls. "If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution;" that is conclusive. Mark, it is those who live godly in Christ Jesus; not those who live in the form of godliness, out of Christ Jesus. The truly godly have always suffered the hottest persecution from those with the form of godliness. The truly godly are partakers of the nature of God in Christ Jesus, the life, light, love, holiness and righteousness of God, in Christ Jesus;—but in counterfeit godliness, there is the remaining enmity of the evil one against the godly in Christ Jesus; which is not so much the enmity of one man against another, but it is the enmity of the serpent against the seed of the woman, which is "Christ in you the hope of glory." All so-called good works, out of Christ, and apart from Christ, which are not the production of the Spirit,—are of the nature of sin, and have death and condemnation in them—called dead works. Some people "count gain godliness." Not the gain of this world particularly, but the gain of a good name among men; "a name to live, while they are dead." Some will do much to gain the name, and he lifted up with it and their own wisdom and formal religious performances; "but his soul that is lifted up is not upright in him, but the just shall live by his faith." Hab. ii. 4. O, it is almost death to some to have their uprightness doubted among men. But since the fall of man there is none truly "upright among men." The soul that is lifted up with the gain of an upright name among men, with his own wisdom, knowledge, and performances, is not upright in him, nor upright before God. The truly upright are those who are raised up and set up, in heavenly love, faith and righteousness in Christ Jesus. And these things do not lift them up, nor puff them up with pride; but rather, under a sense of their own unworthiness and sinfulness in themselves, makes them lowly in themselves, yet upright before God, in confessing all their sins, and telling God all the truth. Thus it is said, "the upright love thee." Why so? Because he first loved them; and the fear of God, and the love of Christ in them, makes them upright before God; and from this holy principle within, they labour to be upright before men, in all things, for God's glory and the honour of his name, and not to gain the name of godliness! Thus, while those with the form of godliness only, are lifted up and puffed up, and are not upright within before God, the souls of the truly godly are often cast down within them, because they cannot do the things that they would. And this is true godliness and true christian experience of the godly. Indeed they are sometimes so cast down though not destroyed; and so lamed

that they cannot hunt for the sin of God's people as the formal godly do, and eat up the sin of God's people as they eat bread; which is very sweet to them, though it will rot them in the end. The godly see and feel so much infirmity in themselves that their mouths are shut, and Jacob cannot hunt for his living as Esau does. The seed of Jacob have to wait upon God for his salvation, and live by faith on what God hath said, and that which Jesus hath done; and when the Holy Ghost leads, guides, teaches and comforts them, the savoury meat is found near their tent, and in their tabernacle, and the lame take the prey.

Now I cannot say that I like to see hunting parsons. It is an uncomely sight. They should be at home looking after their flocks. But some of our baptist parsons, and others whom we would hope well of, will set up a loud cry in their pulpits against the Episcopalian church-steeples parsons for going a hunting: viz., for hunting stags, hares, and foxes; and yet some of them in their pride, envy, madness and folly will join the old hell-capped huntsman and his yelping beagles, in hunting the saints. This is most strange and perplexing to thinking and sober-minded men. Which is the greatest crime, and which is most shameful, hunting hares and foxes, or hunting God's ministers and saints? Judge ye.

O, we are all poor, silly, foolish creatures, and are sure to be into some mischief which brings us trouble and disgrace, if not kept by divine power and grace. And, indeed, the best of God's saints (if there are such) have sin enough in their depraved nature daily to condemn them. And in their walk and conversation, leave enough of the scent of the sin of their depraved nature behind them for satan, the old huntsman and his barking beagles to hunt and pursue them by, until they run into David's strong tower, (under atoning blood,) in the righteousness of Christ. This is the only place of safety for a poor sin-hunted, hell-hunted, and satan-hunted soul. Here satan, the old huntsman, and his hounds are checked and thrown off the scent, and go round about the city and the tower making a noise like dogs, but cannot find you; for "your life is hid with Christ in God." "Beware of dogs!" is the scriptural caution, beware of evil workers! And ye beloved ministers of the gospel, beware lest ye be betrayed into this hunt with the old huntsman and his hounds, but rather stay at home and feed your flocks in green pastures beside the still waters.

Now, I feel some reluctance in entering upon this narrative, because I would not wilfully offend any one of the little ones, or ministers of the gospel. Neither would I write to deprecate others and justify myself; for I am sure that I have my faults, failings, and infirmities, even as others. And having seen, felt, and lamented my own failings, follies, and infirmities, I would not enter upon this narrative to shame any of the Lord's dear people; but rather as beloved brethren, to warn you against the wiles and deceptions of the old enemy of all our souls, "For we are not ignorant of (all) his devices." And if we trace all



our pains, sorrows, and miseries to the root, we shall find they generally spring from the sin and foolishness of our own hearts, and our too much compliance with the seductions and temptations of the great enemy of our souls. I know that I am no better than others; yea, I feel myself much worse than others; yea, I am one of the chief of sinners, and have no right to speak evil of other men. Nevertheless, we cannot speak well of that accursed thing, sin, either in other men, or in ourselves, if we have the fear of God in us. For charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity;" but rejoiceth in the truth.

After this, (perhaps you will say too long) apology, I venture onward. Well, I had not been long in Leicester before old Mr. Satan and his hunting company were after me; and the hue and cry was this, that I was not married to her who was then, and is now my lawful wife. This false report rose from a party that I wish to spare and be dumb about them now. But haply I was then prepared to refute and contradict this false report, and some others, by documents in my possession; viz., my marriage certificate from the church and minister where I was married, and a letter signed by the members of the church where I had been pastor seven years, contradicting other reports of my enemies.

O dear! what a miserable crazy old world this is, tumbling all to pieces, and our poor vile bodies daily dropping into the grave. Considering the power and opposition of sin, satan, and men, and the powerful opposition of evil and unbelief in our evil hearts, it is surprising that we move on one inch in a year heaven-ward; we should not move forward to God at all if we were not drawn by some invisible power; but rather go backward, and be snared and broken, and fall into the pit without a bottom. If the Lord had not more mercy on us than we have one of another, we should all be condemned one of another, we should all be devoured and destroyed one of another; for there is a spirit of envy in man that is determined to pull others down, that they may rise upon the ruins and be greater than others; and say, "Here am I; I by myself; where will you find another like me?" Ah, this old world and this old man is too bad to be mended; all things must be made new; a new piece on the old will not do. We must be new creatures in Christ Jesus, in the new imperishable creation of God. For really this old world and old man seem to be the worse for mending. Do all you can to them they must see corruption and fade away.

Well now I must tell you how the old huntsman and his hounds pursued me. And I am sorry to say that some of the parsons joined the hunt, and some who profess to be my brethren in the best sense of the word. While I was supplying a month in Leicester, I engaged a man to supply for me at Sandwich; during which time I dreamed that I was on a piece of narrow rock in the sea, and the waves foaming and dashing around me, which I thought must wash me off into the sea; on this I saw a great dog come barking at me most furiously; I thought he would rend me in pieces; but just before he reached me, he fell down a tremendous depth into the sea, and broke his ribs on the sharp points of the rock, and beat the flesh off his side. Now, I will not mention names; for I am not seeking revenge, nor "rendering evil for evil," but rather contrariwise; I

would do them good were it in my power; but I must go on with the narrative. During my stay at Leicester, this poor man was barking, backbiting and slandering me at Sandwich; doubtless, that he might jostle me out of the pulpit there, and continue in it himself, which he did effect. But whoever uses the weapons of satan to do the work of the Lord, must ultimately fall by his own folly. The Lord needs not the wisdom of satan to assist in building up his church. "He that digs a pit for his neighbour shall fall into it himself." For he, by his duplicity, deceit, and folly, soon betrayed himself, and was turned out of chapel after staying there about a year. While this poor man was railing on me at Sandwich, he sent a letter to Leicester interceding for a pulpit that was vacant here. The letter was filled with slanders on the Sandwich people, though they had furnished his house, and clothed and fed his half naked, distressed children. This letter being returned to Sandwich, Mr. D—b, the owner of the chapel, read the preacher's letter to him, and told him that he could not countenance such two-faced proceeding; so the man was discharged and sent off, who fell by his own foolishness. Where he went I know not; I heard that, he went to America; but whether he is there now, or lost in the sea I know not. He was left in the Lord's hands who cannot do wrong, and let me fall into the hand of God and not into the hands of man. Another preacher, in this hunting company, came so far as from Hampshire to Leicester in the hunt; but, poor man, he was soon charged with the same thing that he so falsely accused me of; he was soon taken away, by death, out of this world, and I trust, is taken to a better country; "charity hopeth all things." Another, in the same hunt, fell into the sin of fornication, and was compelled to leave his situation. Another was charged with a crime I do not choose to name, and was compelled to fly from his place, and leave the neighbourhood. Brethren! mind what measure you make, for it will surely be measured unto you again. Thus, as David said, "I was hunted as a partridge on the mountains;" and I might have turned and said, as David said unto his pursuers, "After whom are ye come out? after whom dost thou pursue? After a dead dog—after a flea?" Poor creatures, if they had caught me, my skin would not have paid the expences of the hunt. But the Lord was my hiding place, and they could not find me; he hid me in the secret of his presence from the strife of tongues. And to his praise be it spoken, he preserved me in my *heptagon*, and they could not hunt me out of my strong tower of defence. Thus, they being thrown off the scent, they were dispersed; nevertheless, I heard them at a distance roaring up and down the country, but they did not come nigh me.

Now, I say, my brethren, should you hear any evil report of a brother, rather than report it again with a kind of diabolical pleasure; or rather than riding with this old hell-capped huntsman and his beagles, "to hunt your brother with a net,"—you should first write to your brother, or see him face to face, to know if these things reported be so, or not; and if he gives you satisfaction to the contrary, you should take the part with him that feareth God. And if he is a fallen brother, and gives signs of godly sorrow and repentance, with amendment of life, you should forgive him,

and endeavour to restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, lest he should be swallowed up of over much grief, and have sorrow upon sorrow. But should you find the report true, and think the delinquent an ungodly man, from such turn away, and have no company with that man; but do not pour your vengeance upon him; vengeance is not ours—vengeance is the Lord's; leave that to him. Thou standest by faith; thou art still in the body, and art liable to temptation.

And now to conclude this paper, I say, brother ministers, don't go a hunting; you may, by so doing, get broken bones. I was once enticed into this hunt; and all I got by it was falls, bruises, and broken bones. If you have a light and sight of yourselves, you will find quite enough to do at home, in praying and wrestling with the Lord against the evils of your own hearts. And if you be the real seed of Jacob, you will, on this account, find yourselves too lame, and too crippled with your own infirmities, to go hunting your brother with a net; and besides, you will not get much to feed your souls by joining the hunt with the old huntsmen from hell, Nimrod and Esau. O ye seed of Jacob, the savoury meat is found near your father's home, and in your mother's, "in the tents of Jacob." And if you get a sweet taste and relish of Jacob's savoury meat, and Jacob's blessing, you will not desire to ride hunting with Nimrod, or with Esau, after Jacob's life. No, no; if you be called to inherit the blessing, there will be no need for you to go up and down cursing others. "Bless and curse not." For it is said of Jacob and his seed, "Blessed is he that blesses thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee." Amen.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Feb. 26, 1850.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

### Life & Death of Elizabeth Benning,

*Beloved Wife of Nathan Horsley, Minister of the Gospel, Burgh, Lincolnshire.*

THE subject of the following account was the only surviving child of Samuel and Mary Roysen, late of No. 102, Old Street, St. Luke's; in which house she was born in November, 1803. Her father was a plumber and glazier, and carried on a respectable business in that line, for many years, in Old Street.

It does not appear that either Mr. or Mrs. Roysen ever made any profession of religion beyond going now and then to the parish Church; after which, the rest part of the Sabbath was spent in worldly amusement. I have often heard their daughter, whom the Lord, taught better in after life, lament that her father, whom she loved dearly, would take her, when a child, to the church on a Sabbath-morning, and then in the afternoon or evening take her to a tea-garden, or some other fashionable place of amusement to close the day. And yet so careful was he, (or thought he was,) of his child's piety, as he would call it, that he would never let her have any dinner on a Sunday until she had committed

to memory, and repeated to him the collect for the day. I fear there are thousands of this class of persons at the present day, whose religion amounts to no more than this.

Though Mr. and Mrs. Roysen were honoured with several children, yet Elizabeth was the only one that lived to grow up to attract a father's attention; hence, she became, in her father's estimation, an object of the greatest interest: she was, in a word, his idol. And, from what she has often been heard to say, her father was equally dear to her.

Being an only child, and greatly idolised, her father determined to spare no money in her education. In order to effect this, his purpose, she was sent to boarding school as early as eight or nine years of age. She continued at school until about eleven years of age, when her education was suddenly put a stop to, by the death of her beloved father, who, through an unfortunate law-suit and personal afflictions had become insolvent; in which state of affairs he died. Here a great, a sudden, and painful change took place in the history of the deceased. This indulged and idolised child, with her widowed mother, was soon cast upon a hard-hearted and frowning world; having met with more to rob them than to help them. After the death of her husband, the widow's attention was soon turned to think of the future welfare of her now fatherless child. A situation was heard of, and obtained for her, as an apprentice to a genteel business, in the house of a very excellent lady, a Mrs. Davis, of Lambeth, who, I believe, is still living. Being young when she entered upon this situation, and Mrs. Davis having children about the same age, she became like one of the family. Here she served an apprenticeship of seven years, and was employed by the same lady for some years after her apprenticeship. Mrs. Davis being a sensible woman, she had, at this time, several sensible and well-informed young women in her employ, which became very serviceable to the young apprentice; for, while she listened to their instructive conversation, and to the Bible and other good and useful books, which were read from time to time in the work room, her education, the first rudiments of which she had but imperfectly received at school, became very much improved; whilst, at the same time, she imbibed those principles of virtue, integrity, and chastity, which have formed, and most beautifully adorned her character all through life. She was often heard to speak in the highest commendation of the order observed in Mrs. Davis's house. Everything that might have but the appearance of immodesty was at once frowned out of countenance. No unbecoming levity was ever allowed, but checked in a moment—and that conversation which tends, so often, to corrupt the minds of young people of both sexes, was never indulged in; an excellent example, indeed,

to mothers, and all persons having the charge of young women; as also to young females generally, to cultivate those virtues which tend so to adorn the character, and without which, their characters can be but worthless, however high their positions in life may be. Excellency of character is the standard by which female excellency must be judged of; without this, the blessing which she was intended to be to man is turned into a curse, and her character at once becomes worthless.

While in this family the deceased received her first religious impressions. I think, at that time, there used to be a Tuesday-morning lecture at Rowland Hill's Chapel; and it so happened that a Mr. Jones, an independent minister, a particular friend of Mr. Hill's was up from the country, and supplying at the Surrey Tabernacle. Mrs. Davis invited her young apprentice to go with her to hear this Mr. Jones one Tuesday-morning; she went; and then it was that the first impressions were made upon her mind. It does not appear that these first impressions were so deep and powerful then as they afterwards became; but she was led to see herself a great sinner: and her future life proved that the seed of eternal life was sown in her heart, for it sprang up and bare fruit at least thirty fold. From this time she became greatly concerned about her soul, and sought every opportunity to converse with those that she thought to be godly people, and from whom she might obtain any information concerning her soul, and how she must be saved; the Lord also gave her a great spirit for hearing the gospel preached; every opportunity for which she eagerly embraced; and has often risen early in the morning to get her work forward that she might be able to spare an hour or two to attend Mr. Irons and other week evening lecturers. She used often to refer to these early days as being the most happy and blessed of her whole christian life. Now it was that the candle of the Lord shined upon her head; the secret of God was upon her tabernacle, when she "washed her steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil," Job xxix. 3, 4, 6. But, like Job, she had her changes, and had to exclaim with him, "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me." In these early days the Bible and a little volume of hymns called the "Cottage Hymn Book," were her constant companions: over them, she has told me, she has often sat and wept with tears of sorrow and joy, while at her work.

About this time she used to hear the venerable Lucombe, who, at that time, preached at Bethel Chapel, City Road, with both pleasure and profit. I have often heard her speak of Mr. Lucombe with the greatest respect, as being one of her earliest teachers. But going from place to place, and hearing different ministers, and not being skilful in distinguishing truth

from error, she was some years before she became "rooted and grounded in the truth." This, however, at length took place, under the ministry of Mr. John Foreman, Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square, London; which church she afterwards joined.

In September, 1831, she first became acquainted with the writer, who, in course of time, became her husband, and is now left to lament the loss of so valuable a wife. In about two years after their first acquaintance they entered into a marriage union, which was indeed a union of both heart and life, and so continued uninterrupted and unabating, for the space of sixteen years and a half; but that hand of death, which hesitates not to sever the dearest ties on earth, was at length authorised to dissolve this union also, nor was its sacredness a sufficient shield from the stroke of death. "But why do I yet find fault?" She had another, a heavenly lover, who had wooed her for many a year by the gracious drawings of his Holy Spirit. The time was now come that a closer union should take place, and hence her "Beloved spake, and said unto her, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Cant. ii.

During the first year of our married life our course was smooth and pleasant, and we began to promise ourselves it would never be rough, as though we had found out a path differing from all others; but, alas! how soon were we disappointed in this. On the 15th of July, in the year following our marriage, this happy union was honoured with the birth of a beloved daughter, and here our sorrows began. Three months doctoring and nursing followed upon the birth of this child; the child taken from the breast and brought up by hand; and there can be no doubt but that the seeds of that disease, with which the mother died fifteen years afterwards, was sown at this time. For seven years from the birth of this dear child our path was rough enough, and we were called, by painful experience, to prove that our way to the kingdom, like all others, "must be through much tribulation." The trials (which were chiefly of a circumstantial character) through which we passed during these seven years are too numerous to be given in detail, but through them all this sainted woman proved a constant solace to her often desponding husband, and by her thoughtfulness, industry, and affection, together with her more cheerful and lively disposition, she always made home comfortable, whatever might go wrong abroad.

*(To be certainly concluded in our next.)*

## WHO ARE ENGLAND'S FAITHFUL WATCHMEN?

## WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

*(Continued from p. 64.)*

CHRISTIAN READER—Let it ever be remembered that the Ministers of Christ—(among other figures employed to set forth their character—) are compared to *Earthen Vessels*: of which figure an old divine says:—

“The preachers of the gospel are represented by a word of description, they are vessels; thus vessels are not natural, but artificial instruments. No man is born a Christian, much less a minister, but made such. Vessels are not of equal capacity; some are less, others greater: thus the ministers of the gospel have gifts and graces of different degrees and excellencies. Again, vessels are not for reception only, but for effusion also, as they receive and retain, so they let out what is put into them. The ministers of Christ are not only to receive and lay up, but to lay out this heavenly treasure, which is not impaired by imparting. Finally, vessels are not the originals of what they have, but all they contain is poured into them, and received by them.

“The preachers of the gospel are divine in regard of the sublimity of their doctrine, but human and earthen in regard of the frailty of their condition. Their being called earthen vessels may denote the meanness of their condition, which for the most part is little and low in the world: as the poor receive the gospel, so are they very often poor and low that publish the gospel, necessitous and indigent, earthen vessels. Again, it denotes the frailty of their persons, and the contemptibleness of them. Earthen vessels are little set by, stand in open places, used by every hand, and at every turn; while plate, gold and silver vessels, are laid and locked up with great carefulness. Thus it is often with the preachers of the gospel, they are objects base and vile, contemptible, and despised in the eyes of the world, vessels wherein there is no pleasure; yea, with some, not only our persons are despicable, but our very office and function is contemptible. In a word, as our mean condition and base estimation, so our bodily constitution proclaims us earthen: our bodies are earthen, because formed of the dust of the earth, because subject to flaws and cracks, and to be broken in pieces; we that preach eternal life to others, are dying men to ourselves; and whilst the word of life is in our mouths, many times death is in our faces.”

The ‘English Presbyterian’ very wisely says:—

“There are some ministers of Christ, whose praise is in all the churches. They stand higher, and speak louder than others. They are visible from afar and heard at a great distance. Their eminent gifts and graces acquire for them a world-

wide reputation. Living, they are known and read of all men; and dead, their memory never perishes.

“But there are others not less devoted to their Master, nor less honoured of him to win souls, whose field is narrow, and whose fame has scarcely crossed the boundary of the district in which they toiled; and yet, within that boundary, they have done a noble work, and they will not soon be forgotten. How delightful the thought, that while the celebrated names in the church of Christ are comparatively few, her Divine Head has blessed her with many, of whom the world has heard nothing, but who have contributed greatly to the spread of true religion.”

I have just quoted these words, because they fully convey the sentiments of my own mind; and illustrate, in some measure, the design I have in view by the insertion of articles under the above heading. Our great men are too well known to need any notice here: nevertheless, my eye is on them; and some record of their name and fame in the gospel kingdom I hope to give; that future generations may know something of the servants that the Lord employed in these times: but, as I have found many choice ministers of Christ, of whose call, conversion, usefulness, and zeal, the churches have heard little or nothing, my readers may expect to find, from time to time, interesting tidings of these highly-favoured Gideons, who are fighting the battles of the Lord. Take the following as a sample.

## Praise rendered to a Covenant God,

FOR SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

*By David Wilson, of Hull.*

DAVID WILSON is not an aged soldier in the spiritual army; nor is he very extensively known as yet among the churches of truth. I will just tell you how I found him out, and how he received me; and then leave you to read a sweet letter which he has sent me: and, if possible, you shall have a further account of him in some future number.

It was in the summer of 1847. I had been preaching the Anniversary Sermons for Mr. Samuel Lane, in Hull; and was returning one evening from a neighbouring town, where one of Mr. Lane's Anniversary Sermons are generally preached, when a friend accosted me; and asked if I knew Mr. Wilson, a Baptist Minister, of Hull? I said “No;” as short as possible; for I had understood that there was no Baptist minister in Hull, that either loved or preached the truth. So I neither knew, nor did I wish to know Mr. Wilson. “Well,” this friend said, “MR. WILSON IS A FAITHFUL GOSPEL MINISTER: AND HE IS A GOOD MAN.” This last sentence sunk right

down into my heart. I stared at my friend; and I said—"Do you mean to say there is a faithful Baptist minister in Hull, who preaches the Truth?" "Yes," said my friend, "THERE IS." "Where does he live?" said I. I was told where I could find him. The next morning I was off. Knocked at the door: a middle-sized, middle-aged man opened it: he smiled at me; held out his hand; welcomed me to his house: began to open his heart; and I found a witness in my soul testifying that David Wilson was indeed a living—Christ-loving—truth-preaching man of God. This testimony has been confirmed by many witnesses since; and my very soul's desire for him is, that the heavy afflictions which he has been called to endure and pass through, may render him abundantly useful to the tried family of God.

David Wilson is not every-body's man. No; no. There are some carping critics about the streets of Jerusalem, whose careless life is no credit to them, who would turn their backs upon such a man as this. But, I can say with confidence—Wilson is a clean, a consistent, a conscientious christian man; and a faithful servant of God. This testimony, I believe, I shall never be ashamed of. It is a mercy that bustling seaport town has such a man in it. Now read the letter I have referred to,

"MY BELOVED BROTHER BANKS—Through the tender mercy of our new covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, I am permitted again to write you a few lines. I shall, by the help of God the Holy Ghost, endeavour to give you a brief outline of my soul's experience, during the period our gracious God was pleased to lay his afflictive hand upon me. In the midst of my severe bodily afflictions, I had some hard soul exercises; deep called upon deep; satan, sin, and my own wicked heart greatly perplexed me. The language of David (Ps. xlii. 5,) was often my complaint. Cast down in body and soul, I was greatly puzzled in my mind; so that I can truly say—'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord,' and blessed be his precious name, he sometimes gave me the comforts of his grace; and I found in the multitude of my thoughts within me, his comforts delighted my soul. I had not many transports of joy; but the Holy Spirit enabled me to hold fast my shield of faith in the most dark and trying seasons; and he was pleased, at times, to bring home, and apply with some power and sweetness, some portions of the Holy Word of his grace to my poor tempted soul; so that I could, in some measure, sing of mercy and judgment. One of these precious portions was Heb. xii. 5. 'And ye have forgotten.' What, is it possible that I had forgotten? O yes, vile, ignorant, foolish creature that I am, I had forgotten the divine exhortation coming from my living God and Father, through the blood and righteousness of God the Son, my precious Saviour, until God the Holy Spirit was pleased to speak it with power to my forgetful soul, then it was as life from the dead; and I heard the sweet voice of my ever-mindful Father, saying—'My Son.' Amazing! does he call me, unworthy me, his son? Have I the marks of sonship? Do I love him? Is his fear implanted in my heart? Have I a filial affection to him? Do I love what he loves, and hate what he hates? Is it my delight to obey him? Can I, from a feeling sense of the truth in my soul truly say to him, 'Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest

that I love thee? Oh how sweet to hear him say—'My Son.' What, the son of the King of kings? What an honour, a far greater honour than to be son of the greatest emperor in the world. The great unspeakable honour of having my undeserving name written in the Lamb's book of life, the honour of being an heir of God and a joint heir of Christ. Praise, praise, eternal praises be to his all-glorious name for his great unmerited, free, rich, and indescribable love, to such a poor crawling worm of the earth as I really am. And am I permitted to call him my Father? Oh, endearing name; my eternal, wise, rich, kind, and perfect Father in Christ Jesus my Lord! And is it my dear Father that afflicts me? Then let me bear the rod, and him who hath appointed it, for it is the rod and voice of love. There was a needs be for all my afflictions however complicated, however prolonged, and of whatever materials formed, they came from a loving Father, and are all regulated by his infinite wisdom. The cup may be bitter, but it was the tenderest hand that filled it. The cloud may be very dark when it is administered; but still it is my Father's hand that gives and guides it. There is nothing wrong in it all, for it comes from and is freighted with love and blessings. John xvii, 11: read Rev. iii. 19. I will not stop to look at second causes, my Father's hand is in it all, and the whole is designed for my good. Ah, he knows how apt I am to cleave unto the world and the things of time. He knows what a proud and haughty spirit I have, and how disposed I am to be high and lofty in my mind, and to be unmindful of him and all his great goodness to me; and therefore he gently lays on the rod, saying—'Come child, I must have thy heart, thy soul, thy all, from all thy idols I will cleanse thee.' Now, in all these afflictions I do see and feel the love of my heavenly Father in Christ Jesus our Lord; blessed be his precious name, by his Holy Spirit sanctifying these afflictions, and quickening my poor soul, I feel my heart more drawn out to love, fear, wait on, and walk with the Lord. Ps. xviii. 1—6; cxix. 67, 71. I feel a greater desire to live to his glory, and for the good of his church, as he may seem fit to employ me. Isa. xxiv. 15. I am fully persuaded that all the afflictions of God's people will issue in their highest good. Rom. viii. 28. God having loved and called them according to his purpose, all his attributes, &c., are engaged to secure and promote their present and eternal welfare. In his movements towards them, there may be many things mysterious; but there is nothing hostile, there is not a circumstance but what he overrules for their good. All things—not this or that, but all things work—(not at random, not at uncertainty, not capriciously together, as a well compounded medicine, prepared by proper skill) for good. It may not be for our gratification, it may not be palatable nor joyous, but bitter and grievous at the time; nevertheless, they afterward yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby. It is the wise God that causeth them to work together for good. He sits as the refiner—he watches the fire, and the metal in the crucible; and when his end is accomplished, he takes them out of the furnace—he never leaves them in their afflictions, but remains with them until he has done his own work in humbling and bringing them into that tenderness, that gentleness and meekness of

spirit, which was necessary for the accomplishing of his own purposes. These things are trying; but there is some important end our heavenly Father has to answer by them; and when he has brought us through the mists and obscurities of time, into the unclouded glories of our heavenly inheritance; then we shall know and sing in high enraptured strains—

'My Father has done all things right.'

I had many other ideas on this subject when under afflictions, which were sweet cordials to me; but I am afraid I have already wearied your patience with my scribble; therefore I will have done. May the Lord abundantly bless you, dear Banks, is the prayer of your's truly.

Hull, January 28, 1850. DAVID WILSON.

### Mr. James Wells on the Law of God.

THE well-known "WATCHMAN," in his first part of the "*Valiant Men of Israel*," writes the following quaint, but expressive lines, descriptive of the pastor of the *Surrey Tabernacle*,—

"JAMES WELLS, with merry gospel bells,  
Law-jangler's music he excels;  
We've heard the joyful sound :  
Redemption free, through Jesus' blood,  
To all the sons and heirs of God,  
Complete in Jesus found."

No minister of Jesus Christ was ever more successful in prosecuting and profiting by his studies, nor in the proclamation of the glorious gospel, than James Wells has been. His course has been one of uninterrupted prosperity; he has attained that zenith of prosperity, and high standing in the church which very few faithful men are permitted to reach. We believe he has been enabled to throw himself entirely into the work. God has given him a thoughtful, powerful, capacious, ingenious, and remarkably fruitful mind; and as regards his fluency, eloquence, and good humoured style, we venture to say—there is not his equal. As one of "the elect of God," we sincerely desire that he may have grace given him, increasingly to "put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, and longsuffering, &c.;" and that the word of Christ may continue very richly to dwell in him in all wisdom.

It will be seen, by reference to our notices, that on the first Friday evening in April, his city lecture will be removed from Red Cross Street to the Welch Chapel, Jewin Crescent; where Mr. Joseph Irons has, for so many years, proclaimed salvation by the blood of the Lamb.

We rejoice greatly in every onward movement in the right way of good men: and we will, by divine help, pray that true gospel peace and heaven-born prosperity may attend his future labours. The following gleanings from a sermon preached by Mr. Wells, from Romans vi. 23, at the *Surrey Tabernacle*, on the 30th of December, 1849, have been sent us by a friend:—

"The word *death*, as used in Romans vi. 23, must be understood both in a literal and in a figurative sense. There are people who are to be banished eternally from the presence of the Lord; this is what is called the second death, and such finally shall come upon those who know not the

Lord, and who obey not the gospel of Jesus Christ. 'The wages of sin is death,' by the sentence of the law of God. I shall set before you the law of God in a threefold aspect:—

"First, what it is in its relation to man apart from Christ.

"Secondly, what it is as fulfilled by the Saviour.

"Thirdly, what it is as being a part of the rule of life under which Christians are brought.

"Thousands in our day do not know what the law of God is in its spiritual sense. The apostle defines the effects of the law of God as 'working wrath, as 'engendering bondage,' as 'the ministration of death,' and as the ministration of condemnation. Adam was afraid of the voice of God; the law wrought in him terror in the first place, and in the second place declared that 'in the sweat of his brow he should eat his bread;' it then drove him out of the garden of the Lord, from the tree of life, and set up a flaming sword to keep him from entering into that state from which he had so lately fallen. Let us go a little further: here is the murderer, Cain; the law sets a mark upon him, and declares him to be a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth. Thanks, not to yourselves, but to an overruling providence that has kept you from doing the same,—that has kept you from embrewing your hands in your brother's blood. The Holy Ghost declares that 'by the law is the knowledge of sin.' All the tremblings that you have recorded, both in the Old and New Testaments, the language of Habakkuk and David, whence do they arise? From the knowledge of the law of God. And where there is not this knowledge, there is no falling in really and truly with the saving work of Christ. What did the law for a sinful and guilty world? It engulfed them in an universal grave. What did it for the inhabitants of the cities of the plain? Destroyed them by the consuming force of the elements of nature. Let us go a little further. What did the law do for Pharaoh and his host? It rolled upon them the mighty waters of the ocean, and they were eternally lost. Let us go a little further, and look at Moses at Sinai, where, in the presence of God, he exclaimed, 'I exceedingly fear and quake.' Another said, 'the arrows of the Almighty drinketh up my spirit;' another said, 'the Almighty hath consumed me.' The law of God brings us to feel that we are as carnal as sin can make us—that we are carnal from first to last. Those who have made the greatest profession, and stood the highest in the eyes of the world, have greater thunders uttered against them by the law of God than those who have made no profession at all; their Christ is a sort of Church of England Christ, just coming in at the end of their prayers. When the law of God met with Paul he exclaimed, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' What will the law of God do at the last great day? It will first cast the wicked into unquenchable fire, and then it will burn up the universe in one terrific conflagration. To meet God in his law, is to meet sure destruction; for 'our God is a consuming fire;' the law of God is a fiery law. The Lord is punctual in all his threatenings. When the Lord shall call sinners to his bar, and lay open the secrets of their hearts, how different will they appear! When brought to feel their misery, their wretchedness, their guilt, their woe, how low they will

appear! It is a solemn state to be brought into—to be brought to feel that you are in such a state that the sceptre of God is about to enter and cut you down. This is a kind of knowledge that can never be obtained by reading books—this is a kind of knowledge that can never be obtained by hearing ministers; but only by the Lord's own teaching. Let us look at the law of God in another aspect. It commands us to love one another; but it proves that we have hated each other. Love is the fulfilling of the law; and Christ has fulfilled the law, living a life of perfect love to God, and perfect love to man; and at his death taking upon him the sins and iniquities of all his people. If you understand the law aright, you have entered into the secrets of that declaration, that 'Where sin abounded, grace hath much more abounded.' We must have reality. There is another aspect of the law; let us look at it. What is it? The law is fulfilled *for* us, and it is fulfilled *in* us; therefore, against us there is no law. 'The wages of sin is death.' What is the meaning of the word *death*?

"1. It means a non-spiritual existence.

"2. It means banishment from God.

"3. It means punishment—eternal punishment.

"In opposition to this, the word *life* means:—

"1. A spiritual existence.

"2. The presence of the Lord.

"3. Happiness—eternal happiness.

"Christ has subdued by his mediatorial work and power all that would have destroyed us; and he graciously preserves us, and will preserve us to the end. Amen."

#### John Poynder, at Plymouth.

Who has ever truly known that cheerful looking, and happy little preacher of the gospel, John Poynder, [*"the stripling,"* as he styles himself,] that would deny his right to stand among our list of Faithful Watchmen?—I think none. Of course we say nothing of his rejection of Believer's Baptism, for charity's sake; and knowing withal, that he was an early disciple, and an ardent lover of the late venerated Hawker, of blessed memory.

In different parts of this widely scattered island, we have sometimes been asked—"*Do you know where John Poynder is now?*" Our answer has been in the negative: but we are now prepared to answer, Newick, in Sussex, is the scene of his stated labours; but, at present, he is telling the good people at Plymouth all he knows about CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED. Everybody does not know—but we know; and we shall make no secret of it—that John Poynder is preparing, compiling, and editing a Memoir of the late THOMAS REED. We have seen two or three sheets of the work; and feel a pleasure in saying, it is full, so far, of rich, holy, interesting, and valuable materials. It will, when completed, form a handsome little duodecimo half-crown volume; and as the profits are to go to the beloved widow of our deceased brother, we trust it will be found in all the libraries of our Christian brethren throughout Christendom.

How wonderful is the providence of God towards his people! Just read a line or two from brother Poynder's letter since his arrival in Plymouth. He says—

"The good Lord brought me here in safety on

Saturday evening; and was with me, I trust, on the following day. How faithful is he in going before and blessing his people with his presence! Thirty-six years since, I entered this town a destitute and forlorn youth, without knowing a soul, or scarcely a penny in my pocket; carried here fourteen years; and now brought again to speak a few Sabbaths in the name of Him who, as the God of my mercy, did prevent me. Truly may I say, 'What has God wrought?'"

#### Mr. George Wyard's Tracts.

ON THE DISTINGUISHING DOCTRINES OF DIVINE GRACE.

SOHO CHAPEL, in Oxford Street, has been to us, in times past, a sacred spot, when it was the scene of dear Coombes's labours. He has entered into his Father's house above; and it is a mercy for the Church of Christ in that place that a man equally as sound in the faith has been raised up, and by God, we trust, placed over them.

George Wyard stands manifestly ranked among the Faithful Watchmen in Zion; and a highly favoured position he seems to occupy. In conversing with an aged saint the other day at Richmond, Mr. Wyard's first setting out in the ministry was detailed; and, after an examination of his progress therein, and the happy preservation of his feet in the path of righteousness, we could but rejoice, and feel a silent prayer ascending to the Great Master of us all, that this devoted servant of Christ might stand for many years in the vineyard; and that his soul might be more deeply baptised in a holy fellowship with the Son of God in his Love, and Blood, and saving Power: that, with soundness in the faith, and consistency of practice—(in which it has been his mercy to stand above many—) there might be mingled a deep vein of vital, experimental, godliness; which renders the Gospel of the blessed God so savoury, and profitable unto the exercised children of his heavenly care.

We have received "A Series of Pastoral Letters, as Helps to those who fear the Lord; on the Doctrines of the Gospel, and the Ordinances of the Church of the living God."

These tracts are written in a very clear and careful style; explanatory, and confirmatory too, of "THE BIBLE;"—"THE BEING OF GOD;"—"THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD;"—"ON ELECTION;"—"THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN;"—"JUSTIFICATION;"—"SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD;"—and "The Baptist Concordance."

Much information of a sterling and highly valuable character, is hereby rendered. We look upon these books as so many little Primers, or First Books of Instruction for young Christians, and enquiring souls. That the Lord may abundantly bless them; and the author of them, is the sincere prayer of a poor Earthen Vessel.

#### George Kellaway Looking up to Heaven.

At Yeovil, in Somersetshire, there resides a somewhat singular man, by the name of George Kellaway, a glove maker. Like the rest of Adam's children, he was for years a servant of satan, and a lover of sin. It pleased the Lord, of his infinite mercy, however, under the ministry of Mr

William Bidder, to call George Kellaway by grace divine; and after some severe rebukes, and deep afflictions in his soul: after weeks and months spent in seeking and crying for mercy, the Holy Ghost—the third person in the ever-blessed Trinity—so wonderfully revealed THE LORD JESUS CHRIST in his heart, as to enable this poor sinner to embrace him, and there to find a sense of pardon, and holy peace. Of these things we are to be more fully informed, some day, if the Lord permit. One word more must suffice. George Kellaway is not only a sinner saved by grace, but he is a devoted, faithful, and useful minister of Jesus Christ.—At Ilchester, a neighbouring town to Yeovil, there is a small Baptist Church; a company of believing souls—over whom the Lord has, for some years, given our brother George to preside. The following extract from a letter recently addressed to Mr. Edward Warren, of Zoar chapel, Hounslow, is a fair sample of the creed and character of the man. We must acknowledge that, as a brother in Christ, and as a truly consistent minister of Christ, we love him most sincerely; and we hope his life may long be spared—and that his ministry may indeed be increasingly seen to stand in the power of God.

After a brief introduction, our brother says:—“Amidst the changes to which we are subject, both bodily and mental, God’s comforts delight our souls. I muse upon his eternal fixtures; Jehovah’s unalterables: his divine perfections; and his kingdom; his throne and his glory; his fullness and faithfulness; his covenant oath and promise; the love, blood, and righteousness of our glorious Christ. My faith stands on these things; and surveys the wonderful works of my Creator; and looks at the unsearchable riches of grace, wisdom, and knowledge in Christ Jesus. May the spirit of these things distil upon us abundantly; then shall the mighty work of grace appear; and we shall see that the king’s daughter is all glorious within; in this great work the attributes of deity appear to assist each other, and work together; but how shall the work of God appear to us when it shall all be consummated in Glory! I sometimes look forward to that period when the righteous shall shine forth as the morning, fair as the moon, pure as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. Poor things! they do not often appear very terrible in their present state! No! they often appear few in number; feeble, and fearful; yet, sometimes they are mighty on their knees, and devils are trembling and fleeing before them: God is hearkening: Christ is pleading: saints and angels rejoicing around the throne of God; and we are hastening on to that glorious place where we shall see our Christ without a veil between. You appear to be a few stages before me, and have set up waymarks and Ebenezers, and no doubt have seen the king in his beauty, and the land that is far off. Ah my brother, you have been a long time on the way, and you might have heard the voice of the Lord upon the waters, but I hope that you have not lost your telescope, nor your white stone, nor your lamp, nor your staff, nor your two-edged sword, for I find these things are very useful in the land of Bozrah. I find this is the place for wrestling, and groaning, and fighting, and sighing, and weeping, and sinking, and dying. Sometimes I take my telescope and walk out on the coast of eternal love, and view the

vessels of mercy, sailing up and entering into the port of everlasting rest: anon, I ascend Mount Communion, and here I am enjoying the countenance of Almighty God in Christ: here we are indulged with a delightful prospect of our future inheritance, and cast a wishful eye over the blissful plains of eternal bliss; here we appear to stand on the boundaries of time, and look into eternity and eternal things, and surrounded with the power and goodness of God, our bosoms swell with divine affection, whilst immortal glories shine forth in the face of Jesus Christ. Here the eye and heart is fixed, and ten thousand glories that are connected with our heavenly state, entertain our thoughts, and fill us with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

THE CONVERSION AND

### Death of Susannah White, *Of Shipton, Hants.*

DEAR BROTHER — The circumstances here recorded are well known in this neighbourhood, and my desire is that you will let your numerous readers see that God does own his dear word, although feebly spoken by so weak a thing as myself.

It pleased the dear Lord, about six years ago, to remove me from Devizes, and bring me to Shipton, Hants; where I found that darkness indeed overwhelmed the larger portion of the people. But the Lord has his jewels in obscure places, and here he was pleased to select one, ‘to the praise and glory of his electing grace.’ A lover of truth who lived here, opened his door for preaching; many came to hear the new doctrine; [for truth was indeed new doctrine here]. Some reviled, and some ‘believed through grace.’ One out of the little number, of whom I now write, was Susannah White, a native of Burbage, Wilts. She was servant to her grandfather, residing in this parish, and like all others, while destitute of the grace of God, ‘living in pleasure.’ She was in her person, very proud and gay; a ‘child of wrath even as others.’ This she was brought [through sovereign grace] to weep over, before the Lord. The first thing that induced her to come to hear the word was not indeed to hear, but to answer some other purpose. The man, in whose house we met to worship, and which proved a birth-place to her soul, was unmarried at that time, and she was induced to go to Chapel to see if she could gain his affections and become his wife; accordingly she went; but no sooner did she get outside the door after service, but she ridiculed me and my preaching, railing at, and hating those very things that in so short a time was to become, ‘the power of God to her salvation.’ On the next Lord’s-day, being the Sabbath before Good Friday, in 1847, she went again with the same object in view as before; this was God’s time; he makes the poor woman know for the first time, that she must be brought to a far better husband than that of mortals. She told me that the word came with such power into her heart, that she quaked, she trembled, she said how to endure the time for the service to end she could not tell, she felt so confounded before God, for her sin, that she would gladly have fled up the chimney to hide her guilty head. She did not now as before, turn into ridicule what she heard,



but went home sighing and crying, '*What must I do to be saved?*' She now seeks a secret place where she might unbosom her sorrow before the Lord, and for this purpose she crept into an old wood-house belonging to her grandfather, where she fell down on her knees before God on the furze faggots. How long she wrestled there she could not tell; all her sins now stared her in the face; her false hopes on which she had rested now gave way before the power of God's 'two-edged sword;' the light of life now spread itself over her soul—the tears of deep wrought anguish began to flow; these things became manifest to myself and the people around. On Good-Friday evening we met for prayer; when, to my surprise, poor Susannah went down on her knees, and was seen in tears. She had before been very constant at the church; and attended to the forms of prayer; but never bent solemnly in the house of God as a poor helpless soul, until now. Thus the dear Lord was pleased to fulfil his own word, by making this poor woman 'look upon him, whom she pierced, and mourn.' From this time she came very regular to hear the word preached; she lost no opportunity; she not only heard, but read the Bible. She made such progress in the knowledge of God's Word that surprised me; I had the opportunity to enter into spiritual converse with her, and truly her conversation gladdened my heart. Some began to raise false reports, which were painful to her poor soul; she felt deeply under it, but I gave her every encouragement to seek the face of the Lord; and such was her meekness and love, that she listened to my advice as unto her own father; her earthly father was dead. Sometimes she was deeply distressed concerning the sincerity of her heart; but in God's own set time she found that there was a 'time to weep, and a time to rejoice.' She found also by bitter experience the malice of satan, who sought to undermine a poor broken-hearted sinner. But she being constant to hear the Word, and sought diligently after Christ in her Bible, was much fortified against the enemies of her soul; by the sweet teaching of the Spirit of God, she was enabled to rest her whole dependence upon the Lord Jesus. She seemed to fall into the very arms of God's never-failing promises; she was led to see her election through the eternal purpose of God before time began. Had I any thought when she was alive of writing these lines, I could have given many comfortable proofs that now are apparently lost.

In the beginning of October, 1847, I preached a funeral sermon at Kimpton, for a poor man who had been blest under my preaching in that village; poor Susannah came to hear. I preached from Isaiah lvii. 40. She felt deeply, especially when I endeavoured to shew how a poor sinner became accounted righteous before God. I saw her weep as one that indeed felt sorrow for sin; and yet joy through a hope of pardon springing up in her soul as Paul says, 'sorrowful yet rejoicing.' She oftentimes travelled from Shipton to Lugershal to hear the word, a distance of four miles, and back again for our evening service. She said, I cannot rest at home; my poor soul must be fed; I will go, said she, if I am turned out of doors. Thus then fearlessly she ventured on, 'to apprehend that, for which she was apprehended of Christ Jesus.' In the spring of 1848, I baptised six persons for the Baptist Church at Lugershal, three of

them might be said to be mine own spiritual children, and poor Susannah was there to witness the solemn ordinance. I was delighted to see how close she crept to the water; she wept, and said afterwards, Oh, how I wished I might go down to the watery-grave, to the honour of the dear Lord, how gladly would I submit, had all things been settled for the purpose. As she became bolder and bolder, the world soon started another report, which was this, that all her religion was to gain the man of the house; nor was I myself entirely free from supposition of that kind; although I had seen and heard so many cheering proofs of her call, by sovereign grace. Shortly after this, these suppositions were put to the test; and to the honour of electing love, her faith being tried, 'was found to the praise and glory of God.' J. D., the man referred to, was married to another individual. This I know was felt at first, but she went on bolder than ever; expressed her deepest gratitude for being ever looked upon by any of God's own dear children, feeling and seeing herself, as she often said, to be nothing but a poor worthless guilty sinner, who stood as a monument of God's long-suffering, and unmerited grace. The Lord was pleased to lead her step by step, and a 'short work he made,' upon her soul: seeing the evil of her pride both in heart and practice, she took her parasol, which she felt was unbecoming of such a poor girl as she, and burnt it on the fire. She told me that she was unwilling to wear the clothes that once gratified her former pride; but the Lord was working 'to will and do, of his own good pleasure.' On one occasion, when I was preaching, she was so powerfully blest with the truth to her heart, that when I was describing the way and the work of the Holy Ghost on the hearts of the elect, she suddenly cried out, 'that is truth!' to the surprise of the congregation. In the month of May, one of my dear children died, and Susannah came to see and assist my wife on so painful an occasion; and on witnessing the poor dying boy, she said to my wife, 'What would become of me should I be the next?' which indeed was the case; for God had begun to take the tabernacle down.

Her illness was a very large tumor in her side, which made rapid progress, and very soon laid her on her death bed. She remained with her grandfather a little while, and as there was no hopes of recovery, she was soon conveyed to her home at Burbage. But before she left, my wife and myself visited her, and we found her truly humbled; she said, "I am quite willing to be dealt with as shall best agree with my dear Lord." It reminded her of the circumstance which led her to the house of prayer; "Ah! [said she] I little thought then what the dear Lord was about to do; I went for no other purpose than to see J—D—; but it was a blessed day for my soul." The time was fixed for her leaving here, and to go to Burbage to her mother, and I took my farewell of her when I assisted her into the mail. She grasped my hand, saying, "Pray for me." Her removal was a grief to many. The wound in her side became most alarming; her pain was dreadful; the contents of her inside even came from the wound; yet, saith her mother's note, 'she looks at the wound without a murmuring word.' She said it was 'a heavenly wound that would soon put her vile body into the dust.' During her severe sufferings, she was talking

about her dear friends at Shipton, especially Sabbath Days, as it so much reminded her of that little, yet honoured spot, on which God was pleased to meet her in mercy. How dear to the Lord's children is, and ought to be, the place and the means whereby God was pleased to call them by Sovereign grace! Her time of dissolution drew near; and "it was pleasing to me, [said her mother, who attended her,] to hear her express the sweet words of David, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, thy rod and staff they comfort me." At another time she repeated the 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10. This part of Paul's experience she also had been a partaker, of, for, to my own knowledge, she was persecuted, tempted, and distressed for Christ's sake. Sometimes she would sing with Watts—

"When I can read my title clear."

That lovely hymn by Fawcett was her favorite, as it breathed the sweet promises she so greatly needed, and had the pleasure of enjoying—

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near;  
Thy gracious Saviour's promise hear:  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be."

One night the devil began to trouble her, when she said, "get thee behind me, satan, what hast thou to do with me?" then turning her head towards her mother, and with a smile, said, "*he is gone!*" at another time she fixed her eyes upwards awhile, then said to her mother, "did you see that?" "No, my child," said her mother. "Why, it is the heavenly host," she replied. A short time before her death she said, with tears in her eyes, "Mother, I am very ill, I am in pain all over, but you cannot ease me." "But the Lord will," said her mother, "as soon as he thinks meet, 'so he will,' and her countenance changed into a smile; then said, 'oh! wicked child to frown.' After this time she was in the constant enjoyment of the sweet promises of the gospel, which God had been pleased to bring to her mind, after telling her mother of her happiness in Christ, and that the fears of death were all taken away; her last few days were spent like the innocence of a child. And on Sunday, the 30th of January, 1848, she, for the last time, asked for a little tea, which, when her mother gave her, she thanked her; and in one half hour after, she grasped her mother's hand, saying, 'my dear mother! my dear mother!' and fell asleep, resting alone upon the finished work of the dear Lord, who, by his own will, love, and blood, called poor Susannah White, 'from the kingdom of satan, into that of His dear Son.'

A short time before her death she chose two hymns, which she wished us to sing at the time I improved her death, which I did at her friend's house, where the dear Lord was pleased to pluck her as a brand from the burning. The first hymn was

'Jesus my all to heaven is gone:

and

'O thou my light, my life, my joy!'

And on that occasion some were deeply affected with the loss of a promising young woman, which, as he hoped, might become useful in the church of Christ below.

Thus, I have sent you a faithful account of one

poor sinner saved by grace. I hope you will find room on board, as I believe there was room in heaven for poor Susannah: and bless the dear Lord, there are several more poor sinners, who, through mercy, are brought to cry, 'What must I do to be saved?' While these cry, satan rages, saints rejoice, and God is, to the praise of his own eternal purpose, love, and blood, owning his most precious, but despised word, to the souls of many in various ways. I am glad the *Vessel* has sailed here; many are enquiring after it, and I do believe God will bless it to many souls. Your's

ROBERT MOWER.

*Shipton, Hampshire, March 15, 1850.*

### Ministerial Friendship.

TO MR. ISAAC SPENCER, AT GUILDFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—THOUGH I have had it in my mind to write to you for some time past, one engagement or another has deterred me till now. The kind present you left with me when here was very acceptable, and thankfully received. The Lord reward you with better blessings. How are you doing now in body, soul and circumstances? We are doing much as usual, having much cause to be thankful, humble, and hopeful. I continue to be much favored in the private and public work of the Lord, in whose service I have long delighted; but it is a trouble to see so little of his work in others; to see so many sinners and so few saints; so much amiss, and so little to admire in many professors of religion; so much error and so little truth; so much of the flesh, and so little of the Spirit; so much rebellion and so little obedience to Christ. No wonder the Lord's own people are far from happiness when they are so far from holiness. The Lord saves by sovereign grace, but it is always consistent with sanctity: the second is a fruit and evidence of the first. If we are chosen, it is that we should be holy; if we are redeemed, it is from iniquity; if we are pardoned, it puts away our sin, if we are pained, it is to make us partakers of his holiness; if we are counselled, it is to purify ourselves and perfect holiness in the fear of God, and this we are enabled to do by the quickening Spirit and cleansing blood of Christ. The word, and faith, and prayer are great helps in this holy work. I need not mention chapter and verse for every word I write, as, by this time, I hope you know where to find them without.

We have received no new members very lately, but we have lost two aged ones. Our friend Coulson died on the day we held our anniversary, (of which the particulars were given in the October number of the Gospel Herald, 1849) and I preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Cowley yesterday, who died February 3, in her 90th year, each of whom we have good reason to hope are now in heaven. The Lord raise up others in their room, and prepare us to follow them when the important hour of death arrives. What a dying world is this!

But we must not complain since death is but the fruit of sin, and Jesus died to destroy death itself for every true believer. He is our only hope, and here we fix our trust for eternal life, and here we have enough. I wish for no better basis to build upon, but I want to know and enjoy more of him. I have neither seen nor heard of your father lately, but your brother Robert and his wife and child are pretty well. When I come to Guildford, I should like to call on you, but that is not at all likely at present, it is more likely I shall see you here again first.

I thank you for the tract, which I duly received by our good friend Mr. Foreman, of which you sent me several copies for distribution; and I gave them all away on condition that the receivers should read them with care and prayer. How far that condition has been fulfilled the Lord only knows; but I thought it a tract well suited for circulation, and its Title "*Nothing to pay*," I suppose is taken from Luke vii. 42. This reminds me of the following things. 1st. no price or payment is needed, or required, or approved, or accepted for the pardon of sin and the salvation of the soul, but the person, blood and righteousness of Christ. 2nd. Divine justice demands this great payment as the only ground on which it can and will justly forgive sin. 3rd. Men may imagine their money, morality, religious profession, sincerity, sufferings, &c., are a sufficient payment, when they are really nothing for such a purpose in the sight of God. 4th. The Spirit of God convines all his people of this their nothingness, proving them guilty and weak, and making them willing to renounce themselves, and look to Christ alone for salvation. 5th. Such self-emptied, poor and needy souls have a free and full forgiveness of all their sins applied unto them, the effect of which is joy and peace in believing. 6th. Such souls feeling themselves free from the dreadful debt of punishment, as it has been fully paid by Christ their surety; there is a delightful debt of love, gratitude, praise and obedience, which they wish to be always paying, though it can never be sufficiently paid to such a dear deliverer. Thus though there is nothing to pay in one sense, there is much to pay in another.

Wishing you may feel this blessed obligation to Christ, and feel increasing pleasure in fulfilling it,

I remain, your affectionate brother, in  
him,  
THOMAS ROW.  
*Little Gransden, February 11, 1850.*

### Organization of a Baptist Church,

AT FARNHAM IN SURREY.

FOR years past there has been a little church of the true faith and order in the neighbourhood of this place; but it has not prospered. Four or five years back, the town was visited by Mr. Samuels, now at Hitchin, Herts; and at first,

matters seemed very lively and promising: but after a little while, *division* raised its ugly head, and the cause sunk into a wretched gloom. Latterly, under the watering of brother Turner, (provisionally sent thither) it has sent forth boughs like a plant; and ten persons were, on the 25th of February, joined together in the bond of church fellowship, by our dear and venerable brother John Foreman.

The service commenced at 2 o'clock; after a song of praise, a blessing was implored by brother Powell, who has frequently visited and spoken on this little hill. Brother Foreman then proceeded in his usual and interesting way, to shew from the oracles of truth some of those things requisite for the constitution of true gospel churches.

The articles of faith, as a foundation being read by brother Turner, the ten brethren and sisters gave their hands to brother Foreman; who now proceeded to break the emblems of the body of our Lord, at the same time inviting all present of the same faith and order to join in this feast of holy love with the little church. And now we saw our brethren, Hunt, of Ropley, Joy, of Alton; Harding, of Hazlemere; Goodchild, of Hartley Row, &c., with their friends, all coming from the east, west, north and south, and sitting down together to eat bread in this little kingdom of God. We thought of that day when the whole of the Church of the firstborn shall sit down together in that kingdom that is yet to come.

After a goodly company had regaled themselves with tea, all met again at the little chapel (originally a schoolroom) to worship God. Brother Turner read and prayed: we felt our hearts to be in love with him. We trust it will be found at the end of his six months, that the good Shepherd has wrought wonderfully by him, both in gathering in, and building up the saints placed under his care.

In conclusion, Mr. Foreman delivered an edifying, and wholesome discourse from these words, "*WALK IN LOVE*." Let members of churches who read this, read these words again and again: and pray to be able to avoid those things that breed contention and division. Most happy were we to hear that while the preacher did not lay down legal principles or moral rules, as productive of salvation, he very warmly insisted on them for organization, order, peace and comfort! And we would say to the little house of God at Farnham, "Forget not the sage advice: but labour to manifest and to maintain every gospel principle and precept as your *external* glory and defence, while *within* may you constantly find you have a table amply spread with the royal dainties of the everlasting covenant."

One choice statement made by the speaker, I think should be stored in the Vessel. On the words, "Every valley shall be filled up, and the mountains made low;" we heard with joy that it was not the mountains *taken off and cast into the valleys*, though that seemed easy; for then the valleys would be but a quagmire far worse than before; for while our *deficiencies* before a holy God are the valleys, our *sins* are the mountains: the former must be filled up with the righteousness of Christ; the latter be made to melt away by the sprinkling of his precious blood! Thus, only is the highway of holiness made level, solid and good, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err.

**The Benefit of Sanctified Afflictions.**

O! the benefits arising  
 From afflictions sanctified,  
 Though they're sorely exercising  
 How they mortify our pride!  
 Sweet affliction,  
 That brings near to Jesu's side.  
 Though 'tis through much tribulation  
 All the saints of God must go,  
 Yet they prove their high relation,  
 Often in this vale of woe,  
 By affliction,  
 Christ increasingly they know.  
 Through the fire, and through the water,  
 Jesus says, he'll bring his bride,  
 Ev'ry son and every daughter,  
 Must as gold be purified;  
 O the blessing  
 Of afflictions sanctified!  
 'Tis indeed a blessed token,  
 Sure criterion of his love,  
 So our gracious God hath spoken,  
 All my children, I reprove.  
 What a Father!  
 While he smites, his bowels move.  
 Here it is, his pow'rs revealed,  
 Strengthening worms in him to trust,  
 Here backslidings oft are healed,  
 While we're humbled in the dust.  
 Blest affliction,  
 That subdues our imbred lust.  
 O how prone we are to wander  
 From the fountain of all good,  
 But affliction makes us ponder,  
 When 'tis rightly understood,  
 Jesus loves us,  
 Therefore visits with the rod.  
 Bastards may go on securely,  
 Unregarded by our God,  
 But "his children" he will surely  
 Visit with a Father's rod.  
 Saints in glory,  
 All the path of suffering trod.  
 O ye poor despis'd, afflicted  
 Children of the heavenly King,  
 Though by men you are rejected,  
 You alone have cause to sing.  
 Jesus surely  
 Will into the haven bring.  
 Then with joy and admiration,  
 Doubtless we shall clearly see  
 All the scenes of tribulation  
 Sprang from love divinely free,  
 And shall praise him  
 Through a vast eternity.  
 Then the things, once so astounding  
 Here below to flesh and blood,  
 Shall for ever be redounding  
 To the glory of our God,  
 And for ever,  
 We shall bless him for the rod.

Jireh.

G. B.

MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON'S REPLY TO

**Mr. John Cox's "Grave Question."**

OUT of the many works which have this month reached us, there is one that we dare not pass by in silence. It is entitled,

"*The Grave Question Considered; being a Reply to Mr. J. Cox; shewing that Indiscriminate Commands to Spiritual Exercises, and Indiscriminate Invitations to Spiritual Provisions, are not authorised by the Word of God.* By ISRAEL ATKINSON." The work is published by Houlston and Stone-man, and is just sent forth. We desire, as much as possible, to confine ourselves to such matters as are immediately connected with, and form part of what may truly be called *Christian Experience*; knowing that controversy is, for the most part, painful to the humble followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But when grand and essential gospel principles are opposed and assailed, as they have been of late, we cannot forbear. With all our might we must stand up for the maintenance of that FAITH and PRACTICE, which is at once the foundation on which our hope of heaven is built; and the rule by which we are instructed to walk, while passing through this vale of tears.

It is very much to be feared: (events are daily occurring to strengthen these fears:) that many men enter into the ministry—and become ranked among "THE MINISTERS OF TRUTH," who have little, if any, vital inwrought experience of the same in their own souls. For a time, they are exceedingly bold, determined, and zealous for the doctrines of distinguishing grace; but, after a few years, their fire becomes cold—their *apparent* love to truth becomes professors half-way, become too powerful to be resisted. The consequence is, a fervent and faithful proclamation of the great truths of the gospel is abandoned; and a more *charitable* [?]—a more accommodating—a more *reasonable*—a more flesh-pleasing system is adopted. Think of Chatham—of Cheltenham—of Reading—and of many other places—and abundant proof of these statements can be produced; and produced to prove, too, that many of these men are evidently as void of spirituality as they are of real decision for the glorious GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

For the present let this suffice. In the preface of the work now under consideration, the author says:—

"Mr. Cox, of Woolwich, published some little time ago, 'A GRAVE QUESTION FOR ALL PREACHERS OF THE GOSPEL;' namely, 'How does God address the unconverted in his holy Word?' Having cited six portions of Scripture, he requires three things to be observed respecting each of those Scriptures, the two principle of which are, that *God commands sinners to seek him, to return to him, to believe, to be converted, &c., and that sinners are invited to participate in eternal blessings.* Upon which he asked, 'Can either of the above three positions be *honestly denied*?' &c., &c. Believing Mr. C.'s views to be thoroughly erroneous, and highly mischievous, and his manner of remark, to my apprehension, bearing the character of insulting defiance, I have presumed to oppose."

Thus, Mr. Atkinson—with some other preliminary remarks—introduces the ques-

tion that is to be considered; and applies himself to the work with no small degree of firmness, evincing such scriptural arguments, and powers of mind, as render the work both interesting and conclusive. Indeed, Mr. Atkinson has hereby nobly served the cause of God, and of divine truth, and we are persuaded his labour will not be in vain. We say to every faithful servant of Christ, not only read this work yourself, but send a copy of it to your neighbour in the ministry who is undecided, and unsound. "Cast" this piece of wholesome "bread upon the waters;" and let it be followed by fervent prayer that God, even our God, may make it a permanent blessing to many souls.

We have no room for much of the work itself; but the following quotation is so sublime and weighty, we must treat our readers with its perusal.

After combatting this question in a masterly, yet becoming spirit, Mr. Atkinson says:—

"In conclusion, let us ask—What is the testimony of experience in the matter? Mr. Cox himself shall be a witness again by another excellent passage be adopted from Charnock. 'In ourselves we are nothing, we have nothing, can bring forth nothing spiritually good and acceptable to God; a mere composition of enmity to good, of propensity to evil, of weakness and wickedness, of hell and death. A fardel of impotence and conceitedness, perversity, and inability, every way miserable, unless infinite compassion relieve us; we have no more freedom than a galley-slave, till Christ redeem us; no more strength than a putrified carcase till Christ raise us. An unaltered hardness, an unregarded obstinacy, an insensible palsy spread over every part, a dreadful cannot and will not triumphing in the whole soul.' Mr. C. once seemed to receive this humbling testimony as the truth, but he now despises it without disproof. And what he only mentioned to despise, he now in effect says, and seems to prize without proof, namely—

'Rise, noble creature man arise,  
And make yourself alive;  
Prepare yourself to mount the skies,  
For endless glory strive.'

"I affirm without hesitancy, the little less than blasphemous sentiment of this verse, is precisely the doctrine of Mr. C.'s positions. And what is the legitimate effect of its proclamation to a broken-hearted sinner? Is it the joy of good news to him?—news of his debts being cancelled, his crimes all atoned, his sins all blotted out, the law on his behalf magnified, justice satisfied, truth established, faithfulness exemplified, holiness righted, peace made, and mercy's opened fullness flowing freely in richest effusions to meet his gnawing, craving, soul-wasting necessities, as a self-ruined, self-condemned, and righteously damnable delinquent? Nothing of the kind! It is utterly contrariwise, it is the ministry of condemnation—it is worse than either the Egyptian taskmaster's cruelty, or Rehoboam's folly—it is putting caustic to a sore—it is a threatening to miserable impotence—it is a taunt to the tortured—it is a wound to a wounded spirit—it is a mockery of the pungent and deep pangs of a

broken heart—it is a death-knell to the dying! Command a broken-hearted sinner to believe! The character of God, and the catalogue of his deep crimes; the claims of the law, and the clamour of his conscience raise, enhance, and confirm a tormenting fear in his heart that his ruin is irremediable, and his destiny is destruction! Rather pursue that *more ancient way*, though almost antiquated, the apostolic way, preaching 'Christ and him crucified.' Exhibit how the holy excellencies of the most High are vindicated, and how sin is punished in the sinless substitute for the penitent sinner's exemption, exoneration, and exculpation. Let it be fully set forth that through the divinely sealed and voluntarily self-sanctified sacrifice of that divine victim, the raised-up ire of inflexible justice is appeased, a finishing end is made of sin, death is swallowed up in eternal victory, the policy of hell nonplussed, and its power vanished, life immortal is brought to light, and the sanctified are perfected for ever. Let also those sweet encouragements be trumpeted forth which arise from the permanent purposes, precious promises, glorious precedents, omnipotent power, and from the unmeritable, full, free, and everlasting grace and mercy of Jehovah to the worthless and miserable penitent criminal. And thus, though the profane will scoff, and the proud professor sneer, the gospel will be preached, the Holy Ghost will bear witness to his own truth, Christ will be exalted, God our Father in covenant will be endeared, the case will be met, the poor sinner will be prostrated in humility and absorbed in love, sin will be hated, spirituality promoted, and the church of God gladdened."

While we are convinced that *general invitations and indiscriminate offers* [as they are called] of Christ and of gospel mercies, are no where authorised by, nor taught us in the Word of God; still there is a position the faithful minister of Christ must occupy; there is a work toward uncalled sinners he must perform: and were we to write a volume on this head, we could not more fully define that peculiar part of the minister's work, than is done in a sermon by Dr. Gill, just revised by J. A. Jones, forming No 22 of the Series published by James Paul, and is entitled, "Sorrow for the Loss of a Faithful Minister."

In that discourse we have the following description of Paul's ministry:—

"He calls them to bear witness that he was 'pure from the blood of all men;' he had acted the part of a faithful watchman, in giving warning from the mouth of the Lord; he had laid before men their state and danger; he had truly represented their condition to them; he had told them, that without repentance towards God, and faith in Christ, they would die in their sins; he had pointed out the only way of life and salvation by Christ unto them: they would not perish for want of knowledge, nor was he any ways necessary to their ruin: their blood was upon their own heads—he had nothing to answer for—he had faithfully discharged his duty to them; 'for (says he) I have not shunned to declare to you all the counsel of God;' that is, the gospel revelation, and the whole scheme of it, which is the produce of divine wisdom; this he fully made known to all to whom he ministered."

This is as far as any faithful minister of Christ can go towards unregenerate sinners: and thus far he is bound to go.

## ACCOUNT OF THE LATE Mr. JOHN DANE PLAYER,

*For many years Minister of the Gospel, at Saffron Walden, Essex.*

THIS highly honoured servant of the Lord, and faithful minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ entered into his rest about two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 7th of April, 1850. In proof of the estimation in which the deceased was held, I beg first to quote the following extract from the *Nonconformist* of Wednesday the 10th of April:

"The Rev. John Dane Player, for thirty years the highly esteemed minister of the Particular Baptist church of Saffron Walden. The deceased was in his 51st year; and had through life maintained a highly honourable and consistent character. His loss to the church under his care will be almost irreparable. He was its first pastor, and has ever lived in the esteem and affection of the members and congregation. He has left a widow and six children to deplore the loss of a most affectionate husband and father."

Having heard Mr. Player several times with much pleasure and profit, I shall endeavour to gather something respecting him in the following order; and trust it will tend to the edification of the readers of the *Earthen Vessel*.

1st.—*His call to the ministry* was an effectual and sovereign one from the Lord, at an early age; from what I can learn it was about this time that he was introduced into a very respectable law office in Saffron Walden; being of a very ready, thoughtful, and studious turn of mind, both in literature and religion, he soon attained sufficient genius to form the basis of his future life. He lived with the same solicitors until the day of his death; and his study and knowledge in the law was such, that he has long passed and practised as an honest lawyer, as well as a faithful minister of the gospel.

At the age of nineteen, he began to address a few persons in a room upon the all-important doctrines of divine grace as revealed in the Scriptures, and made known to God's elect in all ages of the world. There is abundant reason to believe that he did not receive his mission from man; neither was he taught it of man; but was called by sovereign love to the work; hence he found it pleasant to run in the way of God's commandments. He did not set out upon his own charges,

and run first after the Lord, thinking in return that the Lord would then run after, and take knowledge of him. No, he found it more blessed and far more scriptural to say with the church "draw me, and I will run after thee." His ministry soon became so much blessed in this room, that their borders required enlarging, and in the short space of three years (viz. 1822) the chapel was built; which, with some enlargement, has been the seat of his labours for the last twenty-eight years, where sinners have been turned from darkness to light, the devil resisted, and saints established, far and near, as in the Bethel of Jehovah's resting place; the Lord saying continually, "here will I dwell, and here will I rest in my love, for I have a delight therein."

2nd.—*His opposition and success as an able minister of the New Testament.* Saffron Walden, with a population of about seven thousand souls, is like most other country towns, nearly smothered in popery and false religion: here is a very fine church with a lofty Babylonish spire, and the inside, although spicily garnished after the similitude of a Cathedral, is full of dead men's bones; and the only conclusion I could come to, after hearing a sermon yesterday, was, that "Tekel" might be written legibly upon every door and window and upon the whole ceremony. There are also several chapels: an Arminian-accommodating general Baptist's; also, a large Independent's, who like election in part, and Christ in part, yet have so much charity that they are willing to grasp the whole world, except God's chosen people.

There is also a goodly company of quakers. Against these various sects, had our departed brother to lift up a standard; and had not God been on his side, he must long ago have been worsted before these Hittites and Amorites.

His success has been gradual, permanent, certain, and effectual to the pulling down of strongholds, and the bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. His ministry was the effect of an expanded and well informed mind, especially on the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. THE EXALTATION OF CHRIST, was his chief aim and delight.

He was consistent in all the ordinances of God's house; a strict Baptist, administering the Lord's supper every Sunday as the disciples did. He was an advocate for the doctrine of Pre-existerianism, quite a second Stevens in this respect. Although he had a retentive memory, his sermons were the effect of much humility and reliance upon the Lord for all things; and some of his most blessed sermons have been when the Lord hath taken away text and sermon in the pulpit and given him his own words to the people. He did not preach for filthy lucre; nor as a matter of business; he would not receive a farthing for his labours until the chapel was out of debt, which debt laid on them for many years, and even then he made no charge but what they voluntarily made him a present of.

*3rd.—His delicate health, final departure, funeral, &c.* He enjoyed but very indifferent health for years: study and close application to business, had quite undermined his constitution: indeed, at last year's anniversary, it appeared to many that he could not (without some physical change) hold out long. He has, however, been preaching at his own chapel, and with much success, at the late Mr. J. Stevens' chapel, in London, since that time; and it is said, that the repeated applications he received from that church to become its pastor, together with his indifferent health, and the church and people with whom he has laboured so long, laying so dear to his heart, was the means the Lord kindly used to bring about his dissolution; his disease was ticcoloureux in the head, and finally reached the brain; and took him off quickly at the last, being ill about a month altogether.

I have not been able to get any information respecting his last discourse among his people, nor much about his dying moments; only what I could gather from his funeral sermon. His funeral took place on Friday, the 12th of April, in his own burying ground, at the chapel; Mr. Bonner, from London, officiating as the minister, who addressed a vast number of people on the occasion, which must have been a mournful sight not only to his dear people, but to the town generally. There was nothing particularly striking in the address at the grave.

*4th.—His Funeral Sermon by Mr. Bonner, and the future prospect of his Church and people.* On my arrival at the chapel at a quarter to 11, I found it overflowing

to the street, and some coming away. With no little exertion I managed to elbow my way through, till at last I found myself in the singing pew, under the pulpit, nearly suffocated with the heat of the place. After singing an appropriate hymn, we had a long prayer. Would to God, ministers were more like Solomon and Wells in their prayers, and take into consideration, when they approach the throne, that "God is in heaven and they upon earth, and therefore let their words be few."

With respect to the sermon, you will find the text in Phillip. i. 23, "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better." The sum and substance of this discourse may be summed up in two observations. First, Paul was in a strait betwixt two, and when he thought of his usefulness as a minister of the gospel, and of the grievous wolves that would enter into the sheep-fold after his departure, and the dear people and saints of God he would leave behind, he had abundant reason not to desire to depart, but to continue his fruitful labours this side of Jordan. Secondly, when the great apostle of the Gentiles contemplated, and somewhat realized "the glory that should follow," and his glorious exaltation with the Son of God, and "the spirits of just men made perfect," he could then boldly say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" for to die and be free from this world, would be far better. This text was made sweet to the departed; it being fully suited to his own case and congregation.

The solemn cutting off from among them of their best temporal friend and pastor, seemed deeply felt throughout the whole congregation, and it will be a time much to be remembered. For the Lord to send them his equal would seem an utter impossibility, although they would not wish him back again in this waste howling wilderness of sin and pollution.

Thus then, I have hurriedly placed before you a little of the uprising and down-sitting of this holy man of God. And had not *Bishop B——r*, (for such he appeared out of the pulpit) thrust a javelin at me and the Editor of the *Vessel* after the service, I should have written more about the dying moments of our brother. It is quite certain he left behind him a far better living testimony during thirty years, than he was able to articulate in the article of death.

In conclusion, allow me to beg of the *Bishop* to remember "he that toucheth a saint of God, toucheth the apple of Jehovah's eye:" and "that thing" which he despises is sent forth as one of the things God delighteth in. Our God hath chosen the "foolish things" to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the "weak things" of the world to confound "the things" which are mighty; and "base things" of the world, "and things" which are despised hath God chosen; yea, "and things" which are not, to bring to nought "things" that are. Here are a perfect number of "things" (*viz.*, seven) which every man ought to read before he passes sentence upon the *Vessel* and its Editor; whose labors in the ministry and toils as Editor, are now sufficiently known in the churches as a bulwark against all that rise up against him and his labours of love. I trust this will be printed. What was said in secret was designed to pull you down in the esteem of the people; but now let it be known upon the house-tops, that the *Barthen Vessel* is making its way among some of our oldest members, and they bid it "God's speed."

Believe me faithfully your's, in the bonds of the Gospel,

SAMUEL SIDDER.

Royston, 16th April, 1850.

### Prayer for Mercy :

A REASONABLE DUTY IN TIMES OF SIN AND WRATH.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Continued from p. 74)

II. The next proposed in the method was, to enquire what are the tokens of mercy we need to seek, amidst such tokens of anger; "*In wrath remember mercy:*" what mercy? I am of an opinion, that the mercy here especially intended, is the reviving mercy sought after in the preceding part of the verse; "O Lord, revive thy work." Now, there is a two fold mercy that a dead languishing church and people need to seek after.—1. *Sin-subduing mercy*, in order to a life of peace with God, in opposition to his wrath and anger. 2. *Soul-healing mercy*, in order to a life of fellowship with God, in opposition to his absence and hiding.

1. Proper need, in a time of wrath and anger, to seek *sin pardoning mercy*, in order to a life of peace with God, whose favour is better than life. Hence we find, in a time of great wrath and indignation, this pardoning mercy implored; "O Lord, forgive I beseech thee; by whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small." Amos vii. 2. Here the prophet makes pardon his great petition, in a time of judgment; "O Lord,

forgive:" it is not, remove the stroke, but, forgive the guilt that brings it on, and provokes God to smite; especially to smite with spiritual judgments. Let our punishment be what it will, it is our wisdom to get the sense of the guilt of sin: till guilt be sent home, and impressed upon the conscience, we never pray to purpose. To tell a story of the divisions, errors, heresies and evils of the land; and the danger it is exposed to, by a foreign enemy, will be to little purpose, if we are never sensible to the guilt of them, so as to cry for the removal of national and personal guilt. And if any inquire, why should pardon and forgiveness be sought, in times of wrath and judgment? Why, because pardon of sin speaks a man in favour with God; and a sense of pardon speaks a man's assurance of divine favour: and his favour is life; yea, it is worth ten thousand worlds: "Blessed are they whose transgressions are forgiven." Because, also, safety is secured, when forgiveness is granted; "Lift up the light of thy countenance, cause thy face to shine," and so we shall be safe, (saved) Because the sting of all affections is removed, when pardon is granted; yea, the sting of death too, and the sting of wrath, inasmuch as it is not vindictive wrath, but fatherly; and hence in that case the soul can conclude, that affliction is kept upon him for good; "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged;" and this is the point of all, to take away sin. Therefore pardoning mercy is to be sought; "In wrath remember mercy."

2. Soul-healing mercy is another part of the reviving to be sought for, to a sinful land and people, in a time of wrath and anger. As we cannot have peace without God, without forgiveness, through the blood of Jesus; so we cannot have fellowship with God, without healing; particularly the healing of holiness and conformity to him, in some degree; and the healing of comfort and satisfaction in him, in some measure. This healing mercy is the great thing that the Lord's children use to seek after, in time of wrath and judgment; "heal me, O Lord; for I have sinned against thee," Psalm xli. 4. "O God, thou hast cast off, thou hast scattered us, thou hast been displeased; O turn thyself to us again. Thou hast made the earth to tremble, thou hast broken it; heal the breaches thereof, for it shaketh." Psalm lx. 1, 2. This is one of the greatest mercies that can be shewed, in the midst of wrath, when the Lord said, as it is, Isa. ah lvii. 17, 18. "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him; I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on forwardly in the way of his heart; but yet, I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him, and to his mourners." There are many promises of this healing mercy to encourage prayer for it; "I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord." Jer. xxx. 17. He takes his name from this healing work of



mercy, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up all his wounds." And this healing mercy brings in a train of other mercies with it; "Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun; and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." Isaiah xxxi. 26. Therefore, the great suit and supplication, in such a time of wrath should be, that the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his wings: then life and health comes into the soul.

When this healing mercy comes, then comes a sense of our dead condition. If ever God revives us, he will make us know our deadness; if he puts sap in our dry bones, he will make us know our dryness; if he pardons, he will make us know our guilt. When this merciful reviving comes, then cometh a longing after him; he prepares his way into the soul, by creating a longing in his people's hearts, and a panting after him. Psa. xlii. 7. When this reviving comes, then cometh a spirit of mourning; he makes them meet with weeping; "they shall come with weeping." Jer. xxxi. 9. "Going and weeping" for their old and late sins; weeping for their bold and daring sins; their sins against light and conscience, their sins upon small temptations, and their sins that are accounted small in the world. When this reviving comes, then comes a spirit of supplication, (Zech. xii. 10.) and thereupon follows the opening of the fountain, and the purging of the house, and causing of the false prophets and the unclean spirit to cease out of the land. When reviving comes, then cometh a stop to the tokens of his wrath; "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind." Isa. xxvii. 8. He casteth away the rod that he smote withal. When this reviving comes, then cometh many tokens of his love, instead of wrath. Sweet embraces: "His left hand being under their head, and his right hand embracing them." Sweet embraces of peace and pardon: "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." Sweet cordials with kindly words, looks, and smiles: he speaks comfortably to Jerusalem, sweet communications of his mind, and of the secrets of his covenant; "Shall I hide from Abraham the things that I do?" He speaks no more in parables, but plainly, giving them to know the mysteries of the kingdom. Then the righteousness of Zion goes forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. Then the people being brought out of the horrible pit and miry clay, have their feet set upon a rock, and their goings established, and a new song put in their mouth, even praises to their God. Psa. xl. 2, 3. Then doth the day break and the shadows fly away, in a great measure, and the tabernacle of God is with men. Holiness and comfort take place, instead of sin and sorrow.

These are the effects of his remembering mercy, by pardoning, healing, and reviving his people; and also reasons for seeking his mercy.

III. The next general head of the method was, to enquire what is imported in the Lord's remembering mercy, and our praying that he would do so. Here we may consider the import in a three-fold view.

1st. We may view the import of it *actively* considered, as it is God's act. What is it for God to *remember mercy*? It does not suppose oblivion or forgetfulness in God, as if he was capable of forgetting the perfection of his nature: no, he can no more forget mercy, than he can forget himself. But there may be three ways he may be said to remember mercy:—

1. When he has *thoughts of mercy*; "I know the thoughts I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end;" and then it follows also, "Ye shall call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me; and I will hearken unto you." Jer. xxix. 11, 12. In the time of wrathful dispensations we are ready to think that God hath no thoughts of mercy: but even then he saith, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts, for I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an outcast, saying, This is him whom no man seeketh after."

2. He may be said to *remember mercy*, when he *speaketh words of mercy*; though he bringeth to the wilderness, yet he speaks comfortably. Hos. ii. 14. He remembers when he speaks comfortably to Jerusalem and cries to her, "that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." Isa. xl. 2. When the Lord remembers mercy, he speaks it both outwardly to the ear and inwardly to the heart; "God hath spoken once; yea, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God; also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy." Psa. lxii. 11, 12. He speaks once into the ear, by the word; but he speaks it again, and that is twice. When, by his Spirit, he speaketh it into the heart, then indeed the heart rejoiceth: "God hath spoken in his holiness, I will rejoice."

3. He may be said to *remember mercy*, when he *doeth acts of mercy*; such as those I have mentioned already in the instances of his pardoning and healing mercy. Thus he remembers mercy, when he shews or *manifests mercy*: and when he exercises mercy in manifold acts, fruits, or effects, of his mercy. Now when the prayer that he would remember mercy, respects his merciful thoughts, merciful words, and merciful acts in the midst of wrath.

(To be continued in our next.)

"Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell.  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:  
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,  
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me."

## Jacob Wrestling with God :

THE POWER OF FAITH.

I was looking at the rich experience of our brother Jacob, as recorded in the book of Genesis, the 32d chapter verse the 26th, where we have set before us the power of faith. His expression is this: "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me." The first thought is Jacob's state; his state was a state of distress; for it appears that Laban has only just left him, and the dear man hardly recovered, before he hears that Esau is coming. It appears to me that the path of Jacob was very rough and crooked, like all the rest of the family, it is no sooner one trouble passes than another comes. May be my readers will say, that Jacob made his own trouble; he ought not to have run away from Laban as he did. My answer is, Jacob was in the path of duty when these trials came upon him. The Lord had said to Jacob, "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar: now arise, get thee unto thy father's house, or to thy kindred." And Jacob did so; but he found it a very rough road that led to his father's house. My reader, hath the God of Bethel called you, by his grace, out of satan's kingdom, as he called Jacob from Padanaran? If he has, satan will soon overtake you on your journey, as Laban did Jacob; and he would soon stop your and my progress, if it were not for the God of Jacob, who holds him as it were with a bridle, least he should fall upon us and hurt and destroy; and we shall find as Jacob did, a plenty of thorns and thistles in our way home to our Father's house, without going out of the way to get them, or sowing seed to raise them. Israel always was a tried people, and so they are now; "many are the trials of the righteous, but the Lord delivers them out of them all." If it had not been for Esau, Jacob would have been very comfortable; and so we may all say, if it had not been for this, that, or the other, we should get along nicely. But I want to know if Jacob would have wrestled with the Lord as he did. Why, no. Then let us notice the utility of trials. Jacob heard that Esau was coming, and four hundred men with him, and this made Jacob afraid and distressed his mind. But what did this distressed mind lead to? Why, to earnest prayer—Deliver me from the hand of Esau, my brother; lest he come and smite me, and the mother with the children. But he does not state here, you will find, that he sent all he had away over the brook, even his wives and children. Reader, we never shall wrestle well, unless we can leave all incumbrances, as he did. Now Jacob was left alone, a fit time and a fit place, and there wrestled a Man with him till the break of day, and Jacob seems to have such a fast hold of him, that he declares he will not

let him go, unless he bless him. Who was this Man, my reader, but the God-man, the Lord Jesus Christ? And the Holy Ghost tells us, that in this God-man, the Lord Jesus Christ, dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

What an infinite stoop on the part of the Eternal is manifested here! He who is the self-existent, holy, pure Being, dwelling in light, unapproachable. If we look at the subject for a moment in the abstract, who dare approach him? There seems to me to be as much danger for us to have to do with God in the abstract, from the nature of the church, as it was for Adam to have to do with the tree of knowledge in the midst of Eden; for, for him to have to do with that, it was death. And the God of Israel is called "a consuming fire," and he is that, abstractedly speaking, to all sinners; yet it is this God that Jacob wrestled with, but it is as he discovered him in the nature of the church. Well, say you, do you think that he knew that it was God that wrestled with him? I am inclined to think he did, or he would not have clung to him as he did for the blessing. In a softer way he could not shew himself than he did to Jacob. Sometimes he made himself known in the shape of angels, but there was no nature or shape so suitable to man as the shape or nature of man. And what an unspeakable mercy it is to the church of the living God that, that God whom angels worship, that whatever he is in himself as God, he is that in the nature of the church; and thus he is comeatable by all his spiritual seed. Jacob wrestled with him, and so may you and I, my reader, if we feel our need of him. What a mercy! Not an high priest which cannot be touched, but one that is touched, with the feeling of our infirmities, and he is one who can support us under all our infirmities.

Let us look now at Jacob's confidence. What does he say? Why he says, "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me,"—not I will not let thee go if I can help it,—but he positively says, I will not let thee go. "Let me go, Jacob, for the day breaketh." "I will not," says Jacob, "unless thou bless me." This is close work, my reader. Here is only one way for the Lord to escape, and that was by blessing him. Some may condemn this style of writing; I cannot help it, if they do. My soul wonders at such boldness,—a worm of the earth holding the Possessor of heaven and earth! And people that are strangers to God and to real soul-troubles, may call it presumption, if they please; I only pray that the living family of God may have a little more of such presumption, if it must be called by that name. It was Jacob's trials that made him cling to the Lord as he did. My reader, are you a poor, tried, cast down, distressed soul? Do you really know you are a naked, empty, lost, ruined, exposed sinner by nature, exposed to the condemnation and curse of God's righteous

law? Well, then, these things will make you wrestle day and night. You know we embrace the Rock for the want of a shelter; and I have lived long enough to know that there is nothing that can quench Sinai's flames but the blood of Christ, and therefore cling to it. Jacob knew well that none could help him but the Lord; and if we are come to the same conclusion, let us not forget that sweet text, "Happy is the man who hath the God of Jacob for his help; whose hope the Lord is." Reader, there is nothing under the sun that can conquer the Lord but his saints. What saith the church in the Songs? Why, says she, "I sought him whom my soul loveth; yes, and I sought him till I found him." And she says, "I held him, and would not let him go." This again is like Jacob, "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me." And again she says, "The King is held in the galleries." Held there? Yes. By whom? By the guests. My reader, do you and I know what it is to find him in the galleries of his grace, or in the ordinances of his house? Did you ever hold communion with him there? If so, you will have to spend an eternity with him hereafter. Well now, Jacob says, "I will not let thee go;" the church says, "I will not let thee go;" but what saith thou, my soul? Canst thou part with him? Canst thou do without him? Is he not thy very life? My soul, is not his flesh thy meat; his blood thy drink; his person thy heaven? Be honest, my soul, is there any in heaven or earth so dear to thee? My answer is, no. Part from thee, my dearest Lord, I cannot—I will not let thee go. But there is an experience way to hold our Lord as his children, and it is a tried soul that knows most about this holy practice. My dear reader, the Lord trieth the righteous, that the righteous might try him; and I believe, if the Lord was pleased to let us alone, we soon should let him alone, but this is not the Lord's will: but while here, it is to be Esau or some other trouble, and the more we are tried, the more earnest we shall pray, or wrestle with him.

Let us notice how Jacob grasped—he seemed to have a firm hold. Reader, it is a great act, which faith only can accomplish, to hang upon the Lord: but it seems a greater act to me, for a worm of the earth to hold the Lord. Let us notice what it is to hang on him. It is said in the word of truth, that "They shall hang on him all the glory of his Father's house." "Christ is the nail fastened in a sure place." But all the vessels of mercy to be hung upon this nail is large, and in our way home we do not always hang on him in one place. Sometimes my poor soul is lead, my reader, to hang sweetly upon the relation existent between Christ and myself, so that I hang upon him as my Brother, Husband, Friend; and at other times, on his offices and characters. Sometimes I am favoured to hang on his love, like a bee on a sweet flower;

and at other times, on his blood, as the foundation of my joy, peace, and salvation; and at other times, on his righteousness, as my durable clothing and dignity. And I feel I waut this nail to hang upon as much on a week-day as I do on a Sabbath-day; and what a mercy, my reader, it is, that when you and I are brought into deep waters, where we seem to have no standing, we have yet this nail to hang to. Well, this will keep us above water whatever our fears may be at times. Just notice how David hung upon him. He did not hang upon his own works, nor upon his experience; nor upon his attainments; no, nor yet upon his faith; but his faith hung upon the Lord. There are thousands hang to these rotten holds, but it did not do for David. Look at his state (2 Sam. xxiv. 14), and then what he says; "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord." What for, David? Because "his mercies are great." So you see what David clung to; it was mercy. But, says he, let us not fall into the hands of man; for men, even the very best of them, are nothing but baseness; there is nothing firm to hang to, nor to hold by. My reader, may we be found to lean on our Beloved, on his person, mercy, and blood, all our way home.

Let us now notice what it is to hold our Lord: "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me." Well, say you, and what are we to understand by holding the Lord? Well, the Lord has been pleased to give us a few handles, so that his people can at times take hold, and hold him as Jacob did. These handles are his promises, and these promises "are all yea and amen in Christ," and only comestable by the faith of God's elect; and if you, my reader, are destitute of faith, you are destitute of a hand to take hold of these handles, so that you cannot hold the Lord. Now, for you and me to take hold of the promise is to take hold of the Promiser. Let us see how Jacob pleaded for a moment. The Lord had been pleased to make a promise to him, and said, "I will surely do thee good." Now, if we watch along for a moment, we find him brought into circumstances where he needed the manifestation of the Lord's goodness; and what does he do? Why makes use of the promise—makes a handle of it: "Lord, thou hast said, I will surely do thee good." So Jacob, taking hold of the promise and making such an handle of it, was able to hold the Lord: "Lord, thou hast said," "thou hast said." Here Jacob hung on, or grasped hold of the promise, and would not let go. "Let me go, Jacob;" "I will not, unless thou bless me. Thou hast said you would do me good, and I won't let thee go without it."

Now, my reader, if the Lord had not promised, Jacob would not have had such a strong hold of him. It is impossible for the Lord to forfeit his word; therefore, my reader, do not forget the way to wrestle with him; plead his promise at all times, like Jacob did, "Lord, thou hast said,"

and (I speak it with reverence) he cannot get away from thee. "Well, but" say you, "he made a promise personally to Jacob." Well, has he not to thee? "Ah! but he called Jacob by name." Well, has he not thee? What is thy name? "Oh," say you, "a sinner." Well, is not the promise to such? "Yes; but we are all sinners." Well, then, let me look at your character; what is your character? "Oh," say you, "I am a poor"—stop a moment—what saith the Promiser? "He shall stand at the right hand of the poor." It means you, my reader, if you really are poor; and it is to save him. Is there any other mark in thy character? "Oh, yes; I am a thirsty soul." Stay a moment—what saith the Lord? "Oh, every one that thirsteth,"—surely here again he is speaking to you—"come, without money, come, buy wine and milk." What is the next mark in your character? "Why I am such a burdened soul." What does your burden consist of—sin, guilt, and fears? If so, you are the person that the promise is made to, or the invitation is given to: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," or ease. What is the character of a burdened soul? What is the promise, I will give you ease? Well now, my reader, if you are burdened, do as Jacob did—make use of the promise—make a handle of it as he did: "Lord, thou hast said." Never mind about a sameness in your prayer—you hold fast to the promise—plead it again and again, and our dear and gracious Lord will not be able to get away from his own word; so that you will come off victorious, like dear Jacob, who "had power with God, and prevailed."

Your's in the bonds of the Gospel,  
J. PARSONS.

*Chesham, Bucks.*

## A Hasty Glance at some Parts of our British Zion.

No. 6.

TO MY ESTEEMED CHRISTIAN FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD, EARWAKER, OF EASTMEON, IN HAMPSHIRE:—Grace and peace be with thee. Knowing you expect a long letter from me, it is in my mind (occupying myself while riding to Bath,) to give you a few words respecting some of the things I have seen and said in different parts of our Zion where I have been called to labour; for, although you did come and take a lamb out of our fold, yet I must forgive you, because you stand manifest in my conscience as one of the dear elect of God, whose names are written in heaven.

On the morning of what is called Good Friday, we had a service in Crosby Row; where I preached from Paul's words to the Hebrews—"But now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." There has been such heaviness, coldness, and barren-

ness in my soul of late that the ministry has been quite distressing to me, albeit my soul has frequently broke out under a sweet feeling sense of the Lord's marvellous grace and mercy towards me. I have looked at the death-like coldness around me: have thought of some who once were so constant in their attachment to my ministry, but have turned away. Then, again, I have remembered the very dark path which led me to London; and self-pity has come in to make me secretly murmur at the continuation of trials, until some dark fears have sadly beclouded my spirit. But on the morning I have referred to, the grace of God brought salvation so solemnly into my soul, that I did feel a holy boldness, and savoury freedom, while speaking of our Lord's appearing on the cross, first, as a witness to the righteous indignation of God against sin; secondly, in the fulfilment of the covenant made between the Father and Himself; and, thirdly, as evidencing the greatness and ardcency of His love unto His chosen spouse. How deep did those words appear—"TO PUT AWAY SIN by the sacrifice of HIMSELF!" All the condemnation and *destroying* wrath due to elect sinners, was then at once and for ever put away. When faith apprehends, and brings this great fact home to the living soul, then pardon and peace, access to the mercy-seat, and assurance of interest in the covenant of grace, are enjoyed. Having on the evening of that day to preach one of the anniversary sermons at our esteemed brother Stenson's, at Carmel Chapel, Chelsea, I sat down (after seeing our brother Edward Joy off to Wantage, where he was to speak on the following Lord's-day,) and thought a little on the words which seemed to be given me for a text to speak from. In a low and dreary state of mind, I left home, and wading through the Bird-cage Walk, reached the Chapel a little before the time for service to commence. I learned that my brethren John Wigmore and William Bidder, who had preceded me, had been enabled to preach with boldness and liberty; and a large number of persons were gathered together, to hear what the Lord might speak through and by me. My text was in the 13th chapter of the Hebrews—"Now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." After shewing how perfect a body of divinity this epistle to the Hebrews is, my mind was led to notice those things on which the Apostle's prayer appeared to be founded—1. On the essential character of God—"the God of peace." 2. On the resurrection of "OUR LORD JESUS, that great SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP, from the dead. And, lastly, on the application of

the atonement, called "the blood of the everlasting covenant." After this I spoke as well as I could upon what it was the Holy Ghost worked in the saints; and how this inward work produced a willing and prayerful desire to be found practically standing in every good work that could be glorifying to God; useful to the church; or consoling to the tender conscience of him who is thus inwardly sanctified.

I have a real pleasure in being able to say that that worthy man of God, JOHN STENSON, still stands in faithfulness and truth; and the cause at Carmel is reviving. Brother Stenson, in many things is a pattern for pastors and preachers too. Of course, he has his enemies; his trials; and his anxieties. And I begin to see it matters not how pure a man's motive may be; nor yet how useful God may have made him; nor yet how long he may have stood; nor how arduous may have been his labours; there always will be a set of designing, jealous, unhappy men, about Zion, who will, if they can, break a minister's heart; scatter and divide his people; and aim to set themselves up upon the ruins. But, THE LORD REIGNETH. All things shall work together for good to them—THAT LOVE GOD. I had intended to have written much more—but must defer.

Yours in love, C. W. BANKS.

#### Glad Tidings from Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich.

"DAIRY LANE," as it used to be called, is now remodelled, and is called "Fonnetreau Street." But it does not matter, whether they call it Dairy Lane Chapel, or Bethesda; the Lord is there; and heavenly blessings still descend upon his people, as the following letter will shew:—

"DEAR SISTER IN COVENANTED MERCY:—I received your's, thankful for its christian-like contents, and pray your own soul may be filled full of the love of Father, Son, and Spirit; causing you to abound in peace, joy, humility, holy gratitude, and heavenly delight; triumphing over infirmities felt, sin atoned, guilt pardoned, corruption plaguing, world obtruding, devil tempting, cares corroding, death affrightening, and unbelief tormenting: this, experimentally felt, will enable you to sing—

'He cheers my soul, my need supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies;  
O what a friend is Christ to me!"

"We held the ninth anniversary last Lord's-day, and a Lord's-day it was with a blessed witness; for, at our prayer meeting, the Eternal Spirit was so gracious as to pour into the souls of our brethren his gracious unctuous influence, that some were filled like bottles wanting vent. After this, our friend Banks ascended the pulpit, read the 9th of Daniel, prayed with earnestness and solemn liberty, and preached

to us from Romans vi. 8, 9, 10; in which was unfolded to view, the union of Christ to his church, the substitution of Christ for his church, and the fellowship he has with his church, and his church with him. In the afternoon, the poor thing tried to say a something of the church's deportment, from 1 Thess. ii. 11; first, the identifier; secondly, the identified; thirdly, the identification; fourthly, the dignity and duty. In the evening, our brother Banks shewed us the cities of refuge, from Joshua xx. 4, 5; the poor distressed soul those cities were opened for, and to; the direction that was given; the supposition; and his ultimate safety. May our good Lord yet further follow the memorable services of that day, by bringing to remembrance his manifold blessings so graciously bestowed. We had a large attendance, and collected £23 10s. 0d. The next evening we were delightfully refreshed at our church meeting, in hearing the great things God has done for and in the souls of poor sinners, the family of God were rejoiced, and three more were added unto us. Surely he hath not done so to every people. Praise ye the Lord. The same night my people advanced my salary £20 per year; so that worthless me, am neither forgotten nor forsaken of my God.

'My soul repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great.'

Mrs. P. is poorly; joins in mutual love to you, to yours, and to all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and in truth.

"THOMAS POOCK."

"Ipswich, April 4th, 1850."

#### Formation of a New Baptist Cause at Clapham.

FOR some considerable time Mr. Jenner has been preaching the Word of life in a place called Cranmer Court, Clapham Rise; and on Easter Monday, April 1, 1850, a number of the friends to whom Mr. Jenner's ministry has been made useful, were gathered together and recognised as a gospel church, formed on Strict Baptist principles. On this occasion, a neighbouring chapel was lent to them: and soon after two o'clock the service commenced by Mr. Graham reading and prayer. C. W. Banks then gave a concise view of a gospel church, from the words of Paul—"I speak concerning Christ and the church." A statement was then read relative to the origin of this cause, and the dealings of the Lord toward them. Each member was then separately addressed; the right hand of fellowship given; and the ordinance of the Lord's supper administered by C. W. Banks. Mr. William Allen then called upon Mr. Jenner for testimonies concerning his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and his faith in the doctrines of grace; these testimonies were satisfactory and conclusive. Mr. Jenner was then recognised as the pastor. A large party then sat down to tea; and in the evening Mr. Moody preached to the church a very excellent discourse, which is published in the second number of "THE BIBLE PREACHER."

## The Last Moments of Elizabeth Benning,

*Late the beloved wife of Mr. Natham Horsley, Minister of the Gospel, Burgh, Lincolnshire.*

*(Continued from p. 64.)*

WHAT greatly added to our other trials during this period was the death of our dear and only child, at the age of three years. She had by this time become a most interesting child, and truly our hearts were wrapped up in her. She died on the 16th of August, 1837. This was felt as a very great loss to us both; we felt as though our all was gone; and my dear wife could seldom mention the death of her dear girl without tears, to the latest hour of her life.

She would frequently repeat, with tears the following lines of Cowper's:—

"The dearest idol I have known,  
What'er that idol be;  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee."

And then would immediately add, "*How hard it is to do it.*"

But there is every reason to believe that this trial was sanctified to her soul; she was enabled both to see and feel that the Lord's hand was in it; and her affection, which no doubt had been too much set upon the child, was now directed to the right source—the Lord himself. In looking over her Bible, a short time after the death of the child, I found marked all round, with a thick pencil-mark, the 75th verse of the 119th Psalm: "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." When asked why this portion was marked, she said it had been made a blessing to her in her bereavement. I should have added, that about fourteen months before the death of the child, she sustained a great loss in the death of her mother, at the age of seventy-one years. She had, however, great hope in her end, which tended much to alleviate her affliction.

It was not long after these bereavements that she was brought under the ministry of Mr. Foreman, which she soon found, by the blessing of God attending the word, to be marrow and fatness to her soul. She was now led into the sweet mysteries of the gospel of Christ, and was enabled to apprehend something of the preciousness of the doctrines of grace, and became, from that time, rooted and grounded in the truth. She was ultimately baptized upon a profession of faith, and added to the church on the first Lord's-day in September, 1840. She continued a member of this church for the space of about two years, when her husband was called to the work of the ministry; a door was opened and an invitation received from a people at Burgh, Lincolnshire, whose former minister, an elderly and much respected man of God, the Lord had a few months before taken

to his reward. After taking an affectionate farewell of our dear christian friends in London, we left that city for Burgh, on the 3rd of November, 1842. Mrs. Horsley now entered upon a new scene. She felt it to be a serious thing to be a minister's wife, and always lamented her unfitness for such a position in the church of Christ. This position, however, she filled with great credit to herself and satisfaction to her friends. It is a fact, which every one who knew her is ready to attest, that her character was made up of excellencies, and it is a most singular fact that these excellencies were visible to every one but herself, which, indeed, aided to her worth.

Her husband found her a most valuable companion in his ministerial labours, especially at the commencement of them; for while we were much at a throne of grace together, wrestling with the Lord for a blessing upon the word, she also was much in secret, urging the same request before him. She often referred, in conversation, to the first twelve months we were at Burgh, and the great anxiety she felt lest I should not succeed in the work of the Lord; she was, however, honoured to see much success.

She has since told me, that she used to sit and pray for me the whole of the time I was preaching, that the Lord would help me through, and bless the word when spoken. Who, I ask, could but succeed under such circumstances? Words need not be multiplied to shew how great a loss a husband has sustained in the loss of such a wife; it must be evident to every one.

She was spared to be a comfort to her husband and friends at Burgh about seven years, but during that time was generally more or less afflicted. She had two or three sudden and alarming attacks, which led her to think her end was not far off, and that it would be sudden. She used frequently to be taken in a moment with a rushing of blood to the head, which would render her almost insensible for a time; after recovering from which, she would say, "I have the sentence of death in myself."

Having the thought of death thus impressed upon her mind, it led her to a solemn heart-searching before God as to her real state before him. She would often ask, with deep emotion, "How will it be with me at last?" She would add, "It must be either depart, ye cursed, or come in, ye blessed." "Oh, which will it be?" she would exclaim, and again add, "It must be the one or the other."

The last sermon she heard preached was by her husband, on the 9th of December,

1849, from the 1 Cor. xiii. 12, 13: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face," &c. The preacher little thought how soon the hereafter blessedness of the text (if we may so speak) would be realised in the happy experience of his then listening wife; but it was so, before the first Lord's-day in the new year.

I was on Friday, the 14th of December, called, in the order of divine providence, to leave home for a time; I left her very poorly on the morning I left home. I received a letter in a day or two, to say she was no better. On Wednesday, the 19th, I received a letter by rail, urging my immediate return home, as her medical attendant considered her in great danger. I arrived at home that evening, and had the happiness of finding her in the body. It was broken out to her by degrees that I had returned; and when she had become a little composed, I ventured to her bedside. It was a blessed, yet a painful meeting: blessed, in that I found the Lord had prepared her mind for the change; and painful, in that I was not so prepared to give her up. She lived a fortnight after my return; during which time a very great many precious things dropped from her lips. She said to a young friend who was waiting on her, and with whose mother she had often talked about the fear of death, "Tell your dear mother not to be afraid to die, for dying grace will be given her in a dying hour." How surprising, that one whose whole life had been made up as it were with fears of death, should now, on the brink of the grave, lose all fear herself, and turn preacher to others who had to come after her. She found the Apostle's words to be true, wherein he, speaking of Christ, says, "That he, through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and delivered them, who through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. viii. 14, 15.

She said, several times during her illness, "Whether living or dying I am the Lord's." Sometimes her faith rose to a full assurance, and she was enabled to express herself in language of the strongest confidence. She often repeated a line of a hymn, with which she was familiar—

"On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

And then would add, "I shall never be moved." Those words of the Apostle were often referred to by her, "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." "There is great sweetness in those words," she added, "and the Lord is teaching me them experimentally." A verse of one of Swain's *Lymns* also afforded her great comfort, which she often repeated with full assurance—

"I shall be with him when he comes  
Triumphant down the parting skies;  
And when his voice breaks up the tomb,  
Among his children I shall rise."

It was very evident, all through, that Christ was exceedingly precious to her, and very frequently absorbed her thoughts entirely; so much so, that on one occasion when I entered her room, she said, "You must excuse me, my dear, if I love Christ better than I love you." I replied, "I can well excuse you in that;" for I truly felt the force of the words of John, "He must increase, but I must decrease." The deep sense she had of her own unworthiness was truly surprising to every one about her. No language seemed sufficient to express the self-abhorrence which she felt before the Lord. She said, more than once, "Whoever you got to bury me, be sure you tell them not to say anything of me but that I am a poor wretched sinner, who never had one good thought in all my life." In the course of her illness she said, "I used to think, foolishly enough, that though I was a great sinner, yet I was not as bad as some of the basest, as I had been kept from outward sin, and had felt an abhorrence at their conduct; but now I am deeply convinced that there is not a sin in the world but the seeds of it are sown in my heart, and would have sprung up in life, had it not been for divine grace." She renounced her own works entirely, and trusted for life and salvation to the glorious person and finished work of a precious Christ. She would frequently say—

"Of will or power I cannot boast,  
If one good work would merit heaven;  
My soul must be for ever lost,  
Unless salvation's freely given."

On the Saturday before she died, she was heard to pray most fervently for the church and her husband—that the Lord would be with him, keep and direct him in his providence, and bless his word to the conversion of sinners and comfort of his saints. One night, a short time before she died, the enemy was allowed to make a severe attack upon her soul. I watched her bed that night; it was a painful night for us both. Satan seemed to triumph for a while; but, blessed be God, his triumph was but short. Those words came to my mind, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." I left the room, and prayed that he would now do so—he was as good as his word. I entered the room again, and found her sitting up in bed; she looked and smiled, and said, "The Lord has brought such a sweet portion to my mind—'Nevertheless he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself.'" The last word or two she repeated a time or two—"He cannot—no, he cannot deny himself." I said, "There are many sweet 'Nevertheless' in the Bible." "Yes," she added, in a moment, "but none so sweet as this." I was going to comment upon the words a little, but she stopped me, and said, "Do not say a word, lest you should drive this sweet portion out of my mind." The portion came to her mind with the

word "Nevertheless;" but I found, on turning to 1 Tim. ii. 13, that the word *yet* was used, instead of *nevertheless*; but, of course, they are of the same import.

A few days before she died, she desired me to read her a few verses of Scripture, (for she could bear but a very little at a time). On being asked what she would like read, she said, "Of the words of Jesus himself." I turned and read a few verses of the 14th of John—the Saviour's farewell sermon to his dear disciples—"Let not your heart be troubled," &c. On another occasion, she wished me to read a description of the heavenly city: I turned and read a part of the 21st and 22nd chapters of Revelations, as much as she could bear, which appeared to afford her much consolation.

On the night before she died, one of the nurses observed, that she had taken little or nothing for so many hours; she heard what was said, and replied, in a moment, "I have bread to eat which ye know not of." In the afternoon of the day before she died I went out for a little air, and when I returned I went to her, and she said, "I am glad you are come back again, for I thought I should be gone before you would have got back." We were a few moments thus left alone: she took my hand into hers and held it fast for sometime, and said, "Our union will soon be broken." She saw me convulsed with grief, (and which is again renewed while I write,) which seemed for a moment to move her to a tear, which she instantly checked herself for, and said, "Why should I weep?" I felt the truth of Newton's words, "It is the survivor that dies." The last scene was most affecting: she was taken in a kind of choking fit, which caused the nurses to raise her up; she then had a most violent struggle and fought hard for breath; after a time she requested to be laid down again. As soon as laid down she turned herself, as well as she could, upon her left side, when her pain seemed to cease and instant signs of death appeared. I stooped and asked if she knew me; to which she replied, "Yes," as well as she could. I asked, "Is the Lord with you?" to which she also tried to say, yes. With which she opened one eye, (for the other had been closed for some hours) and gave a most expressive look—a look that will not be soon forgotten—and then closed it for ever upon the earth and all around her, and, doubtless, opened not one, but both eyes on the glories of another and a better world. As soon as her breath was gone, I felt a divine support flow into my soul; it was as though the Lord with one hand took her away, and with the other gave me support to bear the loss. A very blessed supply of sweet Scriptures flowed into my mind, which I gave utterance to audibly, in the presence of those around. It was a most affecting scene! Thus closed the earthly career of Mrs. Horsley, on the 3rd of January, 1850, aged 46 years.

She was buried by Mr. Potter, of Boston, on the first Sunday in the New Year, in the Yard of Burgh Chapel; and, in the evening, Mr. Potter improved her death in a very excellent discourse from the words—"Yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself." The members and constant bearers followed her to the grave, as she was greatly respected by all who knew her, and her loss is severely felt by all. That the Lord may sanctify it to many, is the prayer of

A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

#### THE LAST MOMENTS OF

### The late Mr. John Fowler.

ON Lord's-day afternoon, March the 3rd, the Funeral Sermon for the late John Fowler was preached by C. W. Banks, in Providence Chapel, Cumberland Street, from Paul's words to Timothy—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." At the close of the sermon, the preacher read the following letter, which he had received from the daughter of the deceased; and which is a faithful account of the state of his mind, as he approached the end of his earthly career.

DEAR SIR,—You must necessarily know the particulars of my dear father's illness. You are aware of the very trying circumstances he has been placed in for the last twelve months, with regard to the Chapel and ground in Golden Lane. The ground was lately closed, according to the order of the Honourable General Board of Health, which very much damped his spirits, and, as we think, was the means the Lord was pleased to use to bring him to his unexpected end.

My beloved parent's illness was of that nature, that he would scarcely see any one; his nerves were so weak, that his dearest friends he refused to see. If any of his nearest relations were taken up to see him, he would soon say, "Good-bye; you can do me no good; you had better go down." I need tell you a little my dear father said on his dying-bed, although, as I have said before, he could talk but very little on account of excessive weakness, and would make signs to my bereaved mother, to save talking. He was very much tried in his mind, but, towards the last, he seemed very happy, and said several times, very firmly, "What a mercy to be found on the Rock." Again he said, "Christ was not like us, when he began a work he finished it." He repeatedly asked the time, and said once, he knew we could not be so cruel as to wish him to stay with us; and would repeat the two first verses of the following hymn:—

"When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above?"

Speaking to my aunt, his favourite sister.



he said, "Oh, dear Mary, how hard it is to push this poor earthly tabernacle down! What work it is to get the root up!" Once, when he seemed very ill and low in his mind, mother said, "Dear John, you will soon be at rest; you will soon see our Redeemer face to face." He answered, rather doubtingly, "I *hope* so." Mother said, "Oh yes; your ministry has been blest to many, as well as myself; and I cannot have a doubt of your safety now." "Yes," he said, as his countenance brightened, "I have preached, and have felt and enjoyed *what* I have been enabled to preach; and I know whom I have believed." He was a kind father, and thought much of our future welfare,—particularly when my little brother came to the bedside, his eyes would be full of tears, and he would say, "Go down stairs, my poor dear child." But, on my mother saying, the same God who had been their guide so many years, would not forsake her and her dear children now—"Oh, *no*," he answered; "God has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow, and his promise he will surely perform; and what I have committed to his charge he will keep against that day." He very much wished to rest more quiet under his very severe affliction. On one of us saying, we thought he seemed more easy, his quick reply was, "And do you know how that is?" No. "Because—

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
As soft as downy pillows are.'

He said more, but so indistinctly that we could not understand him. But his sufferings are now at an end; and, as my dear father said shortly before he breathed his last, "I shall leave this world for a better, and it may not be long—I hope it may not—before I shall meet you all there."

FANNY POWLER.

#### A few particulars relative to *Mary Greenhill*

WHO DIED DEC. 27, 1849.

*Southwick, Jan. 19, 1850.*

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—I have taken an opportunity of writing these few lines to you, informing you of the few last days and death of my daughter Mary, which took place on Dec. 27th, 1849, in the twenty-third year of her age.

Her illness (which was a long and painful one) she bore with much patience, being persuaded that the Lord who afflicted her, would make it a blessing to her own soul, as well as to others.

While living at Sutton Colefield, we received some very pleasing letters from her, which were read with tears; and, in answer to the enquiry as to the cause of her first concern about religion, she replied, "That it was through hearing that tier two cousins were going to be baptized, which produced such concern, and left such impressions on her mind."

It was while living in Bath that, one night, after reading a part of God's word, this portion of Scripture was applied with such solemn power, as caused sleep to depart from her for some hours,

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." Isa. xxxiii. 17. That promise to her soul is now, we trust, made good in its fullest sense. At the onset of her affliction, I was very anxious for her life to be spared, crying and begging like the Canaanitish woman of old, "Lord, help me! have mercy on my daughter!" But I could get no answer; the Lord's ways being not as our ways are, seeing he was about to gather one of his lilies to himself. Mary also, herself, entertained a hope that her affliction would not be unto death; but, towards the last, was enabled to cast herself into the hands of the dear Lord, that he may do as seemed him good with her. It was in the month of July last, she began to get seriously worse; and from that time to December, her state of health was very fluctuating; but she was enabled at times to speak of the Lord's goodness in an experimental way. This hymn, too, was at one time very precious to her—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood," &c.

Once, after Mr. Eacott had called and engaged in prayer with her, she said she believed God had answered his prayer, that he would shed abroad his love in her heart. She was in a very comfortable frame of mind for some time; yet satan tried her greatly, and in her distress challenged her for her God, and asked her for the ground of her boasting. But though brought low, she was again visited in love; was enabled to prove satan to be a liar; had some precious manifestations of Jesus to her soul; and was enabled to sing (as far as strength would allow) praises to the Lord in the midst of all her afflictions.

Although at times she said it was hard to die, yet at other times she was enabled to feel on sure and safe ground. Quoting the words of David, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," &c., she said, "The valley of death is not a gloomy valley to me, for Christ hath removed its sting. Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. I am not afraid of death; I have nothing to do but to lie down and die. Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" I said to her, "You do not doubt of going safe now, do you?" She said, "How can I?" Truly she was in a happy frame of mind. She felt great concern in reference to her brothers and sisters, that they might be found bound up in the bundle of life. In reference to herself, she said, "Tell Mr. Eacott, when he preaches my funeral sermon, to say nothing about me, save that *I am a sinner saved by grace*." It was a consolation to see a child thus, for "happy is the people whose God is the Lord."

On Thursday, Dec. 27, she was very calm in mind, and fast drawing to her end: she was so weak as that we could scarcely understand her words: Yet she said, "Victory, victory, dominion and power!" And again, "Who hath survey'd the sacred roll, and found my name not written there?" She said, "Father, I cannot talk now," but just before she died, desired him to pray for her; and at eleven o'clock, without a struggle or a groan, she breathed her last.

And now, my dear brother and sister, may grace be given us that we, being led in the way everlasting, may, when we come to die, be enabled, as dear Mary, to shout victory!

I remain, your affectionate brother,

J. GREENHILL.

## Eight Years' Labour in the Ministry at Leicester.

(Continued from p. 81.)

BRETHREN :—The apostle saith "In all things I am instructed." And if we watch the Lord's hand, in providence, without, and the work of his Spirit within, and see the end of the Lord in all our afflictions and trials, we shall come to the same conclusion. As bees suck honey out of stinking weeds and thistle blossoms, so the people of God, by divine instruction, have sucked honey out of the most distressing trials, temptations, and afflictions. God raineth blessings upon a wilderness at large, and upon all men indiscriminately; but the strength that wicked men derive from that which they eat and drink, is spent in blaspheming the name of God, his truth and his people. The serpent's nature being poison, it gend'ers poison from all it eats; and wicked, ungodly men, being radically wicked in themselves, gather poison even from the letter of God's holy Word, and make sport with it to their own destruction, as foolish children playing with fire until they are destroyed by it. "O fools! when will ye be wise?" O Lord! give us more grace and wisdom to direct us in all our ways, that we may praise and glorify thy most holy name, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, thy great gift to the poor and needy!

Well, to proceed with my narrative: after my month's engagement, I was pressed by many to continue; and I felt a spiritual union to some of the people, especially to some poor old women, godly women, deceased and gone the way of all the earth since I have been here. Old Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Bradley, and some others, both men and women, now living. Nevertheless, I felt persuaded that many of the people did not enter into the drift and spirit of my preaching; even some of those who pressed me, week after week, to continue. And for some long time I could not, and would not give them any answer. And it is now evident that most of those persons who incessantly pressed me to continue, did not receive my preaching in life, love, spirit and power, though they consented to it. But I being a new man, the chapel, for a time, was tolerably well filled; and perhaps, poor creatures, that pleased and satisfied them more than my preaching. Nevertheless, I must confess that they all treated me very kindly for some time, and supported me to the best of their ability. And I cannot charge myself with doing them any injury or unkindness. I preached according to the ability God gave me; and some were added to the church. But the Saviour saith, "It is impossible but that offences will come; and I certainly did bear with many things, and put up with many things being determined not to give offence wilfully. But O, if we preach Christ, and Christ only, as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption; Christ, all and in all, and the poor creature nothing at all. "Offences will come;" the poor creature cannot bear to be made nothing; God made the world out of nothing, and will reduce all things to nothing again, except himself; and we must be reduced to nothing in ourselves before we can be made anything in Christ, because Christ and his people are a new creation, and God's holy essence is in that creation; "God in Christ, and Christ in

God, and we in both Father and the Son, made perfect in one;" in one God everlasting. Thus, all out of God in Christ at last, will be found nothing but *sin*, and sin is of the devil; and he hath nothing in Christ. Still old proud Mr. Satan would be something very great; and Satan's work in our proud fallen nature is to make us something great. But God's work in us is to reduce us to nothing in ourselves. Hear! hear what the Spirit-taught Paul saith, "Though I be the chief apostle, I be nothing." Therefore, by nature we are nothing but sin in ourselves; "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." And, in and of myself, I have done no good thing acceptable to God. No; and not from my natural birth to this very day. And I feel persuaded that until the grim angel death is commissioned to hurl his dart at my vile and deceitful heart, and deprive me of this mortal life, I cannot be freed from the plague within. Nothing but death's dart will let the bag of poison, or sin, out of my vile flesh.

"Unclean! unclean! and full of sin,  
From first to last, O Lord, I've been,  
Deceitful is my heart;  
Guilt presses down my burdened soul,  
But Jesus can those waves control,  
And bid my fears depart."

Sin has polluted all the old creation into which the serpent entered at the fall of man; and God, who made the world out of nothing, will ultimately reduce it to nothing again, by fire, and burn sin out of it; so that the old serpent, at last, will have no place, hole, or corner to hide his head; and sin and the serpent finally sink to their own place—hell! And then there will be nothing left but sin, which is of the devil. O wicked sinner! you that live in sin, delight in sin, and secretly or openly go on in sin, where will you be found at last, but with the devil and his angels? You may be something here, something great, something fashionable in the world, something great in the visible church and in the eyes of men, something great in a pulpit, something in your own thoughts and in your own esteem, and in the esteem of rich and great men. But it is only old creation glory without a new creation glory in Christ Jesus; you are cheated by the devil, and at last will be found to be nothing but sin when stripped naked of all your glory and turned into hell.

"For if a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Gal. vi. 3. O, to be ignorant of our own ignorance, is gross darkness. Self-deception, or thinking ourselves something when we be nothing, is one of Satan's strong and pleasing delusions; a delusion of Satan, which none can escape but those who are born again and taught of God, and by him, in this time-state gradually reduced to nothing in themselves. O, it is to be believed that there are thousands who think themselves something who are gone out to teach others, and themselves never taught of God these humbling lessons, who are wise in themselves before they have been made fools; something in themselves but not yet reduced to nothing. But O ye sweet souls,

who are under God's teaching, he will surely bring you to nothing, to say with Paul, "I know nothing by myself;" and, with Bildad, "we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow;" viz., we know nothing of ourselves profitably, only as we are graciously taught by the Spirit of God, "Without charity I am nothing." "God is love," and love is of God, little children. God is the head of Christ, and Christ is the Head of the church; and from him and through him, we receive love, wisdom, sanctification and redemption. And by this wisdom and love of God in Christ, being shed abroad in our hearts, in the new creation, God is crumbling and reducing the old creation to nothing, until there be nothing of us seen in this world, and be raised again to be all seen in Christ and in God; and then Christ will give up the kingdom to the Father, that God may be all in all; and the church of God with and in Christ, their Head, be the fulness of him that " filleth all in all." O beloved, what a blessing it is to be reduced to nothing in ourselves that we may be found with Christ in God, who is all in all.

If there is any good in us, it is the Lord that wrought it in us; and it is the Lord that wrought all our good and good works in us, and still worketh in us who are inwardly labouring, working, and striving against sin in our mortal flesh. All good works, acceptable to God, spring not from the old man, the old creature, or the old creation—but rather from the work of God the Holy Ghost in the new man, the new creature, or the new creation in Christ Jesus. And thus, even our outward members, that were the willing instruments of sin, are, only by the power of the Spirit working within the soul, made the instruments of righteousness to the praise and glory of God, and not of us. And it is said that God will not forsake the work of his hands." Thus the tongue becomes an instrument of prayer, praise, and godly conversation. The hands become instruments of good works from a holy and living principle within, in relieving and giving alms to the poor and distressed of Christ's flock, from a principle of love within. The feet, also, in walking in the straight paths of truth and righteousness in Christ Jesus, and in all the ordinances of his house, till God shall deliver us from the burden of this flesh, and finally raise us up in the likeness of his risen Son, Jesus Christ, when nothing shall be left behind but sin; and that will then all be found only in satan and the wicked, who will be all sin; and whoever they be that are found not in Christ, will be left out of Christ, and out of the glorious presence of God, and that will be hell wherever it may be.

Well, you see I have again broke the thread of my narrative; but I hope it may not be found unprofitable, perhaps it may be found better than writing so much about my silly vile self, and the silliness of other poor creatures, as silly as myself. But the above is a part of the substance of what I preached, and still preach; but poor creatures, it appears they could not all of them, enter into the drift of it, or perhaps did not like to be reduced to nothing. Poor dear souls, it appears those who had the life and love of God in them, had been so tossed about by changes in the ministry, and other distressing circumstances, that they hardly knew what to receive or what to

believe. However, there was a gathering together under my preaching, and some additions made to the church, and some joy of faith among many precious souls. For you must be told, that there were some precious souls, the excellent of the earth, among the people, who had not altogether forgotten the savour of the honourable and indefatigable Hardy's ministry, though they as a people were much shattered and scattered, and some had erept in among them who have since turned out none too good. Well, we went on for a year or two as comfortable as could be expected under all circumstances, but you know some people deal with preachers, as children do with toys, viz., when the gilt and novelty is worn off them, they throw them away, or stamp them under their feet, and cry out for a new one, and so it was with me, for poor creatures, some of them began to be tired of me and my preaching so soon as the novelty was worn off, and began to spy and find fault in both me and my ministrations. Ah, poor creatures, that might soon be done, but I saw ten times more faults in myself than they did, and laboured hard to deliver myself from them, but could not rightly do it, though as Solomon says, "I said I would be wise, but it was far from me." But whether these poor creatures saw their own faults or not, I know not. We should endeavour to keep the weeds down in our own garden, before we cry out against the weeds in our neighbour's garden. Thistles, nettles, weeds, and thorns will rise up out of the earth every spring season of the year, and when the weeds are cropped, and cleared away, a little in our own garden, if we can in love and kindness help our neighbour, let us take it kindly one of another, and admonish one another in love, not in wrath, for wrath kindles wrath, but kindness softens the heart, and love from above melts all into love. "God is love."

When we find ourselves without fault, then we may throw a stone at a poor broken heart self-condemned brother. Old Mr. Satan is full of sin, lies, murder and malice, and yet he will be accusing others, and is called "the accuser of the brethren." Children! mind that you do not learn the bad habits of throwing stones; such are said to be naughty boys; and are sometimes put into the lock up for it: if you go with satan's bad boys, you may learn their bad ways. Doctor Martin Luther said that the devil is our Lord God's hangman, and oftimes the accuser is much worse than the accused, and the hangman worse than those that are hanged by him. Imperious, quarrelsome, railing people, are generally worse than those they rail on, and satan blinds them to their own faults, while looking at the faults of others. Our suffering Jesus was hanged on a tree. Man eat of the forbidden fruit from the tree, on which he ought to have been hanged to death for his sin. But the Lord Jesus took the guilty sinner's place, and was hanged on the tree in lieu of us, to make satisfaction to the divine law, and save us from wrath. And I am sure that they were all guilty sinners, that hanged him on the tree, and crucified the Lord of life and glory, the innocent, harmless Lamb of God. There the innocent died for us poor guilty sinners, and though we may sometimes suffer justly, and be buffeted for our faults, the afflicted (in God's sight) may be more faulty than the afflicted,

though they escape the censure and judgment of men, "God seeth not as man seeth." But if we are to know something of the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, we must not only "be buffeted for our faults," but sometimes suffer for well-doing, as Jesus did. Well, I have preached the gospel of Christ as well as I could, or according to the ability given, and yet I have suffered more from men professing the gospel, than I have from all other men in the world. Something must be wrong, very wrong, among those railing, wrangling preachers, and professors. Lord, set us right. Lord, check us when we are wrong, and cheer us when we are right, that we may praise thee.

It seems very queer, but those who pressed me to continue, week after week, before I could or would give them any answer, those poor creatures were the first to persecute me, and endeavour to hunt me away. But as Paul saith, "those who seemed to be somewhat in conference, added nothing to me," or to my comfort in their conversation. But those who seemed to be nothing in their own esteem, gathered round me, in the time of trouble to strengthen my hands in the work of the Lord. And so we poor nothings gathered together, and are nothing still in ourselves. But though we be nothing in ourselves, we trust that we have found something. We have found him "of whom Moses and the prophets did write." One dear Jesus, this *one*, with all the little nothings, little round O's and noughts placed on the right hand of the *one*, makes a considerable something, and a number that no man can number, and a something that he cares for, as numerical facts of himself. And now, after some wild atoms which hath cleared the air, we seem to breathe more freely, and the Lord has increased our numbers in the church, and our joy is increased in the Lord, and we think no church, considering straits and common afflictions, enjoy more peace and unity than we do now. May the Lord continue it, and prepare us for his church above, and for all coming storms.

I hardly know what induced me to write this, and if not found profitable, I desire to leave it for the present, though I have not yet scarcely entered upon the narrative, that I thought of writing; and perhaps I had better leave it, and especially, if it be likely to injure the minds of any friends, or even the minds of my enemies. For we are commanded to "give no offence either to the Jew or Gentile, neither to the Church of God." And Jesus, lest he should give offence to the civil authorities, and the tax gatherer, told Peter to cast a hook into the sea, and in the fish's mouth found a piece of money to pay the tax for him and Peter. Therefore why should I willfully give offence to any?

Well now, I would not desire to vex, grieve, or injure neither my friends, nor my enemies, nor my persecutors. But rather, if it were God's will, be the instrument of bringing back any of Christ's poor strayed sheep to his fold again. Look over and forgive all injuries done to me, and crave forgiveness of any one that I may have unwillingly injured. Neither would I wish knowingly to write a sentence that is not true, in this narration, and must here correct the mistake of the press. It was at the Three Crowns where I first lodged when I came in, in the night, not the Three Cranes. If I thought this would be profitable, I could continue it, but perhaps it will be

best to write it, and leave it behind me to be printed in a pamphlet, when my poor body and bones are decaying under the green turf.

Great grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, March 29, 1850.

## The Law and the Gospel.

It is supposed that some christians lose much comfort for the want of a clear distinction between the acts of faith and the deeds of the law. And if the Editor thinks the following in any way calculated for the confirming of the faith of God's lambs, in Zion's fold, they are at his disposal.

The law was added because of sin, and by it is the knowledge of sin. It is the ministration of death; and by it no flesh living can be justified. It demands holiness; and man is carnal, sold under sin. It demands perfect obedience; but affords no power to fulfil. It curses to the thought, and cannot justify for the best action. Israel was under it as a covenant of works, but received nothing from it but curses; every attempt to succeed spiritually proved a failure, through the weakness of the flesh. But when they lost sight of it, and their own good works under it; and by faith went forth in the name of the Lord, they always succeeded, bowever strong their enemy, or weak their own power. Their duty was always counteracted by some sin or other, consequently condemned; but faith is counted for righteousness, and thus only they succeeded. When their eyes were up to their God, their enemies fell before them; for God is always on the side of faith with justification; but the law applied to works always brings condemnation. "The just shall live by faith; but by the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." All works done under the law is sin; for what is not of faith is sin, and faith is not of the law, but is the gift of God. And law is not of faith, but a covenant of works; and no man can serve two masters, he must either love one and hate the other, or despise one and hold to the other." Salvation is not, neither can be, both by works and grace, or by law and gospel; the son of the bondwoman must not be seen with the son of the freewoman; there must be no masters in heaven, nor bastards in the church of the firstborn; but if the law conceived by the gospel, or the gospel conceived by the law, the offspring would certainly be a monster, or some unproportioned thing or other, that would frighten every spiritual beholder; yea, it would be the most miserable object that could ever exist; yea, I fear not to say it would be a more inconsistent, frightful object than a devil; for, by this union, if it could possibly be, and which some persons are trying to produce, we should see life and death, condemnation and justification, curses and blessings, darkness and light, in the same object; and this would be more inconsistent than a devil; because it would be capable of evil, or gratified with anything; whereas satan is capable of mischief and pleased with it. Salvation then cannot be by a union of law and gospel, although it must be in accordance with both, yet it can only be by one; and Paul says, it must be either by works or of grace; for "if it is of works then it is no more of grace, and if of grace, then it is no more of

works." The distinction then arises here : those who are left in their sin, are left under the law ; and those who are quickened by the Spirit, are brought under the gospel. Here legal obedience drops its hold of the law, and the hand of faith in the gospel takes hold of Christ ; and the peaceful fruit of righteousness yielded thereby becomes their delight. This grace brings all believers into the kingdom and love of God ; and they can say, from heart-felt experience, " I delight to do thy will ; yea, thy law is within my heart : " and with their Lord they can say, " I have meat to eat that ye know not of." For now their comfort, health and life is to do their Father's will ; the law of love is in their heart, and their delight is to depart from evil. Thus they receive the gift of God and become partakers of eternal life ; these are new creatures in Christ by adoption's appointment and faith's evidence ; they are wise in the Lord unto salvation ; strong in the Lord by the power of his might ; they worshipped God in the spirit, with no confidence in the flesh ; if these hold their peace, their shoes would cry out ; they are delivered from death and brought into life ; freed from bondage and brought into liberty ; saved from sin and invested with righteousness ; made " heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ ; " yea, made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Thus, " the elect have obtained it, and the rest are blinded ; " for " it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy."

JOHN CORBITT.

### James Pennington, the Fugitive Blacksmith.

(Concluded from page 42.)

We left friend Pennington safe enough in the quaker's house last February ; and for two months could get no more tidings of him. Some of our readers have been exceedingly anxious about him ; and we have been quite as anxious to complete our task. But, we cannot occupy much room with it, having many claims upon our few small pages. Pennington was six months concealed in the quaker's family, where he was employed in splitting wood ; and where he learned to read and to write. One sketch in this part of his history must suffice. As regards the state of his mind, he here says :—

" Up to this time, I recollected to have seen one copy of the New Testament, but the entire Bible I had never seen, and had never heard of the patriarchs, or of the Lord Jesus Christ. I recollected to have heard two sermons, but had heard no mention in them of Christ, or the way of life by him. It is quite easy to imagine, then, what was the state of my mind, having been reared in total moral midnight ; it was a sad picture of mental and spiritual darkness.

" As my friend poured light into my mind, I saw the darkness ; it amazed and grieved me beyond description. Sometimes I sank down under the load, and became discouraged. Often have I regretted that the six months I spent in the family of W. W., could not have been six years. The danger of recapture, however, rendered it imprudent that I should remain longer ; in the month of March, while the ground was covered with snow, I left the bosom of this excel-

lent family, and went forth once more among strangers.

" About a month previous to leaving the house of W. W., a small circumstance occurred one evening, which I only name to shew the harassing fears and dread in which I lived during most of the time I was there. One night about nine o'clock, after I had gone to bed, [my lodging being just over the room in which W. W. and his wife were sitting,] I heard the door open and a voice ask, ' Where is the boy ? ' The voice sounded to me like the voice of my old master ; I was sure it must be his. I listened for a moment—it seemed to be silent ; I heard nothing, and then it seemed to me there was a confusion. There was a window at the head of my bed. I quickly opened this window and waited in a perfect tremour of dread for further development. There was a door at the foot of the stairs ; as I heard that door open, I sprang for the window, and my head was just out, when the gentle voice of my friend W. W. said, ' James ? ' [If W. W. had ascended the stairs without calling, I should certainly have jumped out of the window.] ' My brother has come, and he would like to have thee put up his horse.' I drew a breath of relief, but my strength and presence of mind did not return for some hours. I slept none that night ; for a moment I could doze away, but the voice would sound in my ears, ' Where is that boy ? ' and it would seem to me it must be the tyrant in quest of his weary prey, and would find myself starting again.

" From that time the agitation of my mind became so great that I could not feel myself safe. Every day seemed to increase my fear, till I was unfit for work, study or rest. My friend endeavoured, but in vain, to get me to stay a week longer.

" On leaving W. W., I wended my way in deep sorrow and melancholy, onward towards Philadelphia, and after travelling two days and a night, I found shelter and employ in the family of J. K., another member of the Society of Friends, a farmer.

" The religious atmosphere in this family was excellent. Mrs. K. gave me the first copy of the Holy Scriptures I ever possessed, she also gave me much excellent counsel. She was a preacher in the Society of Friends ; this occasioned her with her husband to be much of their time from home. This left the charge of the farm upon me, and besides put it out of their power to render me that aid in my studies which my former friend had. I, however, kept myself closely concealed, by confining myself to the limits of the farm, and using all my leisure time in study. This place was more secluded, and I felt less of dread and fear of discovery than I had before, and although seriously embarrassed for want of an instructor, I realised some pleasure and profit in my studies. I felt also a fondness for reading the Bible, and committing chapters and verses of hymns to memory. Often on the Sabbath, when alone in the barn, I would break the monotony of the hours by endeavouring to speak as if I was addressing an audience. My mind was constantly struggling for thoughts, and I was still more grieved and alarmed at its barrenness ; I found it gradually freed from the darkness entailed by slavery, but I was deeply and anxiously concerned how I should fill it with useful knowledge. I had a few books and no tutor.

" In this way I spent seven months with J. K.,

and should have continued longer, agreeably to his earnest solicitation, but I felt that life was fast wearing, and that as I was now free, I must adventure in search of knowledge.

"Passing through Philadelphia, I went to New York, and in a short time found employ on Long Island, near the city. At this time the state of things was extremely critical in New York. In the city it was a daily occurrence for slaveholders from the southern states to catch their slaves and take them back. I often felt serious apprehensions of danger.

"Up to this time it had never occurred to me that I was a slave in another and more serious sense. All my serious impressions of mind had been with reference to the slavery from which I had escaped.

"In the spring of 1829, I found my mind unusually perplexed about the state of the slave. I began to contrast my condition with that of ten brothers and sisters I had left in slavery. The theme was more powerful than any my mind had ever encountered before. It entered into the deep chambers of my soul, and stirred the most agitating emotions I had ever felt. It was while engaged thus that my attention was seriously drawn to the fact that I was a lost sinner and a slave to Satan; and soon I saw that I must make another escape from another tyrant. I now saw that while man had been injuring me, I had been offending God. I distinctly remember that I felt the need of the sympathy of God, in behalf of my enslaved brethren; but I felt myself alienated from him by wicked works. I felt I needed the powerful aid of some in my behalf with God, just as much as I did that of my dear friend in Pennsylvania, when flying from man. 'If one man sin against another, the judge shall judge him, but if a man sin against God, who shall entreat for him?'

"Day after day, for about two weeks I found myself more deeply convicted of personal guilt before God. My heart, soul and body were in the greatest distress; I thought of neither food, drink or rest for days and nights together. Burning with the recollection of the wrongs man had done me—mourning for the injuries my brethren were still enduring, and deeply convicted of the guilt of my own sins against God. One evening, in the third week of the struggle, while alone in my chamber, and after solemn reflection for several hours, I concluded that I could never be happy. I was then living in the family of an Elder of the Presbyterian Church. I had not made known my feelings to any one, either in the family or out of it; and I did not suppose that any one had discovered my feelings. To my surprise, however, I found that the family had not only been aware of my state for several days, but were deeply anxious on my behalf. The following Sabbath Dr. Cox was on a visit in Brooklyn to preach, and was a guest in the family; hearing of my case, he expressed a wish to converse with me, and without knowing the plan, I was invited into a room and left alone with him. He entered skilfully and kindly into my feelings, and after considerable conversation he invited me to attend his service that afternoon. I did so, and was deeply interested.

"Without detaining the reader with too many particulars, I will only state that I heard the doctor once or twice after this, at his own place of worship in New York City, and had several per-

sonal interviews with him, as the result of which, I hope I was brought to a saving acquaintance with Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write; and soon connected myself with the church under his pastoral care.

"I now returned with all my renewed powers to the great theme—slavery. Many, many lonely hours of deep meditation have I passed during the year 1828 and 1829, before the great anti-slavery movement, on the questions, What shall I do for the slave? How shall I act so that he will reap the benefit of my time and talents?

"Walking the street one day, I met a friend, who said to me, 'I have just had an application to supply a teacher for a school, and I have recommended you.' I said, 'My dear friend, I am obliged to you for the kindness; but I fear I cannot sustain an examination for that station.' 'Oh,' said he, 'try.' I said, 'I will; and we separated. Two weeks afterwards I met the trustees of the school, was examined, accepted and agreed with them for a salary of two hundred dollars per annum; commenced my school, and succeeded. This was five years, three months, and thirteen days after I came from the South.

"As the events of my life since that have been of a public professional nature, I will say no more about it. My object in writing this tract is now completed. It has been to shew the reader the hand of God with a slave; and to elicit your sympathy in behalf of the fugitive slave, by shewing some of the untold dangers and hardships through which he has to pass to gain liberty, and how much he needs friends on free soil."

## LINES

*On the Death of Elizabeth Benning, the beloved wife of Mr. Horsley, the much esteemed Baptist Minister of Burgh, Lincoln.*

SHE has pass'd—and the question,  
Oh! where has she gone?  
May sweetly be answer'd,  
To dwell near the throne.  
The throne of her Saviour,  
On whom she relied;  
Who caught her wrapt spirit,  
That moment she died.  
And shall we e'er murmur  
That God, in his time,  
Hath call'd our lov'd sister,  
In glory to shine?  
Deep, deep was the river,  
Its swellings were high;  
But she fear'd not the tempest,  
For Jesus was nigh.  
By faith she beheld him,  
And why should we weep?  
Her spirit's in heav'n  
Her dust will but sleep.  
In slumbers unbroken,  
Until that blest morn,  
When the Godhead himself  
Will her ashes adorn.  
In a body disrob'd  
Of the vestments of earth,  
And clad in white raiment,  
Denoting her birth.  
Not into this low land  
Of sorrow and pain;  
But her birth-day in heav'n  
For ever to reign.—SUSANNA.

## WHO ARE ENGLAND'S FAITHFUL WATCHMEN ? WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY DOING ?

(Continued from p. 87.)

My notices of some of the Watchmen have not been generally acceptable. A correspondent says—"People say—ah, people of truth, too—some that are even friendly to the *Vessel*—[Why are there any persons unfriendly to the *Vessel*?]—that some ministers write to the Editor of the *Vessel* to be praised and applauded by him."

I do not think for a moment that I shall escape censure from some quarters, let me do, or insert what I may. I fully believe that notices of this kind are calculated to be encouraging and edifying, not only at the present time, but for ages to come. The *EARTHEN VESSEL* is bound up in volumes; and by and bye, when my head and hands are mouldering in the dust, many of these accounts of the Lord's servants—their exercises—their sorrows—their triumphs—their views—and their usefulness—will be read by a multitude of ministers and believers yet unborn; and I feel persuaded the Lord will make my feeble efforts a blessing to many generations.

While, therefore, I am thankful for any suggestions that may be offered me, yet, I hope I shall not be moved by the jealous bickerings, or hard speeches of some who are fond of finding fault.

My one only object is, to treasure up in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* such matters as I hope GOD will own and bless to the well-being of such parts of his Zion as may peruse the same. And in this vocation, I would fain be like the little bee, of whom Watts says—

"She gathers honey all the day  
From every opening flower."

Turning from these things, I now wish to furnish my readers with a few more notices of some of our *FAITHFUL WATCHMEN*. But, I must first tell you that I have been reading

### Mr. James Sherman's Charge to the Hon. Baptist W. Noel.

And although that Charge is deficient in some points, and erroneous in others, yet there are some useful matters therein contained—and a few of these useful matters I have here gathered out; and if you read them with as much pleasure as I did, you will not be angry with me for placing them here.

In the former part of the Charge, Mr. Sherman said—

"Christ crucified is God's grand ordinance for the edification of the church and the conversion of sinners. And God is jealous of his authority and of the honour of his Son Jesus; nor will he condescend to bless any method for such divine ends but that which he himself has prescribed. Therefore, brother, preach the Lord Jesus,—

preach him in the glorious dignity of his Person—in the fulness of his mediatorial qualification—in the perfection of his atonement—in the suitableness of his salvation—in the freeness of his precious promises—in the beauty and perfection of his example—in the power and prevalency of his intercession, and in the coming glories of his kingdom."

"Such preaching God the Spirit will own with large measures of success. The history of the church has proved this beyond all controversy. The apostolic ministry of Christ, like the sacred fire, never went out. Wickliffe began the Reformation by substituting the all-sufficiency of Christ for Romish ceremonies. Luther moved Germany to its very centre, by sweeping away the rubbish with which the papistry had encumbered truth, and exhibiting to an admiring world justification by faith alone in the righteousness of Christ. The Moravians won the hearts of the Esquimaux, by telling them that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' Whitfield went forth through the length and breadth of the land, proclaiming in the pulpit of a cathedral, or of a parish church, if he could get one, or under the shade of a tree, or on a horse-block in the market-place, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;' and multitudes listened, wept, prayed, and cried for mercy to God. Whitfield tells us, in one of his letters, that a thousand notes were sent to him on one Sabbath, when he preached in Moorfields, entreating him to pray for souls in distress about their guilty condition, that they might find the pardon and peace of the Gospel. And let the ministry of the men be canvassed, who, in later times, were, or in modern days, are, most successful in winning souls; and this feature marks their ministrations—a richness and fullness of evangelical truth; illustrating what our Lord declared, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'

"So then, dear brother, preach Christ fully. Be not shy of that which others abuse. This Divine cordial must not be weakened. Give this wine to them that are of sorrowful spirits, and this strong drink to them that are ready to perish, undiluted, fearless of consequences. Many, through dread of Antinomianism, have so weakened the full consolations of the Gospel, by guarding and explaining them, that they have become 'another gospel,' and every one hesitated to receive it. Be impressed with what one has quaintly, but truthfully observed, 'That is a poor gospel which cannot guard itself.'

"And bear with me if I say, what subject my beloved brother, should be so precious

to yourself as Christ? His very name will surely be to you, as Bernard describes it, 'honey in the mouth, music in the ear, and a jubilee in the heart.' He loved you, and gave himself for you—he took you, a wanderer, from the world, and put you among his children—he raised you not only to be a Christian, but an ambassador from his court—and he is about to clothe you with white robes, to put a palm-branch of victory in your hand, to place a crown of glory upon your brow that fadeth not away, to seat you on his throne, to make you like him, and keep you near him for ever! O be not a traitor to him—be not ungrateful to him! Forgive me this freedom, but I know your heart responds, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'

I can only give another sentence or two on ministerial labour. To Mr. Noel, the pastor of Surrey Chapel, said:—

"As a minister, you will be the object of Satan's fiercest temptations—the subject of trials peculiar to your work and common to every man. You will have mental and clerical difficulties in the study of the Word,—events that will deeply distress you in your church and congregation,—your robust constitution may sink under exertion and be a prey to disease,—family trials and bereavements may depress your bounding spirit, that now leaps like a hart upon the mountains,—all these, and many more uncouth evils, may crowd upon you like an army, and press you in on every side. To rise superior to them all—to go straight forward with your work, neither turning to the left hand of despair, nor to the right hand of carnal expedients—will require much holy walking with God. That, my brother, will nourish your soul, fill you with faith, joy, and peace, and make you more than conqueror, through him that loved you. Yea more, it will impart an unction and energy to your pulpit ministrations beyond the reach of the loftiest strains of unhallowed oratory; it will cause you to walk on those seas of difficulty which have drowned others, and give a success in the conversion of souls far beyond your most sanguine expectations.

"Dear brother, you may not have long to live. Your present state of health and activity gives promise that length of days and long life shall be added to all the mercies with which God has so signally favoured you; but as some of the most robust have yielded to the powers of sickness, and entered the grave in the midst of vigour and usefulness—so may you. And with this possibility before you, gather as many souls to Christ as you can while you have health. Newton tells us, in his life of Grimshaw, that the apostolic man preached fourteen times in each of those weeks which he called his idle weeks,

and thirty times in each of his busy weeks. The biographer of Chrysostom describes the labours of that mighty preacher to be almost Herculean. He delivered one hundred and eighty-six lectures to his students, and two hundred and eighty-seven sermons to the congregation, every year, besides sitting in the presbytery every Thursday, attending to the multiplied claims of foreign correspondence, of cases of conscience, and of the affairs of state. I presume not to dictate: circumstances, as they arise, can only show you the path of duty; but do not listen to every friend who whispers in your ear, 'Master, spare thyself,' and predicts that your labours will hurry you to an untimely grave. From lengthened observation I have not been able to discover, that the ministers who take such special care of themselves live longer than others; an average of lives engaged in the same work, would give the larger proportion of years to the industrious hard-working servants of Christ."

#### The Honour God puts upon the Gates of Zion, by J. E. Bloomfield.

JOHN EDGAR BLOOMFIELD, the present pastor of Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, is a young, but promising minister of the everlasting Gospel. I speak of men according to the evidences which their position and usefulness in the churches afford. I have no desire to flatter them; but I do desire to exhibit the goodness and the grace of God in giving the churches a constant supply of zealous, warm-hearted, devoted, and faithful men, whose labours are honoured and rendered successful, in the building up and comforting of his dear blood-bought Zion. And, to my mind, it is an exceedingly gratifying feature in Mr. Bloomfield's character, that he should have been enabled to maintain his standing as a sound Gospel preacher, and as a much beloved pastor, in the highly aristocratic and fashionable town of Cheltenham. I shall subjoin a few facts gathered from a letter written by himself, and which is now before me; and then close up this brief notice of him, by inserting a short epistle on the nature and benefit of Gospel Ordinances. The letter referred to, reads as follows:—

"Before I came to Cheltenham, the cause of God and truth was in a very low and dull state: there were but few people attending the chapel; and those that did attend, were in a lifeless state. The chapel is a plain, clean, and neat place of worship, free of any debt or incumbrance; it has a large vestry and a small endowment for the minister; but that is given up by the present pastor for the incidental expences of the place; so that the minister is supported not by a fixed salary; not by an endowment, as many people have supposed; but entirely by the voluntary contributions of the people. I was offered a fixed income, but I refused, desiring voluntary contributions, thinking I should be better able to judge if my ministry was accept-



able to the Lord's people. The last Lord's-day in July, 1844, I entered Bethel Chapel to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Having been blessed under Mr. Wells's ministry, when he was preaching sometime before at Ipswich, he took interest in my welfare. The Cheltenham people were destitute; they enquired of Mr. Wells if he knew of a minister that would be likely [under the Lord] to suit them. He answered, at first, 'No; he did not:' but afterwards thought of me. I was then supplying at Winstowe, Stoneham, Ipswich, and other places in Suffolk. He made an engagement that I should supply their pulpit for one month. On the last Sunday in July, 1844, I preached in trembling, weakness, and fear, my first sermon. The people heard gladly; and having obtained help of the Lord, I continue unto this day. The church then was small; and a decrease had taken place before this time. Now we are an increasing church; and what is better still, I do solemnly believe we are highly blessed with spirituality, peace, truth, and soul prosperity. We have some before the church every quarter; and many have been the seasons of refreshing while listening to the dealings of the Lord with the people. Lately, great power seems to have attended the Word. Oftentimes, notwithstanding the large measure of prosperity and peace we have enjoyed, I have wanted [in my own mind] to leave; and have had some very flesh-pleasing offers; but I cannot leave while souls are comforted, while the preached truth is blessed, and while sinners are called by efficacious grace. I think we have much to be thankful for as a church, and I do believe, that our members, and deacons especially, are grateful. Our chapel is crowded every Sunday-evening; and last Lord's-day evening the aisles were filled: I cannot tell how long this will last; the Lord only knows that; but I desire more than ever to live to him; to feel my own nothingness; to feel my dependence on the light and power of the Holy Ghost. My poor '*Christian Companion*,' has been blessed most remarkably in different parts of England to the comfort and deliverance of the Lord's people; and the Lord has moved some, in an astonishing manner, to help me in times of need, in temporal things; having received [through me, the instrument in God's hands,] spiritual light, life, power, and consolation. The Lord be praised! The deliverances I have had in this way no one would credit unless they had experienced a measure of it in themselves. Oh, how gracious has the dear Lord been to me! I am at a loss to tell of his great goodness to a sinner so fallen, so rebellious, and depraved—to me, a worthless worm of the earth!

"My visits in preaching have been much blessed, according to accounts I have received, in Suffolk, in Manchester, in Gloucestershire, and greatly in London."

The following, from the pen of Mr. Bloomfield, is worthy of deep reflection:—

There are times of rejoicing, as well as times of sorrow, for the bride the Lamb's wife. When Christ manifests his presence, his person, love, and blood—when he visits in mercy his redeemed people, then there is spiritually "a feasting on the fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." There is no mourn-

ing then, for "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn when the bridegroom is with them?" "Their weeping is turned into laughing," like people who have passed the winter's snows, winds, and frosts, into the light, life, warmth and fruitfulness of summer. "A time of singing of birds is then come." "I am not," says one, "a singing bird; I am a mourning dove," if a dove at all. I am "like a sparrow upon the house top, or like a pelican in the desert." But stop, poor trembling soul, don't write such bitter things against thyself. Are there no times when, like the early singing lark, you are ascending upward in your affections, hopes, and desires, towards the Sun? Are there no seasons when you hear the heavenly Bridegroom's voice?—when you feast in his august presence, and when you enjoy the ordinances of his house? "Ordinances of his house?" say you, "they can do me no good; I want the substance, not the shadow; I want the babe Jesus, not the swaddling clothes." But stay! stay! you are more than tainted with the complaint that my deacons tell me I have; that is, you are too fast. Let us see if there is not about the indifference you manifest to ordinances, or means of grace, a deal of wrong-headedness, and what is a thousand times worse, wrong-heartedness. Is this honouring to the dear Redeemer? Does this come of the deep heart-felt teaching of the infallible teacher, the Holy Ghost? I think not. While we would not be found making a God of the means, we desire to value them, believing them to be the porches in which "lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the waters." John v. 3. When we despise, neglect, or lightly esteem God's ordinances, we are guilty of rebellion against the King of Zion; and in experience we prove, the rebellious dwell in a dry land; no heavenly dew, no divine power, no nearness to Jesus enjoyed. Every man taught of the Holy Ghost knows that no preaching can touch the heart, comfort the soul, liberate the enslaved, heal the wounded, strengthen the weak, enlighten the dark, or bring tenderness to the conscience, unless the Holy Ghost preach his own truth himself to the mind. This the ministers of God feel, and thereby prove their sufficiency is of God. But is the preaching of the everlasting and discriminating truths of the gospel of Christ to be despised because the ministers of the distinguishing doctrines of truth have not power to bring the dew, the light, and the blessing of God on the truths preached? Do you think the man whose eyes were opened by Christ with the clay, despised the means the Lord used? And does not the Lord often make use of his ministers, who are nothing but lumps of corrupt earth, as instruments to open the eyes of the blind? Many people, being puffed up in their fleshly minds, have dared to think lightly

of prayer meetings; but how many there are of the real saints of God that have enjoyed the presence of the King and found them banqueting times, when the banner of eternal, unchangeable, and sovereign love has been unfurled. While some man of God has been publicly breathing, crying and panting after God, while he has been stammering out the feelings and desires of his trembling soul, many of the Lord's disconsolate ones have been, through grace, enabled to sing for joy. "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Paul exhorted some in his day "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together after the manner of some"—the disciples of Christ met with one accord in one place, to pray and wait for the descent of the Holy Ghost upon them. Some will say, "Ah, they met together in Christ, in the truth, and in the love and atonement of Christ." This is all true; but they met in one place for prayer, and there had a most blessed prayer meeting. We know that no ordinances can save the soul, they were never intended for that—they are the channels in which the living water sometimes flows; they are the pipes through which the oil runs; the shell in which the seeking soul finds nuts of sweetness; the pole on which, at times, bunches of grapes from Canaan are found. We must remember that forms are of use so long as they are channels of communication from God, and an expression of inward vital spirit towards God. If we idolise the means, God will shew us that it is not this or that form which saves the soul. Nothing short of the precious blood and perfect righteousness of Christ can deliver the soul from the wrath to come, or from the love and dominion of sin. The serpent of brass was the form through which health and cure came to the looking Israelites. Afterwards they worshipped the serpent of brass, and burnt incense to it. Then that must be destroyed. 2 Kings xviii. 4. Desiring the welfare of God's living people, the peace and prosperity of all the churches of Christ, I am still the chiefest of all sinners and the least of all saints,

J. E. BLOOMFIELD.

5, Northfield Terrace, Cheltenham.

#### Mr. John Foreman, standing in the Realization of New Covenant Blessings and Gospel Promises.

THE happy tidings which are annexed to this brief notice, brought to my mind, two sacred and beautiful Scriptures; both of which have been richly enjoyed by that highly honoured servant of God, JOHN FOREMAN. The first is—"They shall prosper that love thee." In the fullest sense of the word, has Mr. Foreman realised this prosperity. By the grace of our God, he has maintained a standing in the church for many years: and in the conversion of sinners—in the edification of saints—in the formation of churches—in the sending forth of ministers—in the proclamation of sound gospel truth—and in the assisting pastors

and their people, on anniversary occasions, no man's labours have been *more* abundant or successful, than have Mr. Foreman's. The wisdom, the grace, the mercy, the power, and the faithfulness of God are wonderfully displayed in the raising up, holding up, and rendering increasingly useful such a man as this. Without flattery, we say, it well becomes the church to be thankful unto her glorious Head for such a faithful witness; and sure I am that our brother must often be humbled in gratitude and praise at the dear Redeemer's feet, for mercies so amazing and perpetual. Still, he is not an angel; but a man: and as such feels and finds infirmities, darknesses, temptations, and crosses—the common lot of all the heaven-bound pilgrims here. Decision—is a prominent feature in his character: if he believes a man in the ministry to be honest and clean, John Foreman is that man's friend: but—if otherwise, no minister is harder to be won.

Secondly—"The promise is unto you, and to your children, even to as many as the Lord your God shall call." The following communication from our brother Holmes blessedly proves Mr. Foreman's realization of both the Scriptures we have referred to:—

"Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square. On Lord's Day, March 31st, brother Foreman baptised six persons, who, before the assembled church, had witnessed to the mighty operation of the Spirit of God on their souls; producing repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. One of them is our dear pastor's eldest daughter, and a seal to his ministry. Our brother's text on the occasion was "If ye love me, keep my commandments." We had a numerous and attentive congregation, and a solemn and instructive exposition of the words of our Lord. Speaking of the commission given to the apostles, it was asked,\* why did not the Lord explain what he meant by the term gospel; and why did he not specify who were the proper subjects for baptism and the mode in which believers should be baptized? Because the disciples were already taught by their Lord, in his ministry, the gospel of the kingdom; and because they had administered in his presence the ordinance of baptism, and were fully aware of the right mode, and the proper subjects, from the sanction given to their practice by their Lord himself. And after his ascension, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, they still continued to do the same, proving that they had made no mistake, but had fully understood, and properly carried out the Lord's will in this matter. On Lord's Day, April 7th, fourteen persons received the right hand of fellowship, and were added to the church: it was a solemn and precious opportunity; the Lord was present to bless and heal; and as a church we have occasion to say, 'What hath God wrought?' surely 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.'

W. H."

#### James Haffenden on Zion's Prosperity.

THE county of Kent, on account of its natural beauty has been called, *the garden of England*; but as regards its spiritual fruitfulness, it is in many parts a very barren soil. WILLIAM HUNT-

\* Alluding to "Keseph's" blasphemous assertion that the apostles were mistaken, when they practised believer's baptism in water.

INGTON was a Kentish lad, and the editor of this work has thousands of times walked through "the great ball field," in Cranbrook, where William Huntington robbed the poor soldier boy of his loaf. ISAAC BEEMAN, a close follower and true disciple of Huntington, was originally an humble and quiet member of the old Baptist Church in Cranbrook, over whom the venerable GEORGE STONEHOUSE was then pastor: there have been two George Stonehouses, since then, in the ministry; the grandson of Isaac Beeman's old pastor, is settled somewhere in England now, if not recently removed home. Well, Isaac Beeman for forty years was a most devoted, godly, and useful minister of Jesus Christ in the very heart of the Weald of Kent; but since his departure from this world of sorrow, his people have been driven hither and thither; WILLIAM BIRCH, who now preaches the gospel of Christ, at Staplehurst, near Maidstone, in Kent, was one of Mr. Beeman's children in the faith; and William Birch is, I believe, a very faithful servant of God. At Ashford, too, in the same county, [my native place,] there was a dear man by the name of TAPPENDIX, who, in his own school did, for years, sweetly lift up the name of our most glorious Lord. But Huntington, Beeman, Tappenden and many others, have passed off the stage of time; their souls are in glory; their bodies moulder in the dust. Ministers must die; I may add, it is a mercy they must; for, truly, unto a sincere servant of Christ, although his position here is a most glorious and valuable one,—still, many and deep will be his sorrows and his sighs. He walks amidst a mass of people, professing godliness; but the image and spirit of Christ he can but seldom find. The Saviour said, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham;" even so is he able, out of the ruins of the fall, to raise up ministers for his church; this he has continued to do; and will down to the end.

James Haffenden, [a descendant of the celebrated Haffenden, of Bethersden,] is now by God's grace, raised up in that part of our little island, as a clean and faithful witness for God and truth. We do indeed rejoice to know that the Lord is working by him; as the following brief epistle goes to prove. Mr. Haffenden says:—

"As I am convinced you love to hear of the welfare of spiritual Zion, I rejoice to inform you the work of the Lord is going on at Tenterden, where the Master has called me to labour in Word and doctrine, in convincing, saving, and establishing the seed which the Eternal Three in One hath chosen from eternity. He works, and none can let it, though there are many adversaries, and ever will be while the church is in a militant state. The little cause at Jireh is a Particular Baptist one. The place is small, but is filled to overflowing; the church numbers about twenty members, who, I am glad to say, dwell together in unity. This is pleasant, at all times, to behold, but especially in these days of contention. May the Lord enable us to hold the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience; and continue that brotherly love in which we began, and through grace continue to walk. Brother Charles Smith, now in London, some years ago, planted the cause at Tenterden. Salem Chapel was built while he was there, and the chureb flourished; but after the Lord removed him to Tring, one explosion after another

took place; the Lord's flock was scattered; the chapel sold to the Church of England party, and converted into a school; thus that portion of the vineyard was laid waste, and Jerusalem's walls were in ruins. Nevertheless, a small remnant remained and clung together. The present little place was built, and the congregation gradually increased. I preached occasionally to them about two years, and for one year steadily; at the expiration of which the church [twelve only then in number,] gave me a call to be their pastor; and brother Foreman, with others, ordained me two years ago; since which time we have progressed beyond our expectations; the Lord showers blessings on his little hill; for which you will, I believe, join with us in praising him, for unto him be all the glory; that Jesus may be exalted; and his poor and distressed people comforted and edified, is the sincere prayer of one of the chiefest of sinners and the least of saints.

"JAMES HAFFENDEN."

#### Mr. Philip Dickerson on the Tree of Life.

I saw that Philip Dickerson was announced to preach at the East Lane Anniversary; and my mind was disposed to hear if the Lord would speak through him into my soul. I had often heard of Philip Dickerson; and the report, for the most part was good; but some of the run-about professors would try to make me believe that he was only a doctrinal preacher, and one very much under a legal spirit. Philip Dickerson has long been in the ministry. I am told he was originally a farming labourer; but he is now, and has been for many years, the highly esteemed pastor of the Baptist Church in Little Alie Street, Goodman's Fields; where, in much holy peace, and real prosperity, he stands as an honest servant of the living God.

On the morning referred to—(the anniversary at East Lane, the place where Joseph Swaine was pastor, and with whom this cause first originated,) I went to hear Mr. Dickerson; the venerable and grave looking Mr. Moyll prayed; and then Philip ascended the pulpit. He is a middle-sized man; bald-headed; and looks like one that has studied and thought much; and I found as he preached on, that his mind was well furnished; his memory very retentive; his manner steady, sedate, and becoming; yea, he is what I should call altogether, a good preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and is, no doubt, a man that God has rendered really useful in the work.

He took for his text these words,—"*As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*" Precious text! If I had room, and time to write it out, I would give my readers the substance of the discourse; for it really was as interesting and as pretty a sermon as ever I heard. There are some men who would have gone much deeper into the experimental part of it than our preacher did; and would perhaps have been fired with a little more energy than he was. But I do not think that jumping about in the pulpit—slapping the Bible as hard as you can—and hallooing out so very loud, as some men do, makes the sermon any better, or renders it more profitable to the hearers. Nevertheless, I do love to hear a man when he feels his subject; and, more than

that, I can say, I love to feel it enter with power into my soul, and become like a fiery chariot, taking me up to the throne of God. I can only give my reader a fragment or two, which here follow.

The text shows the general condition of the believer in this world. Affliction, temptation and sorrow cause him to desire a cooling shade, under which he may sit down and rest. The church sat down, and that with delight.

Pre-eminence is here given to the Person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, was higher, larger, and more valuable, so is Christ among the sons. All the inspired penmen give a presidency and a pre-eminence to the Person of Christ. Are ministers compared unto stars?—Christ is “the bright and the morning Star;” yea, he is “THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.” Are the children of God compared unto plants?—Christ is the GREAT PLANT OF RENOWN. An old minister once said, to a son of his, who was just going into the ministry, “John—I hope I shall never see you in the pulpit.” The son was astonished; and told his father that he had thought that would be a source of delight to see him thus useful in the church of God. “John,” said the venerable man, “I mean, I hope you will always so hold up Christ, as that nothing of yourself may be seen. Up with him, John! up with him! Up with him, John! You need never to fear of lifting him up too high.” He is a Saviour, and a great one; a Redeemer, and a mighty one.

I should say, the Bible is more calculated to lead me into idolatry than any other book, if Christ be not God. Yea, I should say, that heaven is full of idolators; and that idolatry is countenanced in heaven, if Christ be not the mighty God as well as the suffering man. But HE is God; “the mighty God; the everlasting Father; the Prince of peace.” He is the King of saints, and is higher than the kings of the earth.

There was in the citron apple not only a most delicious juice, but also the power of healing the bites of scorpions: so, Christ is not only precious to them that believe, but there is a healing, a cleansing virtue in all he is, and has, and does. Speaking of the fruit of this tree, Dr. Gill says,—“It is very good for shortness of breath, and to remove a stinking one; hence the Parthian nobles used to boil the kernels of it in their food for that purpose. ’Tis the presence of Christ and communion with him that can only cure our panting souls when we are wearied, and almost out of breath in seeking him. And ’tis the sweet incense of his mediation that perfumes our prayers, which are the breath of our souls, and which, otherwise, would be so far from being grateful to God, that it would be *strange* unto him. And thus may Christ be compared to a citron apple tree, though perhaps the common apple-tree is here intended.

This tree is the *object* of the believer’s faith. What a wondrous tree! It is called “the Tree of Life, which bare twelve manner of fruits; and yielded her fruit every month. And the leaves were for the healing of the nations.” Christ is full of fruit; every grace is in him and from him. And although thousands and millions have plucked fruit from this Tree, it is still as fruitful and as full as ever.

The text not only points out the *object* of the

believer’s faith; but it also expresses the *act* of faith.—“*I sat down.*” Like as a poor traveller, burdened and weary, finds by the road-side, a large spreading tree; being just ready to faint and die with fatigue, approaches, sits down under the shade and finds refreshing rest; so many times a poor, weary, broken-hearted sinner, finds Christ to be a healing, refreshing, comforting shade to his distressed soul, breaking out in the language of the poet,

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want!”

No one has better described this Tree than Berkeley. He says,

“Come hither, weary soul,  
And drop thy burden here;  
If thou would’st be made whole,  
A blessed tree is near:  
Upon the high-way side it grows,  
And sweetly healeth human woes!”

“It only suits the soil  
Where broken hearts abound;  
Yet visits every isle  
Where gospel-truth is found;  
’Tis planted for the health of man,  
And by a heavenly husbandman.

“Upon the road it stands  
To catch a pilgrim’s eye;  
And spreads its leafy hands  
To beckon strangers nigh:  
Breathes forth a gale of pure delight,  
And charms the humble traveller’s sight.

“Its friendly arms afford  
A screen from heat and blast;  
Its branches well are stor’d  
With fruits of choicest taste;  
And in the leaf kind juices dwell,  
Which sore and sickness quickly heal.

“But stand not gazing on  
The branches of the tree,  
Go under and sit down,  
Or sure it helps not thee;  
There rest thy feet and aching side,  
And in this resting-place abide.”

Mr. Dickerson had many more striking ideas upon the satisfaction, contentment, and delight which the church finds in her Lord; but I cannot farther enlarge. Some day, I hope in “THE BIBLE PREACHER,” to give a sermon or more of his.

#### A Grateful Testimony on the behalf of Mr. James Nunn.

WHAT a variety of deeply interesting objects doth the church of God constantly present to the view of the spiritually thinking mind! There are three things I have seen in Zion which have often made me shed tears of silent joy. They are these: First—A sinner bold and base, brought to bow down at the Redeemer’s feet. Secondly—A fallen brother raised up and re-instated in usefulness and acceptance; and lastly, an hoary-headed saint who has honourably (by grace divine) been preserved in the fear and truth of the Lord.

I was sitting, the other afternoon, in Mr. Gwinell’s Chapel, in Greenwich, on his anniversary day, waiting to hear Mr. James Wells. I saw in the vestry, “Father Moody,” James Wells, and James Nunn. Presently the vestry door opened, and James Nunn went up into the pulpit. I must say, this did make my soul to feel glad. I said to myself—“this is as it ought to be!” Charity hopeth all things. Brother Nunn has had his days of sorrow—of darkness, and of cast-

ing down—but, if the testimony of hundreds of believing souls is to be taken, then God is evidently raising him up into usefulness and honour. He read part of the 31st chapter of Jeremiah; and evidently drew near to God, in a spirit and manner becoming his position. After which, he left the pulpit, and brother Wells went to his work. God Almighty! grant that my once fallen brother's standing may be in the power of the Holy Ghost; and as increasingly manifested by such a life of useful labours as shall cast the dark clouds into oblivion, bringing him ultimately to a peaceful end! There was Father Moody, an upright and sincere man of God; and there were many bold and living christians, whom grace divine hath snatched from the jaws of death. The sight to me was as good as the sermon; and I left the place to attend a meeting in Hackney, full of thought and not without prayer. The next day, I received the following letter. My soul stood wondering while she read the contents. I said, some will cast contempt upon it, but I dare not; and in giving insertion to it, I beseech the friends of our brother, and all who stand around him, to labour in much watchfulness—in much fervent prayer to God—and in much holy zeal and diligence—that his standing as a christian and as a minister—may be in the 13th and 14th verses of the ninth Psalm—"Have mercy upon me, O Lord; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death: that I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion: I will rejoice in thy salvation."

The following is the letter referred to:—

*To the Editor:—*

"Dear Brother:—To extol the Lord of all our mercies is sweet employ when a sense of his unmerited goodness has a lively residence in our hearts.

"It is said of the Israelites, that the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew; no thanks to their hard-hearted enemies, but to their ever-watchful and ever-merciful God. And although no chastening (or affliction) for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The latter part of this, is what every soul desires, when living under the renewings of the Holy Ghost; viz., an increase of the fruits of righteousness, to be enjoyed and manifested in them; but seldom do they imagine that it is in affliction's vale that they spring up; yet it is in that way, more generally, Jehovah answers prayer for grace and faith,

'That pride and self may fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.'

"As a people we have had our afflictions, but through the tender mercy of our ever-faithful God, we have also had our consolations; we have been highly favoured amidst our varied persecutions. And why have we suffered persecutions? Have we denied the truth of the ever-blessed gospel? Have we given up the ordinances of Jehovah's house? Have we shunned open investigation? No. We have been slandered because, as a church, we have conscientiously stood fast by our pastor, Mr. James Nunn, whom we believe to be a man of God, who has been a minister of good many times to our souls. And after strict inquiry and investigation, we were firmly convinced, even from the evidence of those who were

secretly his enemies, that he was falsely accused, and unjustly persecuted. Connecting this with his many years' labour in the vineyard, not for his own aggrandisement, but for the welfare of precious souls, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and feeling the witness of the Holy Spirit, by his ministry to our souls' comfort and establishment, we unhesitatingly and joyfully took our stand with him; and although few, poor and without funds, we cheerfully launched forth with him, fearless of all consequences, having the Word of God for our compass and chart; and blessed be our all-wise and gracious Redeemer, we have not had a moment's occasion for repentance for the step we took; but often have had abundant reason to lift up our souls to his holy habitation in thankfulness and praise for manifested goodness and mercy towards us; and although his ways have been mysterious, yet they have been wise and merciful. Our God, who has the hearts of all in his hands, has beyond our most sanguine expectations, inclined many to come forward to our aid, who have helped us kindly, unitedly and liberally.

"On Good Friday, we had nearly four hundred persons sat down to tea; the provisions were gratuitously and bountifully supplied, by a number of the female friends, wishing to appropriate the profits towards the new house of God. The first stone of which, was laid on Easter Monday, by our esteemed pastor, Mr. Nunn. Brethren Gwinnell, Wallis, Attwood, and Bolton, took part in the very interesting, cheering, and joyous service. After which, above two hundred of the friends retired to the large school rooms, in Camden Town, to tea. Brethren Banks, Attwood, and others, gave encouraging addresses; union, pleasure, and harmony, characterized the various meetings; and a balance from the voluntary communications of those meetings amounted to £31. This was devoted to the new building, which is now rapidly proceeding, between £600 and £700 in shares and donations is already subscribed. The dimensions of the chapel is sixty feet by thirty-five feet in the clear. A large room behind, the school room and vestry, fifty-five feet by fifteen feet; and a dwelling house for our dear pastor.

"We have had many evidences that the work is of God, and believe that as he hath begun he also will finish, and establish the work of our hands; all praise to his thrice Holy Name.

"A Bible, with the articles of faith and the leadings of providence, were deposited in a small leaden box, beneath the first stone that was laid on Easter Monday. The name of the chapel is ZION; and is situated opposite St. Giles' Cemetery, Old St. Pancras Road, Somers' Town. May it indeed be a house for God, where bread divine may be fed on by new-born souls. May the Almighty power of God be abundantly felt in its quickening, converting, comforting, healing, and establishing blessedness, and that you may prosper in your work, is the prayer, dear brother, of your's very truly,

"WM. LUDLOW,

"THOS. DOWLAND."

*Studley.*—The new Baptist Cause at Studley, have had a good anniversary: an interesting report thereof, as also a reply to the base falsehoods published in the *Quarterly Register*, is in type; but is compelled to wait till next month.

# Walking about Zion: considering her Palaces: counting her Towers:

WITH

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME THINGS THAT HAVE COME UNDER OUR NOTICE.

WHERE the immortal soul of Nebuchadnezzar is gone, we do not now pretend to determine; but one of the sentences he wrote when on this earth, seems well to befit us in introducing the following observations. He said, "*I thought it good to shew the signs and wonders that the High God hath wrought toward me.* How great are his signs! and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation."

Zion is the city which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever; and Zion is the garden which the Lord Jehovah hath planted in the midst of this waste howling wilderness; and into which he gathers his own redeemed ones. All the events and circumstances, then, connected with the church of God, are of vast importance. Nothing can be more positive than the following sacred injunction—"Walk about Zion; and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces; THAT YE MAY TELL IT TO THE GENERATION FOLLOWING."

It has fallen to our lot of late to be somewhat acquainted with some few parts of this holy city; and tidings have reached us from some of the watchmen whom God, in his providence, hath placed upon her walls; and seeing that Zion is so dear to our redeeming Lord; and feeling that she is very pleasant to the souls of the saints at large, we have gathered up a few things, which we hope may be profitable for her inhabitants to peruse; and which may be found in the following pages in nearly the same form as they have come to hand.

## The Triumphs of the Cross!

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE PERSECUTIONS ENDURED IN CARRYING THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST TO KEDDINGTON.

DEAR BROTHER:—I drop you a line concerning the cause of God at Keddington. After about thirteen years labouring in the Lord's vinyard, (the last seven at Bottisham Lode,) on the last Lord's Day in July, 1845, I had to leave my beloved friends there, having done my appointed work. From that time to October, the same year, I had no settled place of rest; my soul passed through great tribulation, till the dear Lord sent

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me this word, "*Now are we the sons of God.*" I had then great peace and joy. That week I went to visit some of my old friends in Suffolk; and on Lord's Day, October 19th, I spoke in the name of the Lord; the Lord was there; we had a good day. On the Monday evening I was called upon to speak at Keddington in a house; and we had a sweet time. On the Tuesday I returned home, wondering where the scene would end. About a fortnight after I received a letter from Keddington, saying that if I was at liberty, the few friends would be glad to hear from the Lord, by me. I went; the house was full, and some in the yard; the Lord granted liberty; the people were blest; and it has been proved that a soul was called out of darkness by the Lord. We then agreed that if no other door was opened for me, I was to visit them every fortnight; and, as far as the Lord should lead us, to pray for the knowledge of his will concerning us, and that his hand might go before us. One morning, on my bed, tossed to and fro, as I was making my request to the Lord, these words came with power to my mind, "Go thou with them, doubting nothing." I said, "Lord, how is my poor body to be supplied?" The word came, "*I am thy Shepherd, thou shalt not want.*" Enough, my dear Lord; while my soul was melted at his feet. On the Lord's Day, I told the people the depths my soul had passed through, the deliverance wrought by the Lord, the immutability of his word to all the heirs of promise; and, by the Lord's strength, I would visit them every Lord's Day.

So we continued till the end of the year, when a house being empty, I tried to hire it. But, no; they would not have a dissenting parson in the parish. More work and trial for faith. But the Lord stood by me; I had another try to hire a house; but it failed. Oh, my brother, this was a solemn time; deep called unto deep: things continued thus until March 27, 1846, when a woman came to me, and said "My husband is dead; I should be glad if you would take my house; I will deliver the key to you next Monday." I said, "If your landlady will accept me, I am quite willing; and I will pay all the year's rent." I saw the landlady, and she was quite willing. I thought all was settled, and right; I returned home; told these things to my wife; and we agreed I should stop at Keddington, and they would follow on the Wednesday with the goods. On Saturday I went; when, lo! a great storm had risen; the man at whose house we had met was threatened with the union if he had any more meetings in his house; he turned back in the day of battle; and as to the house I had hired, the clergyman of the parish had sent for the woman, and told her that if she gave up the key to me, she should go into the union; yea, he forcibly took the key from her; and when the landlady came over on the Monday to give me possession, they all agreed to keep me out. O, what a flood came in upon my poor soul; yet the dear Lord gave me nearness at his feet; it was a very dark cloud; my goods coming, and no where to put them; a people thirsting for the Word of

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life, and no where to meet in. A friend said, "there is a house standing empty about a mile from the village; if I was you, I would try and hire that." I said, "No; do you hire it, if you can." He went and got the key. The next day three of the females went and cleaned the house; the fox-hunting parson heard of it; he said, "What shall we now do?" He rode over to the man who let the house, and flung the man into a fever in his mind. The next day came; I went and met my dear wife and goods. Told her my sad tale; the dear Lord blessed her soul; she was consoled; but poor I was in deep horror and distress of soul. Oh, what blackness, awful temptations, and rebellion. The goods arrived; and just landed, when the owner of the house sent a man to say that he had heard that I was about to make a meeting-house of it; if so, he would pull it down, and carry it away. O, what a dreadful hurst on my soul. The dear friends came, and tried to console me; and stood by me in my trial. Ah, what would my dear brethren in the ministry have thought? A house far distant from any other; not a whole window in the house; we were obliged to put up things to screen us from the cold blasts. The next morning dear wife and I bowed our knees to the God and Father of our mercies, and a blessed time we had. The Lord dispersed every cloud; peace was felt; all things were right. I saw Jacob's ladder come right down to Thirty Roods, the name of the house we were in. I saw the Lord was a God of providence; and that all things were working for my good.

"In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be."

For three Lord's Days we met in the open air; and then a man lent us his barn till harvest. The dear Lord blessed us with many sweet times of refreshing; but harvest came, and all seemed very dark. A house was empty; we applied for it; the man told us we might have it; and into that we entered; and here we have been ever since September, 1846. Five persons declared the work of God upon their souls; and on the 4th of October, I baptised them in the River Stour; on the 25th of the same month the said five persons, in the presence of two members of Haverhill Baptist Church, and two members from Bottisham Lode, gave to each other the right hand of fellowship; and on the first Lord's Day in November, nine persons sat down to commemorate the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. In December, one more was baptised; March following, one; April, two; June, four; April, 1848, two. What has God wrought! We have been upheld to the present; through many dangers, trials, and conflicts, both in the church and out. Since the above recital of the Lord's mercy to us-ward, in providing a house for us to meet in, he has constrained the same person to let me have a comfortable house to dwell in. O what a God our God is! full of compassion and tenderness. The dear Lord put it in the hearts of a few of us to cry mightily unto him for another place to meet in, as the house is full to overflowing, and he has graciously heard and answered our poor petitions, and put it into the heart of the above person spoken of to let us have a piece of ground, to the confusion of our enemies and to the wonder and astonishment of all. Even the ungodly are constrained to say, "Surely it is of the Lord."

We are now about to build a place (if our dear Lord and Master see fit) to the honour of his great name. If any friend that sees this should feel disposed to aid this little cause, (as we are but few, and very poor, both in pocket and sprit,) it would be gratefully received either by R. POWELL, Pastor, Kedington, Suffolk; or JOHN DILLSTONE, Nurseryman, Sturmer, near Haverhill, Essex.

Dear brother, I am your's in the bonds of peace.  
R. POWELL.

May 13, 1848.

### The Recognition of the Baptist Church, Barking, Essex.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SERVICES.

THE town of Barking has not, in the memory of its inhabitants, had a Baptist Cause. Nearly fifty years since, two or three baptists met in an upper room, for prayer and reading, &c. But meeting with great opposition, they were compelled to give up assembling together. This state of destitution, not merely of baptists, but of the truth being faithfully preached, continued till about four years since, when two or three God-fearing persons expressed a desire to see a cause of truth established. They accordingly invited several, who spake in the Lord's name, to come over and help them. A dear brother and his wife, a mother in Israel, who lived at Wall End, near the above town, opened their house for preaching, preliminary to taking a room in the town. Soon after, they hired a room, which was opened for public worship. The cause being "Particular Baptist," did not meet with much sanction. Some considering the place too mean, others objected to, and opposed the truth of the doctrines ministered by those who preached there from time to time. On account of these and other things, those who loved the truth, and wished to abide by the stuff, were much discouraged; and often on the point of giving up and retiring from the place. Still they were supported; refreshing seasons were, at times, enjoyed. The Lord helped them to continue — "Though faint; yet pursuing, cast down but not destroyed." Judges viii. 4; 2 Cor. iv. 9.

I said some desired to see a cause of truth set up in Barking. There were some who continued coming, of whom we hoped well: but by and by, they withdrew, displeased with the truth. Still the Lord was pleased to give a spirit of prayer to those who were watching God's hand, in sending in living souls to be the materials of which to form the church. This the Lord did; and after some deliberation and much prayer in secret, and in public, we agreed to form ourselves into a church, our number being six. We accordingly met on the first Lord's-day, in February, 1850; when, after giving ourselves to the Lord by earnest prayer, we gave ourselves to each other, joining hands in token of being one in the Lord, and heartily agreed in principles according to the word of truth; resolving to keep the ordinances, contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints by the Great Head of Zion.

On Tuesday, February 26th, the recognition of the church thus formed, was held in the baptist meeting, Bull-street, Barking, at half-past two o'clock, p. m.

Brother Felton, of Deptford, commenced by giving out the hymn—

“Glorious things of thee are spoken.”

After the singing of which, brother Atkinson, of Woolwich, read; and engaged very solemnly and earnestly in prayer; which service will be remembered by some who felt the power and sweetness of it resting upon their minds. After singing again, brother Woodward, of Ilford, proceeded to his address on the nature of a gospel church, and taking as the basis of his powerful, consistent, and savory remarks “Who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlestick,” (Rev. ii. 1.) After introducing the subject, he shewed the constitution of a church, noticing the persons of which the church was composed, who they were, and how distinguished, &c. and also the design of a gospel church.

After which, brother Felton read the confession of faith of the church; and read the dismissal letters received from the churches, to which two of the members belonged; after publicly joining hands, and answering the questions which were put by brother Felton, the church was declared to be properly constituted a church of Jesus Christ. Brother Smith, of Shoreditch then administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, making some weighty and solemn remarks respecting the privileges conferred in its institution; the work of faith therein in carrying the believer through the sign to the enjoyment of the things signified in a living experience of Christ's glorious work and righteousness, revealed by the Spirit, and worn by the living in Jerusalem, as the free grant of a covenant Jehovah in his Trinity of Persons. After singing a hymn, the afternoon service was concluded.

In the evening the service was commenced by singing an hymn composed by one of the brethren. Brother Chamberlaine, of Grosvenor Street, read and prayed; praying very earnestly for a blessing upon the little church. Brother Felton then preached to the people, taking as his text, “Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.” (1 Cor. iii. 23.) The Lord working with him, he discoursed very blessedly of Christ as God, in two or three particulars; then of the church, as being Christ's; dropping some sound, choice, and experimental remarks to the church. The Lord was present to bless, and many found the word savory and profitable; and could really say, “It was good to be there.”

Thus was the little church at Barking first brought out to the light; a goodly number of persons being present, among whom we noticed several who minister in the Lord's name; being a declaration of God's grace in answering prayer, and the fulfilment of his own purpose in establishing a few of his poor followers in the bonds of gospel fellowship, and in the truth as it is in Jesus; forming, we trust, a small part of the church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven, Heb. xii. 23; Phil. iv. 3. But O that (though it be a little one,) the Great Shepherd may take the care of it; increase its numbers even with such and only such as shall *herv* show forth his praise; live and walk in truth, godly fear, unity, and at peace with each other; being found endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, (Ephes. iv. 3,) for Christ's sake, Amen.

*Mile End.*

J. DEARSELY.

### The Gospel of Christ at Stoke Newington.

“A FREE-GRACE BELIEVER,” in a very kind and encouraging epistle, calls our attention, to a spot where the gospel is preached, unknown to many. It is at Stoke Newington; the friend who ministers there in Salem chapel, is known by the name of brother Garritt. Of him our correspondent says:—

“Here is an ardent, zealous, faithful, and an affectionate servant of Jesus Christ. He is not one who has sailed on the smooth waters of popularity; but, amidst trouble and sorrow, holds on the even tenor of the way of truth, in evil report and good report, ‘steadfast—unmoveable.’ I have heard him many times declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ, preaching covenant love, eternal union, sovereign grace, vital faith, atoning blood, justifying righteousness, cleansing truth, regenerating life; in a word, the electing love of the Father, redeeming love of the Son, and sanctifying love of God the Holy Ghost. Some of Mr. Dickerson's members, at times, commune with him and the church under his care. He is gaining ground amidst much opposition. On Wednesday evening he *baptised two*, the fruit of his own labour of love amongst his flock. May God bless him abundantly, and make him a great blessing. As it is with all villages, so it is with Newington; there are many who come out of a summer's evening, and walk that way to see the cemetery, (Abney Park,) and who take apartments for the season that way; how important, sir, to know where the bread of life is broken, the shew bread set forth.”

[We are thankful for these tidings; our very soul leaps within us, when we hear of the success of the glorious gospel of our blessed Lord.—ED.]

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### Providence Chapel, Mote Road, Maidstone.

THE union of Mr. Cornelius Slim, with the church of Christ, in the above place as pastor and flock was publicly recognized, on Tuesday, May 7th, 1850.

Brother Sedgewick, of Grafty Green, commenced the solemnities of the day by reading the Scriptures and prayer. Brother Thomas Jones, of Chatham, stated in a bold and lucid manner, the nature and order of a gospel church; founding his discourse on John xviii. 36, “My kingdom is not of this world.” After which he remarked, that as our brother Slim was no novice in the pastoral office, but one whose name and reputation as a good minister of Jesus Christ, was established in the churches, he should merely call upon him for a brief recital of the divine providence which brought him to this place. To which Mr. Slim, in a few words, replied; tracing the pillar of cloud, which led and guided him from his first entering on the *pastoral work*, in the year 1839, to the present period. Mr. Jones, next called upon some one on behalf of the church, to state how they were led to make choice of their present pastor. To which Mr. Thomas Johnson, the senior deacon, responded, in a clear and pleasing review of the Lord's dealings with them, as a church, for the last thirty years.

The venerable Andrew Jones, of Jireh, London, then gave the charge to the minister from 2 Tim. iv. 1—3, “I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the



quick and dead on his appearing at his kingdom, to preach the word, be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine." It was a sound, comprehensive, and affectionate discourse.

In the afternoon, brother George Wyard, of Soho, London, commended pastor and people to the Great Head of the church, in solemn prayer, at the mercy seat; and preached to the people a valuable, faithful, and savory discourse, from Eph. v. 1, 2, "Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children, and walk in love as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor."

Mr. Jefferey, minister of Salem chapel, Maidstone, concluded in prayer.

The evening was occupied in the discussion of the following important subject: "The advantages and necessity of TRUTH, PEACE, and UNITY, in the church of the living God;" at which the pastor presided, and called on brother J. B. McCure, of Hadlow, to open the proceedings in prayer. The meeting was then successively addressed by the brethren: S. Day, of Farleigh; T. Haffenden, of Tenterden; Thomas Jones, of Chatham; D. Crambrook, of Bethel chapel, Maidstone; George Wyard, of London, and the pastor. Many invaluable remarks were made, calculated by God's blessing, to make a salutary and lasting impression on all present, especially those whose privilege it was to have a name and a place among the living in Jerusalem. Mr. Slim then closed the interesting services of the day in prayer, and the people departed, instructed, delighted, and refreshed.

### Beulah Chapel, Somer's Town,

Lord's-day, April 28, 1850.

"FOR THAT SABBATH-DAY WAS AN HIGH DAY."

We had prayed that it might be, and anticipated that it would; we hailed it as Israel of old was wont the day of first ripe fruits; we called to mind the sure word of the prophecy which told of the "handful of corn upon the top of the mountains, whose fruit should shake like Lebanon," and thought of that tree, which though cut down, had its unseen living roots in the fruitful soil, and in God's time sprang forth, adorned with more precious fruit than ever. We looked for a token of good, some evidence that the Lord was yet with us, that "Jehovah Shammah," and not "Ichabod," was written upon our walls.

The morning prayer meetings yielded their blessings, and prepared our minds for the solemn (but not gloomy services of the sanctuary.) "It was meet that we should be merry:" and so our pastor called our attention to the love song of the church—"The King hath brought me into his chambers." O they are wealthy places! and then the pictures are so beautiful. One, of a transaction which took place, they can't tell how long ago; some think the date has been obliterated by age, or dust; but the best judges are of opinion that it never had any. There is one thing very observable, viz., that the scene is occurring in a place which differs, in various respects, from any spot on earth, and transcends it altogether; but it is believed, that much more will eventually be discovered of this mysterious work, when it is seen in a better light. Then there is another, which

the women are much taken with. It represents an infant newly born, cast out to perish in an open field; its little eyes are red with crying, and its strength almost gone; but one passes by, it being a time of love, and says, "live!"—he takes it in his arms, and carries it in his bosom. But few can look at this picture long together. A third, is a very old fashioned piece, in which is portrayed a man surrounded by a wall, and on the out side are many hideous creatures, some trying to make a breach therein, and others to scale it; but it seems composed of such materials that they can accomplish neither. At the bottom of the picture is a rude verse, in a dialect which is now almost obsolete, except among the poorer sort, in some of the low districts. Indeed, the intelligent reader, will at once see that the lines themselves were doubtless composed by one of this class.

"At every time, in every place,  
In safe-guard thou shalt be;  
For God hath fixed a wall of grace  
Betwixt thy foes and thee."

But this is a digression. In the afternoon we heard something about "the inheritance of the meek;" and shortly after six in the evening, the sittings from which the baptistry could be seen, were all filled, and subsequently most of the other pews. It was a cheering sight, and made the letters of our chapel's name shine again, ("thy land shall be married.") Brother Aldis preached from Rom. vi. 4, and the congregation listened with deep attention to the solemn truths he uttered; they seemed as words of fire, from a heart that burned, and their sounds went right to the consciences of the listeners; reminding us of Mr. Valiant-for-truth, who fought till the sword cleaved to his hand. There was present blessing, and much left to hope for, under the Spirit's application. At the close of the discourse, after singing a hymn, six friends whose testimony had been a sweet sound in the ears of the church came to the water's edge, and in the presence of witnessing hundreds, were buried with Christ by baptism, and as of old went on their way rejoicing. So, ever and anon are the covenant transactions of eternity past, being developed by the unfoldings of time, to meet a glorious consummation without an end in the ages to come.

The following morning we learnt that among those present, an old man with marks of grace, had intimated the probability of his being among the next: and the only objection stated by a Wesleyan, was that there was no prayer meeting after the baptising.

Somerstown.

WILLIAM PALMER,

P.S.—Mr. Aldis has established an afternoon lecture on the Lord's-day at three o'clock; for the benefit of those friends, who, from their position in life, are less able to attend at other seasons.

SAMUEL COZENS, — while supplying for brother Corbitt at Manchester, writes as follows:—

Manchester,

"I left home (Wolverhampton) and came here in a sad, dark, and dismal state; but blessed be God, I had one of the most solemn days yesterday, I ever had in my life; and the souls of the people were abundantly blest. I am persuaded John Corbitt is in the midst of God's people; I felt in my soul that God was in the place. Yesterday week I baptised five (in the name of the Father,

Son, and Holy Ghost; after speaking upon the men, the mode, and the matter,) at Willenhall; and in the evening, after preaching from—'God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son,' I gave them the right hand of fellowship. Others who have been followers of the Lord for years, are now regretting they did not come forward. So that I expect I shall (on my return home) baptise again, if the Lord will. I believe the Lord is with us at Willenhall. Men may curse; but what of that, when *God doth bless* 'Let him curse, but bless thou.' There are too many heads in the church. The Great Head said, 'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' To Antinomians, Arminians, Arians, Socinians: the gospel precepts will condemn the Antinomian—the grace of the gospel will consume the work-monger; and the substance (Christ) of the gospel will consign the Arians, and Socinian's creed to endless flames. But the little (GREAT) heads say, you must not go there, nor come here, you must not preach in that chapel, nor you must not preach in this chapel. Pray, sirs, when were you invested with the government of the church, and how long have you had the key upon your shoulder? Are such the friends of Christ? Nay! those who would usurp authority over the souls of men, are the GREATEST rebels against Christ in the world. I care not who they are; they may be *seceders* and truth preachers, but what of all that? the greatest thing is wanted—'CHARITY.'

"Thousands are wreathing in hell who will rise up in judgment against many of our (professing) gospel ministers, who never speak to, nor warn the sinner, but whose whole time is occupied, and taken up in vain jangling. O what awful trifling with souls. Is it a light matter that thou shouldst be my servant? I must tell you, I feel a growing solemnity in, and increasing delight from, the work of the Lord. I have had many trials in my family, circumstances, soul, and in the church, but my God hath done all things well. I have been enabled to try him in my trials; and I have found him a very present help. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Bless his name for ever and ever: I do feel I shall soon join the chorus above—'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.'

"Roll on, ye wheels, and take me home,  
For there I long to be.

"S. COZENS."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

### Anniversary of Ebenezer Chapel, Bath;

AND OF THE

Baptist Church under the care of Mr. William Cromwell.

WILLIAM CROMWELL, of Bath, is a man that has been made manifest—not only in my soul, but in the consciences of many living saints, as a true and faithful minister of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. When I was in Bath, in the early part of the year 1849, I had my mind so prejudiced against him that I resolved never to see him again, if I could help it. But this resolution of mine was

completely overturned; for my dear old friend Mr. Rose, one morning, took me (as he said,) for a little walk; and—quite unexpected to me—he walked me right into the room where poor brother Cromwell was then sitting. I was at first much perplexed, but—(although he was then very ill in body; and completely broken down in spirits—) he began to lay open before me, in the most solemn manner, the whole of his trouble; and the nature and cause of his separation from Providence chapel. His verbal testimony was confirmed by written documents, and other evidence. I felt my hard heart to melt in softness and grief; I felt a powerful union and sympathy towards him. I could see him in no other light, than that of a brother that needed compassion, pity, tenderness, and prayer: and I felt I dared not to entertain the hard thoughts against him, which had been in my mind. I wish to cast no reflection on any of his former friends. God is judge. He knows the hearts of all men; and he knows that in going to preach for the friends at Ebenezer Chapel, I had no other motive than that of serving the cause in which all the powers of my soul are engaged, and the comforting and assisting an afflicted brother in the ministry.

I write thus publicly and plainly for many reasons. First, because I have been much reproached for so doing. Secondly, because I do most earnestly desire to see the good cause of the ever-blessed gospel prospering through the instrumentality of that man whose ministry the Lord has so signally blessed and honoured. And thirdly, because having now been ear, and eye, and heart-witness to the position in which Mr. Cromwell stands; of the great use God has made, and is still making of him; having seen and heard the testimony of many savory saints who stand around him; and having had my own soul most deeply solemnised and comforted while preaching unto them the word of the Lord, I hereby fearlessly assert it, as my firm conviction, that the God of all grace is his shield, and will be his helper in this time of trouble. I shall now subjoin a few notes from my memorandum book, and thus close this part of my labours. The following is simply an extract from my notes pencilled down when travelling.

Saturday, May 11.—I commence this in an omnibus, having just left home, on my way to Bath, where, if the Lord permit, I am expected

to speak to-morrow. My soul has been a little drawn out this morning in earnest groanings toward the Lord. I feel daily my need of wisdom and heavenly guidance; for my path in providential things, is dark, and sometimes, very trying. Since last Lord's-day morning I have preached eleven times, besides administering the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. I have travelled about two-hundred miles; my travelling expenses have been nearly or quite thirty shillings; the total of my receipts for preaching have not exceeded twenty shillings. This, however, is no affliction to me; if I can but honestly get through the world, paying all, and providing for those dependent on me, it is all I am concerned about; but when I found myself this morning without a single penny, having so long a journey to take, and so many wants to meet, I felt grief in my spirit. After consideration and a little prayer, I went again to my faithful friend, Richard Channen, intending to ask him to lend me a little money, as he has often done before; but my heart failed, and I felt I could not ask; so I bid him and sister Symonds farewell. Just as I was saying to myself, "What now shall I do?" Mrs. Symonds ran out, and began to advise with me upon some matters; in the course of which, I told her what I had come for, and how my spirit sank. She made me go back; the money was put into my hand; and, with thanksgiving, I made things as straight as I could, and left home. In going to Bath I have a hope that the Lord has given me a message to go with.

Tuesday morning, May 14.—Just left Bath; am now travelling through as delightful a country as ever could be seen. My prayer is unto the God of all my mercies that I may be preserved, and carried safely into the midst of my own dear people to speak to them this night in the name of the Lord.

I have said, I hoped the Lord had given me a message to go to Bath with. The fact is, that 26th verse of the 44th of Isaiah's prophecy had hung about my mind for days, "That confirmeth the word of his servant, that performeth the counsel of his messengers, that saith to Jerusalem, thou shalt be inhabited, and to the cities of Judah, thou shalt be built; and I will raise up the decayed places thereof."

This scripture seemed descriptive of what the word of God would do in Bath, by Mr. Cromwell. I could not, however, hold this text; but as I travelled on it went away from me; and I went in secret prayer to the Lord to direct me to some word that he would bless unto the people. My mind was unusually stirred up to persevere in obtaining a word from the Lord to go with. I had travelled on for many miles in a seeking and praying mood, when the words written in Haggai, were fixed tight on my soul; and a ray of light broke in, so as to give me some soul-comforting, experimental, gospel views from them. The words are these, "I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with my glory." What more particularly struck my mind was the following contrast and gracious declaration, "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." I trust in this matter I am not deceived; for I did feel a secret hope that this was truly the mind of God with reference to the place, peo-

ple, and future prosperity of my afflicted brother Cromwell. By God's good providence, I reached Bath in safety; found my brother Cromwell; had some little refreshment; and soon retired to rest. In my bed-room, in prayer, I prayed God to open this text still more to me; and during the night, I thought much upon it; but I could only (as yet) get a peep into it.

The next morning, as service time drew near, my soul was softly and kindly led further into the text; and I went into the pulpit, secretly crying to the blessed Spirit to help me safely and solemnly through the service. The chapel where Mr. Cromwell and his friends now worship is a very commodious place, and holds a large number of folks. Mr. Tiptaft was preaching at Providence Chapel at the same time; and I suppose many people went to hear him; so that our large chapel at first looked rather thin. Presently, however, the Master came, and this made all right. The reading, the singing, the prayer, the people, and the preaching all appeared most solemn. The following is a brief outline of the morning's discourse; which I trust the good Lord will bless.

1. Here is a something implied; it is the fact that the chosen vessels of mercy, the elect of God, are mixed up with the rest of mankind; they lay among the ruins, among the heaps of rubbish; so that the work of God, by the gospel, is called his visiting of the Gentile nations, to take out of them a people for himself. The elect of God are said to be, by nature, the children of wrath even as others. This being the case, you find the Lord compares his ministers to fishermen and to huntsmen. He says, "I will send for the fishermen, and they shall fish for them; and I will send for the huntsmen, and they shall hunt for them." Do read Jeremiah xvi. 16, 17. See there four things:—1. God will scatter and chasten his people for their folly. 2. He will keep his eye upon them, even when driven out into the ends of the earth. 3. He will make use of means and of men to restore them. Finally, he will certainly bring them unto their own land.

2. The first sentence of the text is expressive of the mighty power which God will exercise in bringing his people to himself. There is evidently a great avidity—a holy determination—an irresistible certainty in the mind of God about this matter. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, *yet once* and it is a little while, and I will shake all nations." This doth express the depths into which they had sunk, and the distance to which they had gone, as also the minute care and almighty power which the Lord doth exercise to bring home his own—his chosen and beloved ones. How deeply sunk and far off gone were some that God hath fetched home! I need not speak of Manasseh, nor of Magdalene, nor of Saul of Tarsus. I may come to our own times. Poor old Master Knight, Thomas Guy, and Charles Waters Banks, if there were no others, would furnish some proof of the depth of our ruin. Poor old Knight says he was the vilest wretch under the heavens. Poor Thomas Guy was awfully sunk in wickedness and sin; and as regards myself, though I was never a drunkard, nor much known in the world, yet there was a darkness, an ignorance of God, and of Christ, and a total want of every thing like faith, and hope, and love in my soul. I was indeed carnal, sold

under sin, very sensual; very wicked in my thoughts; very unholy in my passions; and very deceitful and depraved. And, oh what mighty grace has appeared to be required, to raise me out of that dungeon of death in which I lay. David calls it "an horrible pit." And when the Lord, by Ezekiel, describes this state, he gives an awful description—a being cast out into an open field to the loathing of ourselves; and Paul says, it is a being "dead in trespasses and sins."

Man's deep and awful state by nature is first implied; and then the mighty power of God, in separating and sifting nations, churches, and individual sinners, is positively declared.

This shaking means, God will make nations, institutions, churches, ministers, and individual sinners to tremble; and after this, "The desire of all nations shall come." These words express the vehement longings of living souls after the Lord Jesus Christ, when he is revealed in the broken heart of a quickened sinner.

As regards the glory with which the Lord promised to fill the house, my mind was led to reflect upon the different peculiar revelations with which the Lord favoured his ancient prophets. I believe the term "GLORY" to be expressive of the development and manifestation of all that part of Jehovah's will which hath to do with, or makes up the entire salvation of, the church of God. As for instance, Isaiah was favoured with a most glorious revelation of the Lord Jesus in his mediatorial glory; "I also saw the Lord, high and lifted up; he was upon a throne; and his train filled the temple." Jesus Christ has been down in deep humility, in deep temptations, in deep sorrows, in deep conflicts, such as men or angels never knew. But Isaiah saw him LIFTED UP, and the lifting-up of Jesus as God and Man; as Prophet, Priest, and King; as the First and the Last, in the covenant of grace, in the gospel dispensation, and in the sinner's conscience; is that very glory with which God will fill the house. Jeremiah was evidently led into the glory of the Holy Ghost's saving work upon the hearts of redeemed sinners. You read that dream which Jeremiah records in the 31st chapter, there you see this work. First, the Holy Ghost puts the holy law in the inward parts, and writes it in the hearts of elect sinners; after this, he reveals the righteousness of the Son of God; by faith brings home his precious blood; takes guilt from the conscience; unbelief from the mind; slavish fear from the feelings; and gives the soul triumphantly to sing—"a glorious high-throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." And if my blessed Lord doth keep the House, there will not only be the glory of the Mediator's Person; but the realization of his holy work, by the glorious power of the eternal Spirit.

In this way, my mind was led to reflect upon the various discoveries of the divine glory, as made known to the ancient prophets; and which things have been realized in the experience of God's elect and redeemed family in these latter days; but the promise—"AND I WILL FILL THIS HOUSE WITH MY GLORY," will never, perhaps, be fully verified, until our Lord and Saviour comes the second time without sin unto salvation. I can write no more of the morning's discourse.

In the Afternoon, Mr. Cromwell preached a good sermon from these words in Isaiah—"I have

set watchmen upon thy walls, O, Jerusalem, that shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence." He shewed us the necessary qualifications for a watchman; noticing very emphatically the Lord's declaration—"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN ON THY WALLS;" proving it to be God's own work; and a work that must stand.

Whilst Mr. Cromwell was preaching, my mind was stirred up within me by the language of Zechariah x. i. where he breaks out, and says—"ASK YE OF THE LORD RAIN, in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds; and give them showers of rain; to every one grass in the field."

I thought thus:—we have had the purposes of God declared this morning—"I will shake all nations." This afternoon, we are led to reflect upon the instrumentality God employs to accomplish his purposes. Now, *what position is the church called upon to occupy?* I answer—"TO ASK OF THE LORD RAIN."

This appeared to be the Lord's direction in my soul as regards my evening's work. With this word I went into the pulpit. The service of God that evening appeared most solemn. The house was full of anxious souls—my heart was full of heavenly matter: and after reading, singing, and prayer, I read the text; and began by noticing the manifold and merciful descriptions that the Lord gives of his people, and of his grace towards them in the ninth of Zechariah; then looked at the time especially referred to, "*in the time of the latter rain.*" then considered the exhortation—*what was to be asked for, RAIN; of whom it was to be asked, "OF THE LORD:"* and lastly, was led to dwell upon the three-fold promise: "*so the Lord shall make BRIGHT CLOUDS; and give them SHOWERS OF RAIN; to every one GRASS IN THE FIELD.*" So important and weighty, so essential and useful did this subject appear to me, that I felt as the poet says—

"Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That all the earth might hear."

Truly I thought the morning promise was verified in the evening's service—"I will fill this house with my glory; and in this place will I give PEACE, saith the Lord of Hosts."

We sung—

"Grace 'tis a charming sound;"

and thus ended the services of the Sabbath.

The following afternoon, a numerous party of friends took tea; after which a public meeting was held. Mr. Cromwell, Mr. Williams, Mr. Huntley, Mr. Edwards (of South Chard,) and myself severally spoke to the friends. The best of feelings appeared to pervade their minds; and I hope a real blessing accompanied our labours. Most sincerely did I beg of the Lord to grant his people there those heavenly showers that would both cleanse and comfort, and give peace and prosperity to the pastor and the people in Ebenezer Chapel, Bath.

*Banbury.*—On Lord's-day, April the 28th, the anniversary of the Baptist chapel, in Banbury, was held. There are two causes where the truth is professedly held in Banbury; but I am only acquainted with the one where Mr. David Lodge is pastor. Here I found a most substantial and handsome chapel, with comfortable minister's

house attached, Mr. Lodge preached in the morning, myself in the afternoon and evening. I fear that pure gospel truth has not many friends in Banbury; but I know it has some: and should rejoice to know that the power and preciousness of the gospel was more divinely enjoyed.

*Tring.*—The following Tuesday, April 30th, was the Anniversary of the chapel, at West End, Tring, where brother George Elven labours. Mr. Allen, myself, and Mr. Gwinnell preached. There was a large attendance; and I was informed that Mr. Elven's labours continued to be acceptable and useful among the people. I was sorry to hear that Mr. Page's health is very bad.

*Orpington.*—The next morning, Wednesday, May 1st, we set out for the Anniversary of Bethesda, at Orpington, in Kent, an old chapel where Mr. Cartwright laboured for some few years. There was a middling company gathered together. Mr. Gwinnell told the people in the morning, that in ancient times, "they that feared the Lord, spake often one to another;" in the afternoon, Thomas Stringer very boldly, and in a good spirit, declared that "upon Mount Zion there should be deliverance and holiness; and that the house of Jacob should possess their possessions;" it was an animating sound discourse. My text in the evening was, "And what shall this man do?" Brother Willoughby, the minister at Orpington, moves gently on; but his course is safe: I think I hear him say—

"His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view."

*Ripley* anniversary was on Monday, May 6th; and a thorough wet day it was. Brother Stringer and I left London together by an early train; and reached parson Allnut's vicarage in time for breakfast.

We were wet, cold and hungry; but both the parson and his dear wife soon cheered our hearts, and refreshed our outer man. Brother Allnut had his best clothes on; I mean, his heart was set upon the best things: and I was happy to find the Lord was still making his ministry a real blessing to the souls of his people. This is Henry Allnut's jubilee-year; he is fifty years of age. He has commenced some account of the Lord's dealings with him; and I hope the church will soon be favoured with it. But to the anniversary: it rained all day without; I hope there was a little heavenly rain within. I preached in the morning; in the afternoon brother Isaac Spencer read, preached, and prayed, like a good Christian man; and after he had done I preached again; and then left brother Stringer to do his best in the evening, while I ran home and preached in Ebenezer, Shoreditch, from these words, "I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God, in Christ Jesus;" and the text suited my soul's feelings well.

The next morning my commission lay towards Two Waters, in Hertfordshire. I found brother Wells there in his usual happy style. They have a snug little chapel; and truth is entertained in that quarter of our land by a goodly number. But here is a note from Two Waters about their anniversary; let a portion of that suffice:

"Anniversary at Two Waters, May 7, 1850; weather very unfavourable; friends greatly disappointed; but the Lord knows how to deal with us; I felt a spirit of discontent; but these words came to my mind, "The lot is cast into the

lap, and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." There I was obliged to leave the matter. Mr. James Wells preached in the morning a most sublime discourse from Solomon's Song, "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." The people enjoyed the discourse much. In the afternoon he preached again from Heb. xiii. 10, "We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." We had a good number in the afternoon; we sat down to tea in the chapel; and Mr. Banks preached in the evening; this was his first visit to Two Waters; but hope it will not be the last. He preached a most searching discourse from 2 Cor. iii. 5, 6. He went bound into the pulpit, and could not realise that liberty he desired till about an hour after he gave out his text. "Now (says he) I can go on." God's family were fed; but formal professors found something they could not relish. We had a good day both temporally and spiritually.

HENRY HUTCHINSON.

Wednesday, May 8th, was the day fixed for holding the anniversary at Wooburn Green, where our brother Wilson is stationed. I was to preach twice that day. One circumstance I feel constrained here to record. On Tuesday morning, when I awoke, these words were in my mind, "*Who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit.*" I felt a greatness in the words; but I did not think of ever speaking from them. As I went on towards Two Waters, they were still with me; I begged the Lord to give me some other portion. Still they kept speaking into my soul. Into the pulpit at Two Waters I went; was obliged to read them; after a time I was led solemnly to speak of the *life of God* in the soul; but I was not permitted there to open that sacred portion of God's Word. On Wednesday morning I had eighteen miles to travel in the rain to get from Two Waters to Wooburn Green. The words still followed me, "*Who hath made us able ministers of the New Testament.*" Sighed and prayed for some other subject; but none could I get. Arrived at Wooburn Chapel, went into the pulpit again with these very words. My mind began to expand; a blessed light, with a soft and sacred bedewing of my soul, was now felt; and both morning and evening I spake from them to the joy of my heart, and I hope to the benefit of others. Brother Elven spoke in the afternoon. Brother Wilson seems united to the people and the people to him; and I hope the cause at Wooburn Green will flourish.

At Wooburn Green, when all was over, brother Howard read part of Isaiah xlv. These words fell into my soul—"Since I appointed the ancient people, and the things that are coming, and shall come." Next morning I left them in peace; went to Hounslow anniversary. Brother Coles was preaching when I arrived. Father Jones had preached in the morning; now I was expected to say something. Although the ancient people had been in my mind all day, I could get no light about them: but I went leaning upon and looking to the Lord; and hope a blessing was there. Hounslow cause is doing well; the Lord is adding to them; and they live in peace. I can add no more this month. Adieu. C. W. BANKS.

## The Work of Grace, and the Scriptural Evidence thereof :

BEING,

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN TWO RELATIVES OF THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

(Concluded from p. 35.)

MY DEAR FRIEND :—The apostle says, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Is it then this love I feel for you? Yes; I trust it is; for sure I am that I should not feel the affection I do for you, were you not one of those few who shun not to declare the whole counsel of God. The Lord bless thee, dear servant of his, and may you largely enjoy these blessed truths in your own soul, which you from time to time deal out to his waiting family, who are privileged to sit under your ministry. I cannot express how much I felt for you on Lord's-day, (when I was at Carmel three times), seeing how much laid upon your mind by reason of the heavy debt on the chapel, and how you were burdened thereby; I was foolish enough to wish myself rich, so that I could free it at once. O, what foolish creatures indeed we are, as if the Lord could not do his own work without my puny help. He will work, and who shall hinder? Fear not; for under thee are the everlasting arms; yet shall thy countenance shine, yet shall you praise him for his delivering mercy, who is the strength of thy heart, and thy portion for ever. How blessedly is he supporting you, in giving you such a sweet confidence in himself. Ah! dear friend, this is no small mercy.

And now, having read a piece of yours in the *Earthen Vessel* for this month upon "not despising the day of small things," the latter part has emboldened me to beg a favour of you, and I hope you will forgive my so doing; it is, to ask your views of divine truth, upon a subject that has much exercised my mind; and having, the week before last, heard one, (whom I firmly believe to be one of the dear Lord's sent servants,) preach upon it, I came away much cast down in spirit; all hope seemed gone; I feared I had neither part nor lot in the matter; and all I could say was—

"Lord, make this heart rejoice or ache,  
Decide this doubt for me;  
And if not broken, break;—  
And heal it if it be."

He seemed to imply, that unless we were brought under the terrors of Mount Sinai, and suffered very great soul-trouble and distress, there was no scriptural evidence of there being a work of grace; for the law, as a schoolmaster, must bring us to Christ. He enlarged much upon the subject, all tending I thought, to prove that I never came aright to Christ, for I have never suffered that great soul distress he spoke of; and this, dear friend, has been my fear for many years, and it has made me envy those who have suffered great soul-trouble, and are now enjoying happy liberty in the Lord. It appears to be so evidently the work of the Holy Spirit (while I, year after year, get no nearer) that I so much long for, viz., being able to say "My Redeemer is mine and I am his;" and it is this that makes me fear to come in contact with those whom I know to be the Lord's, fearing that when they ask me the reason of the hope that is in me, I shall not have a word to say,

for I have not yet reached that "standard" this man of God set up; and I greatly dread deceiving myself.

If your time is not too much occupied, I shall be so much obliged to you if you will favour me with your thoughts upon the subject. And now, dear sir, you have the fervent desires of a poor doubting sinner that the upper and the nether spring blessings may be largely your's, while she remains,

Your's most affectionately  
To Mr. Stenson. MARY ANNE GROOM.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS :—Am I right in addressing you thus? Is the worthless worm writing, and the seeking soul addressed, in Christ Jesus? Then, doubtless, the grace relationship we both have to Christ Jesus, becomes the glorious foundation of our relationship to each other in Christ Jesus. The Lord the Spirit enable us to examine ourselves, while we attempt to explore the subject introduced by you in the way of enquiry as to "the scriptural evidence of a work of grace." The subject naturally divides itself into two parts. First, *the work of grace*; and, second, *the scriptural evidence thereof*. In noticing the work of grace, I would first call your prayerful attention to the following important propositions:

First, that it denotes the distinct personalities in the ever-blessed Godhead.

Second, that it displays the divine perfections of Jehovah.

Third, that it declares the determined pleasure of the Lord in his people.

Fourth, that it delivers the distressed poor [distressed through sin, disquieted through guilt, disconsolate through darkness, and distracted through terror] from the powers of darkness, the pit of corruption, the paths of wickedness, the pleasures of sin, the pride of satan, the pursuit of vanity, the perils of life, the poison of error, the pains of death, and the prison of hell.

This last proposition experimentally realised, according to the proportion of faith given of God, will afford us enlarged apprehensions and establishing assurance of the first three. Here would I tarry while we pray,

"Holy Father! God of grace,  
Give me to see thy smiling face;  
Holy Saviour! God of love,  
Let me dwell with thee above;  
Holy Spirit! God of peace,  
Grant my soul a sweet release;  
Holy, holy Three in One!  
Crown thy work of grace begun."

As the work of grace necessarily involves regeneration, revelation, repentance, righteousness, reconciliation, and redemption; we may here notice that the work of regeneration produces purity, the work of revelation is power, the work of repentance begets prayer, the work of righteousness yields peace, the work of reconciliation brings forth praise, and the work of redemption secures perfection.

1. That the work of regeneration produces purity will appear from the following passages of Holy Writ: John i. 13; iii. 5. James i. 18. 1 Peter i. 22, 23. 1 John iii. 9.

2. That the work of revelation is power will be evident; for whether we consider the revelation of Jehovah's wrath against sin, and the revelation of his love for the sinner, or whether we consider the revelation of his truth in the law, and the revelation of his mercy in the gospel, both will alike declare that power belongeth unto God, *to kill and to make alive, to wound and to heal, to save and to destroy.* Paul, writing to the church at Galatia, "*certifies the brethren that the gospel which he preached was not after (or according to) man; neither received he it of man, neither was he taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.*" And he further adds, "*but when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.*" Hence the power Paul felt in preaching Christ was according to the revelation of Christ in him. (See Gal. i. 11—16. John also testified, "for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." 1 John iii. 8. Now when it pleaseth God to reveal his Son in the hearts of regenerate sinners, by the Spirit, through the gospel, then is power given and felt, to become (manifestively and declaratively) the sons of God. (See John i. 12.) And therefore, as Christ is revealed in the heart as God's foundation, God's lamb, God's gift, it causes the believer to receive the Word of God with power, to run in the ways of God with pleasure, to rejoice in the will of God with peace, while relying entirely and exclusively on the work and worthiness of Christ, for acceptance at the throne of grace, and admission into the kingdom of glory, with praise eternal to the Triune Jehovah.

3. That the work of repentance begets prayer will be obvious, when we remember that God-wrought sorrow for sin is ever accompanied with grace-taught supplications for salvation from sin. Peter testifies of Christ, "that God hath exalted him with his right hand a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." Acts v. 31. Hence when he saith, "the Lord is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," 2 Pet. iii. 9, it is evident that all Israel, or all the election of grace is intended thereby, to whom alone his inspired epistles are addressed. Paul likewise declares, that "godly sorrow worketh repentance not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death." 2 Cor. vii. 10. "*Behold, he prayeth!*" is heaven's invariable and unerring recognition and testimony of true repentance.

4. That the work of righteousness yields peace we have the inspired testimony of Isaiah, who sweetly prophesied thus, "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever;" and again, "all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established; thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and his righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Isaiah xxxiii. 17; liv. 13—17.

5. That the work of reconciliation brings forth praise is manifest; for the same prophet, speaking by the Holy Ghost, saith, "In that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger was turned away, and thou comfortedst me." Isaiah xii. 1. And this has ever been the heart-felt, holy language of as many as have been happily led of the Spirit, to know with Paul, "that all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the (blessings of the) ministry of reconciliation, to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself; not imputing their trespasses unto them." 2 Cor. v. 18, 19.

6. That the work of redemption ensures perfection will appear from the following observations:

First, that each heir of salvation, each child of promise, each subject of grace, each vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory is redeemed agreeable to the secret and electing love of the Father;—answerable to the saving and efficacious blood of the Son;—and according to the sovereign and effectual power of the Holy Ghost.

Second, that all such are redeemed from sin and its tremendous consequences, from satan and his tormenting crew, and from the law and its thundering curses, by the love and blood, the grace and power of their mighty Redeemer.

Third, that these are redeemed from among men unto God and glory, to the praise of the riches of redeeming grace and reigning love, revealed in time, and realised eternally, according to the purpose of him, whose pleasure made them his people.

Fourth, that perfection is the centre, circle, claim, comfort, and crown of redemption.

Having made these plain remarks on "the work of grace," I will now endeavour to draw your attention to a few of "the evidences thereof," with a view to our mutual advantage, which can only arise from the Spirit's testimony felt within us, that we are not without godly signs of a free grace salvation being our's. You will observe, my sister, that the scriptural evidence of the work of grace is two-fold; viz., internal and external. The former is spoken of by Christ himself, thus, "Behold the kingdom of God is within you." Luke xvii. 21. And the Holy Ghost by Paul, saith, "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power," 1 Cor. iv. 20, which is blessedly expounded by the same Spirit, thus, "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Rom. xiv. 17. Again, Paul testifies the riches of the mystery of grace is Christ in you the hope of glory. Col. i. 17. And the same apostle addressed the saints at Rome (8th chap. 9th ver.) as follows; "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And hence he appeals to the Corinthians, saying, "What I know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" 1 Cor. vi. 19. "Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts," said David, "and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom." Psalm li. 6. Paul, writing to the church of God at Colosse (3rd chap. 16th ver.) saith, "Let the word of Christ dwell richly in you in all wisdom." Consider closely these portions of Holy Writ, and the Lord seal instruction

upon your heart; also read carefully and prayerfully the first five verses of the 5th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and therein you will find a cluster of evidences, among which is, "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." Here, my sister let us ask of God that he would be graciously pleased, in the condescensions of his mercy to assure our hearts before him that the kingdom of God is within us, that Christ is formed in us the hope of glory, that the spirit of God dwelleth in us as the spirit of wisdom and knowledge, the spirit of grace and supplication, that truth is found and felt in our inward parts, that the word of Christ dwelleth richly in us, as the heavenly treasure in earthen vessels, and that the love of God is powerfully shed abroad in our hearts; then, indeed, shall we have confidence toward God, that "the internal evidences of the work of grace" is our's from the Lord. See 1 John iii. 19—21.

The external evidences of the work of grace are many; some of which I will mention as of the first importance; viz., boldness for the truth of God, Acts iv. 13; unfeigned love for the brethren, as disciples of Christ, John xiii. 3—5; unprovoked hatred from the world of the ungodly, John xv. 18, 19; persecution for righteousness' sake. See Gal. iv. 29. 2 Tim. iii. 12. 1 Peter ii. 19—23; iii. 13, 14. Matt. v. 10. Preferring the answer of a good conscience, to the abundance of cursed gain, or the carnal applause of the great. See 1 Peter iii. 21. John xii. 42, 43. Matt. vii. 18—23. Luke vi. 46. John xiv. 15; xv. 14; xiii. 17. Acts xxiv. 16. Heb. xi. 25, 26. Now, if these things be discoverable in us, then do we give "external evidence of the work of grace" within us.

I might have greatly enlarged on each of these points, and have extended my observations to other particulars contained in, and arising out of your communication to me, but time faileth. What I have written, I have written in the fear of God, as in the sight of God, desiring greatly your edification and consolation.

And that the Lord himself may graciously establish you in the truth, and disentangle your mind from all mere speculative notions, sentimental theories, carnal reasonings, human standards, high or low, and party-coloured opinions, enabling you, as a believer in Jesus, to manifest and maintain a good confession and a gospel profession of attachment to his adorable name, according to the riches of his glory, is the prayer of one that loves all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

Lower Tooting, June 15.

MY BELOVED FRIEND:—How to thank you enough for your Christian epistle I know not. I feel, I think, in some measure, as Elizabeth did when she said, "And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" So I exclaim, "What am I, that one of the Lord's dear ministers should take such trouble as you have done?" The dear Lord repay you, dear sir, for this labour of love; and while I beg you will accept my sincere thanks, my poor breathings shall arise, that your God may multiply his comforts to your soul. This will recompense you better than all my puny thanks.

I have read your letter again and again, and

have felt it very precious to my soul; and believing it to have been written under the teachings of the Spirit, shall carry it about with me as a precious jewel. I find it a deep mine; and every time I read it, I feel how greatly favoured of the Lord you must be, to set forth the deep things of God as you have done; and I trust the blessed Spirit has, and will continue to open up to my mind the divine truths contained in it, so that I may yet praise him with joyful lips.

My dear friend, since reading your letter, I feel I dare not say, that he hath done nothing for me. Will he not then perfect his work? I trust he will. But were he not Almighty, I should sometimes despair; for there is so much to be done in bringing my heart to the subjection of a child of God, that nothing but Almighty power can accomplish it. And I am such a dull scholar, and have so much to learn, that I feel quite undeserving of the notice of his servants; and were it not for knowing you to be one whom the Lord hath blessed with such a loving heart to the babes in grace, I dare not address you.

Begging you will excuse this hasty scrawl, believe me most affectionately yours,

To Mr. Stenson.

MARY ANNE GROOM.

## The Cause of the Evil now so universally deplored.

A WORD FROM THE WATCH.

DEAR EDITOR.—If your pages are open to the subject, we should much like to see a friendly discussion on the *cause* of the evils now to be so universally deplored among the churches of Christ: for in vain do we use many medicines till we have found out the root of the disease. It seems to us that we have fearfully abused certain principles of truth, wandered from the path of obedience, entangled ourselves in the net of error; and so lost ourselves in the wages of ignorance, that we have neither the inclination nor the ability to return! All seem sensible that we are very far removed from the ground occupied by the Apostles; but none can say why we have forsaken it, nor WHERE we now are. But as your Vessel now carries many mariners, is visited by many inquiring minds, and calls at many colonies of the remnant of Israel, she would form a very eligible medium of information on a subject so deeply involving our interest and the glory of our God.

But where are the sons of Issacher that have an understanding of the times to know what Israel ought now to do? Where are the able men of Zebulon, that can handle the pen of the writer, and shew us *why* the Lord mourneth; and *where* is to be seen *our only hope*, the morning star of a better day? Are all fools and babes! Do none know *where* or *how long*? Speak, ye who ride on white asses, and sit in judgment with the authority and discernment of the spirit of judgment, and the spirit of burning; and tell us if Elias, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof, has come to Carmel to *restore* order to the church by deciding the long controversy by fire from heaven. Tell us whether the halting between two opinions of Wesley and Calvini has ceased, so that we may run to the sea and look for the little cloud which is to be the harbinger of showers of blessing. Say if we may reasonably expect this true token and sign



of the coming of the Son of Man to purge his floor, and usher in a brighter day. Have ye heard the sound of an abundance of rain? or found in your hearts to "ask of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain," so that depending on the veracity of his promise we may expect to see bright clouds in our heavens, and rain and grass in our every field? Ye ministers of our God, let us know if ye indeed weep between the porch and the altar; and as the heads of the house of Israel, like Daniel, ye acknowledge and confess the iniquity of modern Zion. As soon as we shall hear your voice, our's shall respond; and the cry of weeping and of supplication shall mark the road of return from our long captivity, till having passed the valley of Baca, we come and sing in the heights of Zion! Could we indeed be assured that Jezreel (*the seed of our God*) doth cry from the heart, we should then be sure that our heavens would cease to be brass, and our earth iron!

Often in our childish eagerness to obtain good tidings of good, have we ran to the sea to look for the little cloud: and as oft have we felt the pain of disappointment in being obliged to say "There is nothing." False hopes too, from false vapour in the horizon, and spectral illusions from a diseased eye have often made our hearts sick with real hope deferred! Pity then, the little boyish watchmen, who for Zion's weal have sat whole nights in their ward, and are even now afraid to cry, "A Lion, my Lord;" and "behold here cometh a chariot of men with a couple of horsemen," as a sure prognostic of Jezebel's—of Babel's fall! But still it is a truth that he who shall come, will come, and will not tarry; and therefore must we still wait and watch. Behold he cometh with clouds—the clouds of heaven! But his herald must precede him, and prepare his temple! His herald must cry aloud and wake up the wise virgins to accompany the Bride! And is the temple cleansed? Is the sanctuary purged? Is all our corruption in holy things carried out by the dung gate into an unclean place? Nay, rather we ask, if in the faithfulness of truth the tongue of the ministry in every pulpit has become the scourge of small cords to expel the awful merchandize from the house of prayer? Has the church in her purest visible form, ceased to be a den of thieves; and the false Holy One vacated the seat of God, and flew to his own strong hold for fear? Has he fled from the *Ensign* raised in Zion? from the *Standard* set up to repel the flood? Or, so far from this, is it a fact, that our brother Watchmen in return for the scourge of truth have felt that their backs are lashed with the scourge of scorpions? Or, while fired with holy energy and standing among the briars and thorns of Lucifer, have you found that the sharper than a thorn hedge has pierced your eyes and sides, so that you have despaired even of life! Then, all hail! and still buckle on your fence of iron, and lift up yourselves in your brigandine; for we must now more than ever tread the path our Master trod, endure contradiction, and then die at Calvary! We shall be sold by Judas, be condemned by Caiphas, and then be crucified by Pilate! These three shepherds possessed by the three unclean spirits like frogs must first do their work, and then be cut off in one month: but ere then we shall Elijah-like have soared to a throne not to be overturned!

But what meaneth the fact that many young men are now being raised up, who paw in the valley and smell the battle afar off? Mr. Editor, can you tell us who these are: and what the work they have to do? are these the little cloud—a cloud of witnesses that shall cover the heavens as with bottles, and pour their holy water on the parched ground below? Some are old: but these are young. Are they an army of El-hu's, full of matter, and ready to burst for lack of vent? Are they new bottles made by him who maketh all things new? If so, then surely they must—they shall be filled with wine like to the bowels of the altar; and then they must roar like young lions, and burn under the wide spread glory of the enemy, like a torch in a sheaf, or fuel in an hearth! John at Jordan *made* disciples; but Jesus *sent them forth* to cast out devils, and make havoc in Satan's kingdom. Are these the friends of Elias? Are they disciples of the Baptist? If you say, yes; then we say, they are recruits training for a campaign, whose issue must be the victory of Armageddon! Before Elias (*spirit and power we mean*) have finished their exercise they must learn that the wide-spreading mass of corruption they will have to remove is the negation and perversion of pure principles now cast away! And having learned this they shall *teach* the fathers whose hearts shall meekly bow to learn of babes those things so essential to the restoration of peace and order! Elias and his disciples must restore all things *in the house*: and when this "restitution" has transpired, Zion's Lord shall come.

You know, Mr. Editor, for you have seen, that the Church at this time is like an old and almost lifeless stem; hollow, empty, rotten within, while a little remaining sap sends forth from its sides weak and feeble shoots. *Apparently* she is worth little but for the fire; and indeed a slow fire—a consumption—has been for some time burning at her root so that she is as a brand half consumed! Nevertheless, it is the stem of Jesse; and a branch shall yet grow up out of her roots. Elias shall quench the fire; and wrest from her hand the cup of fornication; and then the dry tree shall flourish, and the green tree shall be made dry. A beautiful green olive will now spring up from the old stem; and while its berries shall be many and good, their oil shall flow into the candlestick so soon as the great voice shall bid it to be placed on the table in the temple of God! But forget not brother, that many people and great nations will be gathered together against the tree, and say, let us destroy it with the fruit thereof; and let us cut it off from the land of the living: let us break the bonds of the holy one in sunder, and let us cast away their cords from us; (Jer. xi. 16, 19. Ps. ii. 3.) but then shall the Lord go forth and fight with those nations as when he fought in the day of battle, and his feet shall stand upon the *mount of corruption*, which dividing against itself shall no longer stand, but become a shelter, or plain, and a watering place for the elect. We are, brother,

LITTLE WATCHMEN OF THE TOWER.

"It is a comfortable consideration that all our trials and troubles are appointed in covenant love; their weight, duration, and effects, were all ordained in the ancient settlements of eternity."—*Samuel Turner.*

## The Errors of the Arminians.

A LETTER TO MR. TYREMAN.

SIR:—Having been informed that you were to preach at the Wesleyan Chapel, Vauxhall Walk, on Sabbath evening, January 20, 1850; and that the subject would be about the *Great Supper*; and I being a poor miserable, loathsome, and wretched sinner, one who bunglers and thirsts after spiritual food, I felt a great desire to hear you, in order that I might pick up a crumb or two. But alas! I was sorely disappointed; as I found there was nothing for such as my condition required.

From the general tenor of your statement, I find there is a great deal to do in order to obtain a place at the feast; more than I should be able to perform, if I should live five hundred years; indeed, much more than any human or angelic nature can do. I cannot say I did not hear you; in this matter you rather excelled the generality of ministers. But what you advanced was most inconsistent and glaringly wrong, when we come to the Scriptures; and this is the standard from which I am enabled to confute error and establish truth.

You stated, sir, amongst other inconsistencies, that “*the obduracy of man frustrates God’s purposes.*” Pray, sir, where is your chapter and verse to prove this? I defy you to find one, from Genesis to Revelation. Another was, that “*God entrusted the salvation or the damnation of man to his ministers; and that they will be held accountable for the same.*” This is a most awful perversion of the truth! Besides, if this proposition be true, then you are making God inferior to man; and more especially so, if the first proposition was true. If only these two doctrines were true, I should have no hope of salvation whatever. Such statements as these cannot be dictated by the Holy Ghost; nor are there any Scriptures to that effect. You also stated, that “*Christ died for all mankind, for every individual man.*” Then, if such be the case, how comes it to pass that you should state on the other hand, that millions are now in hell? These, sir, are solemn things; and I don’t envy that man’s situation, who will stand up before the people and thus pervert and misrepresent the Scriptures. Let me direct your attention to the oracles of God. “*No man can come unto me, except the Father, who hath sent me draw him.*” This is explained in Solomon’s Song, “*Draw me, we will run after thee;*” “*The King hath brought me into his chambers;*” “*No man can receive anything except it be given him from above;*” “*Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power;*” “*But the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.*” You will find that the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters of Romans completely overturns the whole of the doctrines which you advanced. And I also wish to direct your attention to the first chapter of Ephesians; indeed the whole of the epistle is precious to the children of God; and I am thankful to say, it was made precious to me this morning, by the blessed Spirit of truth. Paul says, and I cannot quote a better authority, for he was a man qualified and prepared to preach by his Master, Rom. xi. 18, “*Therefore, hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.*” (Verses 20 to 25; also x. 14, 15.)

You also stated, that “*Salvation is offered to*

*every man!*” Pray, sir, where is your Scripture to bear out this statement? You very carefully kept the glorious doctrine of eternal election, predestination, final perseverance, and other great doctrines of free grace, sovereignty of God, quite out of your sermon altogether, never naming one of them; but in lieu thereof, brought in the great doings of men,—Whitfield, Wesley, Howard, Taylor, and others. This is all rubbish double distilled to a circumcised ear; and most painful to hear to a child of God. It is all very well for fleshy professors and free-will people, who like to hear the creature applauded instead of Christ. Nothing suits a poor broken-hearted empty sinner better than a full Christ. I have heard some ministers in the Wesleyan Connexion say, that “*Christ emptied himself!*” Then I say, an empty Christ and an empty sinner is a poor set out indeed. I feel truly thankful I have been made sensible of myself as a sinner; for these are just the characters for whom Christ died. He died for the sheep, not for the goats; but the generality of preachers now make a mixed medley of it; and affirm, that he died for the reprobate as well as the elect. This is impossible; and moreover, if such was the fact, it would be making the devil stronger than God; and who will affirm this?

You also quoted that beautiful passage in Revelation, “*The Spirit and the bride say come,*” &c., *nine different times*, but never condescended to explain the same to the people. This I was looking for every time; but waited in vain.

Now sir, in conclusion, I say, don’t take this as coming from me in anger. No; I trust you will not; for I bear you none; but highly respect you as a man; but your doctrines I hate most heartily; yea, as bad as I hate the devil; but your person I respect; and the only reason why you speak not according to the law and to the testimony is assigned by Scripture; which is this—“*If any man speak not according to the law and to the testimony, it is, because there is no light in him.*” Then, “*if the light that is in him be darkness, how great is that darkness!*” If there is anything wrong in my letter, that is, contrary to the word of God, I will readily give way; but he that is taught of God, cannot lean upon the creature; for they are not all Israel, that are of Israel. The present state of Zion is dark and feeble, men of truth very scarce—plenty of bishops, archbishops, rectors, deans, incumbents, vicars, &c., but these are another family altogether. These are not members of the church of the living God! but belong to the church of Antichrist; hence their spite and malice against the ministers of the living God. You will find sir, ninety-nine preachers out of every hundred are quite in the dark as to spiritual matters, and know nothing of the work of regeneration in the soul; this they are quite strangers to, nor can they ever learn this secret from man, or any set of mortals, colleges or institutions. This is a great mistake in the Church of England, and out, Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists and many others too numerous to name; these all grope in the dark, and try to eclipse the glories of Immanuel, preach up the creature, hate the sovereignty of God, pour contempt upon the God-man Mediator, follow the traditions of men, and treat with contempt the ordinances of the Lord. Why the church is left with such a scanty supply of spiritual men, is not for us to say, but thus it pleaseth

God; there are just as many as he wants, and when he requires more, he will raise them up; he can make use of a ram's-horn, as well as a silver trumpet, either in his hands are effectual to the calling of his children out of darkness, out of nature's ruins; his stones are all marked in the quarry, and some he brings even from the door of hell: there is a set time to favour Zion, and when that time arrives none can hinder.

I am, Sir, your fellow sinner,  
J. T. GARDNER.

*Swan Street, Borough, January 28, 1850.*

**Extracts from a Discourse by Mr. West,  
Of Winchelsea, Sussex.**

I HESITATE not to declare, that if when you come to God, you bring anything in your hand, or in your heart, God will not hear you. It must be Toplady's divinity—

“Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

and the language of the great Mr. Hart is true:—

“'Tis perfect poverty alone,  
That sets the soul at large;  
While we can call one mite our own,  
We have no full discharge.”

I said you must bring nothing. You *may* bring something—you may bring a broken heart; but that is not your own, it is God's: he gave it to you. Free-will never broke a heart yet—it never can do it. Free grace *has* done it; free grace *does* do it; and free grace *will* do it, till all the ransomed church of God shall be brought to reign with Christ for ever and ever.

There is no salvation out of Christ. Faith is the eye of the soul.

There are two sorts of sorrow, but there is but one sorrow that is saving; the other is carnal sorrow. There are two hopes in the Bible: “the hope of the hypocrite shall perish;” but the hope of the child of God shall never perish. There are two repentances: there is the repentance of a Peter, that brings us to the Saviour, and there is the repentance of a Judas, that leads from the Saviour, and to suicide.

Wherever there is a vessel of mercy in London—wherever there is a vessel of mercy in the habitable globe, in the “set time” they shall be “made willing” by the Father's power, to come to him for that repentance that “needs not to be repented of”—the repentance of the grace of God.

There can be no repentance—there can be no brokenness of heart, without God's grace attached; wherever there is repentance there will be faith; it is, as Mr. Hart says—

“That wheresoever faith is strong,  
Repentance is so too.”

The church of God is now a hospital, and is at present composed of separate wards; and all the church must know the meaning of spiritual sickness, or they will never cry for the help of the great Physician.

God's preservation is the Christian's final perseverance. The protection of the Almighty Jehovah is the comfort of his poor ones.

If you have only got a broken heart, that is a sure evidence that God has begun the work;

and what he has begun, he will finish and bring to perfection.

Are there any here who think within themselves that I am preaching too high a doctrine? I declare unto you, that the desire of my heart is, whether in London, or elsewhere, to preach the gospel to every creature—to offer it to none.

**Fatherly Chastisements.**

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Should you deem the following lines a reply to the query of J. B. in the *April Vessel*, I will thank you for their insertion.

It is a matter of paramount importance to all the chosen of the Lord to know that they have a right understanding of his truth, to have the mind of the Spirit in spiritual things; hence the disposition on their part to sift the opinions of men, and bring them to the touch-stone of God's everlasting truth: for they clearly see that to build with the materials of wood, hay, and stubble of human sentiments and excellency of speech, will be to have the building destroyed when tried by fire. In matters of Divine truth, and the solemnities of eternity, they call no man master, having one Master, which is in heaven. To the law and to the testimony, therefore, they appeal, in the spirit of the Psalmist, when he prayed, “Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.” If, therefore, I should, under the Divine blessing, assist in removing what appears to be a difficulty on the part of some of the Lord's people, in reference to the meaning of the words, “chastisement, chasten,” &c., as it occurs in the New Testament, let the name of the Lord, who only giveth light, be praised.

My remarks will be confined to the doctrinal part of the question, and to the testimony of God's word; and in doing so, I will proceed to examine the words “chasten, chastiseth,” &c. as it is found in several places of the New Testament.

In the epistle to the Hebrews, (xii. 5, 6,) it is written, “My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.” “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” The word translated chastening, in the 5th verse, in the original is *paideras*; and chasteneth, in the 6th, is *paiduei*, which is a Greek verb, signifying to educate, to instruct, to admonish, to improve. The word scourgeth, *mastigoi*, in the 6th, signifies to correct, or put right: the verse may be read thus,—“Whom the Lord loveth he instructeth, and putteth right every son whom he receiveth.” And mark, this putting right, and instruction, proceeds from the Father's love, who hath chosen them approved sons. In the verse 7, we read, “If ye endure chastisement, (*paidetian*) God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?” The word endure signifies to continue to receive without being offended, viz., “If ye continue to

receive instruction (in the truth) in the love thereof, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the Lord instructeth not?" 8th verse: "But if ye be without chastisement, (instruction) whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." 9th verse: "Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us." Corrected here, signifies, training, putting right. 10th verse: "For verily they for a few days chastened;" instructed, trained. 11th verse: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous," &c.; and may be read, "But truly all training (being put right) for the present seemeth not to be an occasion of joy, but grief; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the profitable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised therein." And is it not so with the Lord's dear children? Are not the discoveries made by the Holy Spirit, in their souls, of its sinfulness, carnality, devilishness, and ruin, painful in its operation? But what does it lead to? self-loathing, self-abhorrence, deep humiliation of soul, &c.; and thus make way for the coming in of the blood and righteousness of the Lord who bought them, which, when experienced, becomes a season of joy unspeakable and full of glory. Providential afflictions, also, are sanctified to the same end by the blessed Spirit, viz., the instruction of the soul in righteousness. But to proceed; Rev. iii. 19, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." The word rebuke signifies to reprove or convince, and may be read, "As many as I love, I reprove and instruct; I bring them to a consciousness of their folly, their wrong doing; lead them to an acknowledgment of their awful guilt, and then instruct them in the way of God's righteousness, which is by faith in Jesus Christ." First Epistle to the Corinthians, xi. 3, "But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord," &c.; but we are estimated of the Lord, who instructeth us, in order that we be not condemned with the world. 2 Tim. ii. 25, "In meekness instructing those," &c. Here the word instructing (*pardenonta*) is the same Greek verb as before translated chastening, &c. Titus ii. 12, "Teaching (*pardeusa*) us to deny," &c. Acts vii. 22, we read thus, "And Moses was learned;" the same Greek verb again. Chap. xxii. 3, "I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, yet brought up at the feet of Gamaliel and taught," (*pepadeumenas*).

Now from these several passages, it is clear to me that the words, "chastening, teaching, instructing, and correcting," have all a similar meaning, and must be understood to signify to "instruct, train," &c. in righteousness; hereby giving a broad, clear, and everlasting distinction between the afflictions of a poor, tried, and distressed child of God; and those afflictions that are the common lot of all the children of fallen Adam: the afflictions of the former are ever under the sanctifying and effectual control of the ever blessed Spirit, who so

worketh with and by them, that each and all shall answer the purposes of the Father's everlasting love, and the redeeming designs of the everlasting word; the experimental effects of which are, that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience," &c., so beautifully expressed by the apostle Paul; while in the latter, after stirring up the wrath and rebellion of their fallen nature, not having a new nature, it leaveth them worse than it found them, they have no "afterward" spiritual yieldings; not but the child of God feels also that they frequently stir up the rebellion of his old man, and to a fearful extent at times; which, however, discloses to him his vileness in a manner he had not known it before.

This, then, I believe to be the scriptural doctrine of divine chastening; that it is to be convinced, reprov'd, instructed, and corrected in righteousness. That this chastisement is universal in the family of God, is their living witness of sonship; to be destitute of which, is a certain mark of spiritual death. We see Paul chastened by a thorn in the flesh, the manner of which he did not like, and sought by prayer for its removal, but was answered thus, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Here, then, by this affliction was Paul instructed how to endure, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and when satisfied of his heavenly Father's will in the matter, was enabled to glory also in his infirmities; because in this (painful) way God was pleased to magnify the power and riches of his grace in the knowledge of his salvation.

For the present, I am your's,

Lambeth, 1850.

ALPHA.

#### THE POWER AND PREVALENCE OF INWROUGHT PRAYER.

MY DEAR PASTOR AND FRIEND, — Your sermon this morning was to my soul both solemn, weighty and deep, truly, I can say it sifted me through and through; it caus'd a shaking within, and a close and diligent searching in my poor slow and treacherous heart, to see if the love of God, and the fear of God, and the grace of God was there or not. My heart quaked within me, my soul trembled, and my spirit sunk down before him, and I said, Lord thou knowest I desire to love thee, and thou hast said thou wilt accept the desire of him whose trust is in thee, and thou knowest that I am constrained of necessity to trust in thee, for I am daily made to feel that there is none other beside thee that is worthy of the hope or confidence of the christian; and I can say with my whole heart that my soul desires none other than thyself to build her hopes upon, for nothing short of thyself can satisfy my soul. I hope my dear friend, that I can through the grace of God say, and that without presumption, that I could go on step by step with you when you were describing the difference between prayer and supplication, and I feel certain of the truth of

what you said ; I will, however, speak but of one instance, and that is in the case of a dear sister of mine in the flesh whom the Lord had seen fit to lay his afflicting hand upon in such a way, that her case was considered hopeless. This dear sister was the mother of a large and young family, and the anguish of my soul was so great for her, and on account of the dear children also, that I did wrestle for her with my God night and day ; nay, I poured out my supplications before him, that he would restore her again to her dear little ones and to me ; and that he would show her her state as a sinner and lead her to repentance through the Son of his love ; and I can say with a holy confidence that he heard my cry, that "he bowed the heavens and came down" to my help ; yes, blessed be his high and glorious name, he answered the supplications of a poor sinful worm with these blessed words, "I have heard thy cry, I have seen thy distress, I will add unto her days fifteen years." I shall not attempt to describe the gratitude and joy that flowed through my soul, nor the love of my heart towards that God who had heard and answered my prayer ; I felt certain the answer was from the mercy seat above, for he who dictated my prayer gave me faith also to grasp the answer as mine own, and to store it up in my poor heart as a sacred treasure until the answer should be given ; I went down stairs and said to a dear friend "my sister will recover, for the Lord hath told me so." Well, the next letter I received, which was in a few days, brought me the glad tidings that she was much better, and now my soul was indeed melted down before him, not only on her account, but on my own also, that he had again made it manifest to me that I was one of his, by bearing and answering my cry. But his goodness to me made me the more bold, so that I began to make a larger request unto him, and blessed and praised be my dear covenant God, he had greater and more precious things in store for me, and he brought me again to the throne of his grace and mercy, to ask for that which he himself designed to bestow upon me. Lord, said I, I adore and praise thy holy name for thy great goodness and thy tender mercies wherewith thou hast blessed me, in giving back this dear sister to me, and at a time too when she was looked upon by me as dead ; but Lord it is not enough to satisfy my soul, her soul is to me more dear than ten thousands of gold and silver. O my God, said I, in the anguish of my spirit, disappoint me not in this matter, but for the sake of thy dear Son hear and answer my cry ; and I can say that my whole soul lay prostrate at his feet, and my spirit was melted and poured out before him, while faith struggled hard with him and said, Lord, I cannot go until thou dost answer me ; her soul Lord, her dear immortal soul, I must have it Lord, I cannot leave thee until thou dost give me an answer concerning it, I must have it Lord, I must have it before I let

thee go ; and now my case became to me so extreme, and my groaning to God for her so intense, that I could enter in some measure into the mind and feelings of the apostle when he said, "I could almost wish myself accursed from Christ for your sakes." And the dear Lord did come down from on high and helped me, and that in such a way as astonished my soul to a great degree, for he gave me one of the most blessed words for her that the sacred volume contains. (Some may perhaps question the truth of all this, but the Lord knoweth, and my soul knoweth that what I write is true.) The passage the Lord gave me was this, "She is a vessel of mercy, afore prepared unto glory." It were folly to attempt to tell out my feelings at this time ; no language is adequate to it, I was transported with rapturous joy and love ; my soul was brimful of gratitude and praise ; I said, or rather sobbed out, Lord, it is enough, I believe thee and doubt not but thou wilt make it manifest to my soul that thou hast indeed and of a truth heard and answered my supplication and my prayer. But my joy was so great that I for some little time knew not what I was doing. It was in the summer, and I went to lay a fire and clean the fire-place ; but my heart and my thoughts were so much taken up with the great goodness of God to me, that I lit the fire without knowing I had done so, for while my hands were busy with my work, my soul was up to my God, my heart was above, and my conversation was in heaven ; but after some little time, I saw the fire blazing before me, so I returned and came down again from the holy mountain, yet still my heart was so taken up and filled with my God, that I went crying about the house for joy, nor could I restrain my tears. My friend before mentioned said to me, What, crying again ? Yes, said I, but they are tears of joy and not of sorrow, that I now shed. But now I waited for the next letter from my dear sister, nor was I kept long in suspense. My dear Lord knew what a poor doubting heart I had, and in tender compassion to my weakness did not suffer my faith to be tried above that which it was able to bear. I soon received a letter in answer to one I had sent, written by my dear sister herself ; and now did I find this once gay and thoughtless one bending low beneath the burden of her sin, with her face Zionward, asking if there was pardon in Jesus large enough and free enough for her. The dear children of God can alone enter into my feelings of love and thankfulness and praise. It is now nearly three years since, and she still holds on her way, still striving after holiness and God ; nor have I one little doubt of seeing her before the throne of his glory, if I myself through grace and mercy am permitted to enter that blest abode. Thus have I given you a very brief account of the greatness of his goodness towards me in this one instance.

Yours, sincerely in the best of bonds.

HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM.

## Prayer for Mercy;

OR, REASONABLE DUTY, IN TIMES OF SIN  
AND WRATH.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

*(Continued from page 96.)*

SECONDLY, We may consider the import of it objectively, as it is our plea: "Remember mercy." Many deceive themselves with a false hope in the general mercy of God, and are ignorant of mercy, as it is the plea of faith. There are twelve things contained in the plea of faith; when we plead that God would remember mercy. 1. We plead that he would remember the place of mercy, which place it hath in his heart, and what place it hath in his Christ. Hath it not such a place in his heart, that it is his delight? "He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy," Mich. vii. 18. As we are, by nature, the children of wrath; so he is, by nature, merciful: his mercies are called his bowels, (Luke i. 18.) "through the tender mercies of our God;" in the margin it is, "through the bowels of our God." Thus (James v. 11.) he is called, *POLYSPLAGCHNOS, full of bowels*. Mercy is most natural to him; and therefore it is most natural for him to shew mercy. Hath it not such a place in Christ, that he is said to be the store house of mercy and grace? My faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him, Psalm lxxxix. 24. "God was in Christ," 2 Cor. v. 19. And of all the attributes of God in Christ, mercy is mentioned as the most triumphant, rejoicing over judgment; God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself mercifully. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; or merciful, and mercifully appeased," Matt. 14, 17. When we plead that he would remember mercy, in his heart, and in Christ, in whom his soul delights. 2. We plead he would remember the ground and reason of mercy; and that is mercy itself: God saith to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." Rom. xi. 15. Though the immediate ground of God's manifesting mercy, is for Christ's sake; for mercy provided a Christ, a Saviour, a Redeemer; he shews mercy for mercy's sake. The supreme cause of divine love is divine love itself; so God saith to Israel. "The Lord loved Israel, because he loved him." Deut. vii. 7, 8.

3. We plead he would remember the channel of mercy, and how it vents through a propitiation, to the honour of justice, Rom. iii. 25, 26. We may plead that he cannot wrong his justice by shewing mercy, since he hath found a ransom, and "set forth Christ to be a propitiation, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins." Hence we plead he would remember mercy; we plead he would remember Christ, and a mercy seat sprinkled with the blood of Christ. Christ is called **THE MERCY**, by way of eminence; "the mercy promised to our fathers," Luke i. 72; and it is a strong plea for faith, when plead-

ing that he would remember mercy, that he would remember Christ, and not forget what he hath done; and how he hath done and suffered; and satisfied and finished the work; and what he is still doing: and so that he would both remember mercy for mercy's sake, and remember mercy for Jesu's sake; yea, mercy in Jesus, so as to be accepted in the beloved; since mercy in this channel, brings glory to every other attribute: here is grace reigning through righteousness unto eternal life.

4. In pleading he would remember mercy, we plead he would remember the covenant of mercy, and the promise of mercy sealed by the blood of mercy, the mediation of the covenant; and how he hath made a covenant with his chosen, and said "Mercy shall be built up for ever," Psalm xxix. 2, 3. Though indeed, if his children break his law, he will visit their iniquities with rods, &c. Yet, nevertheless, he hath said, "My loving kindness will I not take from him," nor consequently from his seed; "nor suffer my faithfulness to fail: my covenant will I not break, nor alter the word that is gone out of my lips, once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lie unto David." v. 30, 27. And hence, when he performed the mercy promised to the fathers, he is said to remember his holy covenant, Luke i. 72. O sirs, it is a strong plea, in the midst of wrath, that he would remember his covenant and promises; remember the word on which he hath caused us to hope, as a word sealed by the blood of Christ, and yea and amen in him, and indeed you cannot go safely to a communion table, without the plea in your mouth, in your heart. For Christ saith of the sacramental cup, "this cup is the new testament in my blood." It is a cup of promised mercy, purchased and secured by my blood.

5. In pleading this mercy, we plead that he would remember the dignity of this mercy, and the grandeur and glory of it, as it exalts and magnifies above any other letter of his name; Psalm cxvii. 2. "I will praise thy name for thy loving kindness and thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above thy name:" that is thy word of grace, mercy, and loving kindness; which truth is engaged to accomplish, this mercy thou hast magnified, above all thy name and dignity; as it were above all thy perfections, in the method of salvation through Christ; yet he consults their honour with this view, that especial mercy may be manifested, dignified, magnified, and aggrandized; therefore saith the Lord, remember thy dignity and grandeur of mercy.

6. In pleading this mercy, we plead the dimensions of mercy; the height, depth, and breadth of mercy, as well as love, spoken of, Eph. iii. 18. The dimensions of our sins are great; and we cannot magnify sin too much, unless we magnify it above the mercy of God in Christ. Oh sirs, this divine mercy is as high as heaven, as deep as hell, as broad as time, and as

long as eternity! here is an ocean without bank or bottom.

7. In pleading this mercy, we plead that he would remember the associates of mercy; or its companions and concomitants, with whom it hath struck hands and made up a blessed agreement; "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Psalm lxxxv. 10. There was a seeming odds and contrariety between mercy and justice: mercy saying, *pity and save the sinner*; justice saying, *damn and destroy him*: but now, in the death and satisfaction of Christ the surety, the blood thirsty sword of justice hath drunk to infinite satisfaction, and hath no more blood to demand. The truth of God, in the threatening of the law, denouncing death and damnation to the sinner, is vindicated, by the substitution of Jesus in our room. Mercy and truth having met and kissed each other. We have not only mercy to plead, but associates of mercy, and so may plead mercy for justice's sake, mercy for the sake of truth and holiness, mercy for the sake of all her associates and neighbour attributes, that they may be glorified with her.

8. In pleading his remembering mercy, we pray he would remember the riches of his mercy: the Lord is said to be rich in mercy, and to shew the exceeding riches of his grace. Eph. ii. 4, 7. O what a strong plea is it that God accounts mercy, beyond all things else, to be his riches! The men of this world count silver and gold to be their riches; but God accounts his being merciful his being rich, and being communicative of his mercy to poor sinners.

9. In pleading his mercy, we plead he would remember the multitude of his mercy: this is frequently the church's plea, "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." Psa. l. 1. And in Psalm cvi. 7, Israel is challenged for their not remembering the multitude of his tender mercy; and in Psalm cvi. 45, it is said, "He remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercy." We may as soon number the stars of heaven, as the multitude of divine mercy; and this we may set against the multitude of our sins, when we plead, that in wrath he would remember mercy.

10. In this prayer, we plead he would remember the objects of mercy. It is not himself that is the object of his mercy; but man, miserable and sinful man: "The kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared." Tit. iii. 4. But the love of God and the mercy of God in this differs: that whereas God himself, as well as man, is the object of his love; for he loves himself, and so is the greatest object of his love: but God himself is not the object of his own mercy; God hath no need of mercy for himself. What a comfortable plea is this, that the mercy which God accounts his chief riches and treasure, is what peculiarly concerns us, and our good

and salvation! Hence we may make our own misery a plea in prayer; because this is the proper object of divine mercy: therefore it is called "His kindness towards us through Christ." Eph. ii. 7.

11. In this prayer, we pray that he would remember the qualities of this mercy: that his mercy is like himself, great and infinite mercy: hence the church so frequently in Scripture pleads the greatness of his mercy, and sets it against the greatness of their sins; "For his merciful kindness is great towards us." Psa. cxvii. 2. "Thy mercy is great unto the heaven." Psa. lvii. 10. Nay, "Thy mercy is great above the heaven." Psa. cviii. 4. We may plead that this mercy is free mercy; and, indeed, if it did not exclude merit, and were not free, it could not be so properly mercy. We may plead that this mercy is sovereign mercy; regarding neither the worthiness nor unworthiness of the creature. We may plead that it is ancient mercy; with reference to eternity, that is from everlasting; and with reference to time, that it is of old: saying, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations: thou hast been favourable to thy land:" and so may we plead upon former mercies, saying, "Where is the sounding of thy bowels, and of thy mercies toward me? are they restrained?" Isa. lxiii. 15. We may plead not only the antiquity, but the perpetuity of his mercy; that his "mercy endures for ever:" he hath commanded the house of Israel and the house of Aaron to say, "his mercy endures for ever." We may plead the immutability of his mercy. Whatever changes befall us, yet he is God, and changeth not; therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

12. In this prayer we may plead the kinds of mercy; the various sorts of mercy. We may plead that he would remember his conquering and overcoming mercy; that can conquer our enmity, conquer our guilt, conquer the curse of the law, and all the wrath we deserve: that is, preventing mercy; that can and must prevent our faith, prevent our repentance, and prevent our prayers; otherwise we will never believe, or repent, or pray: hence, as it is mercy that comes over mountains, so it is called mercy found of them that sought him not. That it is following or pursuing mercy; still following those who it prevents and prevails upon: "Goodness and mercy shall follow me." Psa. xxiii. 6. Even when the soul forsakes God, grace and mercy will follow the soul, and bring it back, otherwise it would run to ruin. Again: that it is forgiving mercy, saying, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness: and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." And that it is a forthcoming mercy, saying, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee; and my strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness." In a word, all kinds of mercy is with God; and we may plead the variety of his mercies.

There is no sin or misery but God hath mercy for it, mercies of every kind; and among others, uniting; "I will give them one heart, and one way." Jer. xxxi. 39. And as there is no disease but God hath a remedy for it; so there is no misery but God hath a mercy for it. He hath in himself a treasure of all sorts of mercies, divided into several promises in Scripture, which are but so many boxes or chests of this treasure. If thy heart be hard and untender, he hath tender and melting mercies; if thy heart be dead, he hath quickening mercy; if polluted, he hath purifying mercy: if thou art sick, he hath healing mercy; if sinful, he hath all sanctifying mercy; if sorrowful, he hath all comforting mercy; if lost and miserable, he hath all saving mercy. As large and various as your wants, more large and various are his mercies; so that we may come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need, and according to our need. Heb. iv. 16. Oh what a rich product is to be had out of the womb of mercy! And, oh how many powerful pleas and arguments are there in this one, REMEMBER MERCY!! All the mercies that are in his heart, he hath transplanted them, as it were, into several beds, in the garden of the promises, where they grow, and we are allowed to pluck these flowers, by pleading the mercies contained in these promises, "which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God." Oh, sirs, be entreated to come to the mercy of God in Christ.

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**WILLIAM SALISBURY**

AND HIS WICKED MOTHER,  
BOTH TRULY CONVERTED TO GOD.

WHEN I was in Trowbridge, on Monday, May 13th, Mr Pearce, the baptist minister, of Hilperton, gave me a very precious little penny tract which Mr. Diplock, of Trowbridge, has recently published. It was written by the late John Dymott, who was for many years a faithful minister of Christ, at Hilperton; and was well known by Mr. Warburton, sen. I wish that many thousands of this little tract might be distributed among our poor ignorant people; it is very likely to be made useful to poor souls.

It is entitled—"Interesting Account of William Salisbury, and the effects his happy death had on his mother."

The following is the substance of a letter written to Mr. Dymott; and contains the narrative.

"Respected, though unknown Friend,

"This morning I received your letter, respecting the dear little boy, who died in this village. The whole of the account you have sent in yours, is correct, except that the mother of the late child was not a widow; but was living with her husband at the time the boy died. The woman and her husband were notoriously wicked, they paid no regard to the Sabbath, and every

species of wickedness was committed with impunity. The woman had the poor boy in question, before she was married to her present husband; and they were also in very abject circumstances at the time the boy died. Although I had been constantly preaching in the village for nearly seven years, I never saw either of them at the meeting in my life. Indeed I did not know there were such people in the parish, I relate all this, in order that you may have a clear understanding of the circumstance; the sequel of which, will, I believe, be considered by you, a grand display of the free and rich grace and mercy of our good and gracious God, towards the vilest returning sinners. And, as I find you are disposed to publish this affair, I feel it my duty to give you the full statement of it, as it came under my own cognizance, being nearly concerned. I hope I feel thankful in my heart that you are stirred up to this, and may the Lord bless you in the work and make it abundantly useful. As near as I can recollect, the matter was as follows. One evening, some friends being at my house, in christian conversation, a person knocked at the door. Opening it myself, I saw a tall, bold-looking woman, in very mean attire. Upon inquiring what she wanted, she told me, she came to ask me to go with her, to see her boy, who had been ill some little time, and she believed would not live the night over; and he had been begging them to send for Mr. D. At length she was obliged to come, for the boy would not be quiet, he wanted so much to see Mr. D. I replied, 'I do not know you, where do you live?' She answered, 'About half a mile off.' Why, said I, 'I never saw you at our place of worship.' 'No Sir,' said she, 'I never go any where on a Sunday, I have no clothes fit to go out in.' Said I to her, 'How does your boy know me?' 'Why, she said, 'he has been in the habit of going to your meeting, whenever he could get away unobserved by me; for I did not let him every time he wanted to go, because he was so ragged, and had no shoes to wear; so that I was ashamed for him to go.' She seemed much affected when relating this. She proceeded to say, that when he could get off to meeting of a Sunday, he would be talking about the text and the sermon nearly all the week after. Requesting one of my friends to accompany me, we set off, about nine o'clock the same evening: when we got to the house, I heard him talk to the people with him, before I got up stairs. Upon some one saying, as I entered the room, 'Here is Mr. D,' the poor child looked up, put out his hand, and taking mine in his, thus addressed me: 'Oh! Mr. D. why had you not come before to me?' I replied 'I did not know any thing of you nor of your wanting to see me.' 'Ah no,' he rejoined, 'I could not get my mother to come for you. But I am going to die, I am going to heaven, I am going to have a crown of life, and there is one prepared for you, and you and I shall be in heaven together. Oh! my dear Jesus, I want to come to heaven to you, I want to die this



night.' As he addressed me by name, I asked him how he knew me. 'O,' said he 'by going to hear you preach.' Upon asking him when he went, he replied 'every time I could, when my mother would let me.' I then inquired if he could remember any thing he had heard me preach about. He answered, 'Yes, that I can, I heard you preach from that text, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." This was repeated correctly, though he could not read a word.

"All this while he appeared as happy as it was possible for a creature to be, and at every interval in the conversation he would keep on saying, with great earnestness, 'O my dear Jesus, I want to die, to come to heaven to you; I want to die, to be out of this wicked world.' This he would repeat twenty times following, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven with as much propriety, gravity, and seriousness as though he had been forty years of age. I then asked him, if he would not be glad to get better and have good clothes, so that he might come to meeting on a Sunday. 'O no,' was the reply, 'I want to die and get out of this wicked world.' I think I shall never forget the scene around me; the room was full of people, and every body so affected, that all wept together. I then availed myself of the opportunity of addressing those that never went to a place of worship on the Lord's day. Every now and then, the dear boy would say, 'Hark! 'Hark!' 'I hear music, music, I hear music!' whilst he pointed upwards with his finger; so that it really seemed as though a part of heaven was let down into his soul, even while in the body; and when he could not hear the music, he would say to his mother, 'I want to hear the music again;' and then, 'Dear Jesus, I want to come to heaven to you.' Thus in the simplicity and out of the fulness of his heart he spake. I stayed an hour with him, and before I left, asked, if I should attempt to pray with him. He replied, 'O yes.' After prayer, I took my leave, telling him I would see him again in the morning. Accordingly, about six o'clock the next day, I went again; but before I got there, his prayer had been answered; for he died about three o'clock in the morning, and I was informed, continued to the last in the same state I saw him in.

"When he was dead, his mother requested he might be buried in our meeting-yard; to which we consented. He was interred the next Sabbath evening, and I preached on the occasion, from the 25th and 26th verses of the eleventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel: 'Jesus answered and said, I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' This was the end of this dear child. I afterwards heard, from his mother

and others, that he would get away Sabbath mornings, and not go back to get food, lest his mother should not permit him to go again. In this way he had staid the three services of the day, when the snow was on the ground and he had no shoes to his feet, and loitered about from the end of one to the beginning of the succeeding opportunity. But had this been known, he would not have fared thus.

"I will now inform you a little what effect this had upon his then wicked mother. She, seeing the happy end of her child, began to reflect upon her hard and cruel treatment of him; which so wrought upon her mind, that she was like a distracted woman for many months, not capable of doing her labour. The Lord also gave her light to see her sin, as well as her ill usage of her child upon the account of his religion, the guilt of which so oppressed her, that she would lie down upon the ground and roll herself in agony, expecting every minute to be cut off and sent to destruction. She began immediately to attend the means of grace, not only on the Lord's day, but at our meetings for prayer. Her wicked oaths and wicked companions and conduct were immediately left, and her cry was, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' She acknowledged to me, that she often cursed the boy; for after having been to meeting on a Sunday, he would be talking to himself of what Mr. D. said—often repeating these words: 'Let the wicked forsake his way,' &c., when his mother would curse him, and say, 'Mind your work, you lazy blockhead: what do you know about the wicked forsaking his way? and very often beat him into the bargain. But after his death, this language to and usage of her child, and all upon account of his religion, recurred to her recollection, striking like daggers on her conscience; and for a long season she went under great terrors of mind. But at length the Lord was pleased to speak peace to her soul, after which she became a member of our society, and I believe her to be a woman now of sterling piety; and though remarkably poor, yet she is an ornament to her profession; and as she was notorious for wickedness, so now she seems to be eminent for rich and sound experience as a Christian; and a more evident or extraordinary conversion I have never heard of. Nor did the matter end here; for, at the same time, this circumstance was blessed to the conversion of four or five of her wicked companions, who were reclaimed from the error of their ways.

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.'

"Thus I have given you as correct a statement of this affair as I am capable of, all which I was ear and eye-witness to.

"The poor creature is now realising great tribulation: her husband is lying ill in a dropsy, expecting him to die almost every day; and were it not for the help of her

friends, they must famish. The parish officers will not allow them any thing unless the poor man goes after it himself, and that is impossible for him to do in his present state; but still the poor woman is in good spirits; she says she believes the Lord will provide somehow or other, for her to get some food for her husband, as long as he lives.

"Hoping the Lord will recompense you for this labour of love towards your fellow-sinners, and bless it to the accomplishment of much good, is the prayer of your friend and wellwisher,

"J. D."

### THE SECOND ADVENT:

OR,

GLORIOUS APPEARING OF OUR GOD AND SAVIOUR.

A LITTLE volume entitled "A Closet Companion for the daughters of Zion: being Original Poems on the Person, Work, Sufferings and Triumphs of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: and some on the longings and labours of living souls. by Helen Maria Allingham," is just now published by Houlston and Stoneman. This work, as regards its binding and printing is one of the handsomest we have seen for some time; and the Poems themselves are not only written in a sweet, savory, and truly experimental style, but they compass some of the most sublime subjects that ever occupied the mind, or employed the pen of a ransomed saint. Some of the pieces are exceedingly rich; especially "A dialogue between a Father in Israel and a Babe in Grace:" this is calculated to be useful to seeking souls. Another, entitled "Fellowship with Christ from Gethsemane to Glory," is to our mind a most soul-transporting poem. In short, we may say this is altogether a very valuable little companion for the christian, either when travelling or in his retired moments. The following Poem on "THE SECOND ADVENT," is the only quotation we can at present make.

"Who is this that's now descending  
In such grand, yet awful, state?  
Countless myriads are attending  
Round about his gorgeous seat.

"Oh, what high refulgent glory  
Shines around this warrior King!  
For his royal robes are gory,  
Shewing he's to battle been.

"High is heard the trumpet's voices,  
Now the shouting's loud and clear;  
Ev'ry loyal heart rejoices  
At the King's appearance here.

"See the clouds that circle round him,  
While the heavenly hosts attend,

God, th' eternal God, hath crown'd him,  
And his kingdom hath no end.

"But one trump 'bove every other,  
Sends its blast throughout the world;  
Swearing time's long reign is over,  
From his throne the monarch's hurl'd.

"Hark! it breathes your condemnation,  
Sinners burden'd with your guilt:  
Shout! ye saints, it speaks salvation,  
Through the blood that Jesus spilt.

"Now the nations round him gather,  
See the righteous leave the tomb,  
Glad to meet their Royal Father,  
While he bids them welcome home.

"What! and is this King enthroned—  
Israel's Father, Abram's God—  
Jesus, who on Calv'ry groan'd,  
Christ, who shed his precious blood?

"Yes, this mighty King of heaven,  
He who calls the nations forth,  
Is the Lamb by sinners riven;  
Bruised by his Father's wrath.

"Now he comes, the mighty Saviour,  
Reigning on his throne of state,  
Trampling down his foes for ever,  
'Treading sinners 'neath his feet.

"Awful is the thunder's pealing,  
Vivid is the lightning's ray,  
Earth is to its centre reeling,  
And the heavens waste away.

"Now the glorious sun doth darken  
And the moon turns into blood—  
Lo! a voice: ye nations hearken,  
Ye are call'd to meet your God.

"See them from their graves emerging;  
Earth and hell give up their dead;  
And the briny deep's disgorging  
Thousands from its watery bed.

"Now the last great day is dawning,  
Now the books all open lay,  
Who can 'bide this awful morning?  
Who can hail the judgment day?

"Saints shall stand with joy and bright-  
ness  
At thy bar, thou mighty God,  
Clad in robes of shining whiteness,  
Garments washed in thy blood.

"These shall hail the last great morning,  
In the Judge they see their Friend,  
They are rob'd by his adorning,  
And their pleasures have no end.

"Oh! what horror, grief, and sadness,  
On those frighted wretches dwell—  
Hark! they curse with demon madness,  
While they're fiercely drag'd to hell.

"Seal the pit: the smoke's ascending,  
Up it rises, black and foul;  
And their torment's never ending,  
Like their never-dying soul.

"Now the shout is louder, longer,  
'Tis the shout for glory now,  
Ev'ry dreaded foe is under;  
See the crown on Jesu's brow.

- "Lift ye doors, swing on your portal,  
Let the victor prince move on;  
Enter now, thou King immortal,  
Myriads greet thee with a song.
- "Lo, he enters: hosts wait on him,  
Shouting victory through his blood;  
Martyrs, saints, and angels crown him,  
Prince and Saviour, Lord and God.
- "Oh! what blaze of glory meets them,  
Thought and language fail me now:  
Round about his throne he seats them,  
Low before that throne they bow.
- "Saviour, shall I bow before thee?  
Join the chorus of their song?  
I believe, Lord, and adore thee,  
Since thy grace leads me along."

### MESMERISM

TRIED BY THE TOUCHSTONE OF TRUTH.

MESMERISM, as it is called, is not only pushing its awful heresy abroad in the world; but it has made its way among the professors of gospel truth. We desire, therefore, to call the attention of our readers to a work, entitled, "*Mesmerism tried by the Touchstone of Truth: being, a Reply to Dr. Ashburner's Remarks on Phrenology, Mesmerism, and Clairvoyance.*" By GEORGE CORFE, M.D., of *Middlesex Hospital.*" Dr. Corfe has not only powerfully crushed the mesmeric delusion; but he has treated the subject in such an interesting and becoming spirit, and tested it by such positive facts, as to render the work under notice extremely valuable to the community at large. We had intended to make quotations: but our space this month forbids. We can only add, the work has been read and reviewed by deep thinking men; and is declared to be just what is wanting to stem that torrent of satanic influence which is now flowing through the minds of weak and foolish men. We have no hesitation in saying two things—first, this shilling edition of Dr. Corfe's exposure of mesmerism should be read in public assemblies; and a cheaper edition of it ought to be published and distributed in every house. Our readers will please to notice distinctly this work is published in London by Houlston and Stoneman; and, through any Bookseller, can be supplied.

THE UNHAPPY

### Consequences of unscriptural Unions.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD,—I received your's this morning. I thought I had given offence from what I said when I saw you last; I cannot say I am sorry for

what I then said, having retained, until now, the same views of that important subject. I have thought much of you since this day month. I heard an account of a young woman that was brought to a knowledge of her state as a sinner, and of Christ as her Saviour. In early life, it pleased the Lord to bereave her of father, mother, brothers, and sisters; yet the Lord graciously supported her under all her bereavements: but in process of time, she became acquainted with a young man who shortly married her; she soon found, and that to her sorrow, hers was not an equal marriage; he was an instrument (in the hands of satan) to rob her of all her enjoyment in divine things; she found she had acted in direct opposition to the revealed will of God; she dared not mention that precious name that had formerly been the theme of her song. Shall a dear child of God act so inconsistent as to contract one of the dearest and closest of all unions between two parties of an opposite character? It is no uncommon thing to see the righteous and the wicked bound together by marriage, and then what misery invariably follows! It is utterly impossible that there can be any real enjoyment of each other's society? both Scripture and observation prove that there can be no union of mind; for what communion hath light with darkness, or sin with holiness? How can two walk together, except they are agreed? There can be no harmony while one is after the flesh, and the other after the Spirit; for a believer to marry an unbeliever, is inconsistent, and contrary to God's holy law; it incurs his righteous displeasure. Shall we do so, and bring sorrow and misery upon ourselves? One of the laws of Zion is, that her subjects are to marry "*only in the Lord.*" They are not to be yoked together with unbelievers: if we break this law, we shall bring ourselves into bondage; we shall surely have sorrow in the flesh. This is a very solemn step to take; it requires much prayer, great consideration, prudence, and wisdom, seeing it is not merely for a day, a month, or a year, but it is for life; and on this depends all the future comforts of this life. Search the Word, my sister, and see what is said concerning these things. May you be much in prayer, that the Lord may keep and uphold you amidst all your trials and temptations; may you never be captivated by any external excellency in the creature. We sometimes forget that all the external loveliness of the creature is like the morning cloud or early dew: it soon passeth away. The mind is the man; and our happiness in this life is derived chiefly from unity of mind. Earthly minds may be content with earthly things; they desire no more: but they can yield no solid satisfaction to the soul that is born of God. Just fancy yourself united to one that has not been made a new creature, one in whose heart the fear of God is not to be found: but on the contrary, love to sin, hatred to

holiness. Be not deceived, my dear sister, if the serpent has a beautiful skin, there is poison in his mouth; beware of being deceived by any who would flatter the unwary and innocent with sweet words and fair speeches. Look for something more than that which will only gratify the lusts of the flesh; for they that live after the flesh shall die. I think my sister does not wish to incur the displeasure of her dear Lord, who has done such great things for her. If not, do not break his laws by choosing for your bosom friend one whose heart is enmity against the God you love; but choose one of the household of faith. How delightful to see husband and wife walking together to the house of God, taking sweet counsel together; they enjoy a double pleasure to that of the worldling; they have the pleasures of holiness; the favour of God; they can rejoice together; can sympathize with each other; can bow together at the family altar; are helpers of each other's joys, and fellow heirs of the grace of life; and, when called from this time-state, they shall re-unite their song of praise, to a triune Jehovah, in that bright world where sin and sorrow cannot reach. May this be your happy portion. I find, from your last, you are no stranger to inward conflicts, which the worthless writer feels much of. I am sometimes crying out, "Oh! that it were with me as in days that are past, when the dew lay all night upon me;" but I daily find fresh corruptions rising up within, some hitherto undiscovered sin creeps forth, and I feel I must perish everlastingly, was it not for that precious crimson fountain open for sin and uncleanness. What a mercy, the Redeemer made a complete atonement, when he died for his church! Was there anything remaining for me to do, my state would indeed be an awful one; but, bless his dear name, he knew what his church would be; he paid all her debt. I feel I need keeping, watching, and cleansing, every moment. I am glad you hear Mr. G.—to your soul's comfort.

Believe me to remain your affectionate sister, in the best of all bonds,

S. M.

[To young Christians, this subject is of great moment. We have given insertion to the letter, sincerely praying the Lord to make it useful to some in this day, when the flesh (and not the Spirit) appears so awfully to reign.—ED.]

#### Lift up the Blood-stained Banner of the Cross.

TO MRS. FRANCIS EARWAKER :

DEAR SISTER IN THE FAITH:—Knowing the strong union you felt towards our dear brother Creed, I write a few lines to inform you of his departure for the better kingdom. I returned from Bath on Tuesday afternoon, May 14th, 1850; and went to Crosby Row, to preach that evening. Brother Emmett was there waiting for me, and said, poor Creed wanted me to go in directly, as it was not expected he could last long. I went; and found him supported in bed by his dear wife. I

spoke a few words with him; read a few verses; prayed the Lord to appear for him, (as he was in some darkness of mind,) and I then went to chapel, and preached from, "there the Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams." After service, I went in again. His end appeared to be near. He said, that word had been sweet to his soul—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." I felt much brokenness of spirit, because his pains were very great; and the Lord's presence did not appear to be enjoyed. I did secretly and most fervently lift up my heart in prayer, and I did earnestly crave his smiles and support to be granted unto my then dear departing brother. Oh, what a solemn place to me it seemed! Sister Holds supported his back; brother Emmett stood by his side; I sat at the feet. Presently he looked hard at me, lifted up his dying arm, and said, "LIFT UP THE BLOOD-STAINED BANNER OF THE CROSS. *I hang upon it.*" These were nearly his last words to me. He continued in great pain until about four o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 15, when he—without assistance—raised himself up in the bed, took his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his face, and said, "*I have now done.*" He then laid down on his side, fell into a sweet sleep, and about half-past five that morning he breathed his last, without a struggle or a groan. Thus ended that dear man's long and painful affliction.

We laid his lifeless dust in a grave in New Bunhill Fields, on Monday afternoon, May 20. Many of our friends were present. We sung two hymns, and I spoke as well as I could from "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c. As a church, death has made serious inroads upon us of late. Sometimes I feel these strokes much; but the Lord reigneth. Grace be thine; prays your poor brother in Christ, C. W. BANKS.

#### DEATH OF

### The late Mr. Benjamin Isaac.

FOR more than twenty-five years, Benjamin Isaac was a faithful minister of Christ, in Gloucester Chapel, Hackney. He departed this life on Tuesday morning, April 30th, 1850, aged sixty-six years. On Lord's-day evening, May 12th, our esteemed brother, John Andrew Jones, preached his Funeral Sermon, from the words "*The great love wherewith He loved us.*" This Sermon was here published by Mr. Paul, in No. 3, of "THE BIBLE PREACHER;" which includes a brief Memoir of the deceased, from which we make the following quotation:—

"Benjamin Isaac was a good minister of Jesus Christ: and according to the ability which God had given him, he preached the gospel faithfully to the end of his days. He was most at home when he was abroad; by which I mean, he was most in his element in preaching Christ and him crucified to poor listening sinners in the open air. Tabernacle Square, Mile End Road, &c., were favourite spots with him; and doubtless his out-door labours, as well as in the sanctuary, were not in vain in the Lord.

"Mr. Isaac was always of a weak habit of body, notwithstanding his general robust appearance and strong voice; but his health had been in a more de-

clining state for the last three years; yet so desirous was he to preach the gospel to poor sinners, that no spot was sufficiently extensive, and no weather nor weakness could deter. He was seized with influenza, and typhus fever followed, leaving him greatly debilitated. Still he would not be idle; at Winchmore Hill, at Waltham, &c. From the latter place, after preaching, he returned home greatly refreshed; but ere one hour elapsed he complained of his throat, which terminated in bronchitis. This was a fatal blow, an attack from which he never recovered. His health now ebbed and flowed; and under this severe affliction, he composed a hymn, most expressive of his feelings.

"To a friend who called on him, he said, 'The Lord does not suffer me to be harassed with fears, but I have no ecstasy of joy.' To another friend he said, 'I have no raptures, but I feel solid peace.' On his friend Mr. Balbirne conversing with him, he said to him, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' During the whole of his illness, he never was once heard to express a fear of death.

"On Thursday morning his dear wife heard him say, 'He cannot spurn me from his face: Oh, no, no, no; if God's word be true, he cannot spurn me from his face; and I know what God's words are.' In answer to a rejoicing portion his son brought before him, he replied—

'Sweet truth and easy to repeat;  
But—when my faith is sharply tried—

Still I know that

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

"On being asked if it was all right with his soul he said 'Yes.' Many times he requested to have the 14th chapter of John read to him: the last portion he repeated was—'The great love wherewith he loved me,' &c., commenting upon it—that it was a GREAT love. Raptures of joy did not belong to him. The love, blood, and righteousness of Christ were the foundation on which he rested.

"About eight o'clock in the evening, he called his dear wife to him, and said, 'I have had a very comfortable dream: she heard no more, as he had taken a composing medicine, under the effect of which he remained until life was extinct. He departed to his heavenly rest on Tuesday morning, April 30th, 1850, aged sixty-six years. Mr. Isaac was twice married, and has left behind him a large family."

#### THE INTERMENT.

On Wednesday, May 8th, the mortal remains of the deceased were deposited in their last resting place on earth, in the ground adjoining Gloucester Chapel, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, the scene of his ministerial labours. The funeral service was announced for half-past two; by which time, nearly three hundred persons were congregated in the chapel to pay their last tribute of respect to their departed pastor and friend. At half-past three, the corpse, attended by several of the mourning relatives, and preceded by Mr. J. A. Jones, of St. Luke's, entered the chapel. The coffin having been placed upon tressels, the venerable John Andrew Jones ascended the desk, and gave out in a solemn manner, the well known hymn of Watts'—

"Why should we mourn departed friends," &c.

Which was sung. He then read the last six verses of 1 Thess. iv., and addressed briefly the assembled multitude, earnestly and affectionately. Another hymn was then

sung composed by our departed brother, (it is supposed on the death of Dr. Hawker,)—

"Well done good and faithful servant,  
Enter thou thy Master's joy;  
All thy sorrows now are over,  
And shall never more annoy.  
Thou hast conquer'd,  
Through the Saviour's precious blood."

Mr. Redford, senr., then concluded the service in the chapel, by an appropriate prayer.

The *sad cortege* now moved into the ground; the remains were lowered among the "clods of the valley;" the doxology was sung.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"  
and the sorrowing multitude dispersed.

#### Jesus and the Resurrection.

An Original Hymn, composed by Mr. G. Bayfield; and sung at his chapel, on Sunday evening, March 31, 1850, after a sermon from Acts xvii. 18.

Jesus and the resurrection,  
Paul, at Athens, did proclaim,  
Saints in Christ have full perfection,  
Jesus took their guilt and shame.  
Hallelujah,  
Glory to his holy name.

Jesus and the resurrection,  
Solid comfort now supply;  
Trembling saints, there's no rejection,  
Grace can sing when nature dies.  
Hallelujah,  
Every saint, with Christ, shall rise.

Jesus and the resurrection,  
Soon the trump shall wake the dead!  
God will have his whole election,  
Saints in Christ have nought to dread.  
Hallelujah,  
We shall there be like our Head.

#### THE SAD COMPLAINT OF

#### One that Desires to Love Him.

Woe! woe is me! that I should thus  
In Meshech's vale sojourn,  
A stranger in a foreign land—  
Have I not cease to mourn!

Lo! yonder living waters glide,  
And pastures fresh and fair  
Are found—but ah! it seems denied  
To me to enter there.

The Sun of Righteousness divine,  
There sheds his cheering ray;  
While I in cold and darkness pine,  
To silent grief a prey.

There safe beneath their Shepherd's care,  
The little flock abides;  
While rugged thorns and briars tear  
My wounded, bleeding sides.

Thrice happy sheep, who roam at will  
O'er all that heav'nly plain,—  
But I, alas! a captive still,  
In Kedar's tents remain.

T. W.

Linnehouse.

## The Saviour's Solemn Caution against the Sin of Covetousness,

NOW SO PREVALENT IN OUR PROFESSING CHURCHES.

AN inspired apostle in his epistle to the Ephesians wrote, "be ye followers of God as dear children;" and our dear Lord rebuked his disciples with these words, "why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

Among the divine sayings of Jesus, are these solemn words, "and he said unto them, take heed, and beware of covetousness." This caution from the lips of Christ, is expressive of danger; from a snare laid. Sin, either by omission, or commission, is the snare of the fowler. Paul speaks of some men, held in the snare of the devil; "led captive by satan at his will:" satan has a profound knowledge of human nature, in its feelings—faculties—propensities and sentiments: he has been increasing his knowledge of poor departed man, by experiments and observations upon different characters,—saints and sinners, for thousands of years. Man is born in sin, and conceived in iniquity. The love of sin and the world, is his element. This will be manifested in the youth of twelve years, and the aged sinner of four score; "the sinner an hundred years old shall be accursed."

Jesus came into the world to "save his people from their sins;" who gave himself that he might deliver us from this present evil world.

God the Holy Spirit, in regeneration and conversion, separates his chosen and redeemed people from the world, that lies in the wicked one. Men, by divine power, are turned from darkness to light, and from satan unto God. The Lord says to the seed of Jacob, "sin shall not have the dominion over you, because ye are not under the law, but under grace." "by the law is the knowledge of sin." Where, and when the Holy Spirit savingly operates, sin is detected, mourned over, confessed, repented of, and forsaken; "he that confesseth, and forsaketh his sins, shall find mercy." Among the many sins exposed and condemned in the word of God, is the sin of covetousness; it is shewn to be an awful violation of both law and gospel; in the epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, and Colossians, it is declared to be idolatry. The church at Corinth was commanded to have no fellowship with a covetous person; and

the inspired apostle declares that no covetous person, who is an idolator, has any inheritance in the kingdom of heaven.

It is very evident, from the Scriptures of truth, that, if men and women profess to be christians, and are sound in doctrine, yet, if they live under the dominion of covetousness, if a minister, he is an hireling in the pulpit; or, if a member of a church, a hypocrite in the church.

From the words of Jesus to his disciples, it is evident, that out of the heart of man proceeds covetousness; yes, man's heart is vile indeed, but the Holy Spirit teaches a man the evil of the heart's vile-ness; therefore, a man taught of God, will never justify himself in living in sin, because, sin lives in him. How many excuses will most people make for sin: what awful presumption and hypocrisy is daily practised to cover the sin of covetousness: what would any of the churches think, or say, if the minister, or one of the deacons, was, at a church-meeting, to propose a well known drunkard as a candidate for membership? or what would be thought of a church that allowed an habitual drunkard to continue in full communion with them? no doubt it would be considered very awful.

But does not the word of God declare, that the covetous man, and the drunkard, and other notorious sinners, have no inheritance in the kingdom of heaven? Who within the last fifty years, has heard of one person separated from the church, or suspended from the table of the Lord for the sin of covetousness? and yet how many have been painfully separated for the other sins named in the same verse of Scripture! That covetousness is branded with wicked idolatry. I have thought for some time past of offering a premium of five pounds to any minister, or church, holding the doctrines of grace, and strict communion; who can produce from the church book one instance, within fifty years of the separation, or suspension of a member for covetousness?

But is it not known, and acknowledged, that there are many such persons in the churches of Christ in this kingdom? Alas! how often, as the writer heard from the lips of some minister, or deacon, in reference to some member among them, "ah,

Sir, they are so covetous, they do little, or nothing toward the support of the cause of God, although they can well afford it; and if you go to them with a case of distress, the object being to raise a small sum for a poor afflicted child of God, a member of the same church, they will reply, 'we cannot afford it, you must go to such and such persons, they ought to give something, for they have plenty.' And these covetous murmurers and complainers, having this world's goods, can see a poor brother in need, while their own bowels are frozen; and the next ordinance day have the presumption to go to the Lord's table, and sit down with the poor child of God they would not relieve in the time of distress; and all the circumstances known to the minister, and yet the covetous person neither reproved nor admonished."

Who that truly fears God, can wonder at the state of the churches in this kingdom, while this Achan (covetousness) is in the camp, ah, I fear, in some pulpits; and, if the minister sets up the golden idol, who can wonder if the people worship it? A member of a church once said to the writer, "O Sir, that minister had two covetous, money-loving deacons, and yet he never hinted at that sin in the pulpit." "How do you account for that?" I asked. "Why because he was always raking after the world and money himself," was the reply.

O then, ye ministers of God, "suffer the word of exhortation; and beware of covetousness." Ye that have a little of this world's goods, remember the poor; your poor brethren in the Lord, that minister in word and doctrine; labouring hard, and honest, preaching in houses, barns, and upper chambers, working six days for temporal bread, and walking many miles to preach the gospel to a few of the despised family of God on a Lord's day: encourage these poor servants of Jesus by inviting them (sometimes) to supply your pulpit: if they have not ability to "set on bread," ornamented with natural, or acquired talent, they will, (the Lord helping them,) set on good household bread.

Oh, ye ministers of our Lord and Saviour, I would beseech you to remember the Lord's poor scattered people in this land, they cannot give you money for walking miles to give them a sermon, but will pour out their hearts before God for your spiritual interest, and ministerial success, and I am sure the prayers of the

Lord's poor saints, are as needful for the Lord's servant as the rich man's gold. It is said of Luther, that a friend expostulated with him upon being too liberal, telling him it was his duty to lay up some money for his children. The good man replied, "I do not want my children to trust in gold, but in God."

And ye, poor ministers of the everlasting gospel, "beware of covetousness," do not envy thy brethren, who have gifts, large congregations, good salaries, and the applause of the professing church; go forth, my poor friends in the Lord's name, declaring the whole council of God, despise mimicry, as satanic agency, and whether you are called to stand up in the pulpit of a brother, before a large congregation, or in a house behind a chair, "wear your own clothes;" "as every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

The good Lord will supply all your needs, and bless his word. It is many years since I was enabled to cast myself upon divine providence in the ministry, and left home with a piece of bread and cheese in my pocket, and a little bundle under my arm; the Lord has kept me dependant, yet I have proved him to be "Jehovah-Jireh." I have "lacked nothing."

And ye churches of the Living God, "Beware of covetousness;" and ye deacons, whose office it is to serve the table of the Lord's ministers, and the poor of the flock, be deeply concerned to manifest the liberal spirit of christian men; "the liberal man deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." "Not greedy of filthy lucre" is a divine prohibition; therefore, a man under the dominion of a covetous spirit, is disqualified for the office of deacon in the church of God; and truly that poor minister is to be pitied, who has to live and labour between two millstones: the poor in the church will have but little attention from men, who are daily grasping after the world. The good Lord stir up the deacons of the church of Christ, to remember the solemn responsibility of their office, that they may put on bowels of mercies, kindness, gentleness, and humility of mind; the Lord fill them with the Holy Ghost, and faith.

And ye members of the body of Jesus, "Beware of covetousness." David prayed "cleansc thou me from secret sins." Covetousness is in many, a secret sin, the idol is worshipped, although the truth is

professed; secret sins are often more hardening than public ones; a murderer would confess his sin with more honesty, than the covetous man would acknowledge his idolatry. The possession of riches is considered by the world a sure mark of respectability. The having much of the world is the thing looked at, without the question being asked, how was it obtained? Success in business, by honourable, upright means, in godly fear, is a token of divine favour; but the accumulating of money by covetousness, oppressing the poor man because he is poor, grinding down the honest tradesman, taking exorbitant interest for money lent, speculating in dishonest transactions for large profits, and many more things, the word of God condemns as wicked; to obtain riches by such means, is a sure mark of God's curse; "woe unto them that join house to house, and field to field" by such wicked means.

Should such persons be in the church of God, (by putting on the cloak of profession,) what a dead weight they are upon all spiritual advancement! Their influence in the church is like an old garden wall upon fruit trees; the trees near an old wall, are generally covered with blight, and fruit-destroying insects; many persons whitewash the wall, to prevent the blight; but alas! the whitewashing process does not remove the old wall; the curse remains.

What a divine blessing is a liberal soul, for it is written, "the liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth others shall be watered also himself." How can a man, under the dominion of covetousness, be a fruitful christian? the thing is impossible. They may have a little sordid pleasure, when their grovelling propensity is gratified; but the unspeakable blessing of "the peace of God" in a tender conscience, a covetous man cannot have; the Lord's blessing is enjoyed in the giving, not in the withholding; in the delivering the poor man when he crieth, not in oppressing him; and, in a hearty willingness to give to the Lord's cause, according as he has prospered us.

What a glorious testimony could Paul bear to the gospel-honouring liberality of the Macedonian believers! He writes in his epistle to the Corinthians, "moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God, bestowed on the churches of Macedonia; how that in a trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy, and their deep poverty abounded, unto the riches of their liberality."

The objects of Paul's earnest solicitude were "the poor saints at Jerusalem;" and how zealous are Paul and Titus in pleading the cause of these poor saints! how delighted was Paul to send the contributions, and Titus to take them: what a glorious manifestation of the power of godliness is recorded here! My dear readers, we may have the word power at the end of our tongues, and live in habitual covetousness.

If the Holy Spirit works by divine power in our hearts, we shall be "ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

What a wonderful change would the real lovers of God and truth behold in the state of the churches of Christ in this kingdom, if the ministers of the gospel, like Paul and Titus, led and encouraged the disciples by their example and practise, to remember the poor saints scattered over this land; a good collection by a pastor of a large church, for some poor brethren at a distance, conveyed to the needy ones, by some truth-loving servant of God, would be more acceptable and scriptural, than a prescription for husband's tea and potatoes.

Christ had compassion on the multitude, because they had been with him three days, and had nothing to eat, and he multiplied the loaves and fishes to feed them. From the example of the great Shepherd, we may learn that he will have his poor people fed, not famished. From observations I have made in travelling through the kingdom, and from the accounts in periodicals, professing to advocate the truth, one lamentable subject is, the barren state of the churches. That there is cruel jealousy and carnal strife in abundance, I am a painful witness. But is "there not a cause?" and is not covetousness an Agag spared in disobedience to the divine command?

Then let the ministers of our God bring Agag forth, and dissect him; and when Israel shall have put away the accursed thing from among them, God, even her own God will bless her, and as she becomes renewed and animated, strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, they that love her will ask with delight and astonishment; and they that hate her will ask in fear and dismay, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

R. DE FRAINE.

Lutterworth, June 28, 1850.



### Prayer for Mercy;

OR, SEASONABLE DUTY IN TIMES OF SIN AND WRATH.  
BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Concluded from p. 164.)

BUT possibly some will say, what if I do not plead regularly and successfully so as to prevail? Why, if you plead so as your plea shall be regarded,

1. Your pleading for mercy will exclude your presuming upon mercy. The presumptuous sinner pleads mercy as an excuse for his sin; this is not pleading mercy to his soul, but mercy to his sin: whereas they that duly plead mercy, they plead vengeance upon their sins.

2. Their pleading for mercy supposes a sense of sin and misery, and wrath deserved. They who have no apprehensions of wrath, will have no due apprehensions of mercy.

3. True pleading for mercy excludes all other pleas; the man hath nothing to plead but mercy: he hath no merit of his own to plead, but the merit of hell. If he plead the merit of Christ, this is the same with pleading mercy, for mercy vents no other way but through the merit of Christ. The soul dares not plead his duties, prayers, or tears, his frames, affections, enlargements, or good qualifications; no, he hath nothing to plead but mercy.

4. The true pleader pleads at the mercy seat, sprinkled with the blood of Christ: where he sees mercy secured by the blood of the covenant, which makes them the sure mercies of David. Now, would you share of this mercy of God to eternal life? then while you plead for mercy, plead upon Christ's plea, and come in upon his right; and you shall sure to obtain this mercy.

Now what shall I say to you who never yet truly pleaded mercy, nor fled to the mercy of God in Christ? Alas! how miserable are you, that never yet saw your need of mercy! and that are to this day in your sins! what will become of you if you are found in all your sins, when death and judgment comes? Oh that you may be brought to feel your need of mercy, and enter this door of mercy, and thus escape the vengeance of God, when grim death stares you in the face, and the awful tribunal appears. But say you, where is the mercy of God? Why all his mercy is in Christ; "God is in Christ reconciling the world to himself." There is no mercy in God, out of Christ, to any guilty sinner. O then, sirs, if you feel your need of this mercy, come to Christ for the mercy of God; for all kinds of mercy that you need is in Christ, all the saving mercy you need is in Christ, as a Saviour: all the healing mercy of God is in Christ, as a Physician: all the teaching mercy of God is in Christ, as a Priest: all the soul sanctifying, sin-subduing, and conquering mercy of God is in Christ, as a

King: all the rich supplying mercy of God is in Christ, as the store house and treasury of grace, that out of his fulness you may receive and grace for grace. "My faithfulness shall be with him," saith God, Psalm lxxxix 24. And sure all the mercy of God is with him. O then, sirs, come, come to Jesus; and you will share of the mercy of God. If you say, you cannot come, I tell you, among the rest, the drawing mercy of God is with him; and therefore he says, "When I am lifted up, I will draw all men after me:" and if when he says in this word, "I will draw," your heart was saying, Lord draw, draw me; I hope drawing mercy is not far away. O that power may accompany the call and proclamation of mercy in Christ.

Again, as for you who have fled for the mercy of God, in Christ, and know what it is to plead mercy, even in the "midst of wrath;" O, sirs, go on to plead that he would remember mercy, and to plead it joyfully; whatever tokens of wrath you are compassed with, it is but fatherly wrath, and mercy in the midst of it: mercy in the midst of your afflictions; mercy in the midst of your temptations; mercy in the midst of your desertions; mercy in the midst of your reproofs; mercy in the midst of your sicknesses and sorrows; mercy in the midst of your wants and poverty; mercy in the midst of all your losses and crosses; mercy in the midst of all the wrath you are under: and hence, in the midst of wrath he will remember mercy; and therefore in the midst of wrath remember YE his mercy, and do not forget it, though you see nothing but wrath, Hab. iii. 17, 18. But possibly one may say, why shall I not believe he is not in earnest, when I perceive nothing but wrath in his providence and dealings with me? Yes, you are to believe he is in earnest correcting you, in earnest chastising you; he is in earnest trying you,—or he is in earnest visiting your iniquities with rods, and by taking vengeance on your inventions: but for all that, never dream that he hath forgotten mercy; for his loving-kindness he will not take away, nor alter the word that is gone out of his mouth.—"The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed," Isaiah liv. 10. Therefore, upon the strongest ground you may still plead mercy and with holy confidence expect it.

2. I would not only plead that he would remember mercy to yourselves, but mercy towards others. Plead his mercy to all his churches: plead mercy to the church of Scotland, in the midst of wrathful days: though you should see no particular promise in all the Bible for it, yet if faith can take a general promise, and apply it to a particular church, it will speak mercy to it,

because the author of faith never creates any useless act of faith. Plead mercy to the rising generation, that they may not be carried down the stream of impiety, profanity, and immorality; nor drowned in the error of infidelity, that is like to overflow the present generation. Plead mercy to your own concerns, to your children, family, relatives, friends, acquaintances, and to all your neighbours about you. Plead mercy to young communicants who never trod that path before, that from this time the foundation of the spiritual temple may be laid, the building raised, and the promise made out. Hag. ii. 19. "From this day will I bless you." Let mercy also be pleaded for old communicants, who are turned into an easy way of communicating by course, in a carnal, formal, customary manner, for the most part; and who are not concerned to ask God to stir up the grace of faith, love, repentance, and other graces to a lively exercise. Plead mercy for unworthy communicants who have approached to God's altar, and yet have not been prepared by the blood of the covenant. Yea, let mercy be pleaded also for worthy communicants, that goodness and mercy may follow them, and that they may follow the Lord with full purpose of heart, and adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things; and that they never be left to be a stain to their profession, nor a reproach to their holy religion.

3. While you plead that the Lord would remember mercy in the midst of wrath, do you yourself remember mercy in the midst of wrath. Are you tempted to wrath, and wrathful resentment against your friends, neighbours, brethren and acquaintances? O, sirs, remember mercy in the midst of wrath; remember pardoning and forgiving mercy. With what confidence can you expect that God should remember mercy towards you, notwithstanding your innumerable sins and provocations, if you cannot remember mercy towards others, notwithstanding some real or supposed injuries? How can you pray to God that he would forgive you your sins, if you forgive not those who sin against you, as you are told in the Word of God, "to the merciful he will shew himself merciful." "Be ye merciful therefore as your heavenly Father is merciful." If you have beheld the glory of his mercy to you, you will be changed into the same image, from glory to glory; and may I not say, from mercy to mercy? O remember mercy to all that is about you: mercy to the poor and needy; mercy to the afflicted and destitute; mercy to the souls and bodys of men; especially to the household of faith; mercy to their souls by your acts of piety, by your prayers, and counsels, suitable reproofs, and religious example. And even though you should see them surrounded with the tokens of God's

wrath; yet remember mercy towards them; because you expect that in the midst of wrath he will remember mercy towards you. If you are remembering mercy towards men, it is an evidence he is remembering mercy towards you.

4. I would advise you to fill your memories with the mercy of God in Christ, and let your mind be a storehouse to treasure up his mercy in. One of the great reasons why the Lord saith "Put me in remembrance," and allows you to plead he may remember mercy, is, not that he can forget mercy, but because you are in danger of forgetting it, and by putting him in remembrance of it, you put yourselves in remembrance of it. Unbelief is ready to say, especially in the midst of wrath, O! hath he forgotten to be gracious? will he be favourable no more? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? But faith is a reminding the soul of the love and mercy of God, a recognition of his grace and goodness in Christ Jesus. Faith is acted to a great advantage by a sanctified remembrance of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and whenever mercy comes into the believer's mind, the believer puts God in mind of his mercy; saying, "Lord, remember what thou didst for me at such a time, remember what thou saidst to me; remember thy word, on which thou hast caused me to hope; remember thy promise; remember thy name; remember thy Son's name; remember thy covenant; remember thy goodness." If thou forget mercy, you will not plead with God to remember mercy; therefore, let mercy be much in your heart and memory, that you may be still ready to plead and prevail, even when surrounded with the floods of wrath, saying, "Lord, in wrath remember mercy."

"The Seraphical Shepherd,"

"Many poor hearts toil and labour, to 'gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles,' not considering that weighty admonition of Jesus Christ, viz. First, to 'make the tree good, and then the fruit shall be good.' We are made good trees by union with Jesus Christ; and then the divine sap of his blessed and Holy Spirit makes us capable of 'bringing forth fruit unto God:' yet not we, but Christ who liveth in us, 'who is made unto us of God, wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' Ob, what a treasure is Jesus Christ! blessed be God for Jesus Christ! I will tell thee, O reader! what Christ is to me.

"To all my vileness, Christ is glory bright;  
 To all my miseries, infinite delight;  
 To all my ignorance, wise without compare;  
 To all my deformity, th' eternal fair.  
 Sight to my blindness, to my meanness, wealth;  
 Life to my death, and to my sickness, health;  
 To darkness, light, my liberty in thrall:  
 What shall I say? my Christ, my All in All!  
 Amen. Hallelujah."

## The Death of the late Mrs. Nunn.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—On Wednesday, the third of this month, it was the will of the Lord to call home the ransomed spirit of our dear sister Elizabeth Nunn, the wife of Mr. James Nunn, Minister of Zion Chapel, Somers' Town, (now meeting in Gower Street.)

For three years she was greatly afflicted in body; supported by the Lord she was wonderfully cheerful considering her affliction; she sometimes wept because she did not feel more spiritually minded, and lest all was not right with her in the things of God; but often said, "I have no other hope, nor refuge, but Christ, his precious blood and righteousness." A promise that she had received several years before, at times cheered her mind, "At even time it shall be light."

About a week before her death she awoke somewhat refreshed in her mind. That blessed portion, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" arrested her mind. She said, "Morning does not break in upon us with blazing light, but increases gradually; and I think the Lord, in his mercy, will break in upon my soul."

Two days before her departure, she joyfully said, "The eternal God is my refuge; underneath me are his everlasting arms." On Wednesday, the day she died, about five o'clock, she said, "I hope, if it's the Lord's will, I shall soon join the happy songsters above; may the Lord, if it is his heavenly will, give me a quick and quiet exit."

About half-past five the Lord answered her request; she felt very faint; laid her head upon her pillow; breathed shorter and shorter until a quarter past six, when her redeemed spirit fled to worlds unknown, to be for ever with her Lord.

July 21, 1850.

A. W.

## Jeremiah's Lamentations.

Read Lamentations i. 16, 17.

To my dear brother, Henry Bartholomew, pastor of the Baptist Church, Halstead, Essex:—

I CAN freely adopt the language of John the elder unto the well-beloved Gaius, and say, "I wish greatly that thy soul may be in health and prosper;" and that such a heavenly blessing may attend thy labours, my brother, as that the genuine fruits of it may appear in the souls, and in the sanctification of very many of the election of grace. The longer I live and the further on I advance in the ministry of the Word, the more I am convinced that it is essentially necessary for ministers to study (deeply and prayerfully) to show themselves approved unto God. If we stand looking at, and listening to the various creatures and circumstances that surround us, (*without giving a prayerful attention to the secret directions of the Spirit within,*) we shall either get unduly elated by momentary smiles, or so discouraged by adverse movements, as to be ready to lay down in sorrowful rebellion, as Jonah did. There are three places where I do very earnestly desire to be found—laying constantly at the Master's feet seeking direction; to be taking fast hold of the Master's arm, hereby getting protection; and to be often laying my weak and weary head on his

breast, desiring consolation. The man that is privileged to be found much at these places, will stand safely, let his trials be what they may.

But, you must know I am writing these lines to you in a Great Western railway-carriage. It is Monday-morning; and after preaching three times yesterday, I had to arise early this morning, and without any breakfast left home, and, at Paddington, embarked for Grittleton, in Wiltshire, where I am expected twice to speak this day, and return to be in my own pulpit to-morrow evening.

You remember that when I met you at Coggeshall, you made me promise that, if possible, I was to come to your anniversary the second Lord's Day in September. I write to say, my brother, I cannot possibly come. The fact is, I have, this year, been so much out from home, that unless I am prepared to be turned out of house and home, and become a wandering Jew, I must here make a stand, and abide at home.

During the past seven years that I have been in London I have learned some never-to-be-forgotten lessons; and one among them is this: comparatively speaking, it is but few men that are permitted to maintain a prosperous standing in the gospel ministry in London; and unless a man is almost always at his post, he cannot stand at all. I felt my mind, yesterday, very deeply exercised while briefly reviewing some things past and present. Our church has consisted of, at least two-hundred and thirty members, and our average congregation has been about five-hundred persons, but there has been a great thinning of us of late. The Lord, in his providence, has removed many entirely away from us. We have members now in Scotland, in Norfolk, in Hampshire, in Middlesex, in the West of England, and in many other parts. Some have been removed by death, and others who once professed to have a great love for me, have, for some cause or other, gone off to other quarters. We had, yesterday, three attracting stars in the ministry, at least, so I was told. Mr. Philpot was at Eden Street, some of our people went to hear him; Mr. Hunter was at Zoar, and many like to hear him; (they tell me he is a pleasing and promising man;) Mr. Tryon was at Brown's Lane, and some wish to hear him. These things, you must know, my brother, are constantly occurring in London; so I must confess to you I have very little faith in what is called "church-membership," in London. Nevertheless, as a church, we have much to be thankful for; and the desire of my heart is, that we may be privileged to stand together in peace and prosperity for many years to come. But, if the Lord has designed to remove me from my present position, I desire to be submissive; or, if he takes me away altogether, O may I find my place among the redeemed in that kingdom of glory that mortal eye hath never yet beheld.

Hoping, some day, to see your face in the flesh, and to hear of your welfare, I still am, dear brother,

Your fellow labourer in the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

P. S. Before I close up this epistle, let me say, I have been to Grittleton, and was privileged to preach there twice yesterday—(Monday, July 22,) with a good measure of happy freedom, and I found the service of my Lord and Master to be

exceedingly sweet to my soul; Brethren Bourne and Smith, and the other saints at Grittleton received and entertained me with much kindness. As a church, they dwell together in peace, their position altogether is one of the pleasantest I have seen in this country. Any one wanting a really quiet retired locality, in connection with pure gospel truth, Grittleton is the place. In returning to London, this morning, I feel refreshed in spirit, though weary in body. In temporal things, I feel persuaded I am going home to meet heavy trials; in gospel matters I expect many discouragements; and I feel, after seven years of downright hard toil, that it is, to me, at the present moment, very uncertain whether I shall be able to maintain my present position. As long as natural life and health is given, I seem to feel a good hope that I shall be kept in the ministry of the word; but whether as a settled pastor, or, as a floating evangelist, I cannot tell. God knoweth; and with him, do I desire to leave the management of my affairs, and the care of my soul.

**"The Way, the Truth, and the Life."**

"Jesus saith, I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

Dear Jesus, yes, thou art "The Way,"  
That leads to an eternal day!  
All other ways, which some think right,  
Will end in everlasting night.

Thou art "The Door" which leads to rest;  
And all who find this Door are blest:  
But those who find it not, will soon  
Hear pass'd on them their dreadful doom.

Thou art "The Shepherd" of thy sheep,  
Whom thou most tenderly doth keep;  
For wolves cannot their life destroy,  
Tho' they may worry and annoy.

Thou art "The Pilot" in the storm;  
At thy command, the sea is calm:  
And O how glad the sailors are  
When thou dost whisper, "Do not fear!"

Thou art "The Captain" in the fight;  
And if, dear Lord, thou stand in sight,  
Boldly thy soldiers venture through,  
Well knowing thou wilt slay the foe.

Thou art "The Balm of Gilead" too;  
No other balm than this will do  
To cure a leper, who, within,  
Has dreadful sores which run, thro' sin.

A "Good Physician" too, thou art;  
Thou know'st the case of ev'ry heart:  
And all who come to thee for cure,  
Thou'lt surely heal, however poor.

A loving "Husband" too, beside,  
Thou art unto thy chosen bride;  
And tho' from thee she goes astray,  
Thou ne'er wilt turn from her away.

Thou art "The Pearl of Price" indeed;  
For thy dear people thou hast freed  
From bondage, where they must have laid,  
If thou their ransom had not paid.

Thou art a kind, a tender "Friend,"  
Who helps the same unto the end;  
Amid all trials and distress,  
Thy loving-kindness grows no less.

Thou art the true and living "Bread,"  
With which poor hungry souls are fed;  
And O, how good it is to eat  
This food, it is so rich and sweet.

A "Springing Well" thou art, also,  
From which true living waters flow;  
And thirsty souls, who from it drink,  
Will find all other waters stink.

Thou art a "Fountain," where a soul  
May wash quite clean, though black and foul,  
And all who to this fount are brought  
Do find all other helps are nought.

Thou art the "Sin-atonng Lamb,"  
Who for thy people's rescue came,  
Thine, most dear Lord, was love indeed,  
When thou for sinners thus could bleed.

Thou art the "King of Glory" too,  
And, oh, what mercy thou dost shew,  
To sinners, who must surely dwell  
(Without thy mercy) down in hell.

Thou, as a "Righteous Judge," will come,  
At the last day of final doom,  
To separate thy blood-bought bride,  
From those who have thy truth denied.

What a blest day that will be, Lord,  
When thou unto my father God,  
Presentest her for whom thou stood  
A surety with thy precious blood.

And he, thy Chosen, will approve,  
Knowing that love thy heart didst move,  
To have her though once vile as hell,  
With thee in endless joy to dwell.

And no reflections will he cast  
At her for all her sin that's past,  
For his rich love, like thine, will be  
The same throughout eternity.

ELIZA.

**Gleanings from the Pulpit of the  
Surrey Tabernacle.**

"The people of God are never allowed to stay at Eolim long—they are never allowed to remain among the palm trees, and feed upon the precious fruits thereof long—they are not allowed to feed upon the precious promises of God long.

"If Christ has given you the new name, it matters not what name the world calls you by.

"Reading the Scriptures is not profitable unless we read with a reference to the mediation of Christ. The first error which sprang up, after man's fall, arose from hoping in God's mercy, apart from the mediation of Christ.

"If you would have good health, it must be by the wholesome words of the Son of God; it must be by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; it must be by the watchful care of the ever-blessed God.

"There are thousands of Christians upon the earth who, when retracing their former life, can say, that even in their unregenerate state, they never had any trouble so great, (to make them so wretched and miserable,) as they now have under the hidings of God's countenance.

"There never was a perfect association yet in this world since the fall took place; perfect associations can only take place in heaven."

James Walls.

## A REVELATION OF CHRIST,

A RELIEF TO A BURDENED SOUL:

BEING, A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF  
THE DEATH OF JAMES STYLES,  
AND AN AMERICAN FUNERAL.

**BELIEVED OF THE LORD:**—The Lord, in his all-wise providence, has thought fit to take to himself the soul of our dear brother. I assure you I feel sensibly affected with it. But it is an unspeakable mercy when we can view the hand of the Lord in all things. I never saw anything so clear. Until within the last eight months, I did not hear James say anything, only about the things of time and sense; although he did not go into the world, but was very anxious for the world; and if he had only have had the ability, the time he has been in America he might have been in a good way of business, this is what we think—the Lord had other ends to answer.

I must give you a clear account of the Lord's dealings with James in his sickness. And may the Lord help me to do it.

James left work last September: we got a person in his place. I then saw he was in a consumption. We had the advice of four different doctors; they all told the same tale. We said amongst us, "We will get different medicines that are advertised;" and we got bottle after bottle, some one dollar, some two dollars; I cannot tell how many. But all were useless; so we gave it up. But we will leave his body, and come now to the immortal part.

I had an opportunity of talking to him about better things, as I attended him in all his sickness. I must say that he had the pleasantest sickness I ever saw any person in my life; he had no hard pains till near the close of his life.

About two months ago there was an Englishman preached in our village. He preached at a friend's house: and James and I went in a horse and chaise. I never saw any one so pleased in my life. Our friends wanted us to stop to dinner; but James being so sick, we were glad to get home. Mr. Walker took for his text these words, "Nothing shall in anywise harm you." I believe I can say, from his own lips, that the fear of death was taken away from him; his mind was much distressed till this time. Mr. Walker was a member of Mr. Reed's in England, and a member with him in New York. He is a large book-binder in the City.

About a month ago James called me to him. He was sitting up; he burst out a crying, took hold of my hand, and kissed me. I said, "James, my Boy, what is the matter?" He said, "I feel I shall faint; I have had such a sight of CHRIST, this day, that my body is too weak to bear it. He said, 'This promise was so great, *By grace are ye saved, through faith, not of yourself; it is the gift of God.*'" He said, "I feel like old Bunyan, my burden has fallen from my back; and now I do not want to stop in

this wilderness any longer. But (he says) Ann, I have one request to make with you; that when I die, you shall be with me, and no one else." I said, "James, I will, if possible." And wonderful, the Lord has granted his desire. There was a lady came into the room, and brought some wine, and he drank half of it. I saw he was dying. He looked up at me, and faintly said, "I AM GOING HOME." He was sitting up in the bed. I eased him down in the bed; my arm was under his head. I would not let Daniel go into the room when James was dying; I knew it would be too much for his feelings.

We have buried him in Rockland Cemetery; a delightful spot; a place he picked out himself. Strange to say, James seemed to expect a letter from England; and two weeks before he died, he got his father's letter, which was a great pleasure to him.

We had a large funeral. We gave a general invitation to all our friends and neighbours; and I think all the village was there. This is the custom of Americans to rich and poor: we all attend one another's funerals. He was buried in a mahogany coffin. One of our neighbours made the shroud, as a token of friendship. Fifty gentlemen walked before the corpse, with flowers in their bosoms; then all the neighbours with their horses and waggon; then a black hearse, drawn by a white horse. We have not had such a large funeral for many a day. Not one of my neighbours but what has been willing to assist us in anything, let it be what it may. You see, my dear friends, the Lord has the disposing of all things, and he turneth his creatures which way he thinks fit. James was taken into the Church, and the text was from these words, "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come." It is our mercy to know that we are only righteous as we stand in the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ. But I must close.

Your's in the best of bonds,

April 28, 1850.

A. D. STYLES.

### The Peaceful End of a Good Man.

From the recently published "Memoir of the late JOHN KING MARTYN," read the peaceful end of a good man:—"On Wednesday he said with a firm voice, and in his most elevated manner, 'The time of my departure draweth nigh, and I am willing to go. It is painful parting with dear friends, but the time is short, *very short*;' and as he left the room he exclaimed, 'Blessed is he who hath part in the first resurrection!' He was with difficulty assisted into bed. On an attendant exclaiming, 'Dear Saviour comfort him,' he added his fervent 'Amen.' For some time he seemed to suffer from exhaustion and faintness, but at eleven all pain had ceased; he gradually sunk, apparently conscious to the last, and about two o'clock the following morning, his happy redeemed spirit took its flight to the mansions of rest and endless joy. He had lived to the 27th, he would have attained the age of seventy-five years. He departed this life August 18, 1849."

## The Closing Scene of the late William Huntington's Earthly Career.

Mr. VERRALL, of Brighton, has begun to publish "The Posthumous Letters of the late William Huntington," in Shilling Parts. From the first part we have extracted the following deeply interesting account of Mr. Huntington's last days. We are fully aware many of our readers have read these particulars years ago; but thousands in the church of Christ never did; and perhaps will never have it in their power to purchase the expensive works containing the same.

We write, and print, and publish for THE POOR CHRISTIAN; and many such will, no doubt, be both pleased and profited in perusing the subjoined account of the illness and departure of an eminent servant of Christ.

The following letter was written to Mr. Bensley, from Tunbridge Wells, July 5, 1813; and reads thus:—

"My dear sir,—As it was your desire to hear every particular respecting the last few weeks of our departed friend, I will, to the best of my recollection, comply with your request.

"Early on Friday morning, June 11th, Mr. Huntington was taken ill in a violent and alarming manner, which continued to increase till the Sunday following, when he was pronounced to be in great danger. On the Monday he revived a little; and on the Tuesday, though too ill to leave his bed, he made up his mind to go on the following Friday to Tunbridge Wells; and, in pursuance of this resolution, left Hermes House at six in the morning, accompanied by Lady Sanderson. His weakness was so apparent that it was with difficulty he got down stairs into the carriage; and after it drove off, knowing how ill he was, for some hours afterwards Miss Sanderson and myself were expecting his return. He, however, got through the journey tolerably well, and had been at Tunbridge Wells about ten days; during which he sometimes got a little better, and then again relapsed, when we received a letter expressing his wish for us to join him. We accordingly set off, and (as you know) arrived there on the 29th. I shall never forget the shock I received when we entered the room. He held-out his hand and kissed us both, but we could none of us speak. From that moment I was convinced that (humanly speaking) he never could recover, as it appeared to me his end was fast approaching. If you remember, when you came into the room, you were glad to see him look so comfortable. He replied, 'Why should I look otherwise? Death with me has lost its sting these forty years; I am no more afraid of death than I am of my nightcap.' When you and Mr. Over took leave of him the following morning I was convinced, by his look and manner, he was sure, in his own mind, he should see you no more. That day he was very ill; but in the evening appeared better, was very cheerful and comfortable, and sat up beyond his usual time, and much surprised us by declaring his intention once more to sup with us, saying, he felt an appetite. Knowing how ill he was, we judged it an unfavourable circumstance, and such in the event it proved. I shall never forget that meal; it was the last we ever partook of together. He asked a blessing in a voice weak and trembling,

but in a manner solemn and impressive. During supper, for the first time since his illness, he mentioned his congregation. He spoke of those who had steadfastly abode by his ministry, and said that the blessing of God would ever rest upon them: of others, who had felt offended because without reserve he had declared the whole counsel of God: of others, who had been carried away by every new minister that appeared amongst us: and of some others who had entirely left the chapel: of the different characters of professors among the congregation, and of the blessings and judgments from God which would come upon them, he spoke in a strong and decided manner. He told us that heavy trials would soon come upon the church; when it would be made manifest that none could be saved but those who held fast what he had advanced. He made a clear distinction between those who, because they could not come up to his standard, or had not experienced the grand truths he advanced, felt on that account enmity to him and to his doctrine; that these would prefer a minister of shallow experience; and when they heard him describe a saint, finding they could come up to the standard, rested secure and well satisfied with their state; and some of this description he intimated he knew to be among his congregation. He then spoke in a sweet and encouraging manner of others, who, when they heard the whole counsel of God declared, and felt how short they came, experienced sorrow on that account, and prayed earnestly to God to carry on his own work, and establish them in every necessary truth. Upon Lady Sanderson's observing she wished she could recollect all he had said relative to the church, he replied, he had much more to say, which some other time we should pen down from his lips, and after his death publish it: but this, to our great regret, never could be done—that night was his last!—He then spoke in the highest terms of grateful affection to Lady Sanderson; and, thanking her for all her kind unremitting attentions to him, said that all it was possible to do had been done for him; spoke of the very great blessing she had been to him, and that ever since he had known her he had always found her uniformly the same—kind, faithful, and affectionate. Though I have often heard him say as much before, yet a further confirmation of it in his dying hours was as gratifying as it was strictly just and true. He then added, 'In the name of my God, before my departure, I bless you all, and commit you into his hands.' This benediction pronounced in a manner so solemn and affectionate, we never can forget. He said many other things expressive of his parting with us in perfect peace and union; and, after returning thanks added, 'Now, my dears, you shall all three put me to bed this night.' Upon one of us offering to call the servant, he said, 'No, you will be quite sufficient; you shall see what a man I am.' Seeing us much affected, he said, 'I often think it will not be long before we shall all one after the other, lay down our heads upon the same pillow.' He got into bed with less difficulty than usual, and before he laid down said, 'God bless you all.'

"I sat up with him that night; he slept very little; was restless, and his fever very high. Early in the morning I perceived a great change in him for the worse, and called Lady Sanderson, who sent for the medical gentleman that attended him, and also a very skilful physician. Cupping was recommended, and many other things tried, but without effect, for, after every remedy had been applied, he evidently got worse, and his breath grew shorter and shorter. We all stood round him, together with Mr. Morgan and Mr. Stone. He appeared to be in no pain; was calm and tranquil; and after breathing deeply three times, I perceived it was all over. At about twenty minutes before nine his spirit fled. For a few moments all was silence. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' During the whole of the day he was evidently in mental prayer, but his voice was lost. Owing to a quantity of blood having settled in his head, it gave a wild appearance to his eyes, and for the last few hours deprived him of his sight; and there being much phlegm in his throat, and not having sufficient strength left to cough, prevented his speaking, though he made several attempts. We could now and then distinctly hear him say, in a very low whisper,—'My Father, come!' 'Bless God; praise him.' Sensible he certainly was to the last, and knew Lady Sanderson's voice; for though he could not see her, when she approached the bed he turned towards her, and a few minutes before he died took some water from her hand. His countenance expressed a heavenly resignation, and with that impression he died.

"During the whole of his illness he was remarkably patient, and bore his sufferings with great fortitude. I sat up with him several nights; and, though he could get no sleep, he did not for one moment repine. One night he said, 'Oh, what an unspeakable mercy now to be in possession of a good hope through grace! I often think of my former troubles, when I used to rove about from post to pillar seeking rest but finding none. Blessed be God, it is not so now. Where Christ once condescends to come, that poor sinner is at home; he takes his home with him wherever he goes. I now reap the benefits of my profession. What a poor miserable creature should I be were I without God, and had no hope in the world! But my conscience does not accuse me. I have loved and served my God faithfully; but I obtained mercy to be faithful.'

"He was very far from joyful the day before he left town, and the day he arrived at the Wells he was much tried in his mind; but during the rest of his illness he enjoyed a solid peace, a heavenly resignation, and a feeling sense of gratitude to God for his goodness to him in providence as well as in grace.

"He used often to compare his former poverty with his present prosperity; his sharp conflicts, hard labour and hard fare, with his comfortable home and spiritual blessings; and would weep with gratitude to God for his undeserved goodness to one so unworthy. For some time previous to his death he appeared dead to everything in which he had formerly taken pleasure. The trees which he had planted, and whose growth in the spring he had so anxiously watched, he could now walk round the garden and no longer notice. His hot-house, where he had formerly spent so much

time, he scarcely ever entered. Indeed everything seemed to have lost its power to please. Though he said very little, his countenance expressed sweet peace within: he appeared to live in the higher world; for his mind was there, though his poor afflicted body was with us. He had for some time a strong impression on his mind that his end was near, and very frequently spoke of it; but, as we had heard him say so many years before, and it being an evil day that we wished to put far off, we did not much regard it. The Wednesday fortnight before he preached his last sermon, after he came home, while he was in the study, and I was helping him off with his coat, he said, 'Betsy, my work is nearly done; a very few times more, and all will soon be over.' I said, 'No, sir; I hope not.' But he answered, 'You may depend upon it, it is so. Oh, how I long to see my blessed Saviour! What a glorious prospect is now before me—to be with him where my faith has been fixed these forty years!'

"The night before he was taken ill Mr. and Mrs. Over called to see him. He was very cheerful and affectionate, and seemed very unwilling to part with them. After supper he was more happy than I have seen him for a long while, and conversed with Lady Sanderson a considerable time upon the joys of heaven in a most wonderful manner, till he seemed to be carried above the earth. During his illness Mr. Edward Aldridge saw him several times. He seemed much pleased with his society, and conversed freely with him, as may be seen by the following extract:—

"In the several interviews I had with Mr. Huntington during his illness, I found his mind perfectly tranquil, and his conversation spiritual. To him the king of terrors was disarmed; and death, which had lost its sting, was contemplated with the utmost serenity. He appeared as one well prepared, that was going a journey, equipped for all things on the way. He said there was not a doubt or scruple but all was right and clear in his way to God; that pardon had produced peace; regeneration, love; and justification can never be reversed. The last day I conversed with him my feelings were keen at the prospect of losing our most invaluable pastor—the best acquaintance and the truest friend I ever had. He appeared more concerned for my comfort than for his own, and expressed some solicitude for the welfare of the church: but not one word of complaint or murmuring at the dispensations of God. Upon my observing that we enjoyed much of the presence of God here, but the best was to come, he took it up in his usual way, and enlarged upon it, saying, the presence of God was his Holy Spirit; 'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? whither shall I flee from thy presence?' and that this wicked could not endure. 'As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.' He quoted likewise Psalm i. 4, 5. He then mentioned the family of Mrs. Bull; said that, when she was called under him, they all withered and died in their profession, and her eldest son went so far as to burn his Bible. Some friend arrived from London, and our conversation terminated; but the deep impression of God's faithfulness, mercy, and truth, remained, and never will, I hope, be forgotten by me.

"He had usually been low in sickness, but in

this and a former illness, a few months before, he was quite the reverse. In several sermons recently delivered he expressed an humble but unbounded confidence in the love of God to his soul, and of his own fervent love and attachment to his dear and blessed Saviour, as he frequently called him. After preaching time, a week or two before his last illness, he said his work was nearly done: he also expressed the goodness of God to him in taking down his tabernacle in an easy and gentle manner; and that he longed to go and see his blessed Saviour whom (in conversion) he declared he had already seen. 1 Cor. ix. 1. He suffered some pain in his bowels, and had several restless nights; but expressed, almost with his last breath, his gratitude to the Lord in dealing so gently with him.

“Thus terminated, on the 1st of July, 1813, the life of a man eminent as a preacher, profound in divine knowledge and experience, laborious in the work of the Lord while he had strength, and eminently useful, both in town and country, to an extent that will not be fully known until he shall appear with those whom he has turned to righteousness in the kingdom of our Lord, to shine as the stars for ever and ever.

“In his last sermon, which he preached from Rev. iii. 3, on the evening of June the 9th, he gave a summary of the doctrines he had constantly preached, and, animadverting on the conduct of some who had departed from the truth, declared he was clear from the blood of all men, and that he had not failed to declare the whole counsel of God. It was delivered with great emphasis, and made so striking an impression upon several of his hearers, as to leave upon their minds a secret persuasion that it would be his last. E. A.’

“You saw him, if you remember, the day before he left home, and had some very satisfactory and establishing conversation with him. I heard afterwards, from Lady Sanderson, that before he left Pentonville he earnestly prayed that God would never suffer him to return again. He often observed to her ladyship that it was impossible to describe in how hateful a light he saw the world. His affection for her and for us certainly remained unchanged to the last, which was a great comfort to us all; and the recollection that he parted with us in such perfect love will ever be a satisfaction to us, till we meet again to part no more. Many, I know, will most deeply feel his loss, and many perhaps wish him once more amongst us. But, had they, (as we were constantly in the habit of doing) witnessed the infirmities under which he laboured for many months before he left off preaching (though in the pulpit he was so much supported none could perceive it); had they seen his sufferings during his illness, his earnest desire to be at home, his deadness to everything beneath the sun, and the humiliating circumstances to human nature under which he laboured for the last week or two, and well knowing the glorious prospect which lay before him, it is impossible to express the envious wish of either prolonging his life or again recalling him to this miserable world, though we may all pray to die like him, and hope soon to join him above.

“The nearer Mr. Huntington approached the termination of his valuable life, the closer was his communion with God. He spent the great-

est part of the day in private prayer and meditation; and his mind seemed constantly engaged in contemplating the glorious prospect which lay before him. Though his conduct to us was kind and affectionate, yet he had entirely lost that jocular familiarity, wit, and humourous turn of mind, which were the principal characteristics of his natural disposition. He was frequently in the habit of sitting silent for several hours together in the study with Lady Sanderson, his mind being apparently much engaged; and, when he made an observation, it was expressive of the happiness which lay before him, or of the goodness of God to him. Indeed, notwithstanding his well-known loyalty and patriotism had hitherto impressed his mind with a deep and affectionate concern for the welfare of his country, (as was ever strongly evinced both from the pulpit and in private) yet public news or national affairs no longer excited his attention, as he now viewed the world in the light in which God regards it—that all beneath the sun is vanity—everything in it had lost its power to please him; and, as its empty pleasures receded from his view, the glorious prospect which lay before him appeared to shine brighter and brighter. This frame of mind made him wish very little for society, and he willingly submitted to the injunctions of the faculty—that he should see no company.

“During his illness, while at Pentonville, many called to inquire after his health; but few requested to see him, excepting some part of his own family: their desire was repeatedly made known to him, but he always refused, expecting (no doubt) a little revival after he had tried change of air at the Wells. While there he saw much more company; but though after they left him he expressed a sense of their kindness and affection in coming, yet, from what he added, it was very evident he would have been better pleased had his meditations not been interrupted. For this conduct which originated solely in his own heavenly state of mind, I am well convinced those about him will be blamed, and in particular one to whom (under God) he was most certainly indebted for the temporal and domestic comfort that he enjoyed during his latter years; of this to the very last he was sensible, and often in my presence blessed God for ever bringing him acquainted with Lady Sanderson. To his family she has been a most generous benefactress, and a real friend; though in many instances her conduct has been misrepresented, calumny being, I know, the general attendant on superior merit, and pride and envy as ready to receive favours as they are hasty to forget them. Interested motives may also, however unjustly, be attributed; but the person upon whom the unjust imputation is cast has been placed by a kind Providence in too high a station to want assistance, or solicit favours for her own advantage from others.

“Totally ignorant of the grateful tribute of affection paid to her by her departed friend till after his death, though it was certainly to her gratification to see how much he wished to do, yet in every other respect, as far as it concerns herself, the result of the affair to which I allude must be a matter of little or no importance. This must always be her satisfaction, that conscience (a faithful servant) will ever acquit her of any unjust motive, and highly approve the rectitude of her conduct; and in that great day, when the



mask from all must be thrown aside, and every one receive the sentence due to them, it will be seen that a full reward will be given her for all her kindness to God's most faithful servant. As there is a law of retaliation, so is there likewise a law of recompense—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"For my own part, I consider that in Mr. Huntington I have lost a faithful minister, a kind protector, an affectionate father in Christ, and a real friend. As a minister, those who know his value will also deeply regret his loss; but the love and gratitude I feel for him, respecting his conduct towards me in other characters, can be known only to myself; it is what I cannot describe, but shall never cease to experience, till my long-wished for summons arrives to meet him in endless glory; for, blessed be God, I sorrow not as those who have no hope.

"We have great cause for gratitude in seeing dear Lady Sanderson so much supported under this heavy affliction. She unites with Miss Sanderson in kind remembrance to Mrs. Bensley and yourself; and believe me, dear sir, ever to remain,  
"Your's sincerely,  
"ELIZA FALKLAND."

### Jesu's Love, and Ephraim's Repentance.

"I have refined thee, but not with silver, I have ebosen thee in the furnace of affliction."  
"Is Ephraim my son? is he a pleasant child?"

"Is Ephraim my son,  
A pleasant lovely child,  
He is, I do remember him,  
Tho' now with sin defiled.  
He is, I do remember him,  
Tho' like the silly dove,  
He's wandered, I will bring him back,  
I'll chasten, but in love.  
He is, I do remember him,  
And pure as silver white,  
I will refine, and purify  
My Ephraim, my delight.  
He is, I do remember him,  
My honor is at stake,  
My home will be polluted,  
If Ephraim, I forsake."  
My Saviour condescended  
Thus to address his son,  
And thus he deigns to speak to me,  
A sinful, contrite one,  
His work shall be completed,  
I cannot, dare repine,  
The furnace now is heated,  
Dear Lord, thy will is mine.  
I've wander'd since I've known thee,  
In this desert, dark and drear,  
Now call me back, dear Jesus,  
Lord, I'll follow if thou'rt near.  
I'll follow thro' the furnace,  
If it is thy righteous will,  
I'll walk in any, any path  
That leads to Zion's hill.  
Oh, let thy strength be perfected,  
In me thy feeble one,  
Let thy sweet name be glorified,  
Thy holy will be done.

ANNE ELIZABETH LEE.

## Eight Years' Labour in the Ministry

AT LEICESTER.

WELL, my dear friends, as you have desired a continuation of my narrative, I will go a step further, though it is with some reluctance, knowing that some will not like it. However, as I said before, it is not with the intention of offending any one. God knows my heart better than I do—but I think it is not my desire to offend any one of God's "little ones." And could I be the means in bringing some who are afar off to the knowledge of God, would they not be my joy in the Lord?

Previous to my coming here, I had been under weighty sorrow, soul-trouble, bondage, and distress of various kinds; though, indeed, I had been before delivered from Egyptian bondage, and from a sort of Babylonian captivity. In the latter captivity I could not forget Zion. O, no! I have mourned by the rivers of Babylon, with my harp on the willows, and sighed when I thought on Zion. You that have kept holy days in Zion, can you entirely forget it? No, no. "Let my right hand forget her cunning, if I forget thee, O Jerusalem—if I prefer not thee before my chief joy!" Viz., let my right hand forget to play cunningly and skillfully upon my harp, if I forget the joy and peace that I have experienced in Jerusalem, or "the church of God." Can we entirely forget the holy days and golden hours that we have spent in Zion? Can we forget her golden spires—her palaces—and towers of defence? Can we forget the shining glory of the Lord, that shined in us, and round about us? No, never; never, while memory remains! Into whatever captive state we are driven, when we come to ourselves, there will some sigh arise when we remember Zion; and God will restore all that love her.

But, my dear souls, after all this, Israel found the Philistines very troublesome. And every soul in whom is the spirit of the God of Israel, will have some hard fighting with the Philistines without, and the Philistines within. At least I have found it so; for I have had horrible battles and bonds; inasmuch as I have almost despaired of life. My hair has been cut off, and my strength has failed. Nevertheless, "my hair began to grow again after I had been shaven," and my strength returned, and I was dreadfully afraid of being brought into bondage again; for I perceived that the people I was called to labour amongst were, most of them, in bondage to the Philistines; and I perceived that they feared them greatly; and I desired to be the instrument of their deliverance. But the people, in effect, said to me as they said to Samson, "Knowest thou not the Philistines are rulers over us?" Thus they seemed to fear and tremble if I spoke against them, or done them any displeasure, or spoke against their idol gods, or the golden calves of Dan.

Well, what must be done? The people fearing the Philistines, a meeting was called at one Mr. Plackett's, a good man, now in America; and I was summoned to the meeting to answer certain questions which were of no importance. But I perceived the object of the meeting was to bind me; for I thought I saw their new new ropes and cords, and some new schemes spun out of their minds to bind me. I sat something like a

culprit before them, waiting to hear what were their complaints against me. After much small talk, which amounted to little, or nothing, and some very solemn and oblique looks one at another, one of them said to me, "But you do not conform to the Articles, Rules, and Regulations of our late minister, Mr. Thomas Hardy." Another said to me, "You do not preach according to Mr. Philpot's views; and we believe him to be a good man. After telling me that I had said and done the things which I ought not to have done, and left undone and unsaid the things which I ought to have said and done; and much that I cannot record here, and much only through presence, I perceived that they had some new schemes in their heads, and as I had been bound several times before, I kept my eye out. I saw the new schemes and new ropes coming. I jumped up immediately, and said, "Friends, Mr. Hardy was a good and gracious man of God, and he is gone to heaven; but what have I to do with his Articles, Rules, and Regulations? If I must have any Articles, Rules, and Regulations besides the Bible, as minister of the Church, I must draw them up myself, and subscribe to them with my own hand. What have I to do with other men's rules? If they are good men that made them, they are not my infallible rule. And what have I to do with Mr. Philpot, or he with me? Though he is a good man, his judgment is but man's judgment. I must preach according to the articles of God, and according to the ability that he giveth me, and the things which I have tasted of the Word of life."

However, I perceived, to bind me they were come together. "And they said unto Samson, "We are come down to bind thee that we may deliver thee into the hands of the Philistines. And Samson said unto them, Swear unto me that ye will not fall upon me yourselves. And they spake unto him, saying, No; but we will bind thee fast, and deliver thee into their hands; and they bound him with two new cords, and brought him from the top of the rock." Judges xv. 13. If Samson, the strong man, was bound by his people, and a greater than Samson was bound, what must his servants expect? If they bound Samson, and the Philistines made sport with him; and they bound Jesus and blindfolded him; and made sport with him, and spat in his face, his servants must expect something of a fellowship of sufferings with him. Well, when Jesus was reviled, and he reviled not again; and Paul saith, "Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we intreat; we are made the filth of the earth, and the offscouring of all things unto this day." 1 Cor. iv. 13.

Samson, the strong man, was a great type of Jesus, "the Man whom the Lord hath made strong for himself;" strong to deliver and strong to redeem. And also resembles those whom the Lord fills with his Spirit, and makes them strong to do exploits; "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." However, Samson burst their bonds and made dreadful slaughter among the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. And Jesus, a greater and stronger than Samson, could not be holden with "the cords of death." He rose from the dead, and made dreadful slaughter among the powers of hell and powers of darkness. And as Samson rose at midnight, and carried away the gates of Gaza, bar and all,—so Jesus rose from

the dead after the dark midnight of his sufferings was past, and carried away the gates of hell and death. And every child of God, in whom he has put his Spirit, the spirit of power and life, it matters not who binds them, the Spirit of God in them, which is a Spirit of might, will surely burst their ropes, whiths, and cords through the power of the same Spirit that raised Christ up from the dead, and through the power of his resurrection.

It was a new jaw-bone that Samson made such slaughter among the Philistines with; a most unlikely weapon of warfare. It was not the power of the jaw-bone, but the power of him that used it. The apostles of Jesus were most unlikely men to make such a slaughter among the enemies of God, and the false-god worshippers; but there was a divine power in their words; and the words of their mouth, or the jaw, could not be resisted, because a greater power than that of Samson moved the jaw-bone. And the people said, What new doctrine is this? But they could not stand before the new jaw-bone; though, indeed, to some of the philosophers and wise men of that age, it was only as the braying of an ass; and their voice and their preaching, to the priests, Scribes, and Pharisees, was most disquieting and contemptible. Nevertheless, the power in the words of those men, made wonderful slaughter among the Philistines; for the strong Philistine prejudices, enmity, and ignorance of men was overcome and slain by the words of their mouth, and they could not resist the jaw-bone, because a greater power than that of Samson moved it. They fell before them in this jaw-bone battle.

And now, my dear souls, I must tell you that I have been bound both by Israel and the Philistines. Aye, and made sport with too; but they never could hold me down for any great length of time. I have been bound by many, and in many different ways, and I have had my hair cut off, and been shorn of my strength; and my strength of faith much weakened, and my strength of both body and mind much weakened. Some people wear wigs, and false hair, but there is no strength in it. Hypocrites may put on all the appearance of strength and beauty, and appear with a multitude of fine words in pulpits before men, who are seeking for what they call "talent." But what of all that? If there is no power in the jaw-bone, nothing is done. If the spirit and power of our spiritual Samson is not in the jaw-bone, there are no Philistines slain; pride, prejudice, and enmity still remain against the sovereign distinguishing truths of the gospel of Christ.

But now, where there is divine life, or the life and love of God in the soul, the hair will grow again, after shaving off ever so close. The strength of God's people come again from the divine life remaining in the soul; and if bound a thousand times, the power of the spirit of life comes mightily upon them again, and ropes, whith, and cords are snapped again, like burnt flax. It is not by power, (viz., of our own) nor by might, saith the Lord, but by my Spirit. And I am sure I have found it so many times; for I have been bound, before I came here, several times, by professing Israelites; but I have strength come again upon me, and a spirit of faith, love, and holy zeal, rising up in me again; so that I have felt, again, as strong as Samson; "strong in the Lord and the power of his might." The

holy Word has been like a fire in my bones; and then, my dear souls, do you think that I could be tongue-tied or bound? No, no; the jaw-bone moved again. The Lord once made the dumb ass to speak with man's voice; and then it is of no avail whoever say, why loose ye the ass's colt, when the Lord hath need of him? I could not control myself; I had no power over myself; the jaw-bone went to work again; some cringed under it; others ran away, helter skelter, with clamour and great noise, and hid themselves, others felt the weight of it, and were slain, and their prejudice and enmity died. But to tell you the truth, I found it rather a hard fight; but I trust it was the "good fight of faith;" though some of Israel were hurt that endeavoured to bind me; but I found, again, great liberty, peace, and joy. Nevertheless, like Samson, after hard fighting, and many great deliverances, I generally became very thirsty. O ye, my dear friends, surely my soul did thirst for God, and for the living cooling water from the well of Bethlehem; for sometimes I have been wearied almost to death, and have had thoughts of giving up the fight; and after many victories over the Philistines without, and the much worse Philistines within, I have sometimes felt as if I should die with thirst. But this was my infirmity; and had I here space to enlarge, I would relate one circumstance when "my thirst almost consumed me."

When Samson had made this slaughter, and had made an end of speaking, he cast away the jaw-bone, and called that place, *Ramath-lehi*, viz., "the lifting up, or casting away the jaw-bone." And so it has been with me many times after this hard fighting with outward, and especially inward Philistines, I have been faint, thirsty, and ready to give up the fight and cast the jaw-bone away, and say with Jeremiah, I would speak no more in the name of the Lord, and lift up the jaw-bone no more in preaching, because both Israel and the Philistines bound me and afflicted me. But Samson cried unto the Lord in his intense thirst, "and God cleaved a hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout; and when he had drank, his spirit came again, and he revived, wherefore he called the name thereof, *En-hakkore*," viz., "the well of him that cried;" and, surely, in my thirst I have cried unto the Lord, and from the fountain of life he has sent water again and again by cleaving and opening some sweet and precious word which laid in his mind, and had often been on my tongue, and in my jaw; nevertheless, I could draw no water from it until he clave it and opened it again, and brought the cooling water of life and grace out of it to refresh me; then my spirit comes again, and I revive. And bless the Lord, O my soul, who would not suffer me to die of thirst. For after a minister of the Spirit is so dried up that he cannot find any water in the Word but when the Lord causes it to rise and flow from the fountain of life, he drinks and is refreshed, from the cooling stream of the water of life that flows through his own heart, soul, and mouth, and jaw-bone to others. Bless the Lord, O my soul, he has often refreshed me with the water of life in his Word; the sweet, flowing, cooling, comforting streams, brought in by the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost. O ye dear thirsty souls, almost dried up through fiery temptations, and in fighting against the strong giant lusts and Philistines

within, God will never suffer thee to die and perish of thirst. "My soul thirsteth for God!"

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, June 6, 1850.

## WALKING ABOUT ZION:

CONSIDERING HER PALACES: COUNTING  
HER TOWERS.

(Continued from p. 161.)

By Zion, I mean, the whole professing Gospel Church. Under this title, she is variously described in the Holy Word; and her features in the present day, are as varied, as the Word of God doth represent her. In many parts of England, TRUTH is evidently fallen into great disrepute; which disrepute may often be traced—not to truth herself—but to such of her professed friends as have not so far lived under her influence as to enable them to maintain that line of conduct which she both dictates and demands.—I remember a verse which is written on a head-stone in the Church-yard at Irthlingboro', and which reads something like this:

"Censure not too rashly,  
For nature's apt to halt;  
That man has not been born  
That dies without a fault."

Remembering the counsel herein afforded, I would not be found rashly censuring any man; but desire rather to possess a little of that "Charity which suffereth long, and is kind; that is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil; that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things." Oh, when will the day come, that this heavenly charity shall live, and speak, and influence the saints of God in their fellowship one with another? We long, and sometimes pray that soon it may arrive. Blessed be God, there are, even in these days, some spots, and some seasons, where the Lord does make the place of his feet glorious: and where the dear Redeemer often causes his weary flock to lay down and rest, in green pastures and beside still waters. Perhaps the perusal of the following brief notices may gladden the hearts of some who love her gates, and love the road.

IRTHLINGBORO'.—The anniversary of the Sabbath School, in connexion with the Baptist Chapel, Irthlingboro', (where Mr. Trimming has, for some years, stood as pastor,) was held on Lord's Day, July 14; it was an interesting day to many. Three sermons were preached by C. W. Banks; but the anniversary sermon for the school was in the afternoon. The service commenced by our venerable brother Lawrence giving out the following hymn—

When Samuel waited on the Lord,  
His service yielded great reward,  
In early youthful years:  
Jehovah call'd, the youth obey'd,  
With cheerful voice the stripling said:  
"Speak Lord, thy servant hears."

Thus, when the word of sacred truth,  
Calls and attracts the lovely youth,  
It is Jehovah's voice;  
Piercing the shades of nature's night,  
It cheers the soul with gospel light,  
And heaven and earth rejoice.

Grace makes the tender mind expand,  
Presents a scene, sublime and grand,  
Which God and man admires;  
It pours contempt on earthly toys;  
To sacred wealth and heavenly joys  
It constantly aspires.

The firmest stakes in Jacob's tents,  
The church's brightest ornaments  
Are youths that love the Lord;  
Just like the op'ning morning flower,  
Adorning Zion's sacred bower,  
Their fragrance spreads abroad.

The soul that Jesus calls so soon,  
Shall well endure the heat of noon,  
And verdant stand at night;  
He makes it to perfection rise,  
And then transplants to Paradise,  
To live before his sight.

The chapel was quite full in every part, and many were standing in the burying-ground. The hymns were sung by the children and choir together, in a truly solemn yet most affecting and pleasing manner. The afternoon's discourse was upon the following words, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that; or, whether both shall be alike good." After the sermon the preacher addressed two boys and two girls, who were then dismissed from the School, a handsome Bible being given to each of them. The following statement was then read—

"Number of scholars admitted into the School, during the past year, twelve. Dismissed with Bibles, twelve. Removed by Providence, one. Expelled, one. Present number of scholars, one-hundred and four. Total number of children received into this School, from its commencement to the present time, is six-hundred and thirty-nine. Money in hand last year, £4 6s. Collected at the children's treat, £3 11s. 9d. Collected after a sermon preached by Mr. Drawbridge, £12. Expended, £12 13s 10½d. Leaving in the hand of the treasurer, £7 5s. 10¼d."

Another suitable hymn was sung; the collection was made; and the service closed. The cause at Irthingboro' is an ancient one. The pastor before Mr. Trimming was Mr. Allen, whose widow and daughter are still living in the place. Mr. Allen's labours in Irthingboro' for a number of years were greatly blessed. His dust lays beneath the vestry; and very many of the bodies of the saints are deposited in the ground adjoining the chapel. We were sorry to learn that scarcely any of the causes around Northampton were in a prosperous state. Raunds is destitute of a pastor. (Mr. Septimus Sears was there on our anniversary day.) Oundle is also destitute. Our brother David Ashby is preaching to the good folks at Sharnbrook; Mr. Drawbridge still maintains his ground at Rushden. Matthew Blakeley is acceptable at Wellingboro', and some say they hear him with increased satisfaction and profit. Mr. Leach is steadfast in the truth at Northampton, and lives in the affections of some; but pure gospel truth is but little received in that large town; and every little while some one catches the parson fever, and sets up for themselves a kind of opposition to brother Leach; but they fall to the

ground while he is upheld. Mrs. Allen says, "brother Leach will soon kill himself." But we hope not.

BILLESDON.—I was at Billesdon anniversary on Thursday, January 27th. Mr. Foreman preached two excellent sermons; and though there were but few to hear, yet I think most of the few had a feast. He spoke from, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." First, he spake of the name; and second, of the gathering together; third, of the Lord in the midst; and there to do that for these poor souls just what they wanted; be their wants great or small, or of ever so distressing a nature. I felt my heart with him. At night he preached from, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." First, he spoke at large about the God of Jacob; and with much feeling. Second, the happy people. Third, he spoke at large about the soul hoping in God. And, indeed, I felt I was one of these characters; and to these he clearly proved God would be an help.

Yours in love,

H. HERCOCK.

CLAPHAM.—DEAR BROTHER in our most glorious covenant Head, you know the church of old said, "let us get up early to the vineyard—let us see if the vine flourish." Now, I very much mistake the sacred influence of the Almighty Spirit, if the feelings and desires of the Old Testament saints, and those under the dispensations of the everlasting gospel are not one and the same; believing this, it occurred to my mind that you would like to hear something of the state of the feeble and tender vine, that you, under God the Holy Spirit, in conjunction with our venerable brother Allen and good father Moody, were instrumental in planting at Clapham Rise, on the 1st of April, in the present year. You are aware the air is not very salubrious in our locality for a vintage of this description. We are surrounded by fashionable professors of almost every grade; we have Catholics, Churchmen, Wesleyans, and Independents, in abundance; but, I much fear whether their trumpets do not give an uncertain sound, as the people do not, nor are they concerned to prepare for the battle. But, notwithstanding all this, our God knoweth his own; and he well knows also where to find them; when he wanted Abraham, he found him in Midian, busy in making idols; David he found tending his father's sheep; Daniel, in the lion's den; the three Hebrew children in a furnace of fire, and that a seventh time hotter than it was wont to be made. He also found the king of Israel sinking in a bottomless pit of mire, where there was no standing; Job sitting upon a dunghill, scraping himself with a potsherd; Lazarus at the gate of the rich man, covered with sores. But time would fail to tell all; I only add, where did he find you and me? What matchless grace, what sovereign mercy: may we not, indeed, say with Dr. Young,

"And what exalts the glory more,  
Is, that he died for me!"

But, to return to our little vine. My brother, the Lord is with us indeed; the word is attended with a divine power to the consciences of some of his blood-bought family. On last Thursday, I baptized four persons, whom the Lord, the Spirit, inclined to cast in their lot with the despised and

persecuted followers of the Crucified Nazarene; who, last Lord's-day, with two others from other churches, were received into full communion with us at the table of the Lord, all testifying the word preached in our little Bethel had descended like dew upon their souls, and as rain upon the new-mown grass; others also are enquiring their way to Zion with their faces thitherward. But, my dear brother, I am not without my conflicts and trials, both in my soul and my circumstances; but, blessed be my dear Lord, I am enabled to lay these out also for the glory of his precious name and the good of his dear people; for, among other things, they teach me how to "weep with those that weep, and how to rejoice with those that rejoice." Ah, brother Banks, I cannot forget, I never wish to forget the piece of wholesome advice you gave me about eighteen months since, when I was, to all appearance, well nigh overwhelmed in a deluge of trouble; when I was staggering like a drunken man, I arrived at my wit's end; my faith also, appeared like a dying taper, just about to expire; you said, "my brother, do you let such things trouble you?" I replied, "they did." You said, "You ask my advice?" I replied, "In the name of my Lord, I do." "I will give it," said you. "Go home, preach Christ to your people; live it down—pray it down; and when this storm subsides, look out for another." Brethren on the walls, weigh this wholesome advice; and I am very much mistaken, if like myself, you do not find it to turn out to good advantage. I often reflect on what I read in the *Vessel* what John Foreman said to John Bunyan M<sup>c</sup>Cure at his ordination—"Now for the work, my brother, you must work while your people sleep." This night has been an almost sleepless night to me, and is but little past midnight that I now write; but the sun appears to be rising—I see its light—I feel its influence; I hear the angel say, "let me go, for the day breaketh!" but I have got him by the girdle of his reins, (his faithfulness) and am crying out lustily with the good old Patriarch, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Lord, help me to maintain my hold—do not turn away thy face! mine is an urgent, pressing case; there appears, at times, innumerable and insurmountable difficulties to impede my progress; but I cannot name my enemies, for I hate them with a perfect hatred. But, there are three legions of them with their captains: First, Internal, with Captain Unbelief. Second, External with Captain Flesh. Third, Infernal with Captain Devil. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me! Yet, after all, I know in some measure what David means by, "through my God I leaped over a wall." Yes, brother, all glory to my precious Captain; he, at times, gives me strength and faith to ride ruff-shod over this mighty phalanx of foes, and in the heat of battle to shout victory through the blood of the Lamb; yet, as the inimitable Isaiah says, "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." Now, dear brother, you may not have room for this bundle of stuff, as Joseph calls it, in the hold of the *Vessel*; but, if you think it worth a place in some corner on deck, just to let our friends know how things are going on with us, put it there. If you, as the chief mate under the Great Captain, think it will not pay the freight, throw it over-board, and say in your Wrapper, it is gone to the bottom. Z.O.A.R.

17, North Street, Clapham, 9th July, 1850.

### Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST JESUS:—Having just returned from Bethel—and it has been a Bethel, I trust, to my soul, and not to me only, I feel assured—I believe the Lord will get to himself a great name, and much good will have been done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus, through the instrumentality of our dear pastor. He is but an earthen vessel; but that vessel has been filled: and he has come up to-day as a bottle wanting vent, and under the rich leadings of the God of all grace; the dear Lord has, I trust, been to him mouth and matter; and though I have had no converse with him, yet I fain would hope and believe that while he has been breaking the bread of life to others, his own soul has been fed and nourished.

The morning subject was from Zeph. iii. 13, "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people." He spoke at first from the beginning of the chapter; and shewed that however low the state of Zion might appear, yet the Lord had always reserved a remnant to manifest his power and glory and maintain his truth; that in the visible, or professing church, there were the invisible ones. Shewed the difference between the outer court and inner court; also the worshippers: compared the latter to the nut in the shell—the diamond surrounded by earth. The visible, or professing church, in the 1st and 2nd verses; she obeys not the voice of God in his Word or ordinances; listens not to correction, to the rod, or judgment, and who hath appointed them; trusts not in the Lord, but in themselves, saying their own arm hath brought salvation; she drew not near to her God; in forms and ceremonies she did, but it was void; void of power, and Divine teaching, and leading. But I must pass on.

He distinctly noticed in his text, first, affliction. Second, poverty. Third, confidence.

First, the peculiarity of their affliction, and from what source it springs. Sin, world, flesh, devil. That sin was the source of all sorrow; to what prone; how easily led astray; and how the child of God had to mourn his depravity; his wandering from the God he loved; his nonconformity to the image of his Lord; his depraved nature rising, tempting, and seducing, even in prayer, or hearing of the Word; the warfare within. Here he shewed the government, and benefit of the same; that all and everything was subject to Supreme command; there was the Divine mandate, "Thus far, and no farther:" benefits arising from, that the medicine, or bitters of life sanctified, become good; and that the best and most profitable lessons were learnt in the school of affliction.

Secondly, poverty; "Having nothing, yet possessing all things," if possessing Christ; without a manifestation of love and blood; without food, clothing, or shelter from Divine wrath. On each of these he enlarged and spoke sweetly; on need of

shelter especially; compared the ark that God provided for Noah and the ark Christ; how the Divine Sovereignty was displayed; it was in vain for the ungodly, or professing, to strive to shelter themselves; the floods destroyed them, and the elect of God is secure. Comforted the saint, and warned the sinner. May the dear Lord accompany his word with power; that the bread cast on the waters this day, may be again seen.

This afternoon, three o'clock, the chapel thronged, the children arranged in the front seats of the gallery that they might see, without confusion, the ordinance of baptism. Three females followed their Lord in his appointed way; all seemed strengthened and supported. I fancied our dear pastor was weak and nervous—but it might have been fancy. He addressed the congregation from the pulpit, and strove to prove that believers' baptism was alone Scriptural; and that by immersion. Here I must not enlarge; for there is a solemn occurrence connected with this. A Mrs. Hands, who, had the Lord spared her, would have been baptised this day, but was called to join the church triumphant on the Sunday as she was to come before the church on the Tuesday. This woman was a moral character, I believe, through life; and verily thought that heaven was secure for her on that plea. The Lord was pleased, about three years since, to awaken her under the preaching and instrumentality of Mr. B., from these blessed words, "Perfect in Christ Jesus." This time is a memorable time with our friend B. He had had deep soul exercise on Saturday; the Word seemed sealed; he went to bed without a portion for the morrow, and doubting his interest in redeeming love and call to the ministry, went to sleep; and awoke about two o'clock with these words, "Perfect in Christ Jesus;" slept again about two hours, again these words; the third time slept, and again repeated. Went to his pulpit relying on Divine aid, and the Lord accompanied it with power, and laid this poor woman down in the dust of self abasement. She was deeply exercised for about two years; not comforted. One Sunday afternoon went to Stanhope Street, where Mr. B. used then to speak from some portion of the chapter he read. He particularly noticed these words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." And at this time she was set at happy liberty, and could dare to say, "MY Lord and MY God." She died in a full assurance of faith. Nearly her last words were, the everlasting arms were under her, supporting her through the swellings of Jordan. Mr. B. preached a funeral sermon this evening, and gave an outline of the Lord's dealings with her. This text particularly struck me and melted me down. I found it a solemn melting time, (Job xiv. 14.) "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." The calm, passive resignation peculiarly struck me, before he enlarged. He shewed

the Sovereign and decretive power of Jehovah, and what change was necessary; and the change of awakening in an unknown world to the saint and sinner: and sweetly, and (I think) fervently, implored that none of his hearers, or himself, might be deceived on this momentous point;—expecting heaven, and entering hell;—awful thought! May this arouse some solemn questioning! Am I prepared for the great change? Addressed the beloved partner and children in the most fervent and touching strain.

Never, since I have known Bethel, have I seen the chapel so crowded; forms were obliged to be placed in the aisles; and the whole time was a death-like solemn stillness. Surely this day will be remembered by many.

Now, my dear friends, I must close; it will try your patience to make out this scrawl; but if I had not sat down at once, my train of thinking might have fled, and opportunity prevented me writing you for some time: for, if the weather continues fine, I hope to be busy. Am sorry to hear things are so dull with you.

May you be enabled to rely on Divine faithfulness. I could say much on this; but time and paper will not permit. Many thanks for what you sent; hope to hear, or see you soon. Love to all; and believe my dear friends,

Your's sincerely, M. G.

Coggeshall Baptist Cause,

AND

The Recognition of Mr. John Collis.

THE Particular Baptist Cause, in the town of Coggeshall, has, for some years past, been in a drooping condition. The removal of Mr. John Collis from Halstead to Coggeshall, has caused a revival, and the Lord's people are cheered with the prospect of again beholding real prosperity in this long-standing gospel palace. The public recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Collis (as pastor of the Coggeshall Baptist Church,) were held on Thursday, June 28, 1850. On the previous Wednesday evening C. W. Banks preached from Isaiah xxix. 23, 24, "But when he seeth his children, the work of mine hands, in the midst of him, they shall sanctify my name, and sanctify the Holy One of Jacob, and shall fear the God of Israel. They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine." The service on Thursday morning commenced (soon after ten o'clock,) by brother William Allen reading and supplicating the Divine presence and blessing. After this, a brief statement of the nature of a Gospel Church was given, by C. W. Banks, from Zech. viii. 2, "Jerusalem shall be called a CITY OF TRUTH." The usual questions were asked. Our venerable brother Crossby gave an interesting detail of the loadings of Divine Providence in bringing brother Collis among them. The substance of

that statement will be found in the following letter which we have received from him :

Dear Sir,—I here send you a brief account of the goodness of our covenant God to us as a poor people in Coggeshall. I must go back to February, 1828. Our chapel was then closed for fourteen months; but the Lord's eye was not closed. The people were scattered and gone. A little star arose, and the doors were opened again. Brother Dowling, of Colchester, came and preached to us until the 25th of May, 1828, when our late pastor, F. Revett, first came amongst us. He preached Christ to us until April 15, 1849; nearly twenty-one years: he was made useful to many. When he resigned we had supplies. This caused a little division amongst us, and brought us very low. At our prayer-meetings many times we had but one; but there stood the promise, "I WILL WORK." There was a spirit of wrestling prayer for God to send a man after his own heart. In the month of November, brother Fish, of Braintree, who had supplied us more than the rest, having a death in his family, sent brother Collis in his stead. The next Lord's Day brother Collis came again. Knowing brother Fish was invited for two months, and the cause laying very near my heart, I thought, see brother Fish I must; I did so; had conversation with him; but the only answer was, "*Try Collis; it strikes me he is the man for Coggeshall.*" Brother Collis continued coming until January 6th, 1850, when a special church-meeting was called; a goodly number was present. One brother proposed to give brother Collis a call for three months; this was unanimously agreed to. During which time the Word of God found its way into the hearts of many; instead of one, two, or three seen at the prayer-meetings, ten to fourteen and more, with a live coal within to pray and praise the Lord for his goodness.

At another special church meeting it was proposed to give brother Collis a pastoral call; this was unanimously agreed to. Brother C. was apprized of the voice of the church; he wished to lay the matter before the Lord; and at the end of a month he came before the church with a short but explicit address, believing it to be the hand of the Lord, and he did then and there receive the pastoral call, as an under shepherd over this little part of Zion.

Thus the Lord has wonderfully appeared for us who were thirsting for the true bread; and now he has given us a pastor after his own heart, to give each of the family his meat in due season. Sometimes my cup runneth over, seeing the goodness of the Lord to my poor soul in my latter days; I am forced to say, from my very soul—

"If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be?"

I never did know what real church union and harmony with the family of God was before, as we do now enjoy it. May it still continue.

I have some bitters with the sweets. I mean in my own heart. I was told by a professor the other day, "If you have so much peace, so sure you are near a fall." The enemy worked hard with me from this; and I was much troubled lest I should be the first to make a breach with those I hope to live with and die with; but blessed be his dear name, he does say, "Look unto me, and

be ye saved;" and I have found him a present help many times. Indeed, he is blessing our souls abundantly, through the proclamation of the Word delivered here. We do rejoice, and will rejoice.

Your's most affectionately,

E. CROSSBY.

Mr. John Collis then gave a lengthened account of the exercises of his soul in coming out of a state of nature into grace; of his entrance upon the work of the ministry; and of the Lord's dealings with him in bringing him among that people. Mr. William Allen (uniting the hands of pastor and deacon) then addressed them in a most solemn and seasonable manner.

In the afternoon, brother Howell, of Sibel Heddingham, offered the ordination prayer; and C. W. Banks, preached a discourse to the Church from Hebrews xiii. 22. "I beseech you, brethren, suffer the word of exhortation." Brother Bartholomew (of Halstead), commenced the evening service, after which brother William Allen delivered a deep and blessed discourse from the words of Jabez's prayer.

We believe the Lord honored these solemn services with his divine presence. May the union last long; and be successful in bringing many souls unto Christ, is our hearty prayer.

#### The Gospel in the Provinces.

SHIPTON, HANTS.—Robert Mower, (the pastor of the Baptist Church,) in a kind letter, says—

"We had our first anniversary on the 17th of July. Our souls were comforted while hearing our friend and brother Janes, from Downton, both times. Our joy was great; for the Lord has been pleased to call several poor souls to know and feel the power of sin and his own electing love. These were, indeed, fed with gospel truth. Our collection was good, considering the company; and we hope, ere long, to say, the chapel is paid for. We commence another year in the name of our precious Jesus; on whom may we rely—his glory may we seek—his dear blood-bought children may we ever labour to comfort! So prays,

"Your unworthy brother,

"ROBERT MOWER."

HAZLEMERE, SURREY.—The little church in this place is still alive; and some measure of peace exists among them. The watchman on that part of the wall (Reuben Harding) speaking of this anniversary says, "Our friend and brother Allnutt preached from these words—'If God be for us, who can be against us?' And a good time most of our friends had. The Lord is still with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge; and you well know, brother, if the Lord smiles, it matters not who frowns. No; we can do all things, and can bear all sufferings if our Lord be there. I was down at Eastmeon yesterday week; preached to a few people in Mr. Earwaker's house. I think there might be a few sheep gathered together there, if some one would help our brother E.

"R. HARDING."

PRITTELLWELL.—This place is but a short distance from South End, in Essex. Here is a small newly erected Baptist Chapel. The cause originated through the instrumentality of the present pastor, our esteemed and faithful brother Warren, who first began preaching in his own hired house. Many trials has he been called to

endure; but the Lord has helped him with a little help. He is a hard working agricultural labourer, and receives but very little, if he does anything, for preaching the gospel. We trust, if any of our London friends visit that quiet little watering place, South End, this summer, that they will step over to Prittlewell, pay brother Warren a visit, and lend him a helping hand. The anniversary was held on Thursday, July 11th. C. W. Banks preached in the morning from "There shall be a handful of corn upon the top of the mountains;" but he made a very poor attempt. Brother Wells came down and preached two good sermons afternoon and evening. The chapel was filled to the brim; and we hope real good in every sense was done.

**KNOWL HILL.**—It would have done your heart good to have seen how the little hive swarmed at Knowl Hill, on Tuesday, July 9th, their anniversary day. There were friends from Reading, from London, from Maidenhead, from High Wycombe, from Hartley Row, from Wooburn Green, and other parts: in fact, there was a very great gathering of Christian friends; and we never saw the two Knowl Hill pastors look more cheerful than they did on this occasion; beside other friends and the preachers, there were present brethren Powell of Reading, Evans, of High Wycombe, Wilson, of Wooburn Green, Miller, of Penn Beacon, and another or two. In the morning C. W. Banks preached from these words,—"Wherefore should a living man complain?" He preached again in the evening, and seemed quite at home; but in the afternoon brother C. H. Coles (of Brentford,) gave us an experimental discourse from, "O God, thou art my God, &c. Ps. lxxiii. 1, 2.

The Churches at Waddesdon Hill, near Aylesbury, Bucks; and at Wantage, Berkshire, we found destitute of Pastors; but holding firm the doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel, and walking in some measure of peace.

### The Introduction of Gospel Truth in the dark parts of North Staffordshire.

After repeated and fervent cries from a few of the Lord's living family at Stoke-on-Trent, in Staffordshire, for us to send them a Gospel minister, we succeeded in getting William Skelton to go and labour among them. He has been preaching the Gospel of Christ there now for nearly two months, in some of the largest towns in that populous district: but TEMPORAL AID is required.

We insert the following extracts from a letter just received, in the hope that thousands in England will immediately forward the little Church at Stoke-on-Trent, some timely help.

John Field, of Queen Street, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, (to whom, or to ourselves, communications may be made,) writes as follows:

"Dear Brother Banks,—Having Zion's interest at heart, I will endeavour to lay before you the particulars of everything existing here, as in the sight of God, before whom I stand, and whom I desire to serve.

"In the first place, Providence located me at Stoke-upon-Trent, with my family, one year and nine months since, from London; as a matter of course, we commenced to search for pure wheaton bread. To inform you the many places we resorted to, within a circumference of four or five miles, would indeed surprise you. Nothing

like the pure gospel of Christ could we find. We were bowed down to the earth; and the Lord knows it.

"In the course of our searching, we picked up a few living souls; I think we have seven in number. We met for some time in our kitchen, once on a Sunday, and once in the week, doing the best we could, by reading, prayer and praise. At length we made an effort, in the Lord's strength, to bring Truth down in these parts; the means made use of you are acquainted with; my letters to you will shew. I then took a larger house than I needed, setting apart a room for worship. Our brother Skelton has preached in it ever since the first Sunday in June; he also preached many times in the open air; but at Newcastle under Lyme, he has been prohibited by the Mayor. Brother Skelton's ministrations have been greatly blessed among the few that know the Lord's precious name. We have, one and all, rejoiced in God our Saviour. Such being the case, we really cannot part with him; nor does he feel himself at liberty to go.

"If all be well, brother Skelton will baptize one believer on Sunday, July 28th, in the afternoon, and in the evening of the same day, he will form the Church upon particular baptist principles, consisting of seven persons. Though poor, we will do the best we can for him, temporarily; at the same time, you are aware we cannot supply him, not even with the common necessaries of life, seeing he has a wife and family, who are, at present, at Harleston, in Norfolk, they must, of necessity, be got here; and we do trust you will raise all you can for him, and as quickly as possible. Tell the dear people of your charge, it never was more needed; not a particle of truth in the whole locality amidst a population of many thousands. The question may be asked, when they are got to Stoke, what they will do? The fact is, they are a *working family*, and like Paul, they will work with their hands; while we shall consider it our privilege to encourage them in their different occupations; the only difficulty we labor under is the expenses attending the removal, a distance of 250 miles, and a something to commence the holy struggle with, among us, for God and truth. I do believe, through God's grace, that much good must be effected, in the calling poor sinners out of darkness into the glorious light and liberty of the everlasting gospel, and the adding unto the church such as shall be everlastingly saved.

"I have detailed out every particular of this momentous and sacred matter, and it is indeed our earnest prayer, if consistent with his blessed will, that the same may be crowned with abundant success for the promotion of Zion's interest and the glorying in his own great name, and he alone shall have all the praise. At the same time we hope and trust yourself and church will blend your prayers with ours for the same sacred purpose, knowing as I trust we all do experimentally, that our God is not only a covenant making and covenant keeping Jehovah, but a God inditing, hearing, and answering prayer. Thanking you for every kindness shewn, I remain, Your's in the bonds of the covenant,

"July 23, 1850.

Queen Street, Stoke on Trent,  
Staffordshire."

"Let the above appear, if possible, in the August Vessel. WILLIAM SKELTON."



### A Happy Day for the Baptist Church at Frome.

"Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—There is a truthfulness, or a fullness of truth in the above lines, wrought out by the Lord's own arm towards us, as visible (even to lookers on,) as the world's existence. This has caused us to sit and look upon each other, and from an overpowering constraint, to break silence with the interrogation, "What hath God wrought?"

We do not wonder at Israel of old, when the Lord turned their captivity, likening themselves to men that dreamed; but they found their turned captivity was *not a dream*; and so have we found ours is not a dream, and this you will see in the subsequent statement.

The church of Christ, meeting for worship at Ebenezer Chapel, Naish's Street, Frome, had been brought to the lowest ebb, and nearly crushed to death by oppositions, yet struggling for existence with prayer and supplication to Zion's compassionate and Almighty King, fainting yet pursuing, despairing yet hoping that the King, eternal, immortal, would not look upon our oppression with indifference, but, as of old, say, "I have seen the afflictions of my people; I have heard their groaning, and am come forth for their rescue."

Shout, then, with the voice of thanksgiving, ye saints of God! Be of good courage ye throne-of-grace petitioners; fear not, ye mercy-seat beseechers and groaners; the Lord has fulfilled our petitions, he has heard our groanings, and answered our prayers; and so he will yours. Remember, experience is no lie; the hands-full is not enthusiasm; heaven's own seal upon the heart, brings and leaves its own unmistakable impression. The Lord has granted our request. Oh, tell it in the streets of Zion; publish it in the broadways and upon her high places; the Lord, at Ebenezer, is bringing the mystical stones out of the rubbish; polishing them by soul-exercises, and building them up as lively stones, a spiritual house, to shew forth his praise. Four of these, one sister, and three brethren, our aged minister baptised last Lord's Day, July 14th, which is the first addition to us, by baptism, since peace, unanimity, and concord in spirit, doctrine, and practice, has been restored amongst us.

After the experience of regenerating grace in these four persons had been, by a mouth and life confession satisfactorily ascertained by the church, we decided to invite our aged and much esteemed brother, Mr. W. Eacot, of Southwick, near Trowbridge, to assist at their baptism. To this he cheerfully consented; brother Rudman agreeing to supply for him part of the day in his absence.

Prayer-meeting commenced in the morning at a quarter before six; our faithful Lord was present in felt power; a wrestling

spirit was poured out; the sacred fire of the Lord's own presence was kindled, and the tongue supplicated for the Lord to glorify his salvation and name, both in the called and uncalled remnant of his own everlasting choice.

After breakfast in the vestry, (about eight o'clock,) we stood upon the banks of the river. A hymn was sung; and brother Eacot addressed the spectators with great warmth, solemnity, and presence of mind; the multitude listening with becoming attention. Indeed, through the whole of our proceeding, their behaviour was outwardly becoming the weighty occasion, with the exception of a few who, at intervals, would try to laugh, but were soon silenced by the steady attention of the great throng that lined the river on both sides, as far distant as the eye could gain a sight of this only true Scriptural baptism of believers.

After the address, our beloved minister, on the bank of the river, took our sister by the hand, quoting Isa. liv. 5, 6, saying, "I present this portion before thee, my dear sister, to be thy baptizing motto, even as God the Father gave to Jesus, the Head of baptism, and of believing baptists, his motto at his baptism in Jordan, which was, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'" This manner was new to us, and we watched the proceedings with deep interest, and pondered it over. As the dear old man proceeded in taking the brethren down with him into the water, he quoted an appropriate portion of Scripture to each, as a baptizing motto; and when all had been buried with Christ, by baptism, into his death, and thanks had been returned to the multitude for their decorum, we dismissed them and returned towards home, filled with astonishment, and admiring the Lord's goodness to such worthless creatures.

Many respectable persons who live near the river, congratulated us upon the peaceable deportment of the multitude, and the singular kindness of the gentleman who gave us liberty to stand and go into the river from his field; who, notwithstanding being a Churchman, when he saw there was not sufficient depth of water, went and raised the hatches at his own mill, and supplied our lack. May we not well ask, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

At half-past ten brother Eacot preached; his text was, "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us; not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ," 1 Pet. iii. 21. This was a humbling, melting, and soul refreshing time to many. We heard our grey-headed minister say, "Mind, friend Eacot, I speak with sincerity in the presence of the Lord, I have not heard a sermon for many years under which my soul has felt so much as under thine to day." Now, so high is our opinion of his testimony in a knowledge and love to heart-searching preaching from the seas

of soul-sorrow it is evident he has been brought through, backed with our own feelings that morning, under that sermon, that we can say, with confidence, rejoicing, "The Lord was there in power."

In the afternoon brother Eacot read and prayed; our newly baptised sister and brethren, we cordially received them at the Lord's table. We then, with several members from other churches, as Bradford, Chapman, Slade and Corsely, who are affectionately interested in our prosperity, sat down; and each, according to his and her measure of faith, had fellowship with that dearest, fairest, sweetest one that eyes have seen, or hearts have known, the bleeding Ransomer.

In the evening our own minister preached; his text was, Acts ii. 42. Thus ended a day memorable to our souls: for which we wish to be thankful; and hope it is the bud of that free, full, and glorious promise, "From this day will I bless you."

Knowing you rejoice in Zion's prosperity, we therefore have sent this for insertion in the *Vessel*.

T. AXFORD. } Deacons.  
J. MAY. }

#### A Lord's Day at South Chard.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Knowing the lively interest you take in the growth and prosperity of Zion, assures me a brief sketch of our pleasurable employ last Lord's Day will not be altogether unacceptable.

Early in the morning might be seen a cheerful little company wending their way to our usual seven o'clock prayer-meeting; from whence we oft have gathered some early sweets; yes, sweets those know nothing of who say—

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber."

This season proved a very good commencement of the day. At nine o'clock we were found down by the river-side. Soon after which our voices might be heard praising the Lord for his redeeming, dying love. I read part of the 16th of Acts, and spake a few words concerning the mystic institute of our Great Redemer. After which we engaged in prayer, and again attempted to praise the Lord; which being ended, I baptised three sisters in Christ upon a profession of their faith in Him who says, "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, amen. And have the keys of hell and of death." The weather threatened to be unpropitious; but whilst we were in the river, the sun smiled, and so did its glorious Prototype, the Sun of Righteousness, and cheered our spirits with his exhilarating beams; bearing Divine witness to our souls that we were walking in those ways that pleased God.

Half-past ten arrived, and we were again in the house of God; where I preached, (as the Lord assisted) from, "For as many of you as have been baptised into Christ, have put on Christ," Gal. iii. 27.

This service being ended soon after twelve

o'clock, shortly after one commenced the regular monthly prayer-meeting before the ordinance. At two commenced the usual afternoon service, when I attempted to speak (as the Lord gave me understanding) from those words, (Acts xi. 23.) "Who when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."

This service being ended, we were found gathered around the table of the Lord; where, after singing and prayer, addressing those who had put on Christ by a public profession in the early part of the day, I exhorted them, that they would cleave unto the Lord, and gave them the right hand of fellowship, on behalf of the church. We then commemorated the dying love of our incarnate God; and if ever some of our souls felt the overwhelming sense of the wonders of redeeming love, it was at this time. My brother, the ice and snow rapidly dissolved, the hard earth crumbled, and grateful tears ran down our cheeks whilst we viewed the suffering, slaughtered Lamb of God on Calvary's Mount, and hope of interest in his blood and righteousness, with such wonder and amazement, that though the faltering tongue seemed to refuse to do its office, we sang—

"It was for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree;  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree."

If ever my soul was loath to quit a place it was then; although nearly five o'clock. Without enlarging further upon it, I will sum it up with—"The Lord was made known unto us in breaking of bread; his voice was most sweet, his countenance comely; yea, he was altogether lovely." At half-past six, the evening service commenced; when I spake from John xi. 40, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" And here again, the oil seemed flowing; so that, to conclude, we had a feast and a good day. May the Lord grant us many such, and all the little hills of Zion also. We have been dwelling in gloom for some short time on account of the Lord removing from us an aged deacon, brother Edwards, sen., by death. So you may just anticipate how welcome a refreshing season from the Lord's presence was to our poor souls. May you also be cheered frequently with his presence;

"And tell him, when you see his face,  
I long to see him too."

Your's affectionately,  
July 8, 1850. R. G. EDWARDS.

"What greater rhetoric can there be in the tongues of men and angels than in the tongue of Christ? Yet all his eloquence cannot be so powerful, as that of his gaping wounds. His blood hath the same efficacy in heaven that it had on earth, it speaks the same things, and must meet with the same success."

## Notices of New Works.

Spiritual edification, associated with useful information, is our aim in this, as in every other department of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

We know but very little: nevertheless, during the few years that we have had our eyes and our hearts set upon Zion,—and have examined her productions, we have learned three things: first, that it is impossible for any Christian either to purchase, or to peruse, one quarter of the works constantly issuing from the press. Secondly, there are but very few that are worthy of any notice at all; and, lastly, that truly valuable publications, are generally accompanied with such quantities of superfluous matter, that to get at the good, you must both purchase and wade through much that amounts to nothing.

Where we find a new work rich in experience, and producing positive facts confirmatory of the reality and blessedness of vital godliness, our readers may rest assured, the EARTHEN VESSEL will not fail—(the Lord permitting,) to furnish them with a choice sample of the same. As far as our limits allow, we here notice a few that have come to hand.

*“England’s Loss; a Literary Monument in Memory of the late Sir Robert Peel.”* Houlstons: and James Paul.

In this interesting pamphlet, (wherein every incident connected with the death of that great statesman is given) advantage is taken to introduce reflections of a solemn character, which, under God, may prove a blessing to some yet unconvicted sinner. Take the following extract as a sample.

“The time was come. It is of little consequence what the event may be that takes man from this lower world. He is, at best, but the creature of a few days: like a flower that blossoms, and helps to fill up the garden of time for a little space, and then passes for ever to another state. I stop not to contemplate the eternal condition of this great man. We are furnished with no positive evidence of what the real state of his mind was. There is one circumstance, however, connected with his death-bed that we cannot altogether pass unnoticed. He requested that the Bishop of Gibraltar might be sent for, to administer the Sacrament.

“The administration of the Sacrament to a dying man is a very solemn matter; and I fear, in some cases, it is viewed as a passport into heaven: but this it never was, nor never can be. Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, as the mighty God, and the only Redeemer; these are essential to a sinner’s salvation. But where the soul has never passed from death unto life; where the new birth, or a divine and spiritual regeneration has never taken place, there can be nothing known of a genuine repentance Godward; nor of a living, saving, sanctifying faith Christward. If the soul remain unquicken’d, unenlighten’d, it is blind to the nature of sin; blind to the holiness and justice of God; blind to the doctrines of distinguishing grace; blind to the nature and necessity of the new and spiritual creation; blind to the intent and design of the Sacraments; and blind to the mysteries and glories of the kingdom of grace,

and the glorious inheritance altogether; and, consequently, in times of danger, there is frequently a flying to, and a resting in, the external shadow, while the essential and hidden reality is unknown. How much is contained in those words of Paul—‘Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness: and hath translated us into the kingdom of God’s dear Son!’ Every man is in one or the other of these states; living and dying in the first, he is lost: living and dying in the latter, glory and honour, he must have.

*“A Portion of the Pilgrim’s Progress in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century; or, Old Mr. Great-heart still living, and busy at his work.”* By Jazer. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

In noticing this work, we do not take upon ourselves the task of what is called “A review.” We have not had time sufficiently to weigh and examine its different parts; but from what we have seen, we may say, it contains some striking things; things that must sooner or later occupy the attention of the churches of Christ in England; unless we are to be altogether buried in bigotry, party-spirit, bitter jealousies, and secret persecutions. We do hope, ere long, to notice this work more fully.

*“Magdalena’s Voyages and Travels through the Kingdom of this World into the Kingdom of Grace.”* Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS work has steadily progressed until we have before us the fifteenth part; and, we understand, another part or two will complete the volume altogether. The work is certainly a rich and talented exposition of some of the deep mysteries of the kingdom of Grace. From this fifteenth part we quote the following paragraph.

“There is nothing so mean, or so contemptible, or so base, but man will take, and hug, and clasp it to his bosom, and worship it sooner than God.—The brazen serpent became an object of adoration, and so probably would the dead and putrid body of Moses, had it not been hidden, and buried out of sight, and knowledge of man, by the Lord himself. And if a mixture and semblance of true religion only, be attached to any idolatry, it becomes then a hundred times more wild, absurd, and impious. Earthly things are just opposed to spiritual, and spiritual to earthly. Earthly things never yet did, nor ever will, lead to the contemplation of God in his creation and providence; not to works of art and science, which are the poor, wretched, imperfect products of man’s hands. That infidel poet of our’s, Pope, wrote, ‘from nature up to nature’s God,’ but this is false and wild. The sight of nature never yet led up to God. It might inflame the passions, and light up a wild fire of enthusiasm, but no spiritual view of Christ or of God ever yet grew up upon a stem of nature. Let a man see the loveliest flower of a garden, he can see no God in it, unless he have the light of God, which is Christ Jesus, the brightness of his Father’s person, the light of life, the light of the body. By that light, and with it, carried into the field, a man may see the flower, and bringing down God’s light upon the object of nature, he may carry back the object to God, and offer with it a new sacrifice of praise. But without God’s light, no

terrestrial object leads up to spiritual considerations. Earthly things are of the earth, earthly, sensual, and of satan, works of art and science being wholly earthly, of man's design and execution, even less likely than works of nature, to lead up to God. Be assured, therefore, that portraits, crucifixes, virgins, images, are all opposed to vital and true godliness. 'God is a Spirit.' True religion is spiritual. Christ's kingdom is spiritual. His food is spiritual. Faith is spiritual, &c. The letter even of the Scriptures killeth, the Spirit giveth life. The ordinances and sacraments are but tokens in water, bread, and wine; and are dead, without spiritual power to give life, and fire, and love, &c."

*Mr. George Wyard's Tracts.*—There is such a truthful simplicity in these tracts, and they are published at so cheap and easy a rate, that they cannot fail of being extremely useful among the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ. Why should not the churches who hold the truth, have their Tract Societies as well as the other professing bodies? Why should the children of God, the partakers of saving and of sovereign grace, be backward in the dissemination of eternal truth? We can never forget with what power and solemn sweetness the words of David once came to our hearts—as recorded in Psalm li. 12, 13, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit; THEN, will I teach TRANSGRESSORS thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Restoration unto the joy of God's salvation, certainly will create, (in some measure) a desire to point others to that cross, to that fountain, to that Saviour, from whence a sinner's salvation flows. We have long secretly desired to see something like consistent, heaven-born, God-glorifying energy alive among those who profess to love and to receive the precious truths of the Gospel; but, alas, alas! instead of this, bigotry, lethargy, lifeless notions, abstract principles, and a mere name to live, are binding the people fast in chains.

We say again, Mr. Wyard's Tracts are exceedingly suitable for distribution among that class of persons who are willing to be instructed in the great first principles of our most holy faith. The second editions of Part 7, "ON SANCTIFICATION;" Part 8, ON, "PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS TO ETERNAL GLORY;" Part 9, "THE CHURCH OF GOD ON EARTH;" and Part 10, "ON BAPTISM," are now just come to hand. They may be had of the Author, 39, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, or, of James Paul. The Letters on *Sanctification*, and *Perseverance*, are excellent Summaries of those important doctrines.

*The Faithful Minister's Appeal.* A Farewell Sermon by JAMES SMITH. Preached at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, on Sunday evening, June 23, 1850. Passmore, Union Street, Borough.

A PRINTED copy of this sermon has been sent to us, with a special request that we notice the same; which, of course, we feel ourselves bound to do, emanating, as it does, from so great a man. But what does "a Farewell Sermon by James Smith, of Park Street," mean? Has he left the ministry altogether? No, no; *not yet*. He has only left his bishoprick in Southwark, to take,

what may, perhaps, be a still more important one, in Liverpool.

Mr. Smith's text on this occasion was, the solemn declaration Paul made to the elders at Ephesus, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of the Acts.

James Smith must be a happy man, if he could stand in the pulpit at Park Street, and, addressing his church and people there, boldly say, "I take you to record this day, that I am clear from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you ALL THE COUNSEL OF GOD."

We trembled when we read and thought upon the words; and upon the accommodating system, and truth-blunting spirit followed out by some of our supposed holy divines in this day. It is truly awful in the extreme. We have carefully perused this discourse. It is a clever piece of pulpit oratory; and if Mr. Smith has done what he herein affirms, he must indeed be a very clever man. He tells us, he has "preached doctrines designated in common parlance, Calvinism;" he has "also preached doctrines which some would designate Arminianism." Thus he has compassed two extremes; has gone to sea with a large net; and has, no doubt, gathered many. Some of the pages of this sermon are thickly set with GREAT I's; while of the essential, powerful, penetrating, purifying, soul-reviving, conscience-cleansing grace of God the Holy Ghost, little or nothing is said.

With a few sentences from the sermon itself, we close this hasty notice, sincerely hoping that when this great preacher has done his work in this vale of tears, he may not, at last, when weighed in the balances of God's sanctuary, he found wanting.

"Tell me of the doctrine I have obscured, tell me of the duty I have covered, or tell me of the privilege I have withheld; tell me of a fault that I have spared, tell me of a characteristic that I have not illustrated and set forth.

"I have declared the whole counsel of God as near as I could, as I thought the Apostle himself would. I have declared it in every possible form, for I have endeavoured to study variety. My centre has been Christ—my circle the Bible. I have travelled from Genesis to Revelations, through one book after another; everything has been brought to Christ, and Christ has been brought out of every part, and presented before God's people for their advantage. I have declared the counsel of God by plain unsophisticated statements. I have stated in the strongest language and most pointed manner, the truths of God; I mean the simplest and strongest that I could."

"Ye are my witnesses," you have heard me from time to time, and I call upon you to witness, if I am not clear from the blood of all men. I call upon you to attest whether or no there has been the use of the means which God has appointed; whether I have not manifested by prayer and preaching, that my object was to save souls—to snatch them from the burning gulph, and lead them to the loving bosom of Jesus, and conduct them to his glorious throne.

"It is the happiness of the preacher to stand before you to-night, and upon the careful and conscientious review of eight and a half years' ministry, to say, if you perish, your blood is upon your own head."

## Two Blind Men coming to Christ.

Matthew xx. 30, 34.

LET us pay attention to a few things here before us. Who are these that are approaching Jesus? they are two blind men. How do they fare? Will the people let them alone? No; they are molested, they are threatened; and that by a multitude. O, dear reader, how true is this picture! Now that the Lord is opening a way before thee, blindness is felt, darkness is deplored, the scriptures, and the testimony of saints, yea, the Spirit within thee proclaims that Jesus is passing by—that he being the Lord, the Son of David, is able to open thine eyes—to set thee in the way of his statutes—to guide thee by the light of life, in the way of life—to enable thee to follow him. But O, what a possey of evil spirits—what a multitude is there crying aloud, “Hold your peace.”

But what was the conduct of these men? were they to be daunted? Nay; though rebuked, they cried so much the more, the devil thus defeated himself. Then, O my brother, my sister, cry aloud, and spare not, cry again, cry continually till the Lord hath made thy request the opportunity of shewing unaltered favour. Is there a multitude against thee? the world, the flesh, and satan. Consider how great an army there is for thee, even the Lord of hosts—the Captain of salvation—with him on thy side thou must prevail. The Lord God, who hath brought thee hitherto, will not let his promise fail for ever more. How earnest their cry, “Jesus, thou Son of David have mercy on us!” Now is the conflict—will Jesus, like the multitude, rebuke? No; he stands still! Then will he rebuke thee, O poor, weak, trembling, coming sinner, who, with the writer, feels thy weakness, like a bruised reed; thy blindness, unworthiness; the life of God in thy soul like the flickering lamp; the smoking flax. Will he rebuke thee? Nay, he is Jesus, “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” He is to-day, to thee, what he was to the poor blind men. He stands still—true, ’tis a slow movement toward relief when the Lord stands still, but it was a happy one for David; a few more strokes, and Jerusalem would have been destroyed. He notices them—hears their cry—considers their distress; and at last (gracious word) commands, “Come unto me.” This is the word, poor troubled soul, re-echoed throughout the Bible, “Come unto me.” The disciples cannot help, the multitude rebuke; but Jesus says, “Come unto me; rise, be calleth for thee.” Wilt thou not rise? yes, when he bids thee. “What wilt thou?” he asks. O pour out your many sorrows unto his compassionate ear, he bids thee! O fear not to unbosom, he will not rebuke! the multitude may; they will. Jesus calms, soothes, heals the soul. They knew their trouble, “That our eyes may be opened.” Dost thou know thy disease, thy ailment, thy want? O take it

to Jesus, he has a sovereign balm! it was never known to fail. “He sent his word and healed them.” Methinks I hear thee cry—“Ah, Lord, truly I am blind; how little of thy preciousness do I see! how little of thy beauty! how small a portion of thy will do I apprehend! Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.” Is such your language? Then behold, and wonder at that which Jesus did! He had compassion on them, touched their eyes, and they immediately received their sight. They looked upon their Lord; O what a sight! It is the first object seen with joy, with real satisfaction by the believer. But that was not all; they followed him.

And so shall I, and so will you fellow pilgrims. Hast thou followed him without the camp, bearing his reproach? In proportion as the eyes are opened to see the vanity of the world, the emptiness of a mere fleshly profession, and the beauties of Immanuel, so will the soul be desiring to separate from the gaudy profession of the day, to follow Jesus in love, truth, and grace. Let me ask thee, dear reader, is there a following of Jesus according to light received? The sincere adoption of every truth known; the keeping back nothing for shame, for fear of reproach, rebuke of the multitude, or loss of friends? should it not be so? The ordinances in this day of increased light and prevailing charity: can we dare to let these stand exactly as they are in the word, without alleviation or modification? We ought to do so. Follow Christ in all things relating to christian doctrine and christian precept, as they are left us in the precious word of truth, as far as grace shall be given; and when we have done all say, “we are unprofitable servants.” So shall we honour the Lord Jesus, who hath done such great things for us whereof we are glad. Your’s to serve,

*Blackmore.*

WILLIAM.

HEAVEN-TAUGHT SCRIBES, COME TO WORK.—Our old friend “Jonah” says—As we are scholars in the school of Christ, I have sent you a portion (given in beautiful figure by the Spirit of God to his servant Ezekiel,) and either you, or some of your correspondents, may be the means (under God) of throwing some light upon the passage, as follows, Ezekiel xlvi. 18—19: “And the residue in length over against the oblation of the holy portion shall be ten thousand eastward, and ten thousand westward: and it shall be over against the oblation of the holy portion: and the increase thereof shall be for food unto them that serve the city. And they that serve the city shall serve it out of all the tribes of Israel.” If you or any of your fellow scholars are skilled in spiritual mensuration, I should like for them to open up the subject. There is a thought just struck me from Psalms “How precious are thy thoughts unto me O God, how great is the sum of them.” I trust this hint will fire them: let them go-a-head and search out the glorious privileges of the holy city, and tell of the residue of the Prince of the holy city, on the one side and on the other of the holy oblation.” Your’s, in the Lord, JONAH.

# Bible Men :

BEING,

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS,  
APOSTLES, AND LESSER SAINTS.

In that blessed Book—THE BOOK OF BOOKS—the *best* of all books—we have not only a revelation of the Persons in the Godhead—we have not only a development of the mind and purpose of Jehovah—but we have also a wonderful exhibition of the character and conduct of some of the holiest, and some of the basest men that ever walked through this fallen sinful world. The record which God hath given us of them is fraught with matter of the deepest importance. Their history stands up like a regiment of monuments: some as *EXAMPLES*—others as *WARNINGS*. In the *examples*, we see how deep the counsels, how Omnipotent the power, how effectual and enriching the grace of the Great I AM, who thereby made them to differ. In the *warnings* we see how deceitful is the heart, how base the nature, how weak the resolution, how dark and alienated the mind, how awfully under the power of sin, is every man who is not separated, sanctified, and preserved, by THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN CHRIST. An impartial and deliberate review of these different characters cannot fail of yielding some profitable instruction.

In the Bible, God the Holy Ghost has written out the full length portrait of *what man is under the fall*; and *what man is under grace*. We are to remember that both these characters—THE MAN OF SIN, and, the MAN OF GRACE, have existed, do exist, and will continue to make up the human family, down to the end of time. We are also to remember that these widely different characters do not always stand out in real visible, open, and positive manifestation. No. The vessel of mercy is often beclouded, beguiled, ensnared, disfigured, distressed; hidden in caves, in dens, and in dismal parts of the earth. Look at Adam, driven out of the garden; look at Joseph in the pit, and in the dungeon; think of Jacob by night and by day keeping Laban's sheep; go round to the back side of the desert, and view that adopted child (who was hid among the bulrushes) there prying about, in pensive sadness with his sheep; David in dark Adullam's cave; Daniel in the den of lions; Ezekiel, in captivity, by Chebar's flowing stream; with thousands of others, down to John, in the isle of Patmos; and millions after him, who have "lived and laboured under load:" all these plainly tell us that there is, as yet, a covering cast over all the people; and a veil that is spread over all nations. The period is not arrived, when ye shall "return, and discern, between the *righteous* and the *wicked*, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not." Balaam and Saul; Judas, Annanias, and a host beside, of the vessels of wrath, have, on the other hand, gone far to deceive for a time. It is not every wicked man whose practice says, his *heart* is not *right* in the sight of God; nor is it every righteous man, whose conduct and conversation fully declares, as yet, his union to Christ. There is obscurity about the characters of men. Wheat and tares do yet grow together. The full and final separation of the sheep from the goats is a solemn transaction yet to be accomplished.

VOL. VI.—PART LXVIII.—September.

Nevertheless, there are distinct spots, marks, evidences, fruits, signs, and heaven-born symbols of the saving grace and life of God, to be found and to be discovered in the followers of the Lamb.

My design in writing of "BIBLE MEN," is to furnish my readers with a little wholesome information from three sources.

First, I would shew what the Holy Ghost has said of them in Bible language.

Secondly, what some of Zion's ancient and modern scribes have said of them; and,

Lastly, what the average experience of the saints of God have witnessed respecting them.

I pray to be made useful in this manner. My aim is to call up the attention of the church to the marvellous, compassionate, fatherly, and faithful dealings of our covenant God towards his covenant children; and thereby would I labour to provoke Zion's weaklings to the exercise of a more holy confidence in Him, of whom the ancient saints did write, when they said, "Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded." (Psalm xxii. 4, 5.) Yes! and I would venture to hope that the Lord will so sanctify these memorials, as that many shall joyfully exclaim—"We have heard with our ears, O God, our FATHERS HAVE TOLD US, what works thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and planted them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out." The Lord assist and bless me in writing; comfort, instruct, and edify you in reading; and unto his dear name shall all the praise be given.

I must not pledge myself to take these BIBLE MEN alphabetically. As my mind may be enlightened; and as material may be furnished; so will I (the Lord permitting) pursue my course.

I commence with ADAM.

Around the person of Adam, and in connection with his character as a BIBLE MAN, there is so much matter of heavy and of deep importance, that it will be quite impossible to gather it up into one article. If life be spared, I do not intend to limit myself, but to give full scope to each and every character whose history the blessed Spirit has left upon record; not only commenting upon that history ourselves, but gleanings from the very best sources all that appears calculated to open to us the mind of God with reference to the individual under consideration—to edify the mind of the reader, and to lead the soul more fully to comprehend the harmony, beauty, and glory of THE WORD OF GOD.

At least twenty-one times in the Old Testament, and eight times in the New Testament, is the name of Adam mentioned. He is there considered in his *origin*; as the federal head of the whole family—as having dominion over all other creatures—as the person out of whom woman was taken—as the man by whom sin was introduced into the world—and also as the figure of

v

HIM THAT WAS TO COME. The history of such a man is not hastily to be passed over. We may say that there is scarcely any fundamental gospel principle but what is to be found in the circumstances connected with our venerable father Adam.

In this number we simply introduce the subject:—but should the interest and value of these papers increasingly appear, we hope to be able to carry them out in copious appendices and extra sheets, but of that plan we speak not positively.

At the outset, then, Adam is to be considered in his origin. There was, if I may so speak, a holy convocation of the ever-blessed TRINITY convened with reference to the most important part of creation's work. Thus the word of God speaks.

“And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness,” &c. These words are spoken by God the Father to the Son and Holy Ghost, who were each of them concerned in the creation of all things, and particularly of man. Hence we read of divine Creators and Makers in the plural number. Job xxxv. 10; Psa. cxlix. 2; Eccles. xii. 1; and Philo, the Jew, acknowledges that these words declare a plurality, and are expressive of others being co-workers with God in creation: and man being the principal part of the creation, and for the sake of whom the world, and all things in it were made, and which being finished, he is introduced into it as into an house ready prepared and furnished for him; a consultation is held among the divine Persons about the formation of him; not because of any difficulty attending it, but as expressive of his honour and dignity; it being proposed he should be made, not in the likeness of any of the creatures already made, but as near as could be, in the likeness and image of God.

There are but two points that I shall refer to, in connection with the first Adam, in this introductory paper. The first is, ADAM IN A STATE OF INNOCENCY; and, ADAM IN THE FALL.

OF ADAM IN A STATE OF INNOCENCY, Mr. Allen thus speaks—

The creation of the man was the work of the Trinity, the fruit of divine counsel, as well as redemption; therefore, you will find in Gen. i. 26, 27, that God said, “Let us make man in our own image, according to our likeness; in the image of God created he him;” in his moral rectitude and likeness, in righteousness and true holiness; in a state of full perfection, joy and happiness; near akin unto his Maker, as Adam's nature being Jehovah's image, as his understanding, will, and affections were a perfect harmony of light, life, love, joy, and peace. Such was the perfection of Adam's nature by creation, that I humbly conceive we are not able to form an adequate idea of it; we never knew what a state of innocency was by enjoyment; therefore, I think, we always fail in forming just ideas of the perfection of that state. It is more than what we conceive or express it to be; we can tell, by woful experience, the loss and want of it, but not the glory and perfection of it.

This leads me to observe, secondly, the understanding that Adam in his state of innocency enjoyed, which was very extensive. He had a very comprehensive knowledge of the Deity, of the perfections, excellencies, and glories of the divine nature, a knowledge of a Trinity of divine persons in this divine nature; for I cannot suppose that ever the Father made himself known, either in the creation of men or angels, without making known to them the knowledge of the Eternal Word that was with God, and that was God. Besides, as the work of creation, as well as redemption, was the work of the Three that bear record in heaven; consequently the knowledge of the Three were made known thereby. And, further, it would be absurd to suppose Adam,

in a state of innocency, to be ignorant of Him that made him; and, I am sure, it was the Lord Jesus that created Adam, if an inspired writer is to be credited, John i. 3, “All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made.”

Adam undoubtedly enjoyed a continual sense of divine favour, uninterrupted communion with his God, friendship and familiarity with his Maker. As his mind was not only free from corruption, but also the subject of holy principles, and heavenly knowledge, it was capable of the most intimate communion and fellowship with God; as his mind was free from all vanity and wandering of affections, it consequently took up the sum of its happiness, the source of its joy in contemplating the perfections of the divine nature, and in possessing a sense of divine favour, not only in viewing wisdom, power, and glory, displayed in the creation, but in viewing himself made as the head and chief of all; thereby his happiness was consummated and made complete. But, secondly, Adam in his state of innocency, enjoyed a true sense of the law of God, as a covenant of life, that he was then under; he well knew its extensive nature and what it did demand, it being wrote in his heart, (as the image of God,) therefore he could not vary from the knowledge of it, as to its demand of a perfection of obedience in thought, word, and deed; he not only knew the law of his Maker, but really loved it with the highest complacency and delight; he yielded that obedience to it that it required. The law of God, and Adam's obedience, in his state of innocency, was commensurate with each other; purity and perfection was stamped upon all his actions; thereby reverence, love, delight, and joy flowed from his mind, as naturally as it flowed from the angels in glory. His obedience, in his state of innocency, was as perfect as theirs; and, consequently, Adam was an object of Jehovah's delight and approbation; for to suppose God to make a creature he did not delight in, and approve of, would be a supposition unworthy the name of God, his truth, and nature; besides, he could do no less than love his own image (in which he had created him in); then, consequently Adam's enjoyment in Paradise was very great, as he enjoyed a sense of divine favour, a true knowledge of the law of God, and a perfection of love and obedience unto it, such as God approved of, as it flowed from the rectitude of that nature he had created in his own image.

Adam was the “one man,” by whose disobedience, many were made sinners. By him, sin came into the world. This would lead me to consider, first, the PROHIBITION that God set before him; secondly, the PARTNER, or help-meet that God gave unto him; thirdly, the TEMPTATION of satan; and, the PREVALENCE of Eve over Adam; but these considerations stand over for my next paper. There is one thing solemnly striking in the account. Both to Adam, and to Eve, the LORD GOD put the question, (and allowed them to answer it), “WHAT IS THIS THAT THOU HAST DONE?” But no question was put to the serpent; no answer was allowed from him;—“BECAUSE THOU HAST DONE THIS, thou art cursed above all cattle.”

How deep and ponderous these matters are! Think on them, reader, and then peruse the following facts as regards

#### THE DOCTRINE OF THE FALL:

(FROM AN AMERICAN COMMENTATOR.)

And, if the Lord permit, I will return to a further consideration of Adam next month.

(1.) Adam was created holy; capable of obeying law; yet free to fall. (2.) A law was given him, adapted to his condition—simple, plain, easy to be obeyed, and fitted to give human nature a trial in circumstances as favourable as possible. (3.) Its

violation exposed him to the threatened penalty as he had understood it, and to all the collateral woes which it might carry in its train—involving, as subsequent developments showed, the loss of God's favour; his displeasure evinced in man's toil, and sweat, and sickness, and death; in hereditary depravity, and the curse, and the pains of hell for ever. (4.) Adam was the head of the race; he was the fountain of being; and human nature was so far tried in him, that it may be said he was on trial, not for himself alone, but for his posterity, inasmuch as his fall would involve them in ruin. Many have chosen to call this a covenant, and to speak of him as a federal head; and if the above account is the idea involved in these terms, the explanation is not exceptionable. As the word covenant, however is not applied in the transaction in the Bible, and as it is liable to be misunderstood, others prefer to speak of it as a law given to Adam, and as a divine constitution under which he was placed. (5.) His posterity are, in consequence of his sin, subjected to the same train of ills as if they had been personally the transgressors. Not that they are regarded as personally ill deserving, or criminal for his sin. God reckons things as they are, and not falsely, and his imputations are all according to truth. He regarded Adam as standing at the head of the race; and regards and treats all his posterity as coming into the world subject to pain, and death, and depravity, as a consequence of his sin.

"This is the Scripture idea of imputation; and this is what has been commonly meant when it has been said that "the GUILT of his first sin," not the sin itself,—is imputed to his posterity." (6.) There is something antecedent to the moral action of his posterity, and growing out of the relation which they sustain to him, which makes it certain that they will sin as soon as they begin to act as moral agents. What this is, we may not be able to say; but we may be certain that it is not physical depravity, or any created essence of the soul, or anything which prevents the first act of sin from being voluntary. This hereditary tendency to sin has been usually called "original sin;" and this the apostle evidently teaches. (7.) As an infant comes into the world with a certainty that he will sin as soon as he becomes a moral agent here; there is the same certainty that, if he were removed to eternity, he would sin there also, unless he were changed. There is, therefore, need of the blood of the atonement, and of the agency of the Holy Ghost, that an infant may be saved. (8.) The facts here stated accord with all the analogy in the moral government of God. The drunkard secures, as a result commonly, that his family will be reduced to beggary, want, and woe. A pirate or a traitor will whelm not himself, only but his family in ruin. Such is the great law or constitution on which society is now organized; and we are not to be surprised that the same principle occurred in the primary organization of human affairs. (9.) As this is the fact everywhere, the analogy disarms all objections which have been made against the Scriptural statements of the effects of the sin of Adam. If just now, it was just then. If it exists now, it existed then. (10.) The doctrine should be left, therefore, simply as it is in the Scriptures. It is there the simple statement of a fact without any attempt at explanation. That fact accords with all that we see and feel. It is a great principle in the constitution of things, that the conduct of one man may pass over in its effects on others, and have an influence on their happiness. The simple fact in regard to Adam is, that he sinned; and that such is the organization of the great society of which he was the head and father, that his sin has secured as a certain result that all the race will be sinners also. How this is the Bible has not explained. It is a part of a great system of things. That it is unjust no man can prove, for none can shew that any sinner suffers more than he deserves.

#### ADAM, AS A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Under the significant heading—*Mosses's Vail Removed*; or, *Types of the Old Testament Ex-*

*PLAINED*;" by Benjamin Keach, we find the following Parallels between the first, and second Adam.

"Death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned, after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come." Rom. v. 14.

I.—Adam had no father but God; so Christ likewise had no father but God. They were both in an especial manner called the Sons of God; the one by creation, the other by eternal generation.

II.—Adam was made Heir of the world: Christ is Heir of all things, not only of this world, but of that which is to come.

III.—Adam was a common or public person, representing all his seed, or natural offspring; hence his sin is charged upon his whole posterity; by Adam's sin were many made sinners, Rom. v. 12—14. Christ, the Second Adam, is a common or public Person, representing all his true seed, or spiritual offspring: so that as Adam's sin was imputed to all his children; so is Christ's righteousness imputed to all his children, through faith, Rom. v. 19.

The first Adam merited death for his seed; the second Adam merited life for his seed.

#### Christopher Ness on the Fall.

A NEAT edition of that powerful work, entitled, "An Antidote against Arminianism, by Christopher Ness," has just been issued; and is published by Aylott and Jones. If we thought that free-will could be killed, or stifled by powerful arguments in print, we should say, this book of Christopher Ness's would put an end to Master Free-will altogether. We know, however, that he is so deeply and entirely a part and parcel of man in his fallen estate, that nothing short of a new creation spoken into, and wrought by the breath and power of ALMIGHTY GOD can ever bring the stubborn old monster down. As the Lord, in his condescending mercy, is pleased to make use of means, we should say every benevolent christian should aim to get his free-will neighbour to read this new and revised edition of Ness. WHO CAN TELL WHAT MAY BE DONE? Christopher's remarks on the fall we here quote. They are potent, and beyond dispute.

"That there is, (says good old Christopher,) no free-will to good in the fallen estate is proved from the fall itself: if man in the fall lost his free-will to good, then it cannot be found in the fallen estate.

"The fall implies, a loss of that original righteousness and perfection wherein man was created. If the other faculties of the soul became depraved, and were stripped of their primitive lustre by the fall, then must the will also be a sharer in that depravation. Now the depravity of the will is proved, by considering the good it has lost, and the evil it has gained, through Adam's sin. The good it has lost, is power, order, stability, prudence, obedience, liberty. The evil it has gained is a three-fold rebellion, first, against the counsel of the mind; second, against the controls of conscience; third, against the commands of God. This king of the isle of man (the will) when he came first out of God's mint, was a curious silver-piece, and shone most gloriously; but now being fallen among thieves, it is robbed of all, and it has ashes for beauty, and is a tyrant upon a dung-hill: indeed it is free from righteousness, but a very slave to sin. (Rom. vi. 17—20.) Before the fall, the will had liberty both to good or evil, to do or not to do; but since the fall, the will is evil, only evil, and continually evil. (Gen. vi. 5.)"

He that had been stung a second time by the fiery serpent, must have had a fresh influence of the brazen serpent for his cure, as well as the first time he was wounded. As sin daily accuseth us by virtue of the law, so Christ daily pleads for us by virtue of his cross; sin charges us before the tribunal of justice, and Christ by his intercession procures our discharge from the court of mercy.

—CHARNOCK.



## The Dying Testimony of John Calvin, the Reformer.

[We wish to enrich the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL with authenticated records of the life and death of such men as have been eminently useful in their day to poor Zion. Last month we gave an interesting detail of the last moments of the late William Huntington, which has been read by thousands of our readers with much soul comfort. This month we give JOHN CALVIN. Others of equal value, will be found in succession.—Ed.]

MR. JOHN CALVIN was born at Noviodune, a city of France, June 6, 1509. His father's name was Gerard Calvin; his mother's Joan Franca. Both of them were of good repute.

He was first instructed in the reformed religion by his kinsman, Peter Robert Olivetane; on which, he gave himself to the study of the sacred Scriptures; and began to abominate and withdraw himself from the superstitious services of the church of Rome.

I should exceed all proper bounds, were I to set down here so much as the principal points of this great man's life and labours. I shall therefore only give some account of the sweet and peaceful close of his life.

On the 19th of December, 1562, (being the Lord's day) Calvin, being in bed, said to several persons about him,—“I know not what the matter is; but I thought, last night, I heard drums beating very loud, and I could not persuade myself but it was so. Let us therefore go to prayer; for surely some great business is in hand.”

And on that very day, a great battle was fought between the Guisians and the Protestants not far from Paris; news whereof was brought to Geneva a few days after.

In 1564, he had a complication of diseases upon him; yet no one heard him utter a word unbecoming a Christian. All he used to say was lifting up his eyes to heaven, “How long, Lord?” And these words he often uttered in his health, then he spake of the calamities of his brethren: which always more afflicted him than his own.

When his friends would have dissuaded him, in his sickness, from dictating, but especially from writing himself, he answered,—“What, would you have me idle when my Lord comes?”

March 10. When all the ministers of Geneva came to see him, they found him sitting at his little table, where he used to write and meditate. As soon as he saw them, rubbing his forehead with his hand, as he used to do when he meditated, with a cheerful countenance, he said,—“I give you hearty thanks, my dear brethren, for the great concern you have shewn for me; and I hope, within these fifteen days (when they were to meet about church censures) I shall be present at your Consistory. For then, I believe, God will declare he hath determined concerning me, and will receive me to himself.”

March 27. He was carried in his chair to the gate of the Senate-house! from whence, being supported by two persons, he walked into the assembly, presented to the Senators a new rector, and, with his head uncovered, returned them thanks for all their former favours, and particularly, for the great concern they had shewn for him in his sickness:—“For I perceive,” said he, “this is the last time that I shall appear in this place.” Which words he could scarcely utter, his voice failing him. And then, while many tears were shed on both sides, he took his leave.

April 2. Though he was very weak, yet he would be carried to the church in his chair; where, after sermon, he received the sacrament of the Lord's supper from Beza's hands: and, with a cheerful countenance, though weak voice, sung the Psalm with the congregation: shewing, even in a dying countenance, signs of much inward joy.

April 25. He made his will, a part of which I shall here insert, as it farther evidences the power of religion in him. Being now so weak that he

could not write, he dictated to Peter Shenalot notary of Geneva, in the following manner:—“I, John Calvin, minister of the word of God in the Church at Geneva, being so oppressed and afflicted with divers diseases, that I conclude the Lord God hath appointed shortly to take me out of this world, therefore have determined to make my last will and testament in this form following:

“First, I give thanks to God, that taking pity on me whom he created and placed in this world, he hath delivered me out of the deep darkness of idolatry, into which I was plunged, and hath brought me into the light of his gospel, and made me a partaker of the doctrine of salvation, whereof I was most unworthy. And he hath not only gently and graciously borne with my faults and sins, for which I deserved to be rejected of him, and cast out, but hath treated me with such meekness and mildness, that he hath vouchsafed to use my labours in preaching and publishing the truth of his gospel. And I witness and declare, that I intend to pass the remainder of my life in the same faith and religion which he hath delivered to me by his gospel, and not to seek any other aid or refuge for salvation, than his free adoption, in which alone salvation resteth. And with my whole heart, I embrace the mercy which he hath used towards me for Jesus Christ's sake, recompensing my faults with the merit of his death and passion, that satisfaction might be made, by this means, for all my sins and crimes, and the remembrance of them be blotted out. I witness also and declare, that I humbly beg of him, that being washed and cleansed in the blood of that highest Redeemer, shed for the sins of mankind, I may stand at his judgment seat, under the image of my Redeemer.

“Also I declare, that I have diligently endeavoured according to the measure of grace received, and the bounty which God hath used towards me, that I might preach his word holly and purely, as well in sermons as in commentaries, and other writings, and interpret his holy scripture faithfully.

“But alas! that study and zeal of mine (if worthily so to be called) have been so remiss, and languishing, that, I confess, innumerable things have been wanting in me to the well performing of my duty. And unless the immeasurable bounty of God had been present, my studies had been vain and vanishing. For which causes, I witness and declare, that I hope for no other salvation than this only; that seeing God is the Father of mercy, I trust he hath shewed himself a Father to me, who acknowledge myself a miserable sinner.

“As for other things, after my departure out of this life, I would have my body committed to the earth, in that order and manner which is usual in this church and city, till the blessed day of resurrection cometh, &c.

To the four Syndics, and all the magistrates, who honoured him with a visit before his death, he spoke to the following effect:

“Honoured Sirs, I give you great thanks that you have done me this honour, having not deserved it from you; and that you have so often borne with my infirmities; which, to me hath always been an argument of your singular goodness for me.

“Touching the doctrine you have heard from me, I take God to witness, that I have not rashly and ungroundedly, but carefully and purely taught the word of God entrusted to me; whose wrath I should otherwise now perceive hanging over me. But I am certainly assured, that my labours in teaching it have not been displeasing to him.

“And I testify this the more willingly, both before God and yourselves, because I doubt not but the devil, according to his custom, will raise up a wicked, light, and giddy-headed people, to corrupt the sincere doctrine which you have heard from me.”

Then considering the immeasurable benefits which God had conferred on that city, he said,—“I am a very good witness, out of how many

dangers the hand of God hath delivered you. Moreover, you see in what estate you now are. Therefore, whether your affairs be prosperous or adverse, let this thing be always before our eyes, that God is he alone that establisheth kingdoms and cities; and therefore will be worshipped by mortal men."

And continuing his discourse, he shewed them at large the danger of pride and security; the great dangers they were also in from errors in judgment, and corruptions in practice.

Then he prayed to God for the increase of his gifts and blessings upon them, and for the safety and welfare of the commonwealth. After which, giving his hand to each of them, they took their leave; departing full of sorrow, and with many tears, as from their common father.

April 28. The ministers of Geneva being with him, he spake thus to them.—"Brethren, after my decease, stand fast in the work of the Lord, and be not discouraged; for the Lord will preserve this church and commonwealth against the threatenings of the enemies. When I came first to this city, the gospel indeed was preached, but the management of things with respect to it, was very troublesome. Many conceiving, that Christianity was nothing more than the demolishing of images. And there were not a few wicked persons, from whom I suffered many things. But the Lord our God so confirmed and strengthened me, who am not naturally bold, that I gave no place to any of their attempts. I profess, brethren, that I have lived with you in true love and sincere charity; and thus I now depart from you. If you have found me any way pettish under my disease, I crave your pardon; and give you very great thanks, that you have so borne, on your part, the burden so imposed on me in the time of my sickness."

Having thus spoken, he gave his hand to each of them, who then took their leave, sorrowing and weeping.

A while after, Calvin, hearing that Viret, who was eighty years of age, and sickly, was on his journey to visit him, wrote thus to stay him:

"Farewell, my best and sincerest brother: and seeing God will have you to out-live me in this world, live mindful of our friendship; for as it has been profitable to the church of God here, so the fruit of it tarrieth for us in heaven. I would not have you weary yourself for my sake. I hardly draw my breath. And I expect daily when it will wholly fail me. It is enough that I live and die to Christ, who is gain to his, both in life and death. Again farewell." May 11th, 1564.

Yet notwithstanding this letter, the good old man came to Geneva; and having fully conferred with Calvin, he returned to Newcomb. After which, Calvin passed his remaining time almost wholly in prayer, with his eyes towards heaven; while his voice often failed him by reason of the shortness of his breath.

He died May 28, 1564, aged fifty-four years, ten months, and seventeen days. Beza had but just left him, when Calvin suddenly altered for death. On which, a messenger was despatched after Beza, to bring him back, but though he returned presently, Calvin, without a sigh or groan, was fallen asleep in Jesus, before Beza could reach him.

#### WHOLESOME ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

MY DEAR SON; GRACE AND PEACE BE WITH YOU,—Don't imagine I had forgot I had a boy Tom in the world. No, nor have I forgot I have a boy Tom, who though in the world, by the grace of God is not now of the world, for such mercies are too manifest to be forgotten, are they not also too evident to every one who knew you to prevent silence, and to produce praise to God on your behalf? Nor can you, can I, can any, render adequate praise for

favours so full, so free. I doubt not your feelings were excited in the awful removal, and everlasting consequence of your former associates, who were by death plunged into the abyss of eternal sufferings under the inexorable wrath of an angry God, whose law they broke, whose gospel they despised, and what but discriminating grace has produced the difference in you, in me, in any? Let us observe this thing, let us walk by this rule, it is safe, it is solid, it is pleasant and profitable. I would advise you to be exceeding careful on this point; you will not perhaps find it the most popular of the day; the more to be valued, because some of the most popular are the most awful, and dangerous. If God be your teacher, you will discover as you go on that without him you can do nothing; but by his grace strengthening of you, you will do all things, for his love constrains to every good word and work, and the real Christian is anxious to follow God, as a dear child, in humility, love, holy fear, and willing cheerful obedience. Thou shalt guide me (said David.) Seek that, my boy. Hold thou me up, said the Psalmist, pursue the same my son. Satan is vigilant, avoid indolence, take unto you the whole armour of God, see at the same time that it is God's armour, his word, Spirit, and power, for no other will subdue the enemy, or succour you. Here I wish you clearly to understand me, for God knoweth I wish to encourage, and by no means to discourage you: let not your many public engagements rob you of bible study, or private meditation and prayer, before your God, and before your bible. You will draw in more matter for public usefulness, than probably you will get in the company of a hundred ministers and Sunday-school teachers. With them be zealously and affectionately associated, to the Sunday schools be devotedly kind and attentive, to the prayer meetings be rigidly strict, in the house of your God my dear boy, be always present, to your minister be affectionate, for him never cease to pray, but after all cast yourself at the feet of your blessed, merciful Jesus and sing,

"Tis all a gift, let no man boast;  
For Jesus came to save the lost."

By the by, I see you have been to the Lord's table, by which way got you there? I never had any of you sprinkled in your infancy, so of course I may conclude you did not climb over the wall of human inventions, but by him who is the way of all his kingdom ordinances, both by precept and example, Matt. iii. 15, and Acts viii. 36—39.

May the God of thy father who shall help thee, and the Almighty who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, be with you always prays your grateful affectionate father.

THOMAS POOCK.

*Ipswich, 1850.*

THE BLESSED EXPERIENCE ARISING OUT OF

**A Faith's View of the Lamb of God.**

MY DEAR PASTOR.—Once more I have taken up my pen to write you a few lines, although satan sometimes tempts me to think that after all my profession of the name of Christ, some strong temptation, or fair enchantment, will draw me away from the truth altogether; as it has done many souls before, who have, perhaps, made a more blazing and pleasiug profession than mine; but there are times when the Lord is pleased to show me his love, and tells me

“The sinner that by precious faith  
Has felt his sins forgiven,  
Is from that moment passed from death,  
And sealed an heir of heaven.

“Though thousand snares enclose his feet,  
Not one shall hold him fast,  
Whatever dangers he may meet,  
He shall get safe at last.”

It is with me a matter of special concern not only to stand in a solemn assurance of my safety in Christ, when this life shall end; but I desire to walk worthy of him who has redeemed me; to show forth his praise; to honour his name; and these things (I feel) do not, will not, arise out of, or proceed from, any thing in nature; it must be the work of God alone, not only to give life, but also to keep it in being. This mortal body, this corrupt tabernacle is like a load of death hanging about the living soul; how cumbersome it is; how it makes us cry, “Hold thou up my goings in *thy paths*, that my footsteps slip not.”

You were speaking this evening on Paul's exhortation,—“Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.” The words as you read them, sank deep into my heart; they seemed to contain the whole actings of the life of God in the renewed soul. But, oh, how often do we seem to fall short upon close examination, of the constant exercise of those three divine and holy principles; at least, it is too often the case with me; yet, as you were enabled to trace out the real Christian's hope, I felt it revive in my breast; and could in some measure, rejoice, in the sweet hope, that all my trials, conflicts, and sorrows in this low valley will soon have an end, and then oh how sweet the hope of leaving sin and the flesh, departing from the world and satan, to see my Saviour's face, to join in the song of the redeemed in praising the Lamb, who bought me with his blood! Well did I remember when you were speaking of a revelation of Christ to the soul, being the spring of a true gospel hope, the time when the Lamb of God was shown to me, as a sacrifice for sin, and the sinner's only hope, by the application of these words—“My sheep hear my voice; and they follow me; I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.”

Oh how sweetly the dear Redeemer was revealed to me in all his glorious characters, as the Saviour of his sheep, in laying down his life for them, that through him they might have life; that it was eternal life; that it was in him; and while he lived, they could never perish; that they were joined to him, one with him, and all the powers of earth and hell combined, could never destroy them. How my soul admired and adored. How I sighed, thirsted, longed, for a manifestation from God himself, that I was one of his sheep; that he bore my sins; atoned for my guilt; then arose the cry of hope. Before that revelation, all was slavish fear, heavy chains, and dark bondage; the sentence of death rested on all my vain labours for life; “*Pay me that thou owest*,” followed hard upon me, until my soul despaired of any hope whatever; day and night it seemed as though my doom was sealed, and judgment of eternal death passed upon my guilty soul. Oh, how sweet to have the door of hope, (even CHRIST CRUCIFIED) revealed in this dark valley of Achor. Oh how my soul panted, sighed, thirsted, for a testimony of its interest made known; for the precious blood to be applied; that my soul might be plunged into the crimson fountain, and all my guilt be washed away; that his love might be revealed in my heart; that he would say he was mine and I was his. How I sighed, morning, noon, and night, “say, unto *my soul*, I AM THY, (yes, THY) SALVATION,” how precious the book of God, and the truth of God, were to my soul; and although personally a stranger to the people of God, I loved them from my very heart, esteemed them highly, and often longed for the time when it might please the Lord to show me I was one of that happy number, that when he came to gather his children in one, my poor soul might not be left out. Every sermon I heard, it was my longing desire—oh if this might be the time of love! and many transitory seasons of rejoicing were felt, until at last I was brought in deep earnestness and agony of spirit to make supplication unto God, that he would make it manifest to me if I were one of his, that he would himself speak pardon to my soul; that by a special act, he would remove the burden of guilt from off my conscience. I had faith to believe that it was only for God to speak the word, and all my mountains of sin, guilt, and fear would vanish away. I felt too, that whatever man might say, or however encouraging his word might be, it still left me in the same place; and only served to make my cry the more vehement, say thou unto my soul, I AM THY SALVATION. Speak thyself; grant me some special testimony from thy own lips; “tell me, oh, thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest; where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.” I told the Lord whatever cross he might seem fit to lay upon me; whatever trials he might permit; with a manifestation of my interest in Christ, I

would joyfully bear it all, and even if it were his will to take every earthly comfort from me, to separate from every dear and social tie, that nature has, if but with the assurance that it was for Christ's sake, and pleasing to him, I would patiently submit, if he took all, so that he gave me himself; that portion which can never fail, that prize of immense value, that treasure divine, that love which knows no end. These struggles were confined in my own breast, having none, at that time, to open my mind to on spiritual matters; but in this there was a blessing; for my whole communications were unto and with him who was able to send deliverance, as the poet expresses, so I felt.

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
And they that know the worth of prayer  
Do wish indeed to be oft' there."

It was on that, to me, memorable day, the 25th of July, 1847, that I humbly trust all my burden of guilt was removed, and my happy soul entered into solemn covenant, sweet fellowship, and sacred communion with my precious Jesus; it seemed as though the spirit of God overshadowed me, and my soul was for a little season carried into the regions of the blest; into the arms of the Redeemer. I saw the whole army of the redeemed praising and adoring the God of salvation. I heard them singing praises in (to me) an unknown tongue. Oh, how I unbosomed all my cares! what holy communion I enjoyed in the pardon of sin, in the sealing witness of the Holy Spirit! this was part of heaven, and live in it long my mortal body could not: but, oh how I longed to have done with mortality, and never more return to combat with it. But this, the dear Lord had not designed. He was only preparing me for a field of trial, opposition, and temptation, this faith was given me to pass through the waters of affliction, and furnace of tribulation with. Sometimes, (once in particular) I was brought to such a point of distress within, and deep trial without; that it appeared as though every hope had well nigh perished; and the Lord had left me to the rejoicing of the fierce enemy; when, like Jonah I was brought to look once more towards the holy temple, and cry to the Lord, for his own honour; for the sake of his dear Son; for the cause of truth; for his great name's sake; to deliver my soul out of the hand of the enemy, who said, there is no help for him in God; my own interest in the matter seemed a small concern compared to the honour of God. Oh how the enemy gapes and taunts at a poor child of God, who has been brought into the liberty of the Gospel, when permitted to come into a time of apparent desertion; how he works within, and without, hoping to cast reproach on the Holy Spirit's work and power! Although he cannot reach so near as to destroy the immortal soul, sometimes God permits satan

to touch all but the life; and THAT IS HID. This is work indeed for faith; but how is the arm of the Lord revealed in bringing the child out of the furnace not destroyed? Only purified; not disfigured; no; heightened, ornamented with the sweet grace of humility and love; not driven from the truth, but cleaving more closely to it; not forsaken of God, but more deeply rooted in the great faithfulness of his promises.

Dear Pastor, it is my earnest prayer to the Lord for you, that he would be pleased to keep your eye on him, to point to his cross, and say to poor perishing sinners, behold the only way to God, that you may be kept very steadfast in his fear, favoured to lie in much humility at the feet of Christ, casting your soul and body, with all your care and labours into his arms, humbly depending on him for wisdom and direction, that the pride of your heart may not be unduly excited by the caresses of some, or your natural feelings cast down by the harsh and rough reproofs of others. May the Lord still continue, and more abundantly condescend to pour down his blessing on the deacons of our church. Oh that the heart of each God-fearing member might be stirred up to bear before God in secret their servant and rulers; then might we hope that God would continue to pour out his Spirit upon us. Oh that the heart of us all, all members of the church of Christ, might stand practically interested in the chapter from which you took your text on Tuesday evening, that the things of time and sense might grow less in our esteem.

Wishing you much of the Lord's presence,  
I remain your faithful friend,  
K—

#### The late William Elliott.

THE cause of truth has lost another friend. We deposited his earthly remains in Dr. Burder's burial-ground, on Tuesday, August 27th, 1850. The following is written by his son—

"My deceased parent was brought to the knowledge of the truth about forty years since; but am not sufficiently in possession of the circumstances to relate them. He was in earlier days a hearer of Samuel E. Pearce, with whom his father stood deacon afterwards. My father was united with Henry Heap, and was a deacon in that church over which H. Heap presided until the unfortunate break up of the same. He was a man of few words, of a humble spirit, which was most manifest, when brought into trial; for it was under such circumstances his real state before the Lord was most seen. At such times I have had very sweet communion with him; he has expressed his happiest moments to be when alone before the Lord in his closet. He was naturally of a kind and benevolent disposition; and his greatest pleasure was found in doing good.

"The last few days of his life, his state seemed to be that of peace; he did not speak much—but when spoken to, his answer indicated inward peace, and rest in God enjoyed within. One of his expressions was, 'I am resting on the blood and righteousness of Christ—I am saved by it.' Another was, 'I'm a great sinner, but a sinner saved.' And when those words were repeated to him, 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee,' he said, 'I feel the truth of that now.' He expressed his confidence that all was right, whatever the Lord's will might be as to the termination of the disease. Indeed, he spoke with the greatest composure of his death and of the arrangement of his temporal affairs."

## John Bunyan's Wife

PLEADING WITH THE JUDGES ON BEHALF OF HER  
IMPRISONED HUSBAND; AND LORD CAMPBELL'S  
REMARKS THEREON.

MR. EDITOR,—Of course your readers are aware that Lord Campbell has been recently elevated to the high station of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench. His Lordship has published a most interesting work, entitled, "*The Lives of the Chief Justices of England*;" and as his account therein of John Bunyan's wife, pleading the cause of her imprisoned husband before Sir Matthew Hale, cannot fail of creating a deep and lively feeling in all your readers, I have great pleasure in transcribing it for you. I have been reading of late the trial of the celebrated Richard Baxter by the infamous Judge Jefferies. O what a difference between that *vile character* and the present *truly excellent* and *liberal-minded* nobleman, who now sits on the same Bench. And what a wondrous contrast between those days of despotism, and our's of religious liberty!

"STRICTUS."

Lord Campbell says, "Sir Matthew Hale was one of the most pure, the most pious, the most independent, and the most learned. Hale was educated a Puritan; and it is greatly to his credit, that, unlike most Conformists, thus educated, he always treated kindly those who still adhered to that communion. He must have suffered much pain when those with whom he was formerly associated were brought before him under the New Acts;\* and his kind feelings seem to have been always touched when the poor Quakers and Baptists were subjected to such severe measures.

"On one occasion the case of that illustrious writer, John Bunyan, came before him, brought by his faithful wife Elizabeth, who was quite a heroine; indeed she was far better; being a most devoted and high-minded woman. Bunyan was committed to Bedford jail; and—Elizabeth, his wife, (actuated by his undaunted spirit,) applied to the House of Lords for his release; and, according to her relation, she was told, that they could do nothing; but, that his releasement was committed to the judges at the next assizes. The judges were Sir Matthew Hale, and Mr. Justice Twisden; and, a remarkable contrast appeared between the well-known meekness of the one, and the fury of the other. Elizabeth came before them, and, stating her husband's case, she prayed for justice. Judge Twisden (says Bunyan) snapt her up, and angrily told her that I was a convicted person; and could not be released unless I would promise to preach no more.' Elizabeth, in reply, said, 'The lords told me that releasement was committed to you; and, you give me neither releasement nor relief. My husband is unlawfully in prison, and you are bound to discharge him.' Twisden.—'He has been lawfully convicted.' Elizabeth.—'It is false; for they said to him, 'Do you confess the indictment?' And he answered, 'At the meetings where he preached, they had God's presence among them.' Twisden.—'Will your husband leave off preaching? If he will do so, then send for him.' Elizabeth.—'My Lord, he dares not leave off preaching as long as he

can speak. But, good my lords, consider that we have four small children, that one is blind, and that me and them have nothing to live upon while their father is in prison, but the charity of christian people. I, myself, was dismayed at the news, when my husband was apprehended; and being but young, and unaccustomed to such things, I fell in labour; and continuing in it for eight days, I was delivered of a dead child!' Sir Matthew Hale.—'Alas! poor woman.' Twisden.—'Poverty is your cloak; for I hear your husband is better maintained by running up and down a preaching, than by following his calling.' Sir Matthew Hale.—'What is his calling?' Elizabeth.—'A tinker, please you, my Lord; and, because he is a tinker, and a poor man, therefore he is despised, and cannot have justice.' Sir Matthew Hale.—'I am truly sorry that we can do you no good. Sitting here, we can only act as the law gives us warrant; and we have no power to reverse the sentence, although it may be erroneous. What your husband said, was taken for a confession, and he stands convicted. There is, therefore, no course for you but to apply to the King for a pardon, or, to sue out a writ of error; and, the indictment, or subsequent proceedings, being shewn to be contrary to law, the sentence will then be reversed, and your husband set at liberty. I am truly sorry for your pitiable case. I wish I could serve you; but I fear I can do you no good.'"

Such was the kind reply of the worthy Sir Matthew Hale; and the weighty remarks of Lord Campbell thereon, would lead one to conclude him to be 'a man of God,' in the best sense of the words. He says, "Little do we know what is for our permanent good. Had John Bunyan been then discharged and allowed to enjoy his liberty, he, no doubt, would have returned to his trade as a tinker; filling up his intervals of leisure with field-preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he could have done but little for the improvement of mankind. But—the prison doors were shut upon him for twelve years; so that, being cut off from the external world, and, inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire, he composed the noblest of allegories; the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but is now lauded by the most refined critics; and which has done more to awaken true piety, and to enforce the precepts of real christian morality than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church!"

Real preaching the gospel cannot be performed but by an unction of the Holy Ghost, anointing the understanding to understand the Scriptures, and from a touch of God upon the heart, to open them to the judgment, according to what is, or has been felt, working within; for otherwise, the very letter of Scripture would often clash and confound us; the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life; therefore let men who follow musty authors say what they may, they cannot make even the letter of Scripture harmonise. Preaching the gospel of Christ does not depend on strength of memory; he that deals in gospel orthodoxy in the pulpit by dint of memory, acts more like a mimic or a parrot, than likd a minister of Christ, uttering sounds of which he has no proper savour, and words in which he feels no power.—Hussey.

\* Those abominable Acts, principally passed in the reign of Charles II; now all repealed.

## A Brief Account of the Life and Happy Death of Phoebe Payne, WHO WAS BORN AT ASTWOOD, IN BUCKS.

PHOEBE PAYNE at a very early age, was brought to see that she was a sinner, and was so much impressed with the thought of eternity, and the world to come, that, instead of joining in play with the other children, she would stop at home and go into a secret chamber to read, and pray to God to direct her by his Holy Spirit to seek Jesus; that he in his rich mercy would pardon her sins, and make her his own child.

At the age of eight years, it pleased the Lord to afflict her with a pain in her leg, which was the means of drawing up the sinews, so that from the first attack she lost the use of it, and was obliged to walk with the help of crutches until the time appointed that her covenant-keeping Saviour took her to himself. It was in this first affliction that Jesus was pleased to reveal himself to her as her Saviour. She experienced much of his love, and enjoyed much of his presence, so that she could sing with the Poet,

"Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
And my sins are all forgiven."

Her mother expressed a wish to the doctor that she might get better. He replied, "Yes, you may, but she will not. She has told me that after a painful night she has been disappointed when the morning has come, that she was still in the land of the living; for her desire was (like Paul) to depart, and to be with Christ, which to her would be far better: but he, whose ways are not our ways, had determined it otherwise, had appointed in his own counsel to raise her again; and, so contrary to all human expectation, she was partially restored, but for a long time was subject to great weakness and pain. Before this affliction she was a scholar in the church school, but in her illness, the students, (then under the tuition of Mr. Cecil, of Turvey,) who came on Sabbath days to preach at the village, would often visit her, and converse with her on the love of Christ to poor sinners. As might be expected, she became quite attached to them, and the meeting too. The clergyman of the parish tried many persuasives to induce her to go to his school again, and said he would have a conveyance made to draw her to the school: but all was in vain: he was much exasperated, because he could not bear the idea of her going to the meeting school. She had a kind female friend; when she was so far recovered as to be able to attend school, who would come every Sabbath morning, and carry her there, where she not only learnt, but was enabled by grace to practise, those truths which made her so eminently useful as a Sabbath school teacher in after years. She was greatly beloved by her teachers because of her deep, serious, and marked attention. She loved her Bible, and made it her constant companion; and, like Timothy, from a youth she knew the Scriptures, which, in the hands of the Spirit, made her wise unto salvation.

While yet young, she heard a sermon by her sincere friend, the late Mr. Marriott, of Wollaston, in Northamptonshire, from the 22nd of Matthew and 12th verse, which made a lasting impression upon her mind: it was respecting the man which had not on a wedding garment; she was led to see the necessity of being clothed in the righteousness of Christ—that, being thus clothed, she should not be found naked. She always looked upon him as her spiritual father in the gospel; and as his calling was at Astwood once a month, she found it very profitable to meet with him, and to receive from him that sweet instruction, and pious counsel he was so well calculated to give: and as the Lord had seen fit in his providence to make her a cripple, his affections and sympathies were very much towards her, and he felt very much both for her temporal and spiritual welfare; and she told me, that this was always part of his prayer, "Lord, when her father and mother forsake her, do thou take her up,

and guide her in the wilderness by thy counsel, and afterwards receive her to glory!" which prayer she had reason many times to bless God for so graciously answering. As she made rapid progress in learning, she soon became a teacher, and felt very much the importance of having children committed to her care, that she might instruct them in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom; but she committed them by prayer to him who has said, "thy children shall be taught of me." And many times has she been blessed with the manifestations of her Saviour's love in her soul when she has been instructing them.

As she was now come to a mature age, she felt very desirous to have her name enrolled with the people of God, and to make an open profession of her Saviour, and saw it plainly her duty to follow him into the water, by being immersed: but here was a trial for her—as she was a cripple she thought it would be so difficult for her to walk into the water; satan also tried to harass and perplex her, but in spite of all that satan could do, she looked to the Strong for strength, and expressed her desires to some of her christian friends, who sympathised with her, and committed her by prayer to him that bringeth the blind by a way that they know not, and she was enabled by his grace to overcome.

At the age of fifteen she stood proposed a candidate for church membership, at the baptist church, at Cranfield, in the county of Beds., then under the pastoral care of Mr. Miller, who, having an interview with her, was very much pleased with her experience, and rejoiced in having the honour to baptise her in the name of her once crucified, but now risen Lord. The day being come on which she was baptised, a great many people congregated together, out of curiosity to see her, so that the chapel was quite crowded. She felt much cast down, and thought she should sink under it; but while journeying to the chapel, these words were much blest to her, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God: when thou passest through the rivers I will be with thee, and the floods, they shall not overflow thee;" so that when she got to the chapel, her burden was quite taken off her, and instead of being in bondage through fear of man, she was made to enjoy that liberty in the Lord which maketh his people free.

She enjoyed his presence throughout the services, and, in returning home in the evening, she blessed God for his help in time of need, to her, a poor sinner saved by grace. O how thankful she was to her Jesus, who enabled her to confess him before the world.

About twelve years ago she left home, in consequence of her sister losing her husband by the hand of death, and went to live with her in another part of the village. She, like Hannah, was a woman of a sorrowful spirit, but she was, like Hannah too, a child of God; and our dear friend, who is now no more, was the means, in the hands of God, of giving her much comfort and consolation under her bereavement. They lived together in much love, and sisterly affection until death. Oftentimes when they sat together at their work as dress makers, they would break silence by singing a verse of some sweet hymn, such as,

"It is the Lord, enthron'd in light,  
Whose claims are all divine;  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine."

And what house do you think, sir, those two sisters lived in to enjoy such sweet conversation and friendly intercourse? It was a public-house where these two jewels of the Lord were deposited: it was here that the friends of the Lord met to sing his praises; and I have been the eye witness of some beautiful prayer meetings held in that public-house,

would that all were so over our beloved land; there would not then be such scenes of drunkenness and wicked revelry, as now. But to return. About ten years ago, our dear friend's sister was married again to a Mr. King, a man whom I love, because of his sincere piety: now it was thought by some that our dear friend would have to leave her sister, and go home to her parents; but no; Providence ruled it otherwise. Mr. King said, as she had a home there before he came, she should continue to live with them; and used the kindest hospitality towards her, without grudging, until the day of her death. Thus they lived happily together, through a series of years, singing, and praising God for his mercies.

She was a beautiful singer, she understood the art of singing, and, for many years she led the singing in the meeting. When the Sabbath arrived, she might be seen bending her steps towards the meeting for prayer and praise. She loved the prayer meeting: it was her element, where she basked in the sunshine of God's presence.

It is about three years ago, since I first became acquainted with her, and from that time I have received much pious counsel from her, for she was an experienced christian, a loving companion, and faithful friend, as many can testify, as well as myself: many times have I met her for prayer and praise, and we have been the means of building each other up in the faith of the gospel.

The clergyman of the village, (not the one before mentioned,) was very kind to her, because of her deep-rooted piety; and whenever he had anything to do with the village affairs, he would come and consult with her, as if she was one of his contemporaries; he is very kind to all the dissenters in the village, and acts towards them with impartiality. She loved his preaching, which consisted in God's everlasting love to his people, his immutability, and free, sovereign grace, and the final perseverance of the saints.

She was loved by all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. She was old in experience, though young in years: a great many have reason to bless God for her instructions, which she was so well calculated to give; and it was her happiness to impart it to those who needed it. In the most humble dependance upon God for help, she would try to encourage the convinced sinner, sympathise with the sorrowing believer, and cheer the dying saint: thus she lived. Now, though painful to me, as regards her loss, which I feel, yet it is pleasing, as it relates to her eternal welfare. I tell you of her happy and triumphant death, which took place on the 9th of December, 1849, after a short, but painful illness of three weeks. On Monday evening, the 19th of November, I went with her to the Bible class, held by the minister of the parish, and returned home with her, and had several tunes with her. She said to me, "We have had many tunes together on earth; but the time will soon come, when, if we are the Lord's people, we shall sing together in heaven." She further said, "I think I shall not live long; I think the Lord will soon take me from you, to sing his praises in heaven." I said, "Do you think he will." She said, "Yes." I said "If he does, the time will soon come, when, if I am a christian, I shall again meet you to part no more." And after this conversation we sung the 19th hymn in the second book.

"Let others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death, nor dangers fear:  
But we'll confess O Lord to thee  
What feeble things we are."

This was the last tune we had together while she was in health. The next day she complained of a pain in her head; and, on Wednesday she was not able to get up, till about three o'clock in the afternoon, then she could not sit but a very little while: she returned to her bed no more to rise. On the following day, the doctor was sent for, who said that her complaint was inflammation at the liver. I went to see her on the Friday following, at evening, when she said, "I think I shall not live

till the morning." I said, "I hope you will, and get better, if it is the Lord's will." The next day she felt better. I went to see her again on Lord's Day the 25th, and found her rather better: I had my tea with her upstairs, and I had some profitable conversation together; and I told her that I thought she would be able to get up by the next Lord's day; but she was taken much worse after I left her, and all hopes were given up of her ever recovering. During her illness she was attended by her sister Elizabeth, who is a spiritual female, who never left her, except to get a little sleep.

She had a great many kind friends, who were very anxious for her recovery; but her appointed time was nearly come; and her bounds were fixed, so that she could not pass over. She felt resigned to the Lord's will, whether it was life or death. She would say to her friends, how kindly you treat me; and how good God is to me; and how unworthy am I; how loving is Jesus to poor ungrateful Phoebe. I went to see her again in the week, and found her getting weaker, yet she would sing,

"The Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied:  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?"

I stopped with her two days, and found it good to be with her; to see with what exemplary patience, and christian fortitude she bore the pains her covenant Saviour allotted her. She said to me, "Ah! my dear friend, I was for a long time subject to bondage, through fear of death, till about four years ago, when, by the good providence of God, I went to Stagsden meeting, to hear a funeral sermon preached by Mr. Jukes, Pastor of the old meeting at Bedford, who took for his text part of the 12th verse of the 1st chapter in the 2nd epistle to Timothy, "For I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." This sermon, in the hands of the Almighty Comforter of God's people, was blest to my soul. Never shall I forget the preacher's way of laying it out, and saying how safely the soul of the believer was lodged in the hands of Christ; from the fear of death. O, that dear Jukes! he carries in his face heavenly-mindedness: never, my dear friend, when you pray, cease to pray for your minister."

Her pains were very great, but she bore them with great patience, and would often sing with Newton,

"Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long;  
And then, oh how pleasant,  
The Conqueror's song."

I felt it a great privilege to be with her: she said, "Oh! precious Jesus; loving Saviour; he has redeemed me; I am his; he has bought me with his blood; he has sealed me with his Spirit; and I am eternally his: oh, how loving he is to me, and how unworthy am I. Then she would sing,

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all."

I then left her till the next Lord's day, which was the 2nd of December. I met her sister in the house, who said, "She is much worse since you saw her last, and has told me to tell you, when you came, to go up to her directly." I went up, and asked how she felt: she said, "I shall soon be with Jesus: the victory is won, and I have only to die that I may live." I said, "do you feel Jesus precious?" She exclaimed, "precious, precious Christ; if ever there had been a time in which he would leave me, this would be it: but no he will not.

"His honour is engaged to save the meanest of his sheep,  
All that his heavenly Father gave he will securely keep."

Her mother came up to see her, as she was going

to the house of God; she said to her, "Are you one of the virgins, mother; and are you going to meet the Bridegroom at his table; if so, who has trimmed your lamp?—nobody but precious Jesus. I shall not drink any more of the fruit of the vine, until I drink it new with him in heaven. I will fly to meet you in heaven."

During the whole of her illness, she never uttered a murmuring word, but would say "What are my pains and sufferings to what Jesus suffered for me? I have many kind friends, but he said, 'I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people, there was none with me.' In my thirst I have wine to drink, but he had vinegar mixed with gall.

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine; Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

At another time, when they were about to try some means to ease her, she said to me, "Now my dear friend, I wish you to take my Bible, and go into the other room, and pray that those means may be blest."

I complied with her wish, and went; I entreated the Lord, if it was his will, to ease her pains, and if not, to give her patience to bear them. I opened the Bible, and my eyes were directed to Psalm xlv. 5, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her and that right early." How this portion of God's word did comfort my soul; my prayer was graciously answered by that covenant God, who has said, "Before they call I will answer them."

I again went into her room; she received me with a smile, and said, "God has heard your prayer, and I am much easier." She said, you are very kind, and requested me to read that beautiful hymn,

"The fabric of nature is fair,  
But fairer the temple of grace," &c.

I then left her till the Wednesday evening, when I again visited her: I found she was going very fast, and it was thought by all of us, that she could not continue long; she said, "this will be the night that I shall pass the vale of death to glory."

She wished to see her kind friend, the clergyman, to bid him good bye, and thank him for his kindness. I went to fetch him; when he arrived, she received him with a smile, and took his hand and kissed it, and thanked him for the kindness he had shewn to her, and said, "now, sir, before you pray, I will sing a verse;" which she did: It was this,

"The Lord my Shepherd is," &c.

She was in the most excruciating pain the whole night. I shall never forget her; what anguish of body she was in, but enjoyed peace, and serenity of soul.

The doctor sent her some pills to assuage her pains, and she felt easier in the morning. Her dear brother, Mr. King, came into the room; before he went to his lawful calling, which was about three miles from Astwood; when she saw him, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear King, I shall soon leave you and dwell for ever with my Jesus: I thank you for your kindness, which you have shewn to me since you have been with me; may the Lord remember you for it, and bless you while you sojourn here; and favour you with much of his presence at the hour of death.

She then called for her sister, and said, "Ah, my Sally, I shall soon leave you for the society of heaven. We have lived together many years in Christian love; but now my time is come; I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith, and my covenant Jesus has laid up a crown of glory for me, which I shall soon be made the partaker of: it will be a trial for you; but it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

They then left the room; and she said to me, "Don't you weep for me when I'm gone; for I shall be far away from all sorrow; you will soon come to me, and I will fly to meet you in heaven." I wept very much, and said, "I fear sometimes that I shall not meet you there." She said, "I'm

sure you will, because your prayers have so many times been answered in my behalf." She then said, "My wish is for you to follow me to the grave; and I further wish you to have my Bible and Hymn Book." I asked her what she had chosen for her funeral text." She said, "I have chosen the last verse of the 23rd Psalm, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' And sing what hymns you think proper at my funeral." She said, "Truly the Lord has been good to me; not one thing has failed of all that he has promised me. He has given me the earnest of his spirit as a pledge of joys to come. Yes; and

"I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is giv'n,  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven."

I continued with her until evening, when I committed her, by prayer, to her covenant God.

I again visited her on Lord's-day, December 9th. Her sister met me at the door, and said, "You have just come in time enough to see the end of Poor Phœbe." She was singing the whole of the morning; and when one of our friends came into the room, she exclaimed, "Victory! victory! I shall soon wear a crown and bear a palm of victory. Oh, precious Jesus! thou hast set me as a diadem in thy crown; I am nothing but sinful in myself, but am made perfect in Christ." Another friend asked how she felt in her mind? She exclaimed, with ecstatic joy,

"A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul!"

She continued getting weaker; her pulse beat faintly, and her sight was growing dim. At seven o'clock in the evening she threw her arms out of bed, and said,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

I said, "Do you wish that to be sung?" She replied, "Yes." I then, with two of her female friends, sang it. After we had done, she said, "Pray," "Do you wish me to pray with you?" said I. She said, "Yes." I then, with her sisters and friends, knelt down and prayed the Lord to be with her and support her now her heart and flesh were failing, and take her to himself. We then rose from our knees; and I asked her if she felt Jesus precious to her in the valley of the shadow of death? But she could not speak. I took her hand, and said, "If you do, press my hand;" which she did. Ah, never shall I forget that pressure! At the hour of nine she was in a high fever, and I continued wetting her lips with some nice cooling drink.

Her friends then left the room with the exception of myself, and her sister Elizabeth, and her nurse. Her sister Mary told me to let her know if she grew worse.

About half-past ten I perceived her change, and told Elizabeth to fetch her. But she still continued; and Mary went back to her bed, for she was very tired. I waited about five minutes, and said to Elizabeth, "Go and fetch Mary, for I perceive her change." She went; and I sent the nurse to hurry them; but before they could get back into her room, she had breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer without a sigh or struggle. Thus died our beloved sister in the Lord.

On the following morning, after I had breakfasted with her sisters, I read the 7th chapter of Job, and the last six verses in the 4th chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Thessalonians. And as the village bell was sounding the departure of our dear friend, I knelt down and committed them, by prayer to Him

"Who cannot do but what is just  
And must be righteous still!"

She died in the Lord, December 9th, 1849, in the 29th year of her age, after having been a member



of the Baptist Church at Cranford fourteen years. And now

"Far from a world of toil and strife,  
She's present with the Lord;  
The labours of her mortal life  
End in a large reward."

On the following Lord's-day her mortal remains were committed to the silent tomb, followed by a long train of mourners, who came to pay their last token of respect to her. She was followed by her school children, who wished to see the last of their dear and loving teacher. The minister improved her death from 1 Peter iv. 17, "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" It was an impressive sermon; the Lord bless it for good to them that heard it. In the evening of the same day, her own pastor from Crawfield, preached in the meeting from the text which she had chosen, to a crowded congregation.

Thus, sir, I have endeavoured, in my poor, feeble way, to give you an outline of our dear-sister's life and triumphant death. It is in a humble way; for I am nothing but a poor labourer, and have to get my bread by the sweat of my brow. And though poor in life and this world's goods, I have reason to hope, that though a sinner, I am a sinner saved by the rich, free, sovereign, and unmerited grace of a covenant-keeping God: subscribing myself,

"A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY."

### Divine Teaching.

"It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me." John vi. 45.

EVERY condition in which we find mankind is a proof of the divine original of the Scriptures. And what can be a greater mark of their divinity than that of TRUTH—ETERNAL TRUTH? Hence, everything we see around, above, below, all conspire to place the matter beyond a question, that the Bible is the Book of God. Ignorance is one of the very features of mankind. Vain man would be wise though "born like a wild ass's colt." He himself, though ignorant in the extreme, delights to be considered something, than which nothing can be a greater display of it. But as man's misery is the very ground, or occasion, through the love of God, for the manifestation of his rich and sovereign mercy; so here man's ignorance, in the highest sense being a darkness to his state, God's rich mercy is manifest in teaching him who knew nothing before.

Let us notice, then, first, the harmony subsisting between the inspired penmen in the sacred page. This point, I consider, to be an unanswerable argument in favour of the position we occupy, when with the apostle we say, "All Scripture was given by inspiration of God." Moses and Matthew, David and Mark, Isaiah and Luke, Jeremiah and John, Job and Paul, Ezekiel and James, Daniel and Peter *all agree*. Not a jarring note to a circumcised ear. Were it not so, the Word of God could not be consistent with itself, nor would it be "the book which ends the strife." In Jesus's temptations in the wilderness, it was from the *written* word which he, the eternal *Logos*, drew his artillery against the attack of the enemy. *It is written*, stands as a bulwark. What is written must be made good, or the honour and veracity of Jehovah himself would be impeached.

"For holy men of God," men of grace and living a life of faith, "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Then, speak a-*right they must*. Utter lies they could not. Jesus, therefore, here triumphantly appeals to the prophet's testimony, as that which defied all controversy; and, as in other places, and at other times, produces what is written as a something finally fixed in heaven, the duration of which place of bliss and blessedness being no more certain than the full accomplishment of all that which had been thus declared, putting the matter beyond a doubt.

And is not this harmony of the Word of God, based, as it is, upon the unshaken mind and unchanging will of Jehovah, set forth for our great and lasting consolation? The Word of God is an express revelation of the mind of God; of those Three who bear record in heaven, "the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost;" and his Word is for ever settled in heaven. Mark then, every promise is secured there, and he that hath said, will also do. Though troubles roll in thick and fast; though all worldly good may be removed, and the sorrows of thine heart enlarged; yet will he bring thee out of all thy distresses. The wave does not alter the rock—but only serves to shew its stability; so troubles change not God's Word, but serve the rather to endear it to the soul. The Word of God which is more precious than gold, and more choice than silver, (when wood is consumed in the fire, and straw demolished by the flame), retains its native excellency, being, if anything, the better for the process. Yes, Christian,

"His every word of grace is strong  
As that which build the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises."

And may not the mere formalist, who boasts of having something wherein to trust, yet knows nothing of the power of God in the conversion of the soul; or, the shame faced hypocrite, who boasts of that he has not, and of being what he is not; as also the careless sinner, who, more in character *has not and is not anything*; I say, has he not great reason to fear, with his refined companions, that that fearful and awful doom pronounced on such characters will come down upon him and them? I tell you, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. If there is certainty to anything, it is to that which God speaks; and if any sentence be just, it is that which God pronounces. So then the word has two bearings; it speaks to sinner and to saint; defines their character, and gives a divine sentence concerning each.

But we may notice, in the second place, the teacher, the taught, and the result of the teaching.

And here, for order's sake, let us look at the teacher first. This is the Lord. Job asketh the question, "Who teacheth like him?" He makes to know wisdom. He is possessed of all essential knowledge. Yea, a fulness of knowledge is with the Lord. But, observe the importance of that knowledge which requires such an instructor, and how great must be the wisdom which is needed, to require such an able and all-sufficient guide and teacher in the Lord of hosts. Nor is this all that is implied. May we not also say, That ignorance must be the most awful of all ignorance, as well as the most deep seated and

obdurate, which requires the Lord to remove it! It supposes that none beside him can teach to profit. Ho, blessed be his holy name, gives ample proof that himself alone can effectually grapple with and overcome this ignorance; which, coupled with enmity, produces all those awful rebellions against the God who built the sky in the human breast. Ho is every way fitted for it. He is the Father of lights, and the fountain of good. Every thing in heaven, and earth, and hell, he has a knowledge of; more particularly, the great work of redemption and salvation, with which our present and future good is so intimately connected; so much so indeed, that, without a knowledge of, and an experimental acquaintance with it, lost we must be to all eternity. This plan is a product of his own wisdom. It is based upon an intimate acquaintance with every matter relative to the case. In it man's case, as fallen, is seen, his recovery secured, and yet no one attribute sullied; no one attribute made higher than the rest; but all harmonizing in salvation *finished, full, free, and eternal*, by Jesus Christ.

The Father has an intimate and personal *eternal* knowledge of JEHOVAH JESUS. There is nothing connected with him as God or Man but the Father knows it and delights in; because as it relates to *office characters and grace bearings he appointed it*. Mark, God the Father did not appoint God the Son to be God, else here would be *inferiority*, for Jesus is equal with the Father. But in the covenant of grace, there are appointments, and conditions, which we are bound to believe in *every point* was absolutely necessary, or they never would have been made. And being made, we are also to understand that it is necessary to be known. Now, God, who appointed, knows *how* he appointed, *why* he should so appoint, and for *what* he appointed; and hence, can instruct us fully and truthfully in the whole matter, so far as is necessary to be known. In this view of things then we may adopt the language of one of old, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask it of God.

He teaches in wisdom, *when, how, and whom*. He does not teach anything unnecessary. His designs are perfect; the perfection of wisdom itself. The lessons come home to the heart, and influence the conduct; they reach the soul, and hence they are worked out in the life. They are lessons repeated, and hence never to be forgotten. They are lessons for eternity; the subjects then, are worthy of the theme. But we have the taught. And who are they? God's people. The elect of God. Zion's offspring. God teaches them in his relationship character to them, and they receive their instruction through the tie of eternal union. The teaching makes it manifest. The union was valid and good before, though now, through the open manifestation thereof, it is evinced; so that, *now* it is known.

There is, therefore, a quickening and bringing to life, a providing with the hearing ear, and then the words of the Lord are heard from Sinai and Calvary. The destitute state and perishing condition is learnt under the hands of the law, *that* school master unto Christ. There we learn that without something different to this we have now, the curse of the law will only be followed by the fire of hell. We are taught here that perish eternally we must without Jesus and his salvation.

We hear the voice of the Lord from Calvary in the proclamation of the ever-blessed gospel of

Jesus Christ. We hear the joyful sound; the good news is suited to our wretched condition; we learn pardon and peace is only to be obtained through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

We hear his voice in multiplied afflictions. The black letters of woe are printed, nevertheless, upon the white ground of mercy, cast from the fount of love. The writing says, "THIS IS NOT YOUR REST." It is emphatically a Sabbath School, teaching us who and what is our rest; causing us to cease from our works, and anchor on his grace.

The result. We fly to Christ. We need him as he is, to be made to us all that which God has declared him to be in his most holy Word; nor can we be satisfied with aught short of this. Christ is all in all, and as such we seek him, and as such, blessed be God, we shall find him; for, saith he, "If him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My God, my hope, my trust;  
If I am found in Jesu's hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.

"Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove  
His fav'rites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love,  
They shall for ever rest."

JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

Trowbridge, July 29, 1850.

#### A Letter to George Kellaway on the Death of his Mother.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—

"Great grace be with you: many thanks for all the kind expressions your letter contains. So your once poor mother is on earth no more. Hush, not a sigh. Taken from the evil to come, housed above the lions dens, and mountains of leopards; got into port before the storm commences; arrived at the head-quarters for ever with the Lord. Oh the blessedness! who can describe it? none on earth, none in heaven; it is, it must be unutterable, and unspeakably glorious. Oh, what wonders grace hath done! fall you down and bless his name for the mercy. Love, blood, and power divine brings all its trophies into the presence chamber of our all-majestic, and most glorious Lord Jesus Christ.

Come, join with me, and let us bless and exalt his name together, that I should be the unworthy instrument, in Almighty hands, of doing good, first to the child, and then to the mother. Oh! to me it is wonderful, and to him be the praise everlastingly.

Were I at Yeovil I should preach upon the occasion, but I am not there. Well, all is, all must be right; nature feels and recoils at such strokes, but grace gains the ascendancy, and ultimately triumphs, acquiesces in his wise dispensations, and blesses a taking as well as a giving God. Job i. 21, 22.

To your poor afflicted father tender my kindest christian love; say to him for me, let him not weep, since his once dear wife can weep no more; she is now with her better husband for ever, where there is day without night, joy without sorrow, pleasure without pain, high in salvation, and the climax of bliss.

Well, we are followers of them, "who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Those who have possessed the earnest must no less possess the inheritance. Cheer up, my brother; soon it will be the case with you and me. The Master is come, and calleth for thee. He that hath called us by grace will call us to glory. A few more campaigns and we are home, where our God, our *own* God, will be our glory eternally. To all the Yeovilians who may enquire after a poor worm, who once laboured among them in faith, word, and doctrine, under the Lord's blessing to their comfort and good, give my very best love. Say to them for me, that Christ is all; nor can they think, or speak too high of him, or too low of themselves.

I trust thy mind hath been abundantly supported through this bereavement, and that you can with experimental evidence say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." To him I commend you.

I remain, thine affectionately, in everlasting love,

W. BIDDER.

July 19, 1850.

### Spiritual Communications GLADDEN THE GODLY

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN STENSON.

"And to Communicate forget not." Heb. xiii. 15.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Being environed with consuming flame, enriched with abounding grace, and ennobled with the highest dignities, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus, we can (without impoverishing our pockets or running in debt) well afford to freely disburse the contents of hearts highly charged with spiritual riches to each other. "The liberal soul deviseth liberal things," and nothing surely is more incongruous with the feelings of such souls than to "withhold good from those to whom it is due, when it is in the power of their hands to do it." Well, we are not straitened in him; but are legally possessed of his infinite promise, which is our warrant and key, to unlock and appropriate the entire riches of heaven; and thus girded with right and power, "who is he that condemneth?" Whoever and whatever it be, "it is God that justifieth" with the gift of faith that overcometh all objections. The objections of adversity, (see Ruth i. 11, 12, 16. Hab. iii. 17, 18,) the objections of fleshly conclusions, (see Jonah ii. 4,) the seeming triumphs of hell, (see Micah vii. 8.) And O! astonishing power! the objections of Jesus, (see Matt. xv. 26—28.) And thus armed from head to foot with the whole armour of God, what bright prospects of victory, through the blood of the Lamb, lay before us; indeed, we are well provided with everything needed at the commencement of another year. To go to war with an assurance of triumph; to meet poverty with an assurance of plenty; to endure scorn and degradation, with an assurance of commendation and honour, does indeed hearten us up at the commencement of another

year. We have no gloomy forebodings, arising from uncertainty, but are confident of this very thing, "that he that hath begun a good work in us, will perform it to the day of Jesus Christ." All hail! then, my brother, the best is to come; the worst is past, or passing; a few sweetened bitters remain, and then exquisite joys. But I think I hear the lordly voice of old unbelief muttering his old cry, "if God were to open the windows in heaven, might such a thing be?" yes, but hear the voice of consultation amongst the lepers, "we do not well; this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us; now therefore, come, that we may go and tell the king's household." And thus, while their tidings were received at first with caution, and afterwards with acclamation by a necessitous people, my "Lord Unbelief" was trodden under foot, according to the word of the Lord by his prophet.

One custom, amongst the many prevalent with the Jews, at the opening of the year, was the sending portions one to another, according as God had blessed them; and another amongst us is, that we take stock, and balance our affairs. Well, have we done so? Yes. And now it rejoices us to declare, that, notwithstanding our heavy losses through unbelief, rebellion, fretfulness, waywardness, covetousness, and vain speculations, we have a goodly balance in our favour to deposit in "heaven's bank;" whose exhaustless funds render it a most safe and profitable investment. And I must tell you, by the way, of a few of my business transactions with the firm of Heaven; and my eminent success, has brought me to the determination to strongly recommend it to all who are in quest of first rate merchandise to apply also. But to proceed: I have more than once disposed of all my ashes, mourning and heaviness, and received by "Royal appointment," beauty, oil of joy, and the garments of praise; and I must here say, it was not a *garment of praise*, but the garment of praises, *the only one he had*, which makes me think I must be in great favour; (but, by the bye, not for me only.) And more than once, by a supernatural light, I have discovered in the dark and filthy den of iniquity, such a congregated host of abominations, as I thought, worth nothing but to be consumed with fire; and verily, if I could have disposed of them otherwise, I should not have troubled the Master; but what was I to do? Having then, discovered such an intolerable nuisance within the precincts of the King's abode, it could not be borne; so away I posted, (having received a warrant,) to Immanuel himself; and strange, but true, he owned them as his property, by virtue of an ancient covenant, in which covenant was an arrangement, that whosoever brought the same to him, should receive, in lieu thereof, gold, frankincense, and

myrrh, which proved the very things needed to cleanse, perfume, and adorn so important a part; and he furthermore assured me, that whenever, by the same light, (which he guaranteed to supply,) I discovered the like to lose no time, but haste to him, because "he will bring forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness." Micah vii. 9.

I am, therefore, freed from many anxieties, about bankruptcy, because he bears loss; if there be any; and I have his Word, attested by an oath, never to leave nor forsake me; and also from anxieties about what awaits me through the remaining days of the year before us; it suffices me "to know him whom I have believed" intimately, and as much more so as pleaseth him.

I must conclude, with wishing you, in the best possible sense, a happy new year. May your head lack no ointment, your heart lack no grace, your hands no strength, your feet no firmness, and your ministry no power. Mrs. Bird is much as usual, and the baby, through the goodness of our God, healthy and strong. I have not been to London, as I expected, or I should have called. We both hope to see you, if we are spared, in the summer to spend a few days with us. Hope Mr. Harper is well, with the rest of our friends. Give our Christian love to them, and accept the same yourself. And believe me,

Ever your affectionate brother,  
ROBERT BIRD.

Wellingboro', Jan. 8, 1850.

[P.S. Mr. Ashby has just called; he is quite well, as is Mr. Drawbridge, who desires his Christian love to you.]

(Mr. Stenson's reply in the Supplement.)

### The Experience of Robert Hine.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations."

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD,—I shall lay before you some of the dealings of God, that has passed upon me, an unworthy sinner, within this last month, both in providence and in grace; let it not be thought that I do it out of pride: no, bless his dear name, I do it to exalt the riches of his grace in the salvation of a guilty wretch like me. It is well known to some of you, my brethren, that it pleases the dear Lord to afflict my poor body, which brings me into many straits and difficulties, and causes me to wonder where the scene will end. For this last month I have been labouring under much bodily weakness; and most of the time, I have had to contend with that powerful enemy the devil. O, the fiery darts that he has thrust into my poor soul! O, the darkness of mind! The anguish of soul that I have had to endure, no heart can express, no glimmering of hope, no light to shine upon the road that leads one to the lamb, so that I have been like poor

Job when he expressed this language, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness." Some would say, you should look unto the Lord; but my way was hedged up, that I could not look to the right hand nor to the left, until I was brought to my bed through weakness, and there I sighed, and cried, and laboured for life; but for three days my poor soul and body was in such pain and anguish that I thought the very pains of hell had got hold of me, and the devil threatened me with destruction, and my sins appeared to me in all their ugliness, so that I thought I should be the greatest sinner in hell. O this thought rent my poor soul to think that I should blaspheme him whom I so desired to love, this brought me as a poor helpless sinner to the foot of the cross to cry, "Lord save me or I perish:" and to be determined, if I did perish, I would perish at his feet. Bless his precious name that he caused a little glimmering of hope to spring up, and the rage of the devil left me, and this brought me to the second Sabbath in May, 1846, my body being a little stronger, and my mind a little more composed, I longed to hear the Gospel preached, hoping and praying that the dear Lord would once more lift upon me the light of his countenance, even such a guilty wretch, and cause the bones which he had broken once more to rejoice; but to my sorrow I was disappointed, I looked for peace, but found it not, for every word that the preacher spoke was like a sword entering into my poor soul, so that I was like a poor trembling condemned criminal that could see no way of escape from the wrath to come. The devil thrust in his fiery darts and told me there was no way of escape for a wretch like me; and O, how my poor soul was cast down no tongue can tell, nor express the anguish that I felt. I went into a secret place, and there I longed to pour out my soul to God, I longed until my body was so weak that I did not know what to do, my eyes was as a fountain. O the anguish that I felt in my poor soul, I hope no poor soul will never feel. A friend coming into my house, and perceiving that I was in distress, persuaded me to go and hear a poor man that was going to preach near Wantage; with much distress of mind, and weakness of body, I went, and whilst the poor man held out every encouragement to all that felt themselves burdened, and had a feeling sense of their guilt and misery, he assured them that they should enter the courts of bliss through the blood-shedding of the dear Redeemer, and I knew well that I was such a poor sinner, and that I was exercised with the same feelings that he was speaking of; but God's time for healing was not come, so it left me despairing still. Through weakness, I had a hard matter to reach home, and in a short time was obliged to retire to bed, and likewise I was brought

to great straits in a way of Providence, so that I had not a shilling to help myself. Monday came, I felt a little stronger in body, but I was afraid to rise to enter upon another week, for it all had a gloomy aspect, and I felt on the very borders of despair; with much trembling I arose and pleaded my cause with the Judge of the whole earth. I felt a little beaming of hope that the dear Lord would not have showed me these things, if he had meant to destroy me. Let every saint of God watch and pray; for a man may pray and read his bible five or six times a day; but if he never gets answer to his prayer, he has no reason to believe it is the prayer of faith. Before the day was out, I found that the dear Lord had lent a listening ear to my poor sighs and groans, and did open his Almighty hand in a way of providence. This I did bless his precious name for, but my poor soul was bowed down still. The next day came, and I was waiting from the moving of the waters: night comes, and with much weakness I went to bed, and such was the rebellion of my nature that I thought I would call upon the name of the Lord no more. I thought he may do with me as he please: but I was in such trouble and pain of heart, that I could not sleep, my wife went to sleep, but my grief were too great to sleep upon them. I began to pour out my soul before the Lord, and tell him all that was in my heart: then the blessed Spirit was pleased to take possession of my poor guilty soul, and reveal a precious crucified Christ to my soul. Now my poor soul did admire the sin atoning Lamb, for I was lost in wonder, overwhelmed with blessing and praising Father, Son and Holy Ghost, until I was full of love, and was for a period of time lost and swallowed up, all sorrow was fled, and felt I was in the arms of my blessed Saviour. I cannot express the joys I felt. No enemy can stand against love and blood, and since that time to my grief, I have been under such clouds that I have called all into question whether it was real or not, one thing I know, that I love the Lord of life and glory in sincerity and in truth.

*Wantage.*

R. HINE.

### A Few of the Christian's Feelings.

Dear Lord, what changes do I find  
While passing through the vale;  
First, something blessed cheers my mind,  
Then gloomy scenes prevail.

Two moments scarce I find the same,  
Time flies, and all is changed;  
Then, everything seemed right that came;  
But now, all seems deranged.

Sometimes I'm blest with precious faith  
To call the Saviour mine;  
Favoured my sin-sick soul to bathe  
In love and blood divine.

Next moment all my faith seems gone,  
My guilt and fears return;  
The Spirit's influence is withdrawn,  
And I am left to mourn.

My bark is oft so tempest toss'd,  
And battered by the waves,  
That hope of life seems almost lost,  
And Jesus gone, who saves.

But when thus overwhelm'd with grief,  
And all things else prove vain,  
My Saviour comes to my relief,  
And comforts me again.

In a wild, waste, and desert land,  
I'm sometimes left to pant  
With no supplies of good at hand,  
But misery and want.

Then in a large and wealthy place  
Again I'm brought to rove,  
To feast on all the fruits of grace,  
And I am fill'd with love.

Coldness and heat, darkness and light,  
Sweet peace and bitter strife,  
Sorrow of heart, and soul delight  
Make up this mortal life.

Dear Jesus, let my changes be  
What (in thy love) they may,  
Help me to walk by faith with thee,  
Through all the chequered way.

Oh, keep me by thy sovereign grace  
From falling into sin;  
Oft let me see thy lovely face,  
And feel thy love within.

And when my changes here shall end,  
And sins and sorrows cease,  
Dear Saviour, be thou then my friend,  
And give my spirit peace.

Be with me in the hour of death,  
Oh, make me happy then;  
Smile me (when I resign my breath)  
To endless bliss. Amen.

*Holloway.*

A POOR PRISONER.

"Faith is the queen of the graces. 'Thy faith hath saved thee.' Not thy tears. Faith is the vital artery of the soul; it animates it. 'The just shall live by his faith.' Faith is 'a mother-grace; it excites and invigorates all the graces: not a grace stirs till faith sets it awork. Faith sets repentance awork; 'tis like fire to the still. Faith sets hope awork. First, we believe the promise, then we hope for it. Did not faith feed the lamp of hope with oil, it would soon die. Faith sets love awork. 'Faith which worketh by love.' Who can believe on the infinite merits of Christ, and his heart not ascend in a fiery chariot of love? Faith is a 'Catholicon,' or remedy, against all troubles;—a sheet-anchor we cast out into the sea of God's Mercy, and are kept from sinking in Despair. Other graces have done worthily; but thou, O faith, excellest them all! Indeed, in heaven, love will be the chief grace—but while we are here, militant, love must give place to faith. Love takes possession of glory—but faith gives a title to it. Love is the crowning grace in heaven—but faith is the conquering grace upon earth. 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' Faith carries away the garland from all other graces. Other graces help to sanctify us, but it is faith alone that hath the honour to justify. 'Being justified by faith.'"—WATSON.

## A REVIEW

OF  
**The Past and Present Condition of the Metropolitan and Provincial Churches of Christ.**

Or late, we have been looking at some of the old places where God's gospel has been preached for many ages; and we have *listened* to some of the painful and pleasant details related respecting the different ministers and people who have worshipped in these places; and after *looking* and *listening*, we have sat down and *thought* upon these things; and finding so much that is calculated to interest and humble us, in the history of some who have passed off the stage of time, as well as of others, who are yet standing in the open courts of Zion, we have determined to give our readers the benefit of these contemplations, if benefit it may be called: and, while to gather up these things will be labour to us, we trust, the perusal of them will afford some pleasure, and yield some soul-profit either to the present, or the succeeding ages of the church.

We daresay some of the quarter-master sergeants will not look pleasantly upon us for daring to speak a little about their houses and themselves; but having now had above twenty years' hard service, we are not much moved by a few hard speeches. Zion is our native city,

"We love her gates, we love the road,  
 The church adorn'd with grace;  
 Stands like a palace built for God,  
 To shew his milder face."

We have long looked upon her as the Queen of Sheba did upon Solomon, and the temple; and we have, from the deepest feelings of our hearts said, "Happy are thy men, and happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee; and hear thy wisdom." And so fond are we of Zion, of her patriarchs, her pastors, her provisions, her promises, her possessions, her privileges, her pillars, her passovers, her penuels, her pilgrims, and her peculiarities altogether, that, depend upon it, we shall never altogether leave off talking and writing about her until we are laid silently in the dust. And as Peter said, "Moreover I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance," even so, (the good Lord permitting) will we endeavour to fill up the poor despised *Earthen Vessel* with such valuable treasure, as that it may be found worth reading by thousands after we have departed this mortal life. There will be no monument erected to us, nor none do we desire; but (if the dear Master will allow us,) we will, in this little book, set up many a monument declarative of his great goodness and mercy to the poor fallen sons of men.

Thus hastily we introduce our design; the working it out must be left for future days. But under this head, all wholesome tidings like the following will be found.

—o—  
**Society for Visiting and Relieving the Lord's Poor.**

THE Half-yearly Meeting in behalf of the Poor Society belonging to Snow's Fields Chapel, was held in that place of worship on Monday evening, August the 5th. Several ministers, and a large

number of Christian friends were present; and many valuable and important remarks were advanced. The two principal, and only really practical speeches were those of Mr. James Wells and Mr. Thwaites. Each of these speakers took two leading ideas, and descanted upon them in an excellent spirit, and with considerable ability. Mr. James Wells described those particular cases which deserve the notice and sympathy of societies of this kind. He spoke of the aged Christian; the bedridden; and those who might (from other causes) be reduced, for a season to circumstances of poverty and distress. He also illustrated the benefit resulting from united efforts. The careless, the indolent, the dirty, and the enthusiastic, each, in their turn, were consistently censured; while the sympathies of the benevolent were most affectionately aroused on the behalf of God's really necessitous poor. We were truly glad that our esteemed brother was led so ably to advocate this effort to do good and to communicate.

Mr. Thwaites (a deacon at the Surrey Tabernacle,) delivered a most excellent speech. He also dwelt principally upon two points, which we consider by far too valuable to be confined merely to that auditory. In the first place, he said, it was very often asked, "How is it you Dissenters, and especially you Baptists, do not more generally support one another?" The answer to this question was certainly a painful one. We cannot give the whole of Mr. Thwaites's remarks; we give the substance in one fact which he mentioned. He said, when he was first called by grace, and when in the warmth of his first love, he went to a brother member of the church to which he then belonged, and ordered him to make half-a-dozen of a certain article. He gave the order in the fullest confidence that he should have justice done him both in the execution of the article and in the price charged; but the result was, he was charged twice the sum that any fair tradesman would have demanded. Besides this, professing Christian tradesmen oftentimes evinced so much of downright bad and careless workmanship that all confidence in them was broken. Mr. Thwaites would be happy to find poor Christian tradesmen acting out a spirit of decided honesty and integrity in all their dealings one toward another. We trust this hint will have a good effect upon all whom it may concern. Let every professing Christian man deeply consider that the gospel gives him no license in any way to take advantage of a brother in the faith who may be placed in more affluent circumstances than himself. It should be the desire of every Christian man to maintain in TEMPORAL AFFAIRS, a position as independent of his brethren as possible. The noble spirit of the great Apostle of the Gentiles should, as much as in us lies, be the spirit of every Christian soldier. "In all things I have kept myself from being burdensome unto you, and so will I keep myself." (2 Cor. xi. 9.) We know that many good men among the family of God, are encompassed with infirmities of various kinds—there

are bodily infirmities—mental infirmities—relative infirmities—and frequently mechanical infirmities; so that (in more senses than one) when the Christian man would do good, evil is present with him: nevertheless, we say, if he would be screened from the scrutiny of charity's almoners, let him labour much to keep himself free from the church's funds. Mr. Thwaites most affectionately called upon the members of the Surrey Tabernacle then present to support the Society. We have, in this notice, rather mingled our own remarks with those of Mr. Thwaites's; but we must say, it was an exceedingly judicious address. And we will only add, that while the poor Christian ought not to take advantage, or in anywise abuse the kindness of the wealthy Christian, let the wealthy Christian take heed that he do not in any degree, grind down the poor Christian, or expect from him more than he is able to give. Even natural abilities are sovereignly dispensed, as well as saving mercies. And while indolence and extravagance are to be rebuked, yet it is evident that there are thousands, even of good men, that cannot raise themselves out of a certain position; they are deficient both in tact and talent. The Lord ever give us hearts to feel for them; and hands to help them; for "who maketh thee to differ? and what hast thou that thou hast not received?"

Mr. John Nicolls (the Editor of *Zion's Trumpet*), Mr. Incas, of Jersey, Mr. Searle, of Kingsland, Mr. Mote, and Mr. Thomas Stringer, severally addressed the meeting; and the kindest feeling appeared to exist.

#### Rye Lane, (Peckham)

I FELT moved in my soul to go on Wednesday morning, August 7th, to the anniversary of Peckham Baptist Chapel. I sat me down on one of the free seats, a long way from the pulpit, and I saw the pew-opener very busy in enticing all the ladies and gentlemen into seats, but as he took no notice of me, I resolved to sit still, although I was afraid I was too far off to hear what the preacher might have to deliver. Mr. Atkinson, of Woolwich, was in prayer, and a solemn one it was: after this, our much esteemed brother, James Wells, ascended the pulpit; and he read these words for his text, "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." He preached a most expansive sermon. He spoke freely, and rather experimentally on the door of faith, the door of hope, the door of settlement, the door of salvation, the door of exultation, the door of resurrection, and the door of heaven. There was something pleasing under each of these heads. James Wells has three mighty helpers in his ministrations:—First, he evidently has a careful mind to think deeply on his subject before he enters the pulpit; this will always be found useful where a man can do it; and that man that cannot do it will never rise very high in his holy work. In the second place, our friend has an unusually quick conception and easy mode of delivery; but above all, we may hope that God the Holy Ghost indites much of his matter, and greatly assists him in his manner. There was one part of his discourse that was deep and weighty, and made a powerful impression on my mind. He was paraphrasing on the Saviour's words in John x. 28, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." (And then came the sweetest flow of evangelical eloquence that I ever yet heard to flow from the lips of mortal man; in substance something like the following.)—"And, (as though the dear Redeemer said) if it were possible that satan should make a dreadful thrust to pluck them out of my hand when I am rolling in agony, and bathed in

bloody sweat; if it were possible when I am sunk in weakness, and absorbed in grief under the vials of wrath, the frowns of justice, and the weight of the church's sin; if it were possible at that solemn juncture satan should wrest them out of my hand, I say, THEY ARE IN MY FATHER'S HAND, and no man is able to pluck them out of MY FATHER'S HAND." This glorious and blessed truth rolled into my soul with consolations of no ordinary degree.

The present position of the Baptist Cause at Peckham Rye is of a rather cheering character. It is well known to most of our readers that the present Baptist Chapel in that place (a neat and commodious building) was erected for the late Mr. Powell, towards the latter part of whose ministry, the cause somewhat declined. Since Mr. Moyll has been the settled pastor, there has been an increase in the attendance; and many have been added to the church. There is a difference of opinion as to the stability of the increase. Some think the additions are too hastily made; others express the greatest confidence as regards the extensive blessing which has attended Mr. Moyll's ministry in Peckham; we may add, there can be no question but that his removal from Artillery Lane, has tended much to his own comfort as also to the reviving of the cause. He is a good man, a sober preacher, and one that looks most carefully and affectionately after his flock. May the Lord fire his soul with heavenly zeal, and baptise him deep in holy love!

#### Jireh Chapel, Lewes; and Dane Hill Anniversary.

I HAD been (in company with the venerable John Andrew Jones,) to the anniversary at Dane Hill in Sussex, on Wednesday, July 29th, of which I will say a word presently, and was returning home through Lewes the next morning, where we had to wait some time for the train. I never like idling time away; so off I went in pursuit of Jireh Chapel, in the Cliff, and retiredly set out of the noise and bustle, down in a large private enclosure, I found the place: a commodious and well constructed building, erected near fifty years ago; and opened by the late William Huntington, whose mortal remains are deposited in a vault behind this Jireh Chapel. I walked around his tomb, read the inscription of "The Coal-heaver," and of "Jenkin Jenkins," whose dust is laid beside his faithful friend, the "Sinner Saved." There is something both humiliating and consolatory in the fact, that the greatest men must die. Humiliating, to think that the man whom thousands loved, followed, and derived spiritual benefit from, is, after a few days' labour, laid in the dark and silent tomb, which seems to whisper, "Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherefore is he to be accounted of." There is no gift—no measure of usefulness—no exalted position on earth, but it must pass from us, and we from it. Well, then, might Paul say, "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh, wherein no man can work." There is also something consolatory in the fact that even the ministers of Christ must die; for, however pleasantly and prosperously they may sail on for a time, yet, afflictions will come; enemies will arise; friends will depart; happy seasons will be exchanged for trying ones. Oh, how many thousands of precious souls, whose lives have been spent in the service of their Lord and Master, have put off their harness, and entered into rest. I could not be content with seeing the tomb of William Huntington. No. I must go into the study where Mr. Huntington, Mr. Jenkins, and other godly men have prayed, and thought, and laboured to prepare for the pulpit; and where Mr. Vinnall often sits now: from this room I walked into the pulpit, and there fully surveyed the place; and meditated upon many things. I was grieved to learn from the dear old soul who shewed me over the place, that two or three of Mr. Vinnall's sons have become preachers. I do not mean sorrow for that they are preachers, but for that two of them have opened

places in Lewis for preaching in ; and, as a matter of course, both of them have drawn off some from their father's congregation. "Here it is again," said I to myself. Mr. Vinall has his troubles. His ministerial course has been—comparatively speaking—a very successful, and a very easy one; but, he is sorely afflicted in his body, and has no small tempest laying on his mind by reason of the many trials which have encompassed his path.

Isaac Beeman, of Cranbrook, lived and died without a co-temporary in the place. Master Chamberlain, of Leicester, stands almost uninterruptedly in the affections of a very large congregation; but poor friend Vinall has been, of late years, deep wounded by divisions and party-feeling. To say he has brought nothing of this upon himself, would be untrue; but I will not now enter upon so painful a subject. The Lord grant him peace, and increase his usefulness, is my prayer. About Mr. Vinall's sons, and the books they have published, something more may yet be said; but not here.

One word respecting the anniversary at Dane Hill. Dane Hill, and Newick, are two villages not very far from Lewes, in Sussex. It appears that both these causes sprung up between twenty and thirty years since, through the instrumentality of Mr. Roberts, (who has since been settled at Deal, in Kent; and is now somewhere in the neighbourhood of Leighton Buzzard). Mr. Roberts was a soldier; and was in the army for many years. Grace reached his heart, and not only made him a real christian; but it also made him a useful minister of Christ. At Dane Hill he commenced. A church was formed there; and out of that grew the daughter-church at Newick. The chapel at Dane Hill is a plain building; but that at Newick, is, (for a country place,) most commodious and complete, surrounded by a well-arranged burial ground, which, since brother Poynder has been there, has been greatly improved. John Poynder is the bishop of both these churches. He preaches at Dane Hill, on Lord's Day mornings; at Newick, afternoon and evening. They are some five or six miles apart. The anniversary day at Dane Hill was a very happy one. There were many living souls gathered together on that occasion. I never was at any place where a warmer feeling was manifested toward the EARTHEN VESSEL, and its poor conductor, than here. I ever desire to remember the kindness of Dane Hill friends in the latest moment of my life, because I am certain it was for Christ's sake, and for truth's sake. Our venerable brother, John Andrew Jones, preached in the morning, from Numbers xxi. 17, 18, "Israel sang this song, spring up, O well, sing ye unto it. The princes digged the well," &c., &c. And in the evening he gave us a lively discourse from Rev. xxi. 6, "And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely." From this glorious text, we had some blessed gospel preached, and some genuine experience declared. Brother Mose, of Crowborough, and "the little man" made out the afternoon service, in praying and speaking; and a large party sat down to tea. I never saw the minister of a place more industrious in waiting upon and endeavouring to oblige his friends than our esteemed brother Poynder. He was indeed among us, as one that served: and I hope the temporal needs of the cause were supplied. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for raising up such little hills of Zion, where living souls may feed and grow upon the pure corn of heaven.

#### Beulah Chapel, Somers' Town.

WHAT a blessed thing it is when people are led to see the loveliness of Zion; begin to hang about its gates, observe its inhabitants, and the sound of the silver trumpets affect their heart! "The name of the Lord is a strong tower;" it is the city of refuge, with great immunities, founded and secured by ancient charter. The Most High dwelleth in the

midst thereof, and there is that ever-flowing fountain open for sin and uncleanness,

"And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

Here too, they have the similitude of a prince; for the citizens are clothed in the dress of the place—it has been called a "livery." But the inhabitants are sons and heirs. It is Joshua's "change of raiment;" the wedding dress of the Lord's espoused ones. "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her raiment is of wrought gold." But, alas! few care for these things, and none would unless the Lord, the Spirit, gave them discernment; then, they greatly desire the place; and like David, love its courts, some more of whom have been led (all of grace) to give themselves up to the Lord and to his people at Beulah; and, as an evidence that their profession of love to our King was genuine, have obeyed his commandments. Five have been down into the water, making a "good profession" before many witnesses; and these, with three other dear friends were received into full communion, on Lord's Day last. Our beloved pastor spoke a word in season to each, as he gave them the right hand of fellowship. There the widowed one again rejoiced, as being united to the Husband of the church; and the Moabitish damsel having left the place of her nativity, had come to dwell in Bethlehem-Judea. The Master was present at his own table, receiving, and eating with poor wretched sinners; not coldly, not proudly, but with—"Eat O FRIENDS, and drink, yea, drink abundantly, O BELOVED."

The "ashes" precede the "beauty;" and the "spirit of heaviness" the "oil of joy." We have had the one, but we now are beginning to realise the other. We enjoy peace, are dwelling in love, the ministry is the Lord's and owned and blessed by him; the congregation is gradually increasing, and to the Lord's faithfulness in answering the prayers of his people, remarkable evidence could be adduced. More are waiting to come in. Reader, "pray for Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love her."

WILLIAM PALMER.

Somers' Town, August 6, 1850.

#### Enlargement of the Surrey Tabernacle.

THE Surrey Tabernacle is now closed for enlargement: the minister and congregation have removed to the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle Street, near the Bank. Mr. James Wells first preached there on Lord's Day, August 25th; and although it is far distant from the Tabernacle, the spacious Hall was filled in every corner. Mr. Wells seemed quite at home; and it is the prayer of many that this carrying of the gospel into the heart of the city, for a time, may be rendered a great blessing.

#### SALVATION.

SALVATION! Salvation! 'tis glorious news,  
It reaches the Gentiles as well as the Jews;  
It tells of a Saviour, whose merits are free,  
Coming down to the vilest—ah! even to me.  
Salvation! Oh how shall I tell of its worth?  
No tongue of an angel could e'er set it forth:  
Oh! may I its power more personly prove,  
Then sung of salvation as springing from love.  
Salvation! It saves from the curse of God's law;  
It saves the poor sinner from terror and awe;  
It saves us from satan; it saves us from hell;  
It saves us from dangers of which we can't tell;  
It saves us from self; it saves us from sin;  
It saves us eternally, and brings us right in  
To the sweet realms of bliss, for ever to share  
In the glory our Jesus is gone to prepare.  
Salvation complete! Salvation quite free!  
Asks nothing like merit or purchase from me;  
But invites me as naked, as worthless and poor,  
As black and as ruin'd to meety's free door.  
Salvation! Salvation! set me up on high,  
From self, sin, and satan, to God bring me nigh;  
And keep me, oh! keep me from all that is wrong,  
And let sweet salvation each day be my song.

W. F.



## Gospel Tidings from Australia:

MR. TURNER'S VARIOUS LABOURS AND SOME ACCOUNT OF HIM.

DEAR BROTHER W. and the faithful in Christ Jesus—Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. He who called me by his grace, and thrust me into the ministry, has guided me safely to the land of *darkness*, called Australia. It is indeed a beautiful country, abounding with milk and honey, and no signs of a famine of bread, or lack of water literally, but a *famine of hearing of the Word of God*. In one instance I went and heard for myself; and while hearing, I could scarcely help shedding tears, when only the form of godliness appeared without the power, a *mere parade*, and a cry of "peace, peace," without setting forth Him who is our peace, through whose precious blood we have forgiveness. I thought of brother Paul, and felt as he did, when he said, As I passed by, and saw your devotions, and the inscription, "To the Unknown God." Here in truth, they may have the bare form, and ignorantly worship, or profess to do, the unknown God, while the children, whose eyes have been opened, were tried, because they asked bread, and no man of truth in all the immense continent of Australia could be found to deal it out to them, save one person who preached in his own house, whose name is Monritz; and he has, it appears, been a witness against the delusion of the flesh-pleasing system carried on in Melbourne, and throughout the British colonies. But he only had a dozen or so to hear him of late. The reason I cannot say. Whether the fault was in him, his manner, or whether the reason was, that appearance, respectability, a fine chapel, lethargy, or what, is not for me to say—whether the people or man was to blame, perhaps both:

Two heavy charges were brought against me, the first time I preached in the Baptist Chapel, (so-called); viz., that such preaching led to licentiousness, and that I did not preach to sinners. So they called me "hyper," "Antinomian," and "a promulgator of dangerous doctrines." However, some of the Lord's hungry ones came round me; some weeping, some rejoicing, that the Lord had, at length, answered their prayers, in sending a servant to speak the Word of life to them. Some said they had been here for years, and never before had a meal on the public means. I had much trouble in obtaining a place to preach in, after I had preached twice in the so-called Baptist Chapel; but my Master is never at a loss for means when he has an end to answer; so he put it into the heart of a stranger, who acknowledged he did not know the vitality of truth, to go and search the town, after I had quite given up, and had purposed to go to Geelong on the following day; and he found a school-room adjoining a beer-shop, which he immediately took, and sent up word that he was responsible for the rent, and I might preach in it if I pleased. Accordingly I accepted of the offer, and still preach there. But the place is already too small, and I am waiting to see if it is my dear Master's pleasure to provide us with a larger place; for I have proved, many times, that all hearts are in his hands, and he turns them as he pleases, and makes use of the most unlikely means, in our view, often, to carry out his

great designs; for, his hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, or his ear heavy that he cannot hear.

In this fertile land there is plenty of scope for the poor of God's family of every trade, and will be for years to come; good wages, cheap provisions, and a delightful climate.

We were a church ere we left our native land, and are still, notwithstanding the enemy has thrust sore at us, that we might fall; but we see our Father's favour to us, inasmuch as the enemy has not been allowed to triumph.

Nothing but mixed communion in all the British colonies, where they call themselves Baptists, except Mr. Monritz before mentioned. Even brother Dowling, of Van Dieman's Land, has dirtied his hands, and brought an *odium* on the cause of God, by allowing his children to treat with disrespect that precious ordinance of baptism, and admitting them to the table, contrary to the example and precept of his Lord and Master, without passing through the ordinance of believer's Baptism. I do hope he will see this in the *Earthen Vessel*, and the Lord may make him ashamed of his neglect as a pastor and minister of the gospel, that he may see how the matter stands, that he has been entangled by the precept of man, and "charity" (falsely so called,) a leaning to the flesh, a regarding of the feelings of the creature, a looking off the Master, who said, "Teaching them to observe ALL things whatsoever I command you, and lo I am with you," &c.

I find the Lord's family here in a very misty state; they have had such bad nurses; and truly they are very rickety, lame and becrippled. Still, I believe the Lord is removing the mist, strengthening these poor weak knees, and imparting health to the sickly, by giving testimony to the Word of his grace, delivered by a poor weak creature, as I feel myself to be. But it is not my work, or my cause. No! the work is the Lord's; and he will work as he please, and make his power known, however weak the instrument may be that he appoints. For he is determined to make it appear that the excellency of the power is of God and not of us, even so men. Those dear souls where I have laboured, ere I came to this new country, at St. John's Common—Hastings, and other places, are still near my heart. I often feel a longing after them, that God may pour forth the rich anointing of his Holy Spirit upon them, causing them to grow in grace, and in the love and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that he may raise up men of his own qualifying, and thrusting out, and send them amongst them; and send many out here to uplift the banner of the cross, knowing nothing, nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Please send me a few copies of the *Earthen Vessel*. I hope to send you a further account of the Lord's gracious dealings with me, and the people of my charge.—We were just four months from the time we left the Docks, till we reached Port Phillip, including our stay at Gravesend, Plymouth, and Adelaide; at the last named place I was invited by the minister, Mr. Allen, to spend a few days at his house. I went there, and preached twice on the Lord's day, December 30th; and some of the family royal there said, they had heard no truth unmingled with legality

before; since they left England, and hoped I was going to tarry there, but I said I had to go further at present; they replied they hoped the Lord would send me back again. I told them he would send them at the right time a pastor after his own heart, and though the vision tarried, they must wait for it, for at the end it would speak. I, my spouse, and family are quite well through goodness and mercy which have followed me, all the days of my life, and will still follow me whether poverty, sickness, health, or any thing else fall to my lot; for God is love, yes, God in Christ has no frown; his very rod of correction is a rod of love and mercy, praise ye the Lord. The recognition charge given by brother Ball, of Wandsworth, to me, I much esteem, and desire my christian love to him and the people of his charge, also the very affectionate address to the church on the occasion given by brother Wall, of Hailsham, in Sussex, is still fresh in my memory, and I believe the substance of it will never be erased while here below; to him and his, I desire my christian love. And now may the Father of mercies bless you in very deed, and cause his face to shine upon you, my brother, and yours, and all the household of faith in Great Britain.

So prays, yours in the bonds of the gospel.

JOHN TURNER.

To MR. WATMUFF.

4, Spring Street, Melbourne, March 6, 1850.

MR. WATMUFF'S ADDENDA.

A friend has sent me a letter received by him from the same place, from which I make an extract—for confirmation to any one wishing to see the guiding pillar to conduct them to this far off land, where the Lord has his hidden ones.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—It is with great pleasure I now write to inform you of our safe arrival at Port Phillip; and that we are, through the mercy of our God, in good health, &c. I am happy to inform you that Mr. Turner is likely to be useful here; he improves considerably in his preaching; the loftiness of the man is brought down much lower, and the humility of the christian character is becoming more evident. I do trust the Lord is teaching him that before honour is humility, and that to be useful, he must become a little child. There are many of the Lord's family here, who have in England been hearing Mr. Foreman, Mr. Wells, Mr. Gadsby, and other like preachers, who have not been able to hear any of the modern preachers here; and there are plenty of this cast here, who have been taught at the Dissenting colleges, but who appear not to have been taught by the Holy Spirit, and who are not capable of feeding the Lord's people with the word of his grace, consequently, the people of the Lord have gladly received the word, and are willing to support the same liberally. Mr. Turner preaches in a school room to a very attentive and good congregation; many have made application to join our little band; but we think it prudent to wait a few months till we know them, and they know us. Yesterday evening (Friday) we had a baptist minister at our prayer-meeting, who came out by the *Lord Stanley*, and landed here on Tuesday last, he appears by his prayer, and his conversation afterwards to be one of the right sort. There is a great lack of sacred

preachers here. We think ourselves much favoured to be able to hear Mr. Turner. We had many misgivings respecting him on board ship. But I am pleased to say they are removed now. O what an indefatigable High Priest we have who is continually presenting the supplication of his saints before the Father's throne, and never are they refused. O that my cold heart could love him more for his own name's sake. And now, dear brother, I must say farewell. Christian love to all. I remain yours, sincerely.

\* \* \*

The Gospel in a Barn, and in a Butcher's Shop.

We have found out that there is a little gospel near to Dorchester. This has gladdened our hearts; for oft as we have passed through Dorchester, we could never hear tell of one good soul in that dull and dismal district, that did indeed love sterling, experimental gospel truth. But we have, of late, been favoured with some letters from a dear brother in Christ in those parts. We make the following extracts from one of these epistles, believing they will be read with much interest by those of our readers who can sympathise with exercised souls.

"Dear Brother in Christ:—While I breathe I desire to speak of what Christ has done for my poor soul. Satan often tells me I must give up speaking of his excellencies; and though I have proved him a liar so many times, to my shame be it spoken, I seem at times as if I must think it was true, and that I must sink. But how can I sink with such a prop as my eternal God? Sometimes I seem to hate my own life, and, like the prophet, impatiently wish in myself that I might die. Sometimes the Word seems a sealed book; at others, I seem so filled with the beauty and blessedness of it, that I cannot refrain from speaking of it. I find it truly blessed when the dear Lord gives me utterance; I'd then speak boldly of the mysteries of the everlasting gospel: at other times I seem as cold as ice; such coldness creeps in, as nothing but divine love and favour, felt in the soul, can thaw it. I seem straightly shut up. Satan does not forget to say "you were never called to the work." I am permitted to speak in an old barn at Bincombe, and also at Sutton in a butcher's shop. Some of the Lord's weak ones have been built up.

The merits of Christ's blood are shown to be equal above and below, as soon might he cease to be God, as Jesus might cease in his love. I am not permitted to take a text and preach from it; I read a portion of God's truth, and say what the Lord says in my heart, and sometimes when I have had great enjoyment in speaking on a night, in the morning satan has sought to alarm me by telling me that I said what ought to have been kept back. When the Lord gives us to speak, it is truth, and this is what satan does fight and strive against; but it is of no avail; grace must prevail.

The Lord at times is pleased to fill me with a vehement thirst for souls. I am made to feel and find that no hand, no heart, no arm but Christ's can help or pity wants like mine. I hope to be made useful here, or I would desire to be content to go where the Lord might see fit to direct.

"Yours in the gospel,

"EDWARD FUTER, JUN

SOCIETY  
FOR THE

## Relief of Faithful Gospel Ministers.

THE Fourth Annual Meeting of the above Society was held in Crosby Row, on Thursday evening, August 22nd, 1850. After singing, Mr. John Stenson, of Chelsea, read the 62nd of Isaiah; and Mr. Wilson, of Hull, engaged in prayer. The Chairman then briefly stated the nature and design of the Society, and called upon Mr. William Fenner, (the Secretary,) to give some account of its proceedings during the past year. Mr. Fenner read several letters descriptive of the character of the applications for relief; and informed the meeting what sums of money had been collected and expended since the commencement, which is in detail on the wrapper of this month's *Vessel*. Mr. John Stenson, Mr. Thomas Stringer, Mr. Wilson, of Hull, Mr. James Blake, (the Treasurer,) and Mr. Lucas, of Jersey, severally addressed the meeting. The speeches were direct to the point in hand, and were delivered in a cheerful and consistent spirit. We may say, (although the numbers present were less than on previous occasions,) we were never present at a more successful meeting of the Society's friends. We think no one could leave without the strongest conviction of the truth of the Treasurer's statement—viz., that he was persuaded that what this Society was, it was by the grace of God; and that no motive but the glory of God, and the benefit of God's ministers, had actuated them in what they had done. We shall not enlarge. We should be thankful to be able to publish the whole of the addresses: this we cannot do; and a selection from a mass of matter so valuable is quite impossible.

The preservation and continued influence of this Society is a matter of much comfort to us; and, although in its origin and progress there have been many discouraging circumstances, we hope it will as yet be more fully seen to be an instrument in the Lord's hands for carrying the pure gospel into many parts of England where it is now unknown; and, also, of affording help to such of the faithful servants of God, as may need that help. This being our desire, we insert the following letter with pleasure.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*)

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER—My mind has been for some time deeply concerned for the welfare of the Society formed for the relief of faithful gospel ministers and gospel churches, in times of distress. And having read with much interest the reports at different times of the same, in the *Vessel*, I have been both pleased and grieved. Pleased to know that the Society was established, and the good that has been effected by it; and grieved to reflect that so important a cause has not met with more cordial support from those who really love the truth.

If we consider for one moment the many thousands that are annually expended in training up, and making, men ministers, and the immense sums spent in maintaining them; and the gaudy places of worship being built, and being supported by liberal contributions; and contrast the faithful ministers of the everlasting gospel, thrust out into the vineyard by the Lord of the harvest, and the scanty means by which many of them are supplied, the deep poverty and persecution of many of the churches of Christ (especially in the country), I think there need little argument to convince those who really love Christ, his ministers, and his churches, that this Society stands first among a few formed for the

glory of God, and the good of his redeemed people. And, dear sir, allow me to make one remark respecting the inquiry in the *Vessel*.—"Who are England's faithful Watchmen? Where are they, and what are they doing?" I believe the enquiry to be most important; and the information afforded, to those who feel interested in the welfare of Zion, exceedingly interesting. What should we, in London, know of the many trying cases in different parts of the country but for the accounts in the *Vessel*? And while you are determined to countenance none but those who love, live, and preach Christ, the Lord will assuredly bless your labours.

I sincerely hope that, although comparatively little has yet been done to support so invaluable a Society, that those who love Jerusalem and pray for her peace and prosperity, and have not yet lent their assistance, will make an effort to strengthen the hands of the Committee, not only by their supplications to a throne of grace, but by contributing their mite towards the support of so important a cause. For, although a few individuals have, and do, lend their kind aid, what is it to meet the many cases of extreme distress that are continually coming before the Committee? And yet, by many contributing a little, what an amount of good may be effected! And to whom? Our dear Lord said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Does the great Head of the Church privilege some of his people, by allowing them to be stewards for him? He that has all power in heaven and in earth, and could, if it was his sovereign will, so dispose of his temporal blessings, that one should not be dependant or need assistance from another: but, having arranged it otherwise, and in many parts of his sacred Word exhorted his people to use hospitality one to another; and to distribute to the necessity of saints. Should we not consider it an honour conferred upon us, to be permitted to be the means of smoothing the rough and thorny paths of any of the Lord's dear people? And, what can we give but what we have received? Solomon truly said, There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

St. John Street Road.

R. MINTON.

### Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square.

It is now some years since the present pastor of Mount Zion Chapel first came to London as a preacher of the gospel. "Blandford Street," (says a fellow labourer) "was the place where it was thought Mr. Foreman would be settled; but Providence had appointed him to another station. Hill Street has now, for a long period, been the scene of his labours:—they have been crowned with much success." There is no man, perhaps, in England that is more looked up to for counsel and countenance than Mr. Foreman. He is instrumental in helping very many of the sister churches in the course of the year almost gratuitously; and there can be no question that his whole heart and soul is in the work. From the following brief report it is evident that accessions to the church under his care are still being made. The history of Blandford Street, Keppel Street, Hill Street, and many neighbouring churches are full of interest. Incidents of a varied and very instructive character are bound up therein. We hope to select from them all that can be generally useful on a future occasion.

On Lord's-day, July 28, brother Foreman administered the ordinance of Believer's Baptism to six persons, two males and four females. Our brother preached from Prov. vi. 20, 21; observing therefrom, My Son; a term of relationship, and not a general one: and a covenant, and the proclamation thereof, must be in accordance; a term of union, father, son, or family; shepherd, flock; tree, branches. Parental and matrimonial, God, the father, Church the mother; who are the sons? All described in the family book of God—the gospel, which also declares the holiness and justice of God,

and how sinners are saved. They repent; so repentance is a mark of sonship, are quickened into spiritual life, and begin to have spiritual wants; they shall be supplied by him who alone can supply. Believe in Christ, and so receive power to become sons. Cry Abba Father, and thus prove their sonship. Whosoever prays is a son. Father's commandment and mother's law is the word of God, from whence we derive authority for all we teach and practise. The church at Jerusalem the model for practise. The whole truth of God is called law and commandment. Why? Because of its commanding character; I will, they shall. No asking a soul to do what grace alone enables us to do. Baptism is the Father's command and mother's law. John's baptism and Jesus's are not contrary to each other. Jesus and his disciples administered the same ordinance as John. The law of thy mother will induce brotherhood with all scripture-marked characters for the kingdom of God. The simple truth is the Father's commandment, and reducing that truth to practise is the mother's law. All sons are made willing to receive and bind them on their heart; and they tie them on the neck for ornament and memorial. Lastly, the reasons in verse 23, because we cannot find the way without the light: and therefore, verse 22, "When thou goest, it shall lead; when thou sleepest, it shall keep; and when thou awakest, talk with thee."

This is a very brief outline of our pastor's sermon to a serious and numerous congregation, and we pray that the word spoken may have abiding influence on the hearts of the hearers, by the power of the eternal Spirit, and produce fruit in practice to the glory of God, for Christ's sake. Amen.

W. H.

### Things Past and Present; or, the House that was, and the House that is.

Our fellowship and ministerial communion, *lays* more among what are termed "little men." There is in London, and in the country too, a large number of men who preach, either steadily or occasionally, who are but little known. A few years ago, we were strangers altogether to the ministerial dignities, divisions, and diversities, that we have found to exist. In fact, we say now, that there is as much division and distance between some of our ministers of truth, as there is between the Secretary of State and the poor penny-a-liners, who live principally upon other people's troubles. Among this class of little men, to which we have the honour to belong, there is one William House. In 1817, Mr. W. House, (father of the present W. House) being then the Baptist pastor at Croydon, opened a prayer-meeting in a room by Carey Street, Chancery Lane. They then occupied two rooms. Then an outhouse was fitted up where W. House, Jun., under his dear Father's ministry was called out of darkness into light at the early age of nine. After this (so did the cause prosper) they removed to a large Assembly Room in Ship yard, Temple Bar. The church being formed of the number 12. This place, being too strait, Enon was built in Clement's Lane, Strand, in 1822. The cause and church thus wonderfully enlarging with W. House, (pastor) continued for some time; then it suffered a decline much to his distress of mind. In 1835, on Wednesday evening, before Easter, the Senr. W. House, particularly requested his son to speak for him that evening, who could not, as he was labouring under the painful impression that it was the father's last time to that people. The father then spoke from Psalm cxix. 37. On following day went to Tring, preached at Chesham on the Lord's day, and on the Monday evening at Tring, his last sermon to 200 persons, on 2 Cor. v. 17. On the following Wednesday, he was taken with the fit of apoplexy which ended his life. Then his son continued to labour here till the 5th. year, when by persuasion, (on account of the heavy ground rent of £53 a year,) the church transplanted in the Lord's little number, 12, up at Islington Green,

and remained in the neighbourhood, a PARTICULAR BAPTIST (otherwise it would have been larger) Church with W. House, their pastor, for the last ten years.

When the late John Fowler was removed, by death, from Providence Chapel, Cumberland Street, the present William House was called to labour in that place; and he has now, with his church and friends removed there. Thus, from 1817, a period of above thirty years, there has been continued a baptist church, under pastor House.

"The Lord is wise in all his ways,  
And all he does shall bring him praise."

J. W. HOUSE.

Providence Chapel, Cumberland Street.

What deep and solemn reflections arise out of a review of the past when compared with the present! Think, reader, think; a few more years, at most, will put an end to thy present earthly position, let that position be what it may. If thou art occupying a place where adversity and afflictions are known; where persecution and poverty are endured; where enemies abound, and faithful friends are few; where days of darkness and nights of sorrow are realised; remember—yet, a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. THE END of every pain and pang (to a true believing soul,) is just at hand. "THE JUDGE IS AT THE DOOR." Or, if thou art standing in high and happy places, where thy possessions are great, and thy prospects good; remember, friend, an end to all these fleeting, transitory scenes must come; and if then you should be found an inhabitant of that house which was not made with hands, eternally happy thou wilt be; all outside of THAT HOUSE is uncertain in time, and leads to endless woe when time is past.

These reflections have arisen out of a brief contemplation of the circumstances connected with the above recital. What a contrast between the once elder "House," and Enon Chapel, in Clement's Lane! and the present younger "House," and Providence Chapel, in Cumberland Street; the first one was once popular and prosperous as an acknowledged minister of Christ; but the end of all that has long been known; Enon, now, as regards the gospel, is a deserted place. The second one, (I mean, the younger "House,") has for years struggled with difficulties and trials of the severest character. Still, God has continued around him a few that follow the Lamb; and who shall dare despise the day of small things! If it be heaven's righteous will, may the little one become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.—Ed.

### The Growth of the Gospel Kingdom at Malmesbury.

ONE of the oldest Baptist Ministers in our British provinces is Mr. Martin, of Malmesbury. He has been in the ministry 55 years, and a settled pastor in Malmesbury nearly 40 years. The very first time he preached God made him instrumental in the conversion of a sinner, and great usefulness has attended his labours; very many souls have been brought to Christ through him. On Lord's Day, August 25 (assisted by Mr. Beard) twelve persons were baptised in the river, and added unto the church. It was a glorious and happy day; and a great mercy it is to find that this aged servant of Christ is still so highly honoured.

## MODERATION.

THE HIGH ROAD TO RESPECTABILITY IN THE  
RELIGIOUS WORLD.

THE *best* of men are *but* men at the best,  
And liable to err among the rest;  
And in great numbers of them you may see,  
To men and things too great conformity;  
Yes, and in matters of Religion too,  
They'd be of note, could they but find a *clue*.

If they've been valiant for the Truth, and if  
Accounted *rigid*, *bigotted*, and *stiff*;  
Religious Moderation seems to be  
Their road towards *Respectability*.  
Hence, see the many *Preachers* in our day,  
Who set out *well*, but, leave the good old way;  
When they perceive the truths which they pro-  
claim

Will not admit them to the list of *Fame*.  
*High Calvinism* will not let them *swim*,  
Its fame will not convey them *down the stream*;  
By preaching up *free grace alone*, they find  
They're not respected; and, it hurts the mind.  
This, that, and t'other great *Divine* looks *shy*,  
They'll scarcely *speak*, though they are passing  
by.

Nor can they preach or *here* or *there* again,  
Because "they're such *disrespected men*."  
At this they feel *chagrin'd*, it hurts their *pride*,  
Nor can they bear to be so *mortified*.

To work goes *wit*; for something must be  
To wipe away the *stigma* they have got; [sought,  
And, having weighed the matter in the mind,  
And thought, and thought again; at length they  
find

More "*Moderation*" they must hence display,  
And treat their subjects in a *diff'rent way*.  
Must not be quite so *narrow* as before,  
And, give to heaven a little *wider door*,  
Say less of the effects of *sov'reign grace*,  
And more of *moral virtue* in its place.  
The *ox* and *ass* together put to *plough*,  
As though *salvation* was by Christ and Co.  
Thus in their sermons they'll have something  
*more*,  
And something *out* which they had *in*, before.

Of God's *election* they must *speak but small*,  
Of *reprobation* never speak at all;  
Of any *free-grace doctrine* say but *little*,  
Of *christian privileges* scarce a *tittle*;  
*These*, as disgusting must be kept *behind*,  
And that appear which *suits the carnal mind*.  
And though they must not leave the *Truth* alone,  
At *error* they must never cast a stone,  
*Lest they be call'd censorious*, and to *blame*;  
And so retain their *old* and *odious name*.  
In short, they must their former faults amend,  
And preach a *something which will not offend*.

They find *high Calvinism* will not do,  
Yet will not preach *Arminianism*—no;  
But *steer between the two*, at least they'll *try*,  
By having *something* neither *low* nor *high*:  
Not *Law*, nor *Gospel*, but of *both a part*,  
Together *blended* by their *curious art*,  
In such a way, which shews they don't profess  
*Discrimination*, though they souls address,  
But *things together mixed* they proclaim  
To *sinner* and to *saint*, both have the *same*;

As though 'twas meet (and by Jehovah said),  
That *dogs* and *children* should alike be fed.

But *should* they thus unstable souls beguile,  
And not divide the *precious* from the *wile*?  
*Judge for yourselves!* I cannot think they should,  
Because 'tis *contrary* to the word of God.  
However, having *try'd*, they find 'twill do,  
And down the stream "*Respectable*," they go,  
And all seems *well!*—But give to me the man  
Who ventures to abide the *gospel plan*;  
Declares his *Master's* counsels, and withholds  
*Improper* portions from the precious souls  
Of saints or sinners; but, with all his heart  
Will, in *due season*, give to each their part:  
Who *boldly* will revealed truth declare,  
If men will *hear*, or if they will *forbear*.  
Who, in his Master's work is free to own,  
He neither courts a *smile*, nor fears a *frown*;  
Consid'ring he must shortly *leave it all*,  
And, to his Master either stand or fall.

[The above has been sent us by our Corres-  
pondent, Mr. John Andrew Jones, and was inserted  
by him in a periodical, 17 years ago.]

## The Key of the Kingdom of Heaven.

[The following lines are by the author of "A CLO-  
SET COMPANION FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION."  
This volume is receiving a hearty welcome among  
persons fond of spiritual poems.—Ed.]

All my path is mark'd with love,  
Lin'd by God's all-wise decree;  
Jesus holds the plan above,  
At his throne-foot lays the key.

Wisdom hath the plan conceal'd—  
Scarce from hour to hour I see;  
What my Father hath reveal'd  
Is enough:—since he's the key.

Well I know all that's in store,  
Is in tender love to me;  
And I seek to know no more,  
As my God doth keep the key.

Mighty was the depth of love,  
Reveal'd in Gethsemane;  
E'en my right to worlds above,  
But as yet he keeps the key.

O what love he did unfold,  
On the cross of Calvary;  
Half that love hath not been told,  
'Tis conceal'd—he keeps the key.

Ev'ry tongue on earth's domain,  
May not—cannot tell it forth;  
Angels never can explain  
Half its glory, or its worth.

Am I in affliction's fire?  
Christ doth guard the flame for me!  
'Gainst him none adds fuel there,  
That is lock'd—he keeps the key.

Often in his house of pray'r,  
He hath shewn his heart to me;  
Sweetly said, "Thy life is here,  
Fear not, faint not, I've the key.

"Satan cannot wrench thee thence,  
Till he takes the throne from me;  
Wait thy time, I'll bear thee hence,  
To thy throne, for I've the key.

"None shall ever fill thy place,  
'Tis reserv'd alone for thee;  
Beauteous station—near my face!  
I'll admit thee—I've the key."

HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM.

## The Baptism Controversy Concluded.

THERE has been so much painful feeling produced by the controversy on Baptism, that we have resolved, by the help of the Lord, to bring it to a final close in this Supplementary Number. On the one hand, those who have written in defence of the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism, have, in some cases, employed terms either too mystical, or unbecoming. This has given persons on the opposite side, an opportunity to defend their position. Letters upon letters have flowed in upon us; and the value and importance of some of them induced us to engage to publish a Supplement, wherein a full and impartial Review of these letters should be given. But this has been found impossible; and, could it have been accomplished, we must (in the publishing) have suffered loss; and our readers would have derived no benefit. We therefore abandon the idea. As firm believers in the true scriptural character and constitution of the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism by immersion, we are grieved, yea, deeply wounded, to see and know men, whom we have reason to hope are good men, not only disarding this New Testament ordinance, but even publicly ridiculing, and holding up to scorn and contempt, those ministers and churches who conscientiously observe it, because they believe it to be doing their Master's will. We could say much upon the unholy conversation of our opponents: but, by God's help, we are resolved to say nothing. The Lord reigneth: judgment belongs to him: and, in future, as conductors of the *Earthen Vessel*, we desire to be enabled to adhere more closely to those essential matters which may be instrumental in feeding, edifying, comforting, and establishing the church of God, leaving quarrels and controversies to other hands. We are under the necessity of giving in this Supplement, one or two articles. This being done, we hope to fill it up with productions of a more useful and spiritual character.

Although we thus write, let it not be supposed that we are fearful of contending for the ordinance. No. But we are afraid of the spirits of men. There is so much unclean spirit about us all; that controversy upon external things between man and man, appears dangerous ground. The Lord help us to avoid it.

We give the following from Mr. Odling, in the hope that, as some expressions in

SUPPLEMENT TO PART LXVIII.

his last, gave so great an offence, this may in some measure remove that strong prejudice which has existed against him. We have always felt convinced that his letter was misunderstood by many who wrote to us upon it; but we shall decline any comment or defence.

### REGENERATION

IS NOT THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

"For by one Spirit are we all baptised into one body." 1 Cor. xii. 13.

It is the opinion of many good men that this passage means the ordinary influences of the Spirit in *regeneration*, which they call the baptism of the Spirit. (This evidently is a mistaken notion, having no Scriptural authority for its foundation.) But, if the context of this passage, and its parallels, are closely and fairly examined, it must clearly appear to an unbiassed and honest mind, that it has no reference to the work of the Spirit in regeneration; and, notwithstanding the opinions of the learned, there is not a single passage in all the Old or New Testament where regeneration is called, compared, or represented to a baptism.

It is true that the graces of the Spirit in regeneration are compared to water, both in the Old and New Testaments; but then it is only said that those waters shall be "poured upon," (Isa. xlii. 3.) "sprinkled upon," (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) and put into persons, to be as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. (John iv. 14.)

It is also true that regeneration is called a washing; (Tit. iii. 5.) but the words pouring, sprinkling, and washing, are not synonymous with the word baptism. By imbibing the notion that regeneration is the baptism of the Spirit, is a confounding of terms; and leads to many mistakes, much confusion in, and perversion of a great part of the New Testament.

The baptism spoken of in the text then, is not the work of the Spirit in regeneration, (called a washing, Tit. iii. 5.) nor a being baptised in water, Acts viii. 38, (which is an external rite, enjoined on all the faithful in Christ,) nor a baptism of sufferings, Luke xii. 50. (which Christ and many of his disciples underwent,) nor the baptism of the Holy Ghost. See Luke xxiv. 49: Acts i. 5, which took place at Pentecost, and con-

sisted in miraculous gifts, and ceased with the Apostles.

But the baptism spoken of in the text is a work of the Spirit after regeneration, and called a baptising "into one body," and that not a visible and natural body, but the spiritual and mystical "body," or invisible church of Christ, known only to Christ the head: and as it is the mystical and invisible church of Christ, intended in the text, so it is a mystical and invisible baptism; hid from the unregenerate world, and known only to the members of the said "body," "For" (the natural) "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the (stony, unchanged) heart of man to perceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "But God hath revealed them unto us," (the members of his mystical body) "by his Spirit." 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.

Now if we take a threefold glance at the work of the Spirit, in his vital, life-giving, or renewing operations, we may be easier brought into the meaning of the text, for it is "First the blade, then the ear." Mark iv. 28. And "After that ye believed ye were SEALED with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance." Eph. i. 13, 14.

First, the work of the Spirit in bringing a soul to God is to regenerate; here man is passive, he can neither attract nor hinder it; but it brings him to a sight and sense of his lost, ruined, and helpless condition: he is overwhelmed with a sight and sense of his vileness, his sinfulness, and sorrow on account of it; he finds himself in dark despair, and can see no way of escape "from the wrath to come." "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" "What must I do to be saved?" is his cry.

"Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,  
In wretchedness I lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day."

The poor sin-smitten, convicted creature looks within; he sees nothing but wounds and awful forebodings; he looks to the law which he has broken, and though he may try to fulfil its legal demands, yet its thunderings and curses are hard; "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;" he looks to God, he sees nothing but vengeance, and a consuming fire presented; he looks to heaven, sin has barred his entrance; he looks to

judgment, nothing "but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation;" he looks to hell, he finds himself on its confines, "The wages of sin is death;" O death eternal! I have merited it, I deserve it: O, who can dwell with everlasting burnings; yet here I fear I must dwell for ever!

"Buried in sorrows and in sins,  
At hell's dark door I lie."

I do not mean to set up a standard here, and say that all are brought into the same depths of experience, nor how long they may continue in this state of conviction and bondage; but I mean to say, that all experience a measure of their lost, ruined, helpless, and undone condition by nature and practise, before they can know the value and need of a Saviour, or find themselves in Christ. Christ "came to seek and to save that which was lost;" "He kills and he makes alive; he wounds and he heals;" he bruises the reed, though he does not break it. And when the Spirit has thus performed his office in bringing his people to the intended extremity of ruin and helplessness: he

Secondly, shows them their remedy, presents Jesus to view, leads them to the cross of Christ, shews them his sufferings, his wounds, his precious blood, his death, the atonement made for sin, and that he "came into the world to save sinners." He applies the blood of Christ to their conscience, brings them up out of the horrible pit in which they were plunged, and overwhelmed with guilt and despair, sets their feet upon a rock, puts a song of praise in their mouth, gives a manifestation of their interest in Christ, whereby they find they are heaven-born, and heaven-bound; made heirs of an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"Thus we arise by grace divine,  
To see an heavenly day."

And by some it may be said that little faith and weaklings do not arrive at the above experience: I reply, faith in Jesus is faith, wherever it is found; and no one can have little faith without knowing it, and confessing it, and if there is not the quantity, there is the quality, and a measure of assurance, however small; hope springs up as an anchor, both sure and steadfast, entering within the veil, at times: and if we interrogate the weakest believer closely, we find they would not give up their faith and hope for the world; so that we shall find the above description

to be correct in measure. For "he that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself." John v. 10. And being now the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, we say then,

Thirdly, that the Spirit takes them a step farther; and, if not clearly manifest to each, and all of the members, it is a vital uniting to, or putting into. And as no one can be baptised without being put into that in which he is baptised, the Spirit blessedly baptises all his regenerate children "into," or "sets" them "into," plants them "into," (Psa. xcliv. 12.) places them "into," incorporates them "into," unites them together "into," joins them together "into," tempers them together "into," compacts them together "into," one mystical body. The word "baptised" in the text, being mystically expressed, it is analogous with the above phrases; all which convey the same idea of the Spirit putting his children into the invisible church of Christ, called "His body;" that they may have their proper place and use, this will appear clear by reading the twelfth verse to the end of the chapter.

There was a putting into the church, or "body," before time, by purpose and covenant; but this, we repeat, is a vital uniting to the "body" by the Holy Spirit. There are, doubtless, many members in the visible church which are not baptised, or put into the mystical body, and there are many in the spiritual and mystical "body," which never are united to the visible body: but, wherever a spiritual member of the mystical body beholds the features of Jesus in another, love springs up, affections flow forth towards him; and all the members of the said one "body" are all made to drink into one spirit, and become of one heart and soul, being knit together in love, and are all one in Christ Jesus.

Thus God the Spirit hath tempered the "body" together, that there should be no schism in the "body," but that all the members should have the same care one of another. Verses 24, 25. "For God hath set the members, every one of them as it hath pleased him." 18. "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." Rom. xii. 45. "Holding the head, from which all the body, by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of

God." Col. ii. 19. "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling." Grow up into him in all things, which is the head Christ, from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." Eph. iv. 4, 15, 16. "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets; Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." Eph. ii. 19—22.

Thus we see the church of God is called a "body," "the household of God," a "building fitly framed together," a "holy temple;" and, as the word "body" is a mystical expression, it is analogous with the above titles given to the church of God.

And therefore the said baptism, in its mystical and spiritual sense, means the Spirit vitally uniting each spiritual member into the mystical and spiritual "body," or invisible church of Christ; adopting them into the family, or household of God; and being heaven-born, or free, and are put into the spiritual city; and that they are stones dug out of nature's quarry, put into the heavenly building, or spiritual temple of God; and however humble the member, he has a work assigned him to do, and, wherever located, he has a place to fulfil in the mystical body, and the body is not perfect without each member; so that "the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you: nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be much more feeble, are necessary." Verses 21, 22. "And God hath set some in the church." &c. 28. "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of



Christ." Eph. iv. 11---13. "For by one Spirit are we all baptised INTO one body, whether we be Jews, or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have been all made to drink into one spirit." "Now unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Eph. iii. 21

Foot's Cray.

W. ODLING.

### GORHAM V. BISHOP OF Exeter REVIEWED.

"*Gorham v. Bishop of Exeter; or, What do you think of Baptismal Regeneration now? A Dialogue between Robert Church and William Chapel.* By UNCLE JOSEPH. London: Published by Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

"BAPTISMAL REGENERATION."—The whole authority of the Church of Rome reposes on this astounding *Sacramental error*, yea, *heresy*. It is the *chief*, if not the *only* basis of its support. The only point in which the Church of England differs from the Romish harlot, is, in denying to Rome her *exclusive* claim to the *universal administration* of this stupid nostrum, this deadly poisonous nightshade, and in claiming for *herself* the sole right and power, within the British dominions, of REGENERATING, by sprinkling a drop or two of *water* on the forehead of a thoughtless *baby*. The Bishop of London, in a *Charge* to the clergy of his diocese, says, "In this country the clergy of the *Established Church*, and they ALONE, are duly commissioned to preach the Word of God, and to minister his *holy sacraments*. That *Regeneration* does actually take place in *Baptism* is most undoubtedly the doctrine of the English Church. The doctrine of our Church has always appeared to me to be *this*.—Justification begins in Baptism, when the children of *wrath* are regenerated by *water*, and are made the children of *God*. *Grace* is then given." And Dr. Croly, the rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, has just issued a tract on "Infant Regeneration," in which he says, "The stubbornness with which *heresy* and *ignorance* dispute the *inseparable* connexion of *Regeneration* with Baptism by water, demands a distinct refutation. There is the strongest *physical* reason why Baptism should *not* be postponed; because, it is calculated that nearly *one third* of mankind die before they are *five years old*. Thus, by the *delay*, millions of infants would be sent to the grave, *burthened with the sin of Adam*, (let its consequences in the future world be what they may;) but—of *this sin* they would have been *cleared by Baptism*." And another of these Puseyite High Priests tells us that "Children who die without Baptism, are *not* members of Christ's Church, in which ALONE salvation is to be had. The clergy of the Church of England are ALONE duly commissioned to administer the Sacraments in *THIS* country; therefore, you are to seek Baptism for your children *in the Church*, and, *at the hands of the clergy ALONE*!"

The above extracts may cause the reader to stand aghast, and exclaim, "Is this the doctrine of the Church of England!" Yes, *it is*; and Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, in the Court of Arches, took this view of the subject, and accordingly *decided* in favour of the Bishop of Exeter. He said, that the question with *him*, was *not*, "What saith

the Scripture?" but, what saith the Articles of the Church, the *Rubric*, in the book of Common Prayer, the Church Catechism, &c. These contained the *law* of the case, upon which he must form his decision." The *contra*-decision, recently come to, by the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council, we look upon as a sort of remedial *prudential* matter, in the forlorn hope that thereby a *present stop* might be put to the kindled fire, which has already burnt so rapidly, is still burning, and sooner or later will destroy the building. The matter is by the "Decree of the watchers;" (Dan. iv. 17,) and the woman sitting upon the scarlet-coloured beast, that is now hated by the people of God, shall, in the Lord's own good time, be made destitute, stript naked, her flesh shall be eaten, and she shall be burned with fire. In that day, great Babylon shall be thrown down, and shall be *found no more at all*. See Rev. 17, 18.

The mighty controversy and convulsion in the Church of England, at this present time, is shaking the Establishment to its very centre; this is well known from Dan to Beersheba, so as to need no further information on the subject; yet this most excellent tract, "What do you think of Baptismal Regeneration now?" cannot be too highly recommended; and we would have it circulated by thousands and tens of thousands. It is small in price, (two-pence) but rich in matter, and written so *interestingly* wittal, that whoever commences its perusal, and is not blinded by prejudice, or warped by interest (as are those who "by this craft get their gain") must go through it, and rise up much pleased, and not a little profited. To give various extracts is not needful; but should we copy the greatest part of it into our *Vessel*, it would be most *valuable freightage*. We rather recommend all our readers to pay two-pence for "Uncle Joseph," and they will find it *two-pence well laid out*. This controversy will be put an end to by and bye; and it will end by shewing (Scripturally) that there is *no such thing as Infant Baptism at all*. That, as Dr. Gill has well defined it, 'tis "a part and pillar of popery;" and the best way to close up all disputation, respecting it, is, the *entire annihilation* of the thing contended for. We fully agree with our worthy "Uncle Joseph," that, "the Bishop of Exeter is the greatest champion that *we Dissenters* have in the present day; inasmuch as he is leading onward a *mighty army* to ponder over those *errors* in the Church of England, respecting which, they would, in all probability, have died in utter ignorance, had it not been for his agitation." (p. 3.) That "Baptismal Regeneration is an *enticing bait* to catch the *simple* and the *superstitious*;" and that the clergy *know* it. It is a very powerful *first-principle* in the Church; and to *take it away*, is like undermining the foundation of a building. It is the *crafty* means the Church employs, to obtain adherents *as soon as they are born*." (p. 6.) "It is all a delusion, a cheat, invented by *wily* and *covetous* men, to keep in *place* and *power*, and to put money into their pockets." (p. 8.) The language of the *Hierarchy* is, "Remain within our pale, be humble and quiet, obey your *lawful* teachers; be baptised when *babies*; then be catechised, confirmed, and absolved; receive the sacrament, and, after death, have our Church-burial service performed over you, and—all will be well!" From all such astounding delusions *good Lord deliver us*.

Mr. Joseph Irons's "Royal Baptism,"  
AND  
"Water Witchcraft," Paraphrased.

ON No 98 of Mr. Irons's series of Poetical Cards we have two pieces: the one is entitled, "Royal Baptism;" and the other "Water Witchcraft." In these two pieces, there are some sacred sentences of sterling gospel truth; and there are some unkind aspersions cast upon those christians who adhere to the ordinance of believers' baptism. A brother in the Lord has written a simple, but faithful paraphrase upon both these Grove Chapel effusions; and we have felt constrained to publish them both, for the edification of our readers.

MR IRONS ON "ROYAL BAPTISM."

Written on the Baptism of the Prince of Wales  
Jan. 25, 1842.

THE royal seed of heav'nly birth,  
Regenerated souls on earth,  
True Israelites, the princely race,  
Are all baptiz'd with special grace.

By nature they are unclean things;  
But children of the King of kings;  
Baptis'd by God the Holy Ghost,  
Of princely pedigree may boast

Thus God the Father has decreed,  
"I'll pour my Spirit on thy seed,"  
Diffusing on them life divine,  
To mark their princely royal line.

God's holy unction from above  
Rests on the objects of his love,  
With melting, soul-transforming pow'r,  
Alive from that baptising hour.

The kingly heirs baptised thus,  
Made clean from sin—exempt from curse,  
Are truly christen'd—christianis'd,  
And to eternal life baptis'd.

More than the watery sign is given—  
The grace of life is sent from heaven,  
To graft into the church of God  
The souls redeem'd with precious blood.

These all renounce the world and sin,  
A life of holiness begin;  
Their princely dignity maintain,  
And crowns and blessedness obtain.

All heav'n has their baptising view'd,  
By which their spirits are renewed;  
Objects of everlasting love,  
They wait for thrones in bliss above.

CHRIST'S BAPTISM.

THE greatest priest that ever came  
To do the will of God below,  
Was pleased, we find, to leave behind  
How his dear saints their love should shew.

This Great High Priest, blest be his name,  
To John did come in Jordan's flood  
To be baptised beneath the stream—  
A pattern for the saints of God.

Dear John forbade him, saying no,  
"I've need to be baptis'd by thee;"  
But Jesus said, "It must be so,  
That all my saints may clearly see."

"Thus it becometh us," said Christ,  
"All righteousness for to fulfil,  
That all my saints may see from hence  
What is my heavenly Father's will."

Dear John then gladly gave consent,  
And down into the water goes,  
That Jesus might to all his saints  
His heavenly mind and will disclose.

Thus Christ himself did shew the way,  
How all his saints should follow him,  
Who have been brought to feel and say  
His blood has cleansed their souls from sin.

Come then, dear saints, fresh courage take,  
Let Christ in all things pattern be;  
Bear up the cross for his dear sake,  
Who shed his blood to set thee free.

Thus thou, dear Lord, has shewn the way,  
So plain in times of Gospel day:  
By thee may all thy saints abide,  
And throw all popish rites aside.—E. PACKER.

MR IRONS ON "WATER WITCHCRAFT."

The reader might my statement doubt,  
If facts did not quite bear me out,  
That men to witchcraft now incline,  
And tell us water is divine.

Baptismal water should be used,  
The sign employ'd, and not abus'd;  
But water never can impart  
Regeneration to the heart.

The priestly hand, or priestly word,  
Imparting grace is quite absurd;  
The hocus-pocus taught at Rome,  
And England learns the art at home.

Some think the little sprinkled face  
Must be the subject of God's grace;  
While others floods of water use,  
And both the Spirit's work refuse.

'Tis right with water to baptise,  
But wrong to utter barefac'd lies,  
By calling those regenerate,  
Who grow up God and truth to hate.

Deluded throughs this farce believe,  
And thus the carnal priests deceive;  
As if some magic art were theirs,  
Creating christians by their prayers.

Man must be sunk beneath the brute,  
To credit this without dispute,  
Entombing all his pow'rs of mind:  
The pagans cannot be more blind.

But ah! the worst is yet to tell!  
This fable leads poor souls to hell,  
Where wrath in endless torment rolls,  
The doom of murderers of souls.

MR. IRONS AMENDED.

THE christian might my statement doubt,  
Did solemn truth not bear me out,  
That popish rites—as taught at Rome  
Are tried by men of God at home.

We know tis right for to baptise,  
But wrong to tell us barefac'd lies,  
By bringing in a different way,  
Than Christ did sanction in his day.

Baptise in water was the way  
Our fathers followed in their day;  
The way was right we know, and good,  
'Twas shewn by him who shed his blood.

Some think the little sprinkled face  
Will be the subject of God's grace;  
And thus the mode of Christ refuse,  
By bringing in their popish views.

Sure man is sunk below the beast,  
Thus to regard a popish priest,  
Instead of Christ's most blessed word,  
Where all his truth is richly stored.

Deluded souls this farce believe,  
And thus the popish priests deceive;  
But in their way they ne'er can say  
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.

But ah! the worst is yet to tell,  
Poor souls are thus led on to hell,  
There to endure eternal pain,  
Where sin and sorrow ever reign.

Then grant, oh Lord, thy saints may look  
For all thy will in thy dear book,  
And not regard what men may say,  
To lead their souls a different way.

E. PACKER.

## Doth the Word of God forbid Open Communion ?

### QUERY.

'Is there a brother or sister in Israel, who having been baptised, has sat down at the Lord's table with those who have not been baptised, that can come forward, and, as in the sight of God, publicly state in print that he has reproved them for so doing from his word ?

### ANSWER.

The above question having attracted my notice on the cover of the *Earthen Vessel* for this month, I feel constrained, (I trust with a sincere desire for God's glory,) to venture a reply. I was for more than thirteen years a member of a mixed-communication church, being baptised previous to admission. During that period I regarded brethren and sisters in close communion; churches as narrow-minded, and thought it impossible that I could ever unite with them. I have, on several occasions, conversed with individuals on the subject; but my mind remained opposed to close communion, because I then believed it to be opposed to that oneness of spirit which should characterise all the followers of the Lamb. I was at length, by the providence of Him who fixes the bounds of his children's habitation, located in a village where the Lord had gathered a few of his hidden ones, and enabled them to walk in the narrow path of strict communion. Still whenever the subject was mentioned in my presence I felt displeased, and still conscientiously opposed the principle. I had often searched the Word for the purpose of finding a passage forbidding mixed communion; but as I could not find it written in plain words, "Thou shalt not commune with the unbaptised," I sinfully concluded that it was right to do so. Once when conversing with a minister of Christ, (who is now my pastor) I said I could sit down with any whom I had reason to think were believers; and further requested him to shew me a passage in the Word which forbade my doing so. He desired me to shew him one in which permission for, or example of such a practise was given. I searched the New Testament Scriptures in vain for either; but in the search was led (as I believe by the Spirit) to see that till then I had been walking, (in this particular,) after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. Col. ii. 8.

It is needless to refer a baptised believer to all the passages in the Acts of the Apostles which set forth the fact that the early disciples were, *without exception*, baptised on believing. I will therefore proceed to state that in this search after truth, my mind was particularly impressed with the fact that the apostle Paul, in addressing the churches, referred especially to the period of their baptism. Rom. vi. 3, 4, 5; I Cor. i. 13; xv. 29; Gal. iii. 27; Eph. iv. 5;

Col. ii. 12. And again, that by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the same Apostle commended the church at Corinth for keeping the ordinances as he had delivered them; and by these I was reproved. I saw plainly that I had not kept them as delivered by the Lord Jesus to his disciples; for though I had been baptised in his name, I had, till that time, acted as though it was a matter of small importance whether other believers were baptised or not. I had not by my example made it apparent that I felt the least commandment of my Lord to be binding on each of his children; I felt truly abased, and had to endure many days of darkness and perplexity. I was indeed chastened of the Lord, that I might not be condemned with the world. I Cor. xi. 32. I was made to feel the bitterness of breaking the statutes of the Lord, and my transgression was visited with the rod. Psa. lxxxix. 31, 32

I was reproved in almost every part of the Word; and was for some time under the hidings of my Father's countenance; but in the midst of darkness, a little light shone forth, and I was strengthened to express my desire to walk in the Lord's appointed way. I had no sooner done so, than another dark cloud appeared, and darkness covered me to a fearful extent, so that I was powerfully tempted to retract, and, if left to myself, should have done so; but he who had opened my eyes was upholding me in that fearful hour, and at length, spake powerfully to my heart in these words, "He will speak peace to his people, and to his saints; but let them not turn again to folly." Psa. lxxxv. 8. I know that this word was from the Lord by the effect produced, for peace from that hour flowed into my soul; and, since that time, my mind has been tranquil on this point. I leave this plain statement of facts in the Lord's hand, praying him to use it for his own glory.

*Blackmore.*

E. C.

"After the ordinance of Baptism, follows the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; the one is preparatory to the other; and he that has a right to the one has a right to the other; and none but such who have submitted to the former, ought to be admitted to the latter. \* \* \* None but penitent sinners, and true believers, and those baptised, upon a profession of their repentance and faith, are to be allowed communicants at this ordinance; for such only can look to Christ whom they have pierced, and mourn, and exercise godly sorrow and evangelical repentance; such only can eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ, in a spiritual sense, by faith; to such only Christ's flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed; such only can, by faith, discern the Lord's body, and please him in this ordinance; for without faith it is impossible to please God; wherefore a man, before he eats, should examine himself, whether he has true repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; whether he is truly sensible of sin, and humbled for it, and believes in Christ for the remission of it."—*Gill*.

## Spiritual Communications.

MR. JOHN STENSON TO MR. ROBERT BIRD.

"For with such sacrifices God is well pleased."  
Heb. xiii. 16.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—God has deeply implanted in your soul that inimitable and ilimitable faith, whereby you are enabled to contemplate, weigh, measure, reckon, trace out, and set forth the mighty acts and wondrous works of Him, in whose pure light you see light, and in whose strength alone you feel strength. By inwrought and supernatural power you are blessedly enabled to direct your thoughts to Him in whom you view all perfection, and perfection's source, and to form such solid and bright conclusions of his glory as, doubtless, oft overwhelm your soul with the fulness and power thereof. The precious eye of faith pierceth the thickest, darkest clouds, and pursues its onward upward course till it perceives the Ruler of the skies, "who walketh behind the clouds," "gathereth and holdeth the wind in his fists," (Prov. xxx. 4,) "stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind," (Isaiah xxvii 8,) "rebuketh the sea, and maketh it dry," (Nah. i. 4,) "and dwelleth in the thick darkness, even as in the pavillion of perfect light," (1 Kings viii. 12. Psalm xviii. 11,) then can faith and love in sweetest harmony unite and sing,—

"Our sorrows in the scales he weighs,  
And measures out our pains;  
Each providence his will obeys,  
His word our soul sustains."

The Holy Ghost, under whose tuition your soul is favoured to live, has made you a good arithmetician and an accurate accountant, so that you rightly reckon, as did Paul, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," (Rom. viii. 18,) and, with him, "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, your Lord, for whom you have willingly suffered the loss of all things, and count them but dung that you may win Christ," (Phil. iii. 8,) and feeling with the royal prophet when he exclaimed, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!" like him, you add, "How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand." (Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18.)

Now as God has thus honoured you with divine instruction in the deep mysteries of incarnate love, atoning blood, and Almighty grace, consider how great your obligation is, and how high your privilege to ascribe all the honour of your soul's salvation, justification, sanctification, consolation and preservation, (unreservedly, unceasingly, and unflinchingly before all men) to the Triune

Jehovah, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, whose glory is exalted above the heavens, in the salvation of sinners from the earth, according to their second birth;—

"Which love decreed e'er time began,  
And naught can interrupt the plan  
Of wisdom and Omnipotence,  
The church's glory and defence."

My spirit has been greatly refreshed in contemplating the uncreated glory of the all-creating Jehovah Jesus; more especially while considering the solemn enquiry contained in Jeremiah xxx. 21. Herein is greatness displayed, and grace declared, that the Lord of angels, the Lord of hosts, should have employed his eternal mind, exercised his infinite thought, and engaged his tender heart, to draw near unto God on behalf of his well-beloved Hephzibah! Yes, he drew near in the high authority of his headship over the church, and in the holy affection of his heart for the church. How sweetly, yea, how blessedly, are the authority of his headship, and the affection of his heart blended together in the redemption of his royal bride from death. Well, may we therefore sing,

"For us, for us he bled,  
For sinners Jesus died;  
'Twas love that bow'd his sacred head,  
To save his chosen bride."

And furthermore, he drew near to judgment, in the perfection of his personal holiness, and in the plenitude of his possessed righteousness; he drew near with blood, with the full merit and rich virtue of his atoning and appeasing blood; he drew near for salvation, and hence he willingly signed the solemn decree and sacred bond, in which his sufferings and our salvation, his death, and our deliverance were involved with his life-inspiring name, JESUS. And having in the fulness of the time decreed, finished the great work committed to his hands, and obtained eternal redemption for us, behold, "He brings near his righteousness, and places salvation in Zion, for Israel his glory." Isa. xlv. 13. So that

"Bold in his name we dare draw nigh,  
Before the Ruler of the sky;  
And all his justice meet."

And therefore, rejoice in the full assurance that we can each safely say,

"As Christ has my discharge procur'd,  
And in my room, for me endur'd  
The whole of wrath divine;  
Payment, God cannot twice demand,  
First, at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

The Lord, the Spirit bedew our souls with the felt power and preciousness of the truth as it is in Jesus; and thereby daily renew our evidential standing in Him, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, that our glorying

may be alone of him, and in him, and through him, and to him for ever and ever. Amen.

Let us unite together in extolling Him who hath redeemed our life from destruction, by the outpouring of his soul unto death for us; who hath raised us up from the pit of horrors, by the outstretching of his Almighty arm unto us; who hath remembered us in our low estate, and brought forth the sure provisions of his mercy, and not merely shewed them unto the eye of faith, but hath ministered them unto our countless necessities with his own bleeding hands; who hath removed our sins and transgressions far from us, even as far as the east is from the west, and rendered their return a matter of utter impossibility; who hath released us from our bondage condition, by the liberating power of the gospel of the grace of God; who hath revealed himself not only to us, but in us, as the Lord our righteousness and strength; who has again and again rebuked the arch enemy and made him flee, and thereby set us wholly free, as sons of perfect liberty; who has oft revived our drooping downcast spirits with the precious cordial compounded of pure grace, perfect love, precious blood, and potent truth; who has restored unto us the joys of his salvation, by giving us to discover the firmness, the fullness, and freeness of the great salvation, which, from everlasting, was settled upon us, and to everlasting is secured unto us; and who has manifested by all his dealings with us, that he resteth in his love designs and determinations, and therefore rejoiceth over us to do us good, even us

“For whom there remains a rest above,  
Who now find refuge in his love;  
Who on his finish'd work relies,  
And all the rage of hell defies.”

Surely, my brother, we can with the most grateful emotions of the soul, drawn out by the gracious and generous acts of our covenant God, the Fount of all Favour, and Giver of all good, adopt the language of the poet, and exclaim,

“Thy mercy, my God,  
Is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart,  
And the boast of my tongue;  
Without thy sweet mercy,  
I could not live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me  
To utter despair.”

An experimental acquaintance with the condescending and continual visits of the once crucified, but now crowned Lord of life and glory, to poor, perishing, dark, defiled, cast down, careworn souls, will cause them cheerfully to confess, “There is none like unto the Lord, who giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might increaseth strength.” How frequently has Jehovah in his infinite mercy, enabled us (though, in

ourselves, weak as withering worms, and bowed down like bruised reeds,) to withstand the mighty, haughty foe, and not only to withstand him successfully, but to witness his total defeat, through the interposing goodness of Him whose greatness passeth knowledge. Blessed be the Lord, who covereth us with his wings, so that no arrow, however swift or sharp, can pierce or reach us, until his faithfulness shall fail, who declareth, “Mercy shall be built up for ever.” He also compasseth us about with his witnesses, both animate and inanimate, all testifying, “Great is his faithfulness;” yea, he crowneth our sin-forfeited, but blood-redemmed lives with the wonders of his providence and grace. Hence, passing through the darkest dispensations his paternal wisdom ordains, we are made to declare his righteousness, who crowdeth

“Our paths with mercies ever new  
While we his mighty acts review,  
And own them wise, and just and true.”

The Great Father of Israel, in his eternal arrangement of all time affairs, with all the varied, complicated, and conflicting circumstances, arising out of, and connected with our sojourning in, and travelling through the wilderness; has sovereignly ordained, and surely ordered all things well, so that we may boldly say, “We will not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” Psa. xlv. 2, 3. The Word of the Eternal assures us, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” There is a sevenfold view of grace, which peradventure may be deemed worthy your consideration.

1. The purpose of grace, made known in the separation of the seed of Jacob from the seed of Esau.

2. The power of grace, shewn in the subjugation of the hearts and consciences of rebellious sinners, by and to the prevailing and reigning influence of the truth as it is in Jesus.

3. The preciousness of grace, is proved by the election of grace in their complete salvation.

4. The presence of grace is seen in supporting the saints under all their manifold sufferings and sorrows, for Christ and conscience sake.

5. The promise of grace is known in strengthening for the work of faith, the walk of faith, and the war of faith.

6. The plenitude of grace, is manifested in supplying all the claims, the calls, the cries, and cravings that faith begets, and prayer gives birth unto, in the experience of the living family of God.

7. The perfection of grace, is exhibited in summoning to his eternal kingdom, the

sealed, sanctified, and saved sons of God, in order that they may fully see the perfection of the glory of his work, and loudly sing the praise of the riches of his grace, in the wonders of his will, made known by their salvation final and complete.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Bird, and assure her that absence does not lessen my affection for her welfare. Give my christian love to your unlordly bishop. Tell brother Ashby I am made glad by hearing of his success in the solemn work of the Lord. Remember me to all the friends to whom I am known. I fear I shall not be able to visit them this year. Indeed, I see no probability of my leaving home for some time to come. The blessing of the Lord be upon you and your's. So prays a worthless worm,

Affectionately your's,

JOHN STENSON.

### The Children of Israel, and the Waters of Marah.

ISRAEL, as a people, in and relating to the wondrous and miraculous way in which they were led, by their covenant keeping God, most gloriously, and sensibly set forth, God's Israel in all ages. As their Saviour, he had a people on whom his heart was fixed under the law, and this people he hath declared to be formed for himself, for the intent to shew forth his praise. Yes, they did most blessedly shew forth his praise in their ordinances, customs, and distinctions from heathen posterity, but above all, great praise was attributed to God by their shewing in these ordinances, so much of the coming Messiah, and his kingdom. The sacrifice of the Lamb of God, was so strikingly set forth, and by faith they received the same, as their remission of sins, until in the fulness of time, God himself became manifest in the flesh, and put the seal with his blood, to all that had been previously prefigured. But to the point, this typical people by God's permission, were placed under great bondage and tyranny, their time for deliverance was come, Pharaoh and his host were to be outwitted, but he knew it not. Follow on, was his cry, they will be entangled in the land; then our ends will be gained. Why was his mind so blinded, and his imaginations so exalted, on the assurance of the overthrow of Israel? It is expressly said and quoted by Paul, that God hardened his heart, and raised him up for the express purpose, to shew his power in him, Pharaoh still pursued them, until they came to the Red Sea. On the Israelites marched, followed by their enemies, until God caused the waters to close upon them, never to rise again: but the children of Israel were brought over dry shod, while they were

in the act of viewing their enemies on the sea shore dead, both Moses and his host broke out in a song unto the Lord, for so great a deliverance. No doubt the thoughts of their being no more under bondage, and their troubles ended, caused their joys to be increased, but they had not got far before they found, if the greater part be over, still it is a troublesome path, for after the tiresome journey caused by the pursuit of Pharaoh, they travelled three days in the wilderness, and a great difficulty arose, for no water could be found. At last they came to Marah, there water was found, but it could not be drank, on account of it being bitter, and the people murmured against Moses, saying, what shall we drink? Moses cried unto the Lord, and he heard, on behalf of his people: their murmurings did not overturn God's kindness, for on the back of them he shewed Moses a Tree, and directed him to cast it into the waters, and immediately they were made sweet, such are the outlines of the way in which God in a short time brought Israel. May this not serve to set forth, and cast a little light upon the way in which the children of promise are led by their Promise-fulfiller? In the first place, God had a people to delight in in all ages, before the appearance of our Lord manifest in the flesh: even so now at this time, there is a remnant according to the election of grace. Paul describes the children of Israel as not all being children of promise, for he saith, all are not Israel, that are of Israel, neither because they are the seed of Abraham are they children, but in Isaac shall thy seed be called. Well, the Israelites at large set forth the children of God, who are preserved in Christ and in God's time manifestly called, those are God's peculiar people, nigh unto himself by covenant relationship, he hath sworn by himself, that the promises in Christ, (great and precious indeed,) should be verified in each of their experiences. God will not, nor cannot lie, he changeth not, the same yesterday, in eternity, to-day in time, and to-morrow to endless days of bliss when he and his bride shall be present above. But they are cast into the world, (as recipients of Adam's transgression) born in sin and shapen in iniquity, children of wrath even as others, fast bound in Egyptian bonds and fetters, and as there is a set time to favor Zion, there they remain until that period arrives, not only sick, but dead in sin, and led captive by the devil at his will, in these things have they sold themselves for nought, but God has declared, he will redeem them without price. God the Father hath chosen them in Christ their head (Ephes. i. 4, 5.) and this Covenant was entered upon by Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to save them, despite of all the devil can do. Christ

agreed to become their surety, and was made sin for them who knew no sin, that they might according to covenant agreement be made the righteousness of God in him. It is recorded that love covereth a multitude of sins; this might be said of our dear Lord, viewing this people, in their unregeneracy; but God in his own time comes for their deliverance, and to change their master, no longer to serve the devil, but to serve their father, what matchless love, while they were serving the devil, that great enemy of souls, both with heart and affections, his love towards them failed not, neither did his compassion cease, but this was on the ground of having loved them with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness draw them unto himself. God begins the work effectually, and as with Israel, brings them into paths which they have not before trampled upon. In the way to get peace, after they have been made to feel their sinfulness, he brings them through the sea of Christ's atoning blood, and there in that fountain open for sin and uncleanness, sensibly washes away their sin. All of God's children must come here, before they can safely say, I am delivered from the power of satan unto God, and am translated out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light; and when they realize that sin shall not (ultimately) have dominion over them, that love which is implanted within, cannot but break out (as did the Israelites) into a song of prayer and praise, while looking back upon their enemies, who tried hard for the devouring of their souls, with the aid of that great adversary the devil; but perhaps after being in such a glorious state of mind, they can't rest, they want to come to the full assurance of these things. A true believer has an humble and contrite heart; his language is like the Psalmist, "here's my heart Lord, search me and try, if I am not in the right way, then lead me in the way everlasting." But they cannot but relate what of this change as been wrote on their hearts, say they dear Lord, I have a place made in my soul for thee, and none but Christ will satisfy and fill the same, I never had such warrings with my three-fold enemy, world, flesh and the devil, never had I such openings up of sin, and the same followed with such precious views of Jesus, for a recovery. I never knew what it was to be melted down in humiliation, at the foot of the cross, while strikingly in my view was my Lord taking upon himself my nature, (sin omitted) in order to adopt one of the greatest of sinners into his family, until God made me feel his constraining power worked by love, I never realized till then, what it was to be raised from earth to heaven, by enjoyment in pouring out my soul's desires and love to him, for having first loved me, and gave himself

for me. Dear Lord, I remember the time when I was an utter stranger to these things, and therefore destitute of the comforts now afforded me, by handling and tasting of the good word of life; but thanks be to God, who hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath called us with an holy calling, and hath made us to feel the oneness of the Holy Spirit's words, when he directed Paul to tell us, that this change was not for righteousness which we had done, but it was by the freeness of his grace and this combined with that great love wherewith he hath even from the foundation of the world loved us—when the children of God come to realize these things after awakenings, and that they are no more aliens from God by wicked works, and strangers to the covenants of promise, and that they were sometimes afar off, but now are made nigh by the blood of Christ, then have all those of God's people who are come to realize this, got that white stone, which John spoke of, wherein is the new name written, which no man knoweth or experiences, saving he that receiveth it, but some will say how contracted a religion this is. Indeed it is, there are but few comparatively speaking that know the joyful sound, God gives this stone to his family in his own time and way, it is a family secret, and confined thereto. But to proceed, Israel after their deliverance, travelled three days in the wilderness, and found no water; they came to Marah, where water was found, but it was bitter. The children of God after they have had deliverance, and their eyes opened, what blessed revelations of Christ do they get, they find it to be so sweet and comforting, and they are rather inclined to think it will be for most part like this, until their joy is eternally consummated in glory, they go on and find it to be all joy and comfort, but if they were always in this state, it must follow, that the supposition might arise, whether these things are not at their command or not; but God in love, draws a cloud between the children and their father; then the comforts caused by the sensible presence of him is gone. They look for evidences; plenty of sin is in sight, and at this time they feel less than the least of all saints; sin and temptation is felt, but no Saviour present; they seek for water, there is none; their tongues faileth them for thirst; they remember the promise and encouragement to such souls, "trust in the Lord." They do try and trust him in such places as these, where they cannot trace him. God's children here begin to find it is a thorny road of temptation and trial, they must needs suffer as well as believe on his name; they must have the bitter waters of external and internal trials, as well as the sweet waters of consolation, before they can enter once for all into that Canaan above; therefore the Lord

gives them water, but it is a well mixed cup, bitter and sweet, if it were not for the sweet love shed abroad in their hearts they would faint indeed. While God hath said if any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross daily, deny himself and follow me, yet for their comfort, he hath also said, the very reason of their wish to be followers of him, is because he has called them, they hear the voice, and he will give unto each and all eternal and everlasting life, God calls his people sons, and therefore he, as a father, and in a fatherly manner scourgest every son he receiveth. Why poor soul, the very act speaketh love, it cannot be otherwise; and eventually as you go on, will continually prove it to be so. God never took angels into so close a union to himself, as to call them sons, but this he has done for thee, if you know the Lord: he passed by the nature of angels and took himself the seed of Abraham. Amazing grace! wonder O heavens, be astonished O earth, at such a display of the union with Christ and his church, closer indeed than angels is ever repenting, seeking and thirsting soul, after the waters of salvation; but the Lord permits the devil to trouble them sorely, and sometimes to make sad havoc. The Lord saith to everything there is a season, Eccles. iii. 1. therefore the devil is a chained being, and cannot harrass the children of God no longer than God's season endures. Fear not, they shall eventually trample him under their feet, and bruise his head once for all; but while we sojourn here below, with a body of sin and death, under which we groan being burdened, may God in his mercy give us grace to bear with the trials by the way, bearing in mind that this is not our home, but that we are travelling to a better country, even an heavenly. We cannot but say and feel sometimes with the Israelites, these waters are bitter, yea very bitter; but the promise of God runs to this amount, I will not leave thee nor forsake thee, I know the thoughts I have towards thee, they are thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. So we shall go from conquering unto conquer, till at last we shall come off more than conquerors, not through our own strength; no, no, but through the strength of that love wherewith he hath loved us; such blessings are for all those who have through grace believed; yet alas, sometimes we call in question the divine faithfulness, and like Israel, take offence, and murmur at these bitter waters, but when we get into such soul matters, we know and are persuaded that there is none other in heaven or earth that can throw light and shed abroad love afresh in our souls; therefore like Israel, we cry unto the Lord, and in his own time gives us a visit and shows us that tree on which our dear Lord was made a

curse upon for us, and this applied home by the Holy Spirit makes us cry out with the poet,

"This soothes the sorrows, heals the wounds,  
And drives away the fears."

Then the waters are made sweet and precious to the satisfying of all soul matters. This brings us to remember the wormwood and the gall which Jesus drank, not only when he hung six hours upon this tree, but all through his life, it was a life of sorrow; it is sweet to remember that our Lord rejoiced when the devils were subject unto him, but he was never seen to laugh; he drank the cup of trembling to the very dregs, in order that we might take the cup of salvation and call upon the Lord, which without a mediator between God and man, we could not have done. When this cross and that which was done thereon be cast into the bitter waters of our trials and afflictions, it then will appear light indeed, whatever darkness encompasses the mind, it will be gone. In these cases we learn to bless a taking God as well as a giving God, and shall be in harmony with the apostle Paul, when he said, let us glory in tribulation, temptation, and trial, that the power of Christ may rest upon us. We must expect trials both of body and soul, while we sojourn here in this wilderness, plenty of stumbling stones. Sometimes we are bruised by the giving away to them, being so weak; then let us keep our eyes, hearts and affections, towards him in whom our holiness is to be found, and in the consciousness of our being in him perfect and without blemish, yea in his sight lovely, and love itself. Let us press toward that mark, and at the same time being determined to know nothing, and by our life proclaiming the same nothing I say, but Christ and him crucified; may we not look to ourselves and our feelings wherein dwelleth no good thing, and nothing satisfactory for our minds to feed upon, but let us look to Jesus the great author and finisher of our salvation; if we go according to our feelings, they would be quite different; the devil with our deceitful hearts would make us believe that Christ is not, nor will be the finisher of this our salvation. Christ who is not willing that any of his church should perish, his language is thus, "Look unto me and be ye saved." The Lord wishes to and also tells them not to seek comfort anywhere else but from him, in him all goodness dwells, and suffers them to go into bitter waters for the purpose of bringing them nearer, and also more acquainted with himself, on account of his having laid up such abundant blessings, and the Lord in his own time and way, makes them to know, realize and experience that all these things are theirs. Now dear brothers and sisters in the Lord, seeing that our God hath given us



such exceeding great and precious promises, that we should indeed be one with him, we are one with him, bone of his bone, and God views us in Christ, holy as he is holy, and righteous as he is righteous, without spot or wrinkle. But these things we cannot feel nor believe, therefore he hath graciously been pleased to give us such promises, that we should know, and as these promises are dug into by faith, should grow in full assurance of these blessed things, and live a life of faith thereon always bearing in mind that God's heart is with them, and what these promises speak, be assured, this is what God wants us to know, and he is glorified in our

increasing knowledge of his mind which is love itself toward us. Brethren, seeing such blessings the children of God are entitled too, let us glorify him in our body, which is the Lord's, and shine forth as burning lights, testifying and bearing testimony to these things, that they are not merely fables, but are tangible and feeling, comforting and consoling realities, not to be passed by in a mere form of godliness, but to be graciously blest in a wonderful manner to God's own blood bought and Spirit taught family here below, and above for ever, when they all shall see him whom they love.

EBENEZER.

## An Address to Mr. Finney, the American Revivalist,

ON HIS EFFORT TO CONVERT LONDON :

CONTAINING AN AWFUL ACCOUNT OF POPULAR MINISTERS IN GREAT CITIES.

To Professor Finney :—

SIR,—Having heard of your fame as a preacher, and that you were going to convert London before your return to America. I felt anxious to bear you myself, as I placed very little confidence in the report. I, therefore, repaired to the Tabernacle, Moorfields, on Wednesday evening, January 12, 1850, when your subject was the following :—“Great Cities—What hinder their conversion ?”

You stated that you did not think it necessary to take a new text ; but that you had been requested, on this occasion, to dwell upon “the obstacles presented by great cities to the spread of the gospel ;” and divided the subject thus :—“1. The great obstacle which is common to all places and all times. 2. I shall call attention to some obstacles which are peculiar to great cities. 3. I shall state the condition of overcoming these obstacles.”

You stated, sir, in the onset, that all sin resolves into this, “a spirit of devotion to self.” The apostle Paul gives us a very different definition of sin ; and says, that “sin is the transgression of the law ; for by the law is the knowledge of sin.” Again : you stated, that “the thing to be done, is to withdraw man from himself, and to bring him to God. Our first parents set up to be gods for themselves. Now, if they had come back and consecrated themselves to God, yielding up their whole being to him, seeking his interest and glory, to have done this, would have been to have returned to God. There must be begun in us that devotion to God which constitutes piety.” This fell powerless on my ear, and at once convinced me that you were a stranger to vital godliness. Then, again, you said, “a mind devoted to God, seeking his glory, and yielding itself up to be influenced by him, is a pious mind.” Let me observe that human piety is of no use to me whatever ; my case is desperate ; I want something far beyond human doings. I am very particular on this point ; I know thousands split upon the rock of human piety. I am a poor, lost, loathsome, wretched, miserable sinner. I want a righteousness divine ; I have none of my own ; I am empty, and want Christ's fulness ; nothing short of this will suit a poor sinner like me.

Now, sir, let me ask you a plain question,—Do you believe that God will convert London by your instrumentality ? I do not. The conversion of London will never be effected in this manner. That you are in the position the Lord has placed you, I admit, and you are doing his work in a sense ; but that you are a minister of the gospel, of Christ I deny ; for if you were, you would preach him above everything else ; whereas, you preach anything else, rather than Christ. I can only test the truth by the standard of truth, and bring men to the law and to the testimony ; for if they speak not according to this, it is because there is no light in them ; then if the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness !”

That the Lord will find, and effectually bring out of nature's darkness all his children in London and every other large town, I am quite sure of. For it is the work of God the Holy Ghost to seek them out of the mountains in the dark and cloudy day. But I have rather digressed from the point I intended to take up.

Another obstacle in the way, you stated, was this, “Ministers in great cities are more intensely tempted than in any other place, to seek popularity with worldly men. This is one of the great temptations which often take effect—seeking popularity with worldly men. The fact is, the pulpit is muzzled, and the minister, as far as his influence is concerned, is about ruined. In order to obtain popularity with the worldly great, the ministers of great cities are tempted to aim at excellence in scholarship and oratory, and to let these, and a multitude of other things get dominion over the mind. And, as a consequence, he will temporize with the worldly great. Ministers in great cities are tempted to avoid giving offence to worldly men, even to worldly professors of religion.”

Again, “Ministers in great cities are tempted to aim at pleasing rather than disturbing their worldly hearers. Another great evil is, the want of union among ministers in these respects. Another temptation of ministers in great cities, is, that even professors of religion are often extremely fastidious ; they want peculiar ministers ; they have itching ears : even professors of religion want such teachers as will not probe them

too deeply, or hunt them out of their sins. Flattery causes them often to temporize; they are often flattered by their hearers, and then they don't like to deal faithfully with them."

Now sir, I don't hesitate to declare that all ministers who are of the character you describe are ministers of the flesh, not of the Spirit; ministers of the devil, not of God; the Lord never sends such men to work in his vineyard. Read Paul's account of what a minister of the gospel is; you will find it very different from such as these. When God sends a man to preach, he always sends a message with him, and accompanies that message with power. But these things are very little regarded by the respectable ministers of the present day, they not being sent of God; they are totally ignorant as to spiritual matters; know nothing of the work of regeneration in the soul; they are still natural men; therefore cannot understand the things of God; because they are spiritually discerned, for he that is spiritual judgeth all things, but he himself is judged of no man." It is the sole prerogative of God the Holy Ghost to enlighten the mind of man as regards spiritual things: this work cannot be done by any man, or set of men. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." The Lord teaches all his children; the Holy Spirit is the great teacher in the church; and will continue so until the end of time. This is in sweet accordance with what our Lord said to his disciples, when he was with them. "But the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." John xiv. 26.

The great evil of the present day is this, that there are thousands of men setting themselves up to be parsons, who are totally unfit and unqualified for the office. Look at the Church of England as it is called; here you will find shoals: among Dissenters of all denominations the same error prevails. The fact is, men make a trade of it; all they care about is the £ s. d.; and knowing it to be a money-getting trade, hundreds go forth on this account. Take the City of London. How many will you find preach the truth as it is in Jesus? Not one, scarcely, in fifty; and this is the case throughout Europe, and also America. There are plenty of M.A.s, D.D.s, and Professors, in London, I admit; but I never found a Doctor of Divinity who knew anything about spiritual things, or preached the truth. You very rarely find any of the Lord's ministers come from colleges, or institutions of men; a man-made minister is of no use to the church of God: the devil is very fond of him, knowing that he can delude others, as he himself is deluded; these are just the sort of men he likes, because they preach to gratify the flesh and please men; care nothing about the poor and needy; they preach yea in the morning, and nay in the evening. All the ministers of God are honest and faithful; they don't shun to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear. Men of truth will know human piety is a rotten foundation; they preach "Christ the wisdom of God, and Christ the power of God."

I find, at the latter part of your sermon, you laid great stress upon temperance, and the great necessity of abstaining from alcoholic drinks—how indispensable it was to become a teetotaler in order to be saved. Now, sir, I am a strong advocate for total abstinence, and have been a teetotaler myself, the last forty-eight years, and drink of all kinds I detest and abhor as much as yourself. But, as to putting any hope of salvation in these things upon which you lay so much stress, I can-

not for a moment admit. My hope of salvation is fixed upon much higher objects; for I know it would be in vain to expect any thing of a spiritual nature to emanate from myself or anything that I could do. Paul lays it down in few words, "Not of works lest any man should boast." "No man can receive anything except it be given him from above." I readily admit that there are hundreds of such ministers as you describe; and it is a lamentable fact that such is the case. This being the case, real living ministers of God are invaluable, for they are rarely met with. When the Lord intends to make a man a minister, he seldom selects one out of colleges or institutions, but often calls him from humble life: sometimes from the plough, as John Foreman; from the coal-mine, as Wm. Huntington; from the workshop, as Thomas Stringer; from the printing press, as Charles Banks; or, from humble life, as James Wells, who is a star of the first magnitude. These are the men God makes use of to his church. Human learning is well in its place. A man may be as moral as an angel, yet, if destitute of grace, will be lost for ever. Salvation matters are quite another department.

"A sinner is a sacred thing—  
The Holy Ghost hath made him so."

"Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." What did Christ tell the Pharisees and Scribes? "Ye are not my sheep." Hence their implacable hatred and enmity towards him. These men, no doubt, were very moral and very particular in their manner of living; but nevertheless they were destitute of the one thing needful; they did not feel their need of a Saviour; they had a righteousness of their own; therefore did not want a divine one. To feel our need of Christ is one of the best evidences of salvation; this feeling cannot be taken up when we think proper, but must be communicated to us from above. If it should please the Lord to open your eyes, to see yourself in the light of his countenance, you will soon give over preaching the doctrines you now do, and regret that you have been thus preaching up human doings and works of the creature. Conversion, in the light you take it, is nothing more than moral reformation;—regeneration is as widely different, as light from darkness.

I am, sir, your fellow sinner,

J. P. GARDNER.

3, Swan Street, Borough, July 1, 1850.

"There is a very great difference in the sorrow of a real Christian, from what is found in the heart of a person, who is not truly converted. A man who is convinced, but not converted, may be overwhelmed with grief, under a sense of guilt, bitter sighs and deep groans may proceed from him, on account of his evil conduct, because of its consequences, his sins may force him to cry, yea roar. He may really and truly lament that he has acted such a sinful part, as he is conscious to himself he has done. So Judas repented of betraying his Master—he was sorry—but not after a godly sort. It is not the degree, but the nature of sorrow for sin, which is an evidence of that repentance, which the grace of God produces, and whereof he approves. If a man's concern only springs from the consideration of that penalty which is due to sin, he is not the subject of repentance unto life; for concern on that account, and in a very great degree too, may be in a mind, which loves sin, and hates holiness. That sorrow which arises from a gracious principle, is of quite a different nature; it is a concern for having acted contrary to the will of God, for having abused his goodness, and for having despised his authority. In the former, a person is only under the influence of self-love; a man is not sorry that he has dishonoured God, but his grief is, that he has ruined himself. In the latter, a person is truly sorry for the evil he has committed, in distinct consideration from the consequences of such behaviour."—BRINE.

## C. W. Banks Reproved

FOR PAINTING IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY.

BY MR. JOHN STENSON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, A BRIEF REPLY.

WE publish the following letter nearly verbatim as it came to hand; because it contains much that may be useful (under God) to many of the Lord's servants, who are grieved in spirit, and oppressed in circumstances. It also opens a way for explaining some things that might not have been understood. Many friends have expressed grief that "Jeremiah's Lamentations" were inserted.\* We do not feel condemned. We wrote under the influence of deep anxiety; and trust, both our brother Stenson's letter, and the remarks we have made, will prove a blessing.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You have been enabled hitherto, according to the measure of grace bestowed upon you (which indeed, is not small) to confide in the covenant keeping God of Jacob, whose changeless, dateless, matchless love, has compassed you about with favour as with a shield, and crowned your way with blessings infinitely exceeding your sins, your sorrows, or your sighs. Then judge, my dear brother, as a wise man, whether you have done well in publishing your letter to "H. B." It evidently betrays not only darkness of mind, depression of spirit, disquietude of soul, and wounded feelings, (which all the heaven-commissioned servants of our God experience more or less, and that my soul knoweth right well,) but, also distrust of God, denial of truth, desertion of post, and wandering fancies. Surely you remember the lines,—

"Though dark be my way,  
Since Christ is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken,  
Shall surely prevail."

Then, though your path may now appear to be darkened by reason of cloudy providences, and you are led to say, "*I feel, after seven years of downright hard toil, that it is, to me, at the present moment, very uncertain whether I shall be able to maintain my present position;*" yet, forget not that it is God alone that can, and doth, and will maintain the cause, the standing, the position, the honour, and the lot of his servants, notwithstanding their felt weakness, worthlessness, and wretchedness, and creature negligence, opposition, and persecution. So that

"Bold in his name we firmly stand,  
As trophies in Immanuel's land,  
To trumpet forth his deathless fame,  
Who all our deadly foes o'ercome!"

You seem to be depressed in spirit on account of the great thinning which of late has taken place

\* See *Earthen Vessel* for August, 1850.

among you as a church and as a congregation. Call to remembrance my brother, the former days when your numbers were much smaller, and yet the presence, power, and peace of God were so plentifully afforded you, that you rejoiced with the little flock of your pastoral and paternal care, knowing that

"His almighty arm  
Your soul did well sustain,  
While his all-gracious hand  
Made all your losses gain."

Continue then unwearied to toil, nor count the labour hard,

"Sowing in faith and hope,  
With many prayers and tears,  
And God shall crown your faith,  
And stay your doubts and fears."

Let the solemn admonition of the well-taught and well-tried Apostle, be deeply and prayerfully considered by you, "*Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.*" Your disquietude of soul may partly arise out of the lamentable circumstance, "*that those who once professed to have a great love for you, have for some cause or other gone to other quarters.*" But is there any thing strange or surprising in this? Must you not expect the daily lot of God's elect? To be despised, evil spoken of, forsaken, and grieved by such as had previously professed warm affection for our persons as partakers of the grace of God, and strong attachment to our ministry as exhibiting the triumphs, wonders, and glories of the cross of Christ, has ever formed a considerable part of the painful experience of the ministers of the Most High God, not only in London, but through the length and breadth of the land wherein the truth of God is told and taught, by those "*that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.*" Your writings, as well as your preaching, plainly shew that you are a man of faith,—of fear, and of feeling. Hence I can easily account for your extreme sensitiveness touching the rovers, wanderers, or stargazers, of whom you speak as having gone after the "*three attracting stars.*" Had they been appealed to in the words of our Lord, "*What went ye out for to see?*" or, "*what went ye out for to hear?*" would not their ready reply be, "*we went for our own pleasure?*" Alas! alas! the pleasing man,—the promising man,—the popular man,—is the idol of the wandering, wondering multitude, who have never known the soul-searchings, the heart-rendings, the sin-subduings, the purifying power, and saving strength which God the Holy Ghost is the gracious author of in the non-imitable experience of all the saints. May your wounded feelings, by faith in him "*that can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,*"—be speedily and soundly healed.

There are two sentences of yours, which to my mind, seem to indicate something like distrust of God, or doubting his determination of continuing you in your present position in his church. In the first you say, "*the fact is, I have, this year, been so much out from home, that unless I am prepared to be turned out of house and home, and become a wandering Jew, I must here make a stand, and abide at home.*" In the second you say, "*in temporal things, I feel persuaded I*

am going home to meet heavy trials; in gospel matters I expect many discouragements; and I feel after seven years of downright hard toil, that it is, to me, at the present moment, very uncertain whether I shall be able to maintain my present position. As long as natural life and health is given, I seem to feel a good hope that I shall be kept in the ministry of the word; but whether as a settled pastor, or, as a floating evangelist I cannot tell." Surely, circumstances at Crosby Row do not warrant these untoward conclusions, or unfavorable conceptions of yours. The last time I was preaching for you, but a few weeks since, I saw nothing to justify you in imagining that there was a probability of your being removed. There was a large congregation for a week-night service, an evident spirit of prayerful attentive hearing, great kindness expressed by the friends, and strong marks of solemn and sacred union prevailing among them. Such things, my brother, are not significant of a people having become tired and weary of their pastor, and wishing to turn him out of house and home. Long may you be helped to say,

"With these, my friends, may I remain,  
In love, in truth, in peace;  
And in their heart's affections reign,  
Till all my labours cease."

You may, probably, feel surprised that I should infer from your letter any denial of truth on your part. But I draw the painful inference from your confession that you have *very little faith in what is called "Church-membership" in London.* Now, my brother, church-membership, in my opinion, is no less scriptural, sacred, and obligatory, because the unhallowed and unhappy conduct of some, may provoke the enemies of all righteousness to speak contemptuously, falsely, lightly, maliciously, and wickedly of the things of God; neither is the way of truth less holy and honourable, because the lives of many of its professors are unholy and dishonourable. Duly consider this point, my dear brother, and judge whether your statement is not calculated to encourage and sanction disobedience to, and disregard of the divine authority, which hath wisely and graciously ordained church membership, for the accomplishment of the highest and holiest purposes under heaven. Of which purposes, I have no need to remind one, that is so well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom, as is my brother Banks. I presume you will readily admit that the "man of God," to be perfect, thoroughly furnished to every good work, must not only be sound in doctrine, but also in ordinances, precepts and experience. See 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. May the God of truth, and the truth of God, be alike dear to our souls, so that by the grace of God we may be enabled to glorify the God of grace in all things. Desertion of post in the day of difficulty, danger or distress, must be a serious dereliction of sacred duty to the supreme head of the Church. What shall be done to the watchman or sentinel, that is found sleeping at his post? Think, my brother, think. Or, what shall he done to the general, or officer, that deserts his post in the day of battle? Say, my brother, say. Are you not sure and certain by the witness bearing of the Holy Ghost, that God himself appointed and ordained you pastor of the baptized Church at Crosby Row? And

have you not during the past seven trying years, had multiplying evidences of the Lord's faithfulness towards you, in supporting your sinking mind, supplying your souls necessities, saving you from satan's snares, showing you the holy counsels of his will in opening up the hidden mysteries of his word, and in seeking out his chosen ones by your ministry, and thereby setting the broad seal of his approval to your labour of life and love? How then can you doubt whether you shall be kept as a settled pastor, or not? Are you not wedded to the people for better or worse as the case may be? Then beware of putting away. Abide at your post. Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, yea, endure all things for the elect's sake, according to the will of God our Saviour. Fret not yourself because of evil doers, for more are they that are for you, than they that are against you, fear not, for God is with you, faint not, for the Lord of hosts will help you, flee not, for God will find you out, and bring you back with broken bones and bleeding wounds. Fight the good fight of faith, laying hold of eternal life, nor suffer the finger of scorn to be pointed at you, saying, "*The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling.*"

Your wandering fancies are far from accordance with Paul's language to the Corinthians, "*I therefore so run, not as uncertainty; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air.*" I must confess, that I felt grieved that my beloved brother, whom I highly esteem for his work sake, and of whom I thought better things, should not know whether he shall become "*a wandering Jew or a floating evangelist.*" Verily, your enemies would rejoice at your becoming a wandering Jew, a floating evangelist, a wretched hireling, or a branded vagrant, but my heart's desire and prayer is, that you may remain (till the end of your days, when you shall stand in your lot,) a settled and stedfast pastor, continuing to feed the flock of God, over which the Holy Ghost has made you overseer. With all my heart and soul, do I most cordially embrace, and would lastingly retain, the whole of the first paragraph of your letter, and would most affectionately call your attention to the last two sentences thereof, entreating you to read them over again and again, and then reflect upon the incongruity of the subsequent paragraphs. I have written thus freely, knowing that "*the spirit of the prophets are subject to the prophets.*" Perhaps, my brother, you may deem it expedient and prudent, to give some explanation of the matters herein referred to, in order to remove the stumbling-blocks out of the way of the weaklings in Christ.

Wishing you the divine guidance in all things, and affectionately commending you to the counsel, care, and keeping of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,—I remain, your brother in adversity, and companion in tribulation,

Chelsea, August 7th. JOHN STENSON.

#### REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

DEAR AND MUCH BELOVED BROTHER STENSON,—Like one of old, I can truly say, "I think myself happy, because I am permitted this day to speak for myself;" and in so doing, I desire to be guided by the good Spirit of God; so that nothing unholy, nothing unsavoury, nothing untrue, may be advanced; but that a faithful reason of the hope that is in me; as also, a satisfactory explanation of my

letter to brother Bartholomew, (which appeared in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for August,) may be given. And the course which I think best to pursue, is, to endeavour to furnish you with a three-fold key, wherewith, I think you may, in some measure, understand this dark, and apparently mysterious letter.

I consider myself a public servant in the gospel field; and therefore shall make no secret of my circumstances or of my position. I trust I may say, (after all the unhappy lines in my history,) that by divine appointment—by heavenly tuition—and by Christian Charity—I have been hitherto maintained in a double capacity, as the church's servant, and am responsible for every step I take in that service.

The first key, brother Stenson, is what I must call a *PROVIDENTIAL* key; the second is a *MINISTERIAL* key; the third, and last, is a *PASTORAL* key.

MY *PROVIDENTIAL* key will perhaps, explain that part of the letter which you twice quote; and wherein I said, "I feel, after seven years of hard toil, it is uncertain to me whether I shall be able to maintain my present position." During the (nearly) seven years that I have stood in the position of printer and publisher of religious books, I have been instrumental in issuing above FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND different works, advocating (in some humble measure) the doctrines of divine grace, and setting forth the faithfulness of our adorable LORD in the experience of his people. All the materials for doing this vast amount of labour—such as presses, types, paper, binding, wages, and a variety of other things—have been paid for; but in many cases, I have not been paid; long credit has been required; heavy losses have been sustained; a dead stock has been accumulated; my mind has been racked; my peace destroyed; my soul has trembled; and often have I thought all must be given up. But, hitherto the LORD has helped me. Some have thought the providence of God has been strained; and that I have pushed on where I ought to have stood still. In answer to this, I can most conscientiously declare, I have only followed what appeared to me to be the leadings of divine guidance; in every season of extremity, an honourable door of help has been opened; the difficulty has been removed; my way has again been made plain; and, (as far as I could judge,) I should have insulted the faithfulness and goodness of God, if I had not persevered in the work which my hands have found to do. There may have been a lack of prudence and wisdom in some of my movements, in connexion with the publication of these works; but, upon a calm review of the whole, there are but two things that grieve me. The first is, the glory of God has been so little sought: the second is, that some few friends who have helped me, have been, apparently, unkindly dealt with. But, I do sincerely believe that A MIGHTIOUS DELIVERANCE out of all these difficulties will be granted unto me. This faith is grounded upon that precious promise, long since spoken home to my soul—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him." I must confess, however, that when I wrote that epistle, a mixture of darkness, fretfulness, self-pity, and rebellion, did inhabit my mind.

The second key, is what I have called a *MINISTERIAL* one. The fact is, from the very time that the LORD JESUS CHRIST was revealed in my soul, there has been a strong desire to preach his name in the dark corners of the earth, among unconverted, and yet uncalled sinners. I do not want to build upon another man's foundation. I do, and have long desired to preach my glorious Saviour's name and gospel where he is not named—where he has not been exalted. There is nothing I should glory in more than in seeing many big, black sinners brought (through my ministry) to fly to, and embrace the LORD JESUS, and SAVINGLY to know him for themselves. And, sometimes I have thought the LORD would burn me out of every thing, that I should thus go forth, and, unconnected with men, or ministers, preach a precious JESUS to dying men.

In giving you the third, or *PASTORAL* key, I will be brief. I said, I had lost confidence in what is

termed, "Church Membership." Well, I cannot deny the fact, that on the one hand, my position, in a great degree, prevents me from a faithful observance of pastoral duties; and, on the other hand, I have seen and experienced much from many (who have professed great things,) that has brought into my soul, a disrelish for people moving from one church to another; and I sincerely hope gospel ministers will exercise a degree of caution as regards that spirit found in many professors, who will give a minister a deal of trouble in attending to their case, and then, turn round and wound his feelings, by departing from him, and seeking shelter from another. From such an ungodly race, may the LORD, in mercy, preserve us.

Having learned, my dear brother, that it has been generally thought, from the tenor of the letter referred to, that I had it in my heart to leave the dear people over whom I have, for seven years, been placed; and, moreover, that it was generally supposed that there was some unhappy divisions amongst us, I will here give a faithful outline of a meeting that was held in Crosby Row, on Thursday evening, August 15. At a previous church-meeting it was resolved to convene, (the LORD permitting) a public convocation for the purpose of removing (if possible) the remaining debt that lay upon us, as a church and people. The following announcement was issued: "Crosby Row Baptist Chapel, King Street, Borough. The church and congregation, meeting together in the above place, have resolved, (the LORD permitting) to hold a Public Meeting for Prayer and Thanksgiving, on Thursday-evening, August 15th. It is now above twelve months since they were obliged to put the above place of worship under repair, and of painting, re-pewing, &c., which cost them nearly £30. During the past year they have cleared off £81 of the debt, for which they desire to be thankful; and the object of the above Meeting is, first, to acknowledge the goodness of the LORD towards them; and, secondly, to endeavour to clear off the remaining portion; consequently tea will be provided at five o'clock. The Public Meeting will commence at seven. Some ministering brethren will address the meeting. Collections will be made at the close for the object above named."

After tea, the public service of the evening commenced. Nearly twenty ministering brethren were present. Brother Williamson, (of Notting Hill,) pleaded for us in prayer. Our brother James Blake stated our position, and our desire. Brethren Edwards, (of Stoke Chard); John Garritt, (of Stoke Newington); Thomas Poock (of Ipswich); Lane, (of Taunton); Jenner, (of Clapham); and Williamson, addressed the friends in a very interesting and suitable manner. Some remarks made by brother Poock, with reference to my letter, induced me to speak somewhat briefly as follows: I said, as regards myself and my brethren, the deacons, I could say, that never during the whole (nearly) seven years that we had been together, had there been anything unpleasant between us. We have walked and worked together in peace. As regards the church, I ventured to declare, as in the sight of God, that if my love to the friends at Crosby Row, could be weighed, I am sure it would be found to be full as heavy and as sincere as it ever was. As regards the pulpit, I never (upon the whole) enjoyed more liberty than I have done in that place. No church nor people in England have ever tempted or invited me to remove; nor do I know any spot in all the world where I have any desire to remove to. My determination (by God's help) is to remain more at home than ever; and my fervent prayer is to live experimentally in the truth; to live practically according to the gospel; to live manifestly in the affections and prayers of the people; and to live increasingly useful in the ministry. A collection was made; and the whole of the Chapel Debt was cleared off. We sang the 144th psalm; and closed one of the happiest meetings I ever knew.

May the LORD keep us in his fear—humble at his feet—faithful in his service; and may the LORD greatly bless you, my brother, and all his ministers, in the prayer of,

Your'st in the peace of the gospel, C. W. BANKS.

# Bible Men:

BRING,  
AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS,  
APOSTLES, AND LESSER SAINTS.

No. II.

[We promised (last month) to return to a further consideration of the person of Adam: and the redemption of that pledge we shall now endeavour to effect. Our review of Bible men will be, please God, four-fold. First, those whose history is given in the word of God. Secondly, those who lived in the ages immediately succeeding the Apostles. Thirdly, some of those men, who, during the last century, have been called out of the vineyard upward and homeward. And, lastly, (if the good Lord spare and enable,) as opportunity may be given, we hope now and then to look a little into the origin, progress and present position of some who are crying out, "the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," in these days. If enabled to pursue this course, under divine teaching, we shall thereby contend scripturally for the faith once delivered unto the saints—we shall give proof of Jehovah's faithfulness to his servants—and we shall, also, set up way-marks, which (in the Lord's hands,) may be useful at least to some of our brethren. Our VESSEL is principally designed for babes and young men. Fathers in Christ, and mothers in Israel, will not perhaps, find enough strong meat to satisfy them: nevertheless, we hope to be found growing in grace, advancing in usefulness, and instrumentally giving a portion to each in due season.]

THE question is, "*What has the Holy Ghost said of Adam?*" Last month we noticed Adam, principally, in connection with the fall. That was a melancholy theme. A venerable old Scotchman makes a delightful contrast between our connection with the first—and our union with the last—ADAM. "It was possible (says he) as was shown by the event, for innocent Adam to fall. Notwithstanding all the obligations under which he lay to God; and with the divine glory, as displayed in the earthly Paradise, before him, still, it was possible for him to break through and resist all this, and fail in his allegiance to his Creator and Lord. But such is the imperishable union of glorified saints to their God and Redeemer; such the experience of the good which they enjoy; such their assurance of the perpetuity of all this blessedness, and such the overpowering blaze of Jehovah's attributes in which they will constantly dwell, that it will be impossible that their allegiance to him can yield for a single moment to any disturbing force. Their infallible holiness will be sustained, in consequence of the whole soul being completely penetrated by the most delightful sense of grace reigning through righteousness, in their eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Could satan gain access to them in the heavenly paradise, he would not only

find nothing in them on which he could work, but he could not even find in the universe any machinery of motives or moral influences, by which he could assail them; as he did in regard to Adam. How did satan succeed in seducing innocent Adam from his allegiance to his Creator, and prevail on him to violate the covenant? Where was the opening in the joints of the armour through which the arrow could pass? It was here. Adam had not reached the goal. He was toiling along the path of human merit. He was *doing*, in order that he might live. And hence, the tempter insinuated a doubt, as to the equity of the terms—as to the really benevolent character of the covenant—and especially as to the sincerity of God in regard to the sanction.

"We find it was not only possible for innocent man to sin in Paradise, but that it was possible also for holy angels to sin in heaven. At what time the revolt among the angelic hosts took place we are not informed. Neither are we told what the particular circumstances were which gave occasion to it. We learn, however, from various passages in Scripture, that an immense number of the angelic order, under a leader, who seems to have been high in office, as well as great in intellect, raised in heaven the standard of rebellion against their Creator and Sovereign Lord. So we see, that, notwithstanding the display of Jehovah's character, (such as was given at this time in heaven,) it was possible for holy angels to sin. But, when the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus, shall, in the work of salvation as consummated, shine forth in all its unclouded splendour, and in all the omnipotence of its moral influence, it will be impossible for any ever afterwards to fall into sin. The constant view of mercy and truth meeting together, and of righteousness and peace embracing one another, will sustain for ever and ever, their love and loyalty to him who hath displayed, in such wondrous harmony, attributes so amiable and so awful."

This is merging gently out of what may be termed, the mysterious mazes of the fall; and is a kind of introduction to a

much higher and more glorious view of Adam, as recorded in that striking sentence of Paul's—(Rom. v. 14.) "Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, WHO IS THE FIGURE OF HIM THAT WAS TO COME." This last sentence seems to make one's soul leap for joy. Overcome, spoiled, and dashed all to pieces, as poor Adam was, by the work of Satan and Eve together; still, there were those things in and about him that pointed to another and a better covenant—to another and a better covenant-head—to another and a better inheritance; for, by many things was JESUS made a surety of a better testament.

Benjamin Laing, of Colmonell (a northern divine of no mean order,) has given us a Treatise, entitled, "*The Representative Character of Christ and Adam.*" In the second part of that work, our good brother Benjamin enters deeply and powerfully into the arguments of Paul, as recorded in the fifth chapter of his epistle to the Romans. No man has, perhaps, ever taken greater pains, or displayed more ability, in searching into the original of Rom. v. than Benjamin Laing has done: but the result of his labours may be given in one sentence; such, for instance, as follows—*By the transgression of a public representative, the world was involved in guilt, and in consequence of guilt, rendered subject to death: in this manner has death passed to ALL MEN, namely, THROUGH a public representative, on account of whom all have been treated as sinners.*"

This is as much as can be said, as much as need be said, respecting the fall.

Come we now to the brighter aspect of the subject—*Adam the first, A figure of ADAM THE SECOND.* The resemblance between the two lays not only in that one principle held by some, that, as Adam communicated to those whom he represented, what he possessed—that is, sin and death; so Christ communicates to all whom he represents, what he possesses—that is, righteousness and life: this principle is indeed a true one; but we think it does not fully compass the words of the Apostle, when, of Adam, he says, "**WHO IS THE FIGURE OF HIM THAT WAS TO COME.**" The Arabic version reads the words thus, "Who was a type of Adam that was expected;" that is, of Christ the second Adam, that was expected to come, according to the promise and prophecy:

of him the first Adam was a type in his human nature, in the formation and quality of it; as the first Adam was made by God of the virgin earth, the second Adam was born of a virgin: as the first, so the second Adam was pure, holy, upright, and wise; in his office, as Lord of the world, head of the woman, priest in his house, and prophet to his posterity. In his marriage with Eve, a figure of the church; but in nothing more clearly than in his being a covenant-head to all his offspring: and this is what the Apostle chiefly designs.

There is, we conceive, a vast amount of pure evangelical truth (in type) in that double act of Jehovah: first, in taking the woman out of the man; and, after forming her, he brought her to the man, who recognised, accepted, cherished, and delighted in her, and suffered death on her account.

Here, reader, is scope for your meditations; and in our notices of Bible Men, we desire to be instrumental in bringing our friends more closely to study the word, and over it to think and pray.

We shall now give a specimen of a second class of Bible Men in the

#### **Life and Last Days of Dr. John Owen.**

To gather up and deposit in this "Earthen Vessel" some account of good BIBLE MEN, who have lived and laboured since the days of the apostles, is another feature we desire to render truly valuable.

John Owen was, indeed, a very blessed, and a deep-taught Bible-man. Upon the glorious Person of CHRIST—and the work of the Holy Ghost in the revelation of the Almighty God-Man in the hearts of sinners, we should think none ever excelled him. His writings and labours on these most essential subjects are orthodox and powerful in every sense of the word. He entered deeply into the sympathies of Christian experience—was well versed in the habits and exercises of the human heart—under the illuminating and sanctifying operations of the blessed Spirit, he ascended (most Scripturally) up to the highest and brightest views of our glorious IMMANUEL; and descended (most experimentally) into the lowest emotions, commotions, and corruptions of the inner parts of his fellow-man. The writings of John Owen have been highly esteemed by good Christians of every name for many years; and as a new edition of his works have just been published by Johnstone and Hunter, of Edinburgh, we shall, please God, give our readers some precious morsels therefrom, commencing with a brief review, (in the first place,) of his life and latter days.

That century in which Owen lived was renowned for some of the choicest divines, that the reformed ages of the church ever saw. The famous Caryl, who must have spent a number of years in reading, thinking, writing, and preaching upon the Book of Job, lived at the same time. Manton died in 1677; Goodwin died in 1679; Charnock died in 1680; Flavel died in 1691; Bates died in 1699; Howe died in 1705; John Owen died August 24, 1683, aged 67; there were many other great preachers and writers (whose works are still preserved amongst us) that lived in the same age. We may say it was a golden age for solid, substantial, God-glorying, church-edifying divinity. These men

came into the church as able commentators upon the great revealed truths of God. The apostles may fairly be said to have laid the foundation—these great divines, with many others before them, reared up the superstructure. John Bunyan, William Huntington, and a few others, have since been renowned for penetrating into, and contending for deep and sanctified heart-acquaintance with THE GOD OF ISRAEL. John Gill, Robert Hawker, Samuel Eyles Pierce, and another or two, have also done much in nobly defending the gospel of the ever-blessed God; but since their days, deep thinking, hard study, elaborate writing, and the treasuring up the fruits of their labours, has almost ceased. The fact is, churches have now become so numerous, and really acceptable ministers are so scarce, that all the time is taken up in running to and fro, and preaching so hard and so frequent, that body and soul, mind and spirit, often become exhausted, empty, thread-bare, and strained to the farthest point. Who, among our present faithful ministers, will leave any valuable testimony behind them? We have heard that our brother James Wells has sometimes thought of writing a brief commentary upon (at least) some parts of the Word of God. We heartily wish that the Lord would powerfully and blessedly carry his mind into such a labour. We believe it would tend more than ever to solemnize his spirit, very extensively to enrich his mind, and to render his life and labours lastingly beneficial. Why should not the present generation, and especially the succeeding ages, have the benefit of his most arduous endeavours to search out some of the holy mysteries of the sacred Word? It must be acknowledged that, for pure and profound sacred literature, our's is a very barren period in the church's history. We have not even one periodical (on the side of sterling truth), that ever furnishes an original article of any lasting value. We scarcely ever make up the EARTHEN VESSEL, but we grieve over the poor and puny matter of which it is composed: and if we look into our contemporaries, we find a shallowness in almost all that they contain, except where they go back a century or two, and borrow from their ancestors, as the GOSPEL STANDARD frequently does.

From this digression we return now to notice first—

#### THE EARLY DAYS OF OWEN.

As far back as the reign of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary, the ancestors of Dr. John Owen were to be found. His grandfather's name was Humphrey Owen. This Humphrey actually had born unto him, (by his beloved Susan,) fifteen sons! The youngest of them, whose name was Henry, was the father of him whose memory we are now commemorating. Henry Owen was vicar of Stadham Church, in Oxfordshire; and in the year 1616, this his second son, JOHN, was born. It is supposed his father was instrumental in giving him the elements of a common education. At twelve years of age, he was entered a student at Queen's College; and there devoted himself to learning with the greatest intensity. For several years (in the University) he allowed himself only four hours of the night for sleep. He often confessed (with shame and sorrow) in after years, that "no holy oil fed his midnight lamp," at the time above referred to. Ambition for preferment in the Church was then his only aim. We have no detailed record of exactly how Owen's mind was awakened to a solemn apprehension of his state as a sinner before God; but, from various documents and testimonies, it is evident that while he was closely pursuing his studies, with a view to obtain distinction in the Church, the Lord the Spirit was silently (with "invisible, and life-awakening spring-breezes,") preparing him not only for a saving knowledge of our most glorious and precious CHRIST for himself, but also, for extensive and permanent usefulness among the living saints in the spiritual Jerusalem. Just at this period, William Laud, a bitter and awfully bigotted Romanist, was raised to the Chancellorship of Oxford, and proceeded to the Univer-

sity, to insist upon the carrying out of principles opposed to the Protestant faith. Owen, evidently under the influence of some godly fear, and much true gospel light, stood up against these popish invasions; but a detail of these events would occupy more room than we can spare. We must, however, record the fact, that Owen's popish uncle, on the one hand, and his wicked chancellor Laud, on the other, held out to him great and dazzling prospects of worldly honour, if he would fall down and worship the image they had set up. But, it may truly be said of him, that he "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt;" and, consequently, at the age of twenty-one, he was to be seen turning his back upon the day-dreams cherished for ten youthful years, and passing out of the gates of Oxford, for conscience-sake. God was now educating him in a higher school than that of Oxford, and subjecting him to that fiery discipline by which he tempers and fashions his most chosen instruments. But "there is no man that hath left house or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." Ten years afterwards the banished student, who had thus nobly followed the light of conscience, lead where it might, was to be seen returning through those very gates to receive its highest honours—to have intrusted to him the administration of its laws, and almost to occupy the very seat of power from which Laud had, in the interval, been ignominiously hurled.

About this time, and onward for some few years, Owen suffered most acutely in perplexities about his state before a just, and holy, and sovereign Lord. It is thought that his noble treatise on the "FORGIVENESS OF SINS," was derived from what he suffered under a sense of sin; and from what he experienced in the happy removal of it, through faith in the dear Redeemer's blood. But the time had come when the burden was to fall from Owen's shoulders; and few things in his life are more truly interesting than the means by which it was unloosed. Dr. Edmund Calamy was at this time minister in Aldermanbury Chapel, and attracted multitudes by his manly eloquence. Owen had gone one Sabbath morning to hear the celebrated Presbyterian preacher, and was much disappointed when he saw an unknown stranger from the country enter the pulpit. His companion suggested that they should leave the chapel, and hasten to the place of worship of another celebrated preacher; but Owen's strength being already exhausted, he determined to remain. After a prayer of simple earnestness, the text was announced in these words of Matt. viii. 26, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Immediately it arrested the thoughts of Owen as appropriate to his present state of mind, and he breathed an inward prayer that God would be pleased by that minister to speak to his condition. The prayer was heard, for the preacher stated and answered the very doubts that had long perplexed Owen's mind; and by the time that the discourse was ended, had succeeded in leading him forth into the sunshine of a settled peace. The most diligent efforts were used by Owen to discover the name of the preacher who had thus been to him "as an angel of God," but without success.

#### OWEN AS AN AUTHOR AND A PASTOR.

Soon after Owen's deliverance from bondage and distress of soul, he published a work discovering the falseness of Arminian principles, of which we stop not now to speak. Fordham, in Essex, was the first place where he was led in the order of divine providence, to preach the gospel of Christ to poor sinners. At Fordham he married a Miss Rooke, by whom he had eleven children; ten of them died in early youth, and the eleventh Dr. John Owen buried, after deep afflictions, in the prime of life; so that, as a parent, his trials were numerous and heavy. At Fordham, he laboured constantly—and his productions from the press, as well his ministrations in the pulpit were signally honoured of



God. From Fordham he was removed to Coggeshall in the same county.

Ancient ecclesiastical history speaks of Coggeshall as a place that has been favoured with a succession of faithful ministers of Christ; and so numerous were the followers of divine truth in this place at that time, that Owen actually had a congregation of nearly two-thousand people; and it is said, that the union between the pastor and this numerous people was truly consistent, and of a very influential character. We fear that the Church people of Coggeshall, at the present time, are not of this stamp: it is a merey, however, that there is still a remnant according to the election of grace in that locality; and that under the ministry of Mr. John Collins, (the present Baptist pastor,) there are evidences of real prosperity. It was at Coggeshall, where Owen renounced, in a great measure, the then Church of England Presbytery, and turned his Church government more to the model of what we now call Independism. About this time Owen and Richard Baxter became acquainted; and, forasmuch as Owen contended for Particular Redemption, and Baxter for the universal sufficiency of Christ's sacrifice, a long and warm controversy arose between them: but this was interrupted by internal wars, which in the days of Charles I., broke out first in Colchester; and, during a ten weeks' siege, (the armies flying about between Coggeshall and Colchester) Owen considered himself an endangered spectator; and very many perils he now became exposed to, both of a civil and of an ecclesiastical character: in the midst of them all he stood as a bold and faithful witness for God and truth; and was, in a great measure, mercifully preserved blameless. Frequently he was called to preach before Parliament, and the governing heads of the nation. The following quotation relative to an occasion of this kind, cannot fail of being interesting even to the readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**.

"On the 19th of April we find Owen once more summoned to preach before Parliament, the chiefs of the army being also present; on which occasion he preached his celebrated sermon 'On the Shaking of heaven and earth,' Heb. xii. 27. Oliver Cromwell was present, and probably, for the first time heard Owen preach. Ere the sermon was completed, Cromwell had formed a resolution which the following day gave him an opportunity of executing. Owen having called at the house of General Fairfax, to pay his respects to him in remembrance of their recent intercourse at Colchester, was informed by the servants that the general was so indisposed that he had already declined to receive the visits of several persons of quality. The pastor of Coggeshall, however, sent in his name; and while waiting, Cromwell and many other officers entered the room. Owen's tall and stately figure soon caught the eye of Cromwell as the person he had heard preach with so much delight yesterday; and going up to him, he laid his hands upon his shoulders, and said to him familiarly, 'Sir, you are the person I must be acquainted with.' Owen modestly replied, 'That will be much more to my advantage than yours.' To which Cromwell returned, 'We shall soon see that;' and taking Owen by the hand, led him into the garden, and made known to him his intention to depart for Ireland, and his wish that Owen should accompany him as chaplain, and also to aid him in investigating and settling in order the affairs of the University of Dublin. To this unexpected proposal Owen naturally objected the claims of his church at Coggeshall; but Cromwell reminding him that he was about to take his younger brother, whom he dearly loved, as standard-bearer in the same army would not listen to a refusal. He even wrote to the church at Coggeshall urging their consent; and when they shewed themselves even more averse to the separation than their pastor, Cromwell rose from entreaties to commands; and Owen, with the advice of certain ministers whom he consulted, was at length induced to make slow preparation for the voyage."

[We must defer the remainder of Owen until next month.]

SCENES AND SENTENCES FROM

### THE DEATH-BED OF BICKERSTETH.

EDWARD BICKERSTETH was a Bible-Man of modern times, and of moderate sentiments: nevertheless, it is evident he was a faithful, affectionate, and useful servant of Jesus Christ, in the sphere in which he was called to move: and as we desire to furnish some memorial of all good men, we place this brief notice of his departure among our Bible-Men of recent date, which will form a specimen of the third class. A neat Memoir of Bickersteth, written by Sir C. E. Eardley, (and published by Partridge and Oakley) is in our hands. From this well authenticated document we gather the following particulars.

Edward Bickersteth was born at Kirkby Lonsdale, in 1786. Some years of his life were spent as a solicitor's clerk, and subsequently as a solicitor. His first services in the cause of the gospel was as a deputation of the Church Missionary Society to Sierra Leone. About twenty years since he was presented with the living of Watton, in Hertfordshire. In that parish, as well as in many parts of England, he was well known as a sterling, able, consistent, and laborious Christian man and minister. With this brief notice of his life, we come to the closing scene. He preached, for the last time, on Lord's-day, January 27, 1850. He arose early on Lord's-day, February 3rd, no doubt earnestly desiring to be found again, on that sacred day, in his Master's service; but he was found in his study, sunk in an easy chair, quite unconscious. The first words he uttered, when a little revived, were these:—

"What a comfort it is, not to have to seek salvation now; I can enjoy a salvation FOUND. I know in whom I have believed; the gospel is a reality; I find it so now." He added, "Salvation sought is with fear and trembling; salvation found is always ready!"

"I have so many mercies," he said, "I ought to be full of praise; that is a sweet direction, 'In everything give thanks;' there is more divinity in that verse than in all the Fathers. It is a bit of gold which enriches. They talk of the gold of California, but the gold of that land is good."

On Saturday evening, February 9th, when most of his family were with him, he said, though every word was an effort, "I have no confidence in any goodness or merit of my own; I place my whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; on that account I am accepted. I believe I have faithfully preached his gospel." Then, taking the hand of one of his children, he said, "Renounce every confidence but in the death of the Lord Jesus;" and, in a distinct but hurried whisper, added, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor angels, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."

He had a serious relapse, and one of his first words afterwards was, "I am a poor heap of mortality; but Jesus is on board, and all will be well."

When told that they could not yet give up the hope of his being raised again, he answered, "That is not the least likely, nor is it at all desirable; I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. What should I be raised up for, except for my family, and God will be with them; if I am raised up, it will be to a body of much weakness and suffering; if I am taken, it is to glory; the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be hereafter."

To one of his family he said, "I have finished my work; I am longing for my rest; my children must not detain me by their prayers;" and subsequently, "I hope the faith of my dear children will not be weakened, but confirmed by their father's dying hours."

On Tuesday, Feb. 19th, when one of his children said she feared he was uncomfortable, "No,"

he replied, "I have had a pleasant dream: I thought I was in the green pasture with all the flock of Christ, wandering beside the still waters, and resting in those cool green pastures; was not that pleasant?" When asked if he saw Jesus there, "Yes," he replied, "that was the delight of it, to be with him; and while he was there, every want was supplied. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'"

At seven o'clock on Thursday morning, February 28th, he became much worse; and at a little before five o'clock the breath, which had been drawn at longer and longer intervals, suddenly ceased; afterwards, however, with one sob, life returned; and this was repeated several times. A shade of deeper solemnity, as at the approach of death, passed over his face, which then kindled with an expression of radiant joy. The breath became noiseless as an infant's; the eye, fixed upward, grew brighter and brighter till it was glorious to look upon, and he seemed enjoying visible communion with that Saviour whom having not seen he loved. Light lingered in his eye, even after the faint breath returned no more, and his family scarcely knew the moment when the spirit returned to the God who gave it.

### Death of Mr. James Osbourn,

OF BALTIMORE, IN AMERICA.

ANOTHER Bible-man is fallen! the ministerial labours of "THE LAWFUL CAPTIVE" on earth are for ever closed. The ransomed soul of James Osbourn is released from its sinful tabernacle, and is now before the throne of God. He was permitted by a wise and gracious providence to visit his native land before his departure to his heavenly home; and in most parts of this country boldly and decidedly to set up the standard of the Cross, and having done so, he was preserved and conducted safely and comfortably home to the bosom of his family and friends in America, and in that country where he first began to preach JESUS CHRIST to poor sinners, there he finished his course, ended his labours, dropped off his ministerial mantle, gathered up his feet, is buried in a good old age, and at once and for ever enters into rest. The Lord be pleased to solemnise our minds by this event. We hold our office, and stand in our work but for a very few days. The brief space of time now allotted to most of God's faithful ministers; the arduous labours they are called unto; and the continued succession of others to fill the places of those departed, doth most wonderfully display the goodness and faithfulness of our covenant God. The brevity of our lives is a mercy: the Lord knows what anxieties, conflicts, castings down, and dark sorrows we are frequently the subjects of. He knows how satan roars at us, how mere professors reproach us, how cruelly, (sometimes) even our own children walk toward us; he knows how a body of sin and death annoys, how a wicked heart disturbs, and how many heavy fears perplex us; in mercy, therefore, he cuts short our days; although this is never done until each man's work is done. There is a mercy also in the abundance of our labours; no man from press and from pulpit could labour much more

incessantly than James Osbourn did, even to the last; and to a man whose heart is in the work, there is nothing so sweet and healthy to his soul as constant labours; by these he is kept often wrestling at the throne; by these constant labours his sword becomes bright, his mind is well exercised, the genuineness of his mission is made manifest, and his ministry becomes a pleasure: much mercy is also displayed in the constant raising up of Elishas as our Elijahs go up to heaven. If when Huntington and Fowler, Hawker and Pierce, Romaine and Wilkinson, Gadsby and Stevens, and a host of others had passed home, none had been raised up, what a desert and barren spot poor Zion had been; but, blessed be God, Zion is still favoured with many honest and useful men, so that while for departed worth we cannot refrain from sorrow, for the many living witnesses, still fresh and green in the garden, we do rejoice.

We can only, as yet, furnish our readers with the following announcement of Mr. Osbourn's death. It may be relied on: it comes direct from brother Hassell, in whose house the last mortal breath of James Osbourn was drawn; and we desire to thank him sincerely for furnishing us with the information. Other particulars may be expected to follow. We give in the first place an extract from the note sent to us enclosing Mr. Hassell's.

"DEAR SIR—My sister and myself have been greatly affected by the receipt of a letter this morning from Mr. Hassell, announcing the death of our beloved and much respected friend, Mr. Osbourn. On being taken ill near Wilmington, he immediately determined to return home, but his extreme indisposition prevented his proceeding beyond Mr. Hassell's house: he lived only three days and five hours after reaching it. He soon began to sink quite rapidly, until Friday about sunset, when he had a severe congestion fit, that rendered him perfectly insensible, and unable to move a finger, until he gently breathed his last, about twenty minutes past four o'clock, on Saturday afternoon: it was on the previous Wednesday that the dear departed saint, with difficulty, reached Mr. Hassell's abode, which, I believe, had been for many years almost like his own home. I enclose that part of Mr. H.'s sheet intended for you."

Here follows Mr. Hassell's communication, which we insert without any abridgement, in order that our readers may see the high esteem in which Mr. Osbourn was held in America by the friends of divine truth.

"Died, at the residence of Elder C. B. Hassell, in Williamston, North Carolina, North America, Elder James Osbourn, of Baltimore City, Maryland, on the 24th of August, 1850. Elder Osbourn was on a summer preaching tour in Eastern Carolina; but being taken seriously ill near Wilmington, he concluded to return home without delay. Such, however, was the severity of his disease that he could scarcely travel, and was only enabled to reach Williamston on Wednesday, 21st of August, about three weeks subsequent to his first attack. His disease was supposed to be bilious fever, terminating in typhoid congestion.

"Elder Osbourn has left a wife and several children to bemoan his loss, who will find the sympathy of numerous friends in England, as well as in America. He was favourably known in both

countries as an author and minister of the gospel. He had exercised ministerial functions, perhaps, more than thirty years, and had chiefly travelled for the last twenty-five years of his life. He belonged to the Baptist Church of Christ usually designated, Old School, or Predestinarian.

"He was born in October, 1780, and was therefore, seventy years old, only wanting about two months. He was a burning and a shining light, a bold defender of the faith, possessing great mental abilities, deep evangelical principles, and extraordinary gifts. By this afflicting dispensation to the church, it may be said, indeed, that a great light has become obscured—and the "floating lamp" has sunk beneath the surface; yet, we are well assured that the light of his example and testimony will shine on brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. The English language must become extinct before his life and labours shall cease to prove a blessing to men. His memory will live in the recollection of posterity, and his work prove a blessing to generations yet unborn."

### The Fortieth Anniversary of Mr. T. Shirley's Ministry at Sevenoaks.

THE venerable Thomas Shirley, of Sevenoaks, is a living BIBLE MAN; and is one of the most esteemed ministers we have in the baptist denomination. His course in this wilderness cannot be of much longer duration. The Lord has been pleased to take from him his beloved wife, who died suddenly about the beginning of this month, September; this has, no doubt, been a trying dispensation to our aged brother in the Lord. May he, in his departure, (whenever it may occur) be favoured to enjoy the peaceful and powerful presence of that Glorious Jehovah, whose gospel he has preached, whose mercy he has realized!

The first of August, 1850, being the FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY of his pastorate over the church at Sevenoaks, a commemorative meeting was held on Tuesday, August 13th. The service commenced about three o'clock; after singing, Mr. Shirley engaged in prayer with great fervour and affection. He then gave an interesting account of his taking the pastoral charge in 1810, and observed that only two members besides himself then living, were living now. He spoke very humble and grateful of the goodness of the Lord to them, in preserving him steadfast in the truth of the gospel; and that during his long ministry he was not conscious of any change in his views of truth, or the constitution and order of the gospel church; but viewed them with more satisfaction, as he had gradually seen them with increasing light; and expressed gratitude and praise for that good degree of prosperity, unity, and peace they had enjoyed so long. Mr. Fremlin also gave a suitable address from Psa. cxv. 12, "The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us." A hymn composed by Mr. Reynolds was then sung, and with prayer he closed the afternoon service. Upwards of two hundred sat down to tea.

In the evening, Mr. Palmer, one of the deacons, read a very affectionate address from the church to their aged and beloved pastor, now in his seventy-sixth year, informing him that as a small token of their esteem, they had agreed to present him with an easy chair, which he would find in his sitting room on his return from the chapel. The present, though small, was thought a suitable one by which to express their esteem of their pastor, which he affectionately and thankfully acknowledged. Mr. Reynolds then delivered an excellent discourse from Deut. viii. 2, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness."

Brothers Glanville and Smith afterwards addressed the friends, and brother Shirley closed with prayer. The Lord's presence was much enjoyed, and many found it good to be there.

### Spiritual Communications between a Pastor and His People.

THERE is no tie more sacred; no union more truly profitable, than that which exists between the pastor and his flock, when the Lord makes him a true and faithful under shepherd over a few of the redeemed and gathered-in sheep. Something of this holy union appears to exist between the brother (and his friends,) who has forwarded for insertion the following letters.

DEAR BROTHER—It has been my custom, when I have been privileged to receive any of the Lord's ransomed into the church, to present each one with a letter of pastoral advice; concluding with the motto which the blessed Master has given me for them on the night they receive the right hand of fellowship. The enclosed are the replies which from some I have received. It is my intention to send you more from time to time, as the great Head shall direct. Your's in the holy work,  
Jireh Chapel, Kingsland. J. P. SEARLE.

MY BELOVED PASTOR—In compliance with your request, I now proceed to answer the kind letter you gave me after my admission into the church over which (in the ordination of providence) you are placed. We have, I think, reason to believe that a blessing was poured out upon us on that holy night when it was my privilege (with my beloved husband,) to pass through the baptismal waters, for I may say, that the soul enjoyment I then experienced is indeed deeply graven on my heart; and although oftentimes in fear and doubt, as to whether I am a child of God or no, when you are delineating and testing the characters of the children of the kingdom, with the question, "Believest thou this?" and, "Whosoever believeth in him shall never perish;" and again, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" then does my heart rejoice; and I am enabled to say, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Christ is precious to them that believe; and it is at such times I have felt the preciousness of the token which the Master gave you to bring to me; and I am led to exclaim, Whence is this to me? that amid all my unworthiness, short comings, and hardness of heart, I should be permitted to come up with the people of God, and not only hear of the great salvation wrought out by a crucified Redeemer, but also to have the sweet assurance in my own soul of an interest therein. Blessed be God, this, at times, I am enabled to believe. Then comes home the sweetness of the token he sent me, "Blessed is she that believed; for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Have I not reason to join with the mother of my Lord, and say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour?"

I have great need to be often at a throne of grace, as you have exhorted me, for I find that the world, and its concerns, engage so much of my attention, to the exclusion of better things, that were it not for the goodness and forbearance of God, he would have cut me down long ago as a cumberer of the ground. But, thanks to his dear name, he has kept me all my journey through by his mighty power.

You, my dear sir, ask for an interest in my prayers; and I know you need it. Doubt not, that my frequent and fervent prayers for you shall be—that you may be "kept" humble, prayerful, and faithful; yet not greatly moved by any of the trials through which you have been called to pass; that you may come up, from time to time, richly laden with the good things of the kingdom; and, that through your instrumentality, the weak may be strengthened, the fainting revived, the doubting convinced, the saints edified and built up in their most holy faith; in short, that you may have a word in season for all; may seals be given to your ministry, and souls for your hire.

I would here remark, for the refreshing and rejoicing of your heart, knowing you will say, "Not unto us, not unto us," &c., that I gain comfort and

strength from the word which you are enabled to dispense. At one time I am comforted with the assurance of being "planted in this land assuredly;" at another time I am strengthened, by being brought to the brink of the river. On behalf of the church I would pray that very many may be added to our number of such, and such only, as shall be saved; that the saints of God may thus be gathered together; that no root of bitterness may be allowed to spring up to trouble us; but that we may all stand fast in the faith, firmly bound together in the bonds of christian love.

In conclusion, I would beg you to accept my warmest thanks for all that you have been the instrument of doing towards me. And may the choicest of heaven's blessings be poured out upon yourself, your dear partner and children, in the earnest prayer of your's truly and affectionately,  
July 1, 1850. EMILY M. H.

## A Reason of the Hope that is in Me:

BEING,  
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A BELIEVER  
AND HER SOUL.

*Bel.* Come, my soul, and let us retire for a few minutes from the busy world, and talk over some of the records of our King. In them we are told to be able to give a reason of the hope that is in us. Have you, my soul, a hope?

*Soul.* Yes, or I should be, indeed, most miserable.

*Bel.* But do you know hypocrites have a hope?

*Soul.* Yes, I do, and I once had it. But the hypocrite's hope rests upon a mere profession of religion, which is like building a house upon the sand; but a good hope enters the Rock Christ.

*Bel.* You say you once had the hypocrite's hope. Do you think it is possible for God's real children to have the hypocrite's hope?

*Soul.* Yes, I do; but it is before they are called by his grace. And when God begins with them, whether it is by Mount Sinai, or laying open to view the carnal heart, this false hope will be sure to give way, and the person will begin to sink, and such a person may be known by their cry, "Save, Lord, or I perish."

*Bel.* How came you by a good hope?

*Soul.* After the Lord had swept away my false hope I was feelingly without hope, and without God in the world, and so I remained until Christ was formed in my heart the hope of glory.

*Bel.* You speak very plainly, and with much confidence about your hope; but perhaps it will do us no harm if we examine as to what your hope is at present resting upon; you say when Christ was formed in your heart the hope of glory you had made a partaker of hope: have you had a hope ever since?

*Soul.* Yes; but I have not always been able to see my hope was in Christ.

*Bel.* What makes you believe you have had a good hope ever since? Is it because you have attended the means of grace ever since?

*Soul.* This would indeed be a sandy foundation, for they are not attended to without sin; and not only so, but frequently in them

at times I feel no pleasure; I go in and out like the door on its hinges; no feeling, no life, no power.

*Bel.* Is it possible for christians to attend the means of grace like this? It appears to me to bear the mark of the hypocrite in Zion.

*Soul.* So I think when I am in this case; but bless the dear Lord, it is not always so. Sometimes the word drops as the rain, and distils as the dew. At times I go with my heart as a fountain sealed, then my Lord has sent some word which has unsealed the fountain; and, O! what a springing up there has been of that living water.

*Bel.* I trust I know what you are talking about; and I have often thought that as water naturally will always find its level, so that living water within, when springing, always springs in praises to the source from whence it came; and what a mercy it is, that though it is often sealed, yet it is there still, for the Lord hath said, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him; and surely if we know something of this, we have a foundation to rest our hope upon."

*Soul.* True, as none are partakers of grace but those for whom Christ died; yet, remember, grace is not the Saviour; for though we are saved by grace, we are not saved with grace.

*Bel.* What do you mean?

*Soul.* I mean this. The Lord has declared himself to be a jealous God, and his glory he will not give to another, not even to his grace. And I believe this is often the reason of the means of grace being shut to us. We are so apt to look to the grace we possess, and place our hope in grace instead of Christ. And as we feel the power, and see the fruits of grace in us, we admire and praise the grace instead of the Giver.

*Bel.* Yes. I see what you mean, and I believe you are right: for when the waters get low our hearts are cold, our joys cease, and we directly think our joys and our hope was only the joy and hope of the hypocrite.

*Soul.* Just so, and we dishonour our Lord by so doing; and at the same time the fault is in ourselves, for certainly the giver of a thing deserves more honour than the gift! and Christ is the store-house where all grace is treasured, and he bestows them upon us out of his good pleasure and love, and expects us to value them as his precious gifts, and to look to him for a daily supply of grace. And while we place too much confidence in the grace we possess we make a god of that, and the Lord is constrained to withdraw the graces of the Spirit from us to bring us to see that it is Christ who is our hope, our defence and support, and not the grace he is pleased to bestow.

*Bel.* I understand you, and believe you are right, for when I feel thus shut up, and all appears dark within and without, I am constrained to cry to the Lord, and wait, and watch his appearing in my heart. But I still want to know what makes you

satisfied that you have had a good hope ever since you first possessed it.

*Soul.* I will tell you. The Lord's people possess the same body of sinful flesh as the rest of mankind, and the seed of every evil is in their hearts as in others; but grace, although the younger, it is the strongest, and shall reign; yet the workings of the flesh cause the christian much trouble; and it is permitted at times so far to obtain the mastery that the person thinks they have no grace at all, or they would not commit again and again so much sin; they cry to the Lord that he would purge them from sin, and that they might live more to his honour and glory. Well, the Lord hears and answers their prayers, but it is in a way that they little expect; for instance, the Lord brings them into some heavy trial, either in body or mind, and each day the poor thing expects to sink; and perhaps the Lord hides his face, which always makes the trial heavier. The poor thing keeps crying and looking to the Lord for help; but day after day passes, and no help appears. Such an one does not let an opportunity of attending the means pass; it flies to every apparent source of comfort, but all fails. What is it, think you, keeps such an one from despair, or going back into the world? A good hope through grace, and nothing else.

*Bel.* So it is. And I well remember a particular trial I had, and I was like something in the way you have described; and I thought there can be no hope for me; every refuge I sought failed; when at last Christ shewed me my interest in him, and O! how safe I felt directly; and I could see I had all through the trial a hope in Christ.

*Soul.* That is exactly it. You see, then, that it is Christ being formed (by the power of the Holy Ghost) in our hearts as the only way by which we can be saved gives us a good hope; and this hope (and only this) enters into Christ, that is, it lays hold of the divinity in the humanity of Christ. And a person with this hope is as sure of heaven as if he were there.

*Bel.* Then I am sure of an inheritance with the saints in light; for I am satisfied from our conversation that I have a good hope through grace.

#### Christ Desired and Christ Embraced.

MY DEAR BROTHER—A book being lent me, on opening it the following piece of poetry (said to be written by Bernard,) met my eye; I read it, and felt some stirring of soul under it; there was a sweet savor of Christ in it; the name of Jesus was as ointment poured forth, and his love, in its soft and comforting power, was felt by me. A thought struck me, send it to the VESSEL—I have done so, with the desire that the perusal may be blessed of God, to some of the readers of the same.

Your's, and the Church's Servant,  
Northampton, Aug. 20, 1850. W. LEACH.

Most blessed Jesus, dearest Friend,  
Hope of my longing, panting mind,  
I seek thee with my tears and sighs,  
To thee my soul lifts up her cries.

O Jesus! cordial to the heart,  
Who light and life dost still impart;  
A living fountain, full and fresh,  
Surpassing every joy and wish.

When on my heart thou'rt pleas'd to shine,  
My soul is cheer'd with truth divine.  
All I contemn but things above,  
My bosom glows with heavenly love.

Jesus my chief and lasting good,  
My Saviour, Strength, and Precious Food,  
Thy presence grant, thy glory show,  
Thy boundless love cause me to know.

He whom the love of Jesus warms,  
Approv'd by Jesus, knows his charms;  
Blest is the man he fills with grace;  
'Tis all I crave to see his face.

Jesus, thou Lord of angels bright,  
Great source of all their radiant light,  
Thy name's to me supremely dear,  
Delightful music to my ear.

The choicest honey to my taste,  
Celestial nectar, rich repast,  
Nor nature's stores, nor toys of art,  
Afford such pleasure to the heart.

A thousand sighs for thee I heave,  
To thee, my Jesus, still I cleave:  
When wilt thou come and give me joy;  
A joy that fills, but cannot cloy?

Now what I sought my eyes descrie,  
Behold! he comes on mountains high,  
My arms embrace my Saviour kind;  
His love inflames—dissolves my mind.

Happy the flame his love creates!  
Happy the soul his grace dilates!  
How sweet my love for God's dear Son;  
It makes me feel a heaven begun.

Jesus, thou art my heart's delight;  
Love rises to perfection's height;  
In thee alone my song, my boast,  
Dear Saviour, of a world that's lost.

In thee the choirs of heaven exult;  
To thee my heart doth sing and shout:  
Thy glory, love, and mercy sure  
My cares dispel, my thoughts allure.

Thou art the martyr's crown, the prize  
Which every christian soldier eyes:  
Thou art th' fair, the unfading flower:  
The lilly, fragrant every hour.

The virgin heart, the soul that's pure  
In thee finds peace, and joy secure.  
My humble suit Lord Jesus hear,  
For then I live when thou art near.

~~~~~  
PORTRAIT OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.—The following are the private breathings of a good man—yea, a good minister of Christ; they may be comforting to many an afflicted soul—"My path just now is through a dark valley, where nothing can live but what is immortal. It is easy to talk about walking by faith, but not so easy in the walk. Well, we need the furnace: some time since, my way seem'd all smooth; then I feared it was too smooth. Now, I tremble, because it is both rough and dark. I am upheld, though sometimes I seem chin deep. A Pihairoth is not a pleasant state. 'Stand still;' is the direction given; and we are solemnly necessitated so to do. We dare not go back; go forward! we can see no way. Difficulties prevent turning either right or left; but the salvation of God shews preservation in danger; though Pharaoh pursues, God's cloud interposes. In his own time he opens his own way through the sea, leads his people onwards; they rejoice in deliverance wrought, but soon forget the God that so wondrously works. What a picture! Who is it like? Some one who labours not far from——. I suppose you could name some others it is not much unlike. Well, I trust we shall some day have done with an evil heart of unbelief; get to the end of our wilderness path; lay down this depraved nature; and get beyond a tempting devil. This is my hope, and oftentimes seems to enable me to bear the sorrows of this present path."

## Some Account of the Illness and Death of Leah Daniels, of Compton,

NEAR UPAVON, WILTS.

DEAR READER,—My object in writing this brief account, is simply to record the goodness and mercy of Jehovah towards an object of his love, whom it was my lot to know for a brief space in the wilderness: in order that, should it so please the Lord, the souls of his much loved ones may be enabled to read and take courage.

Leah Daniels, whose death I am about to record, was born about the year 1809, and, at the time of her death, had been a professor for many years. If I mistake not, she had been a member of the baptist church at Netheravon for 14 years. But though thus baptized and added to the church below, she was much of her time greatly exercised as to her interest in Christ, the great head of the church. She was apparently a "*ready to halt*;" at times hope in exercise, and a feeling rest on the mercy of God for salvation; but the full assurance of faith she could not lay claim to. At times also she sunk very low, and felt her soul cleaving to the dust.

It pleased the Lord, however, to lay his afflicting hand upon her some months previous to her death, and to bring down her tabernacle with weakness and sufferings greatly; and as her body became more weak, the troubles of her heart began to be greatly enlarged. Views of herself as a guilty sinner were accompanied by most awful insinuations from the accuser of the brethren: so much so, indeed, as that her hopes appeared withered, her comfort blighted, and her soul tempest-tossed with such conflicts as at times were agonizing. Day and night has she walked the room weak as she was, like one distracted; often has she gone upon her knees, but some temptation from satan has driven her back, and from her knees would she get to pray with groanings which could not be uttered.

She was indeed numbered among the flock of slaughter. She was killed all the day long to all hope in, boast of, and dependence on any thing short of Jesus Christ the anointed and appointed Saviour.

"He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind;" and so our friend proved it. For though at times severely tried, and concluding that she should sink to hell, yet there was now and then a ray from the "day star," until the morning broke upon her, a morning without clouds, as the clear shining of the sun after rain.

Her bondage had been great and her chain heavy, but her deliverance was conspicuously large, and her joy unspeakable and full of glory. It was when she was thus that I became more intimately acquainted with her. Upon entering her room her whole countenance was placid and serene. I said to her, It is a solemn thing to be brought near death: said she, It is. But I understand the Lord has been

very gracious to you, said I. Yes, said she, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." And, continued I, did the Lord apply anything in special with power to your soul to deliver you? Yes, she replied, he did, these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."\* And O! who could help singing? Whereupon with great energy she immediately, as well as her weak state would permit, repeated in an astonishing way the following verses,

"Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My God, my hope, my trust:  
If I am found in Jesu's hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.

"His honour is engaged to save,  
The meanest of his sheep;  
All that his heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keep.

"Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove,  
His favourites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love,  
They shall for ever rest."

It was very evident how sweet and precious this hymn was to her soul, but I found in answer to an enquiry, that satan had been permitted to tempt her with this delusion, that after all it did not come from the right source. This tried her greatly, but the Lord, she said, sweetly assured her that he had laid up for her a crown of life.

Her soul had a keen remembrance of her sorrows and conflicts before her deliverance. Ah, Sir, said she, I have been stripped, and many many will be deceived upon that.

And now, I said, when you felt the Lord's mercy, how was it with you? O! she said, I know not how to speak of it. I felt so full of joy and comfort, I wanted the Lord's children to be with me, that I might tell them what he had done for my

\* I cannot help here observing, that these very words were made peculiarly blessed to my own dear mother when on her death bed, and within a day or two of her departure, in the month of August in the same year, viz. 1847. She had been in very great darkness for days, when this text was applied to her soul. Yea, it was food to her soul night and day. I remember well entering her room, and she, between sleep and awake, not conscious of the presence of any one, said audibly, "Satan, the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, yes, from all sin." Ah, she continued, *he cannot stand against blood*. She opened her languid eyes and seeing me, said, "I knew not you were here." But her dear Lord did, blessed be his name. She is now before the throne harping with her harp. I lost a praying, wise, and loving parent, but my loss is her gain. Reader, "It is written," is more than a match for all satan's sophistry.

soul: none else could understand me. Mark here, dear reader, the change? This poor harrassed, tried, and exercised one, is brought to the verge of Jordan there to sing of mercy and judgment! Art thou wondering how it will be with thyself when there, poor sinner, guilty, weak, and vile sinner as thou art? It shall be well. When speaking to her about the humbling effects of such grace displayed, she said, Ah, there could not have been a viler brat out of hell than was I, and yet I am going home to my dear master whom I have served so badly. Then said I, we must sing, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory." Yes, said she, he alone deserves it.

Deep were her views of her own state as a sinner, and also of the hopelessness of her condition were it not for the free grace of God. Free-will her soul hated; and I do place particular stress upon the language of dying saints. Apart, my dear reader, from the plain and positive declarations of God's most holy word, and my own personal acquaintance with the truth, the dying testimony of many saints to the reality thereof has been blessed supports and encouragements for me to preach THE TRUTH. Tell the people, said she "I am a brand plucked out of the fire;" "Saved as a stick drawn from under the pot." "What should I now do, were it not for free grace?" I have now, saith she, no desire to live, I am only waiting to go home.

She wished me to read John xvith. to her. This I did, and when I came to the words, "And I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you;" I said, you experience that to be a truth? said she, I do, for none can rob me of my peace, or bring guilt upon my conscience. And again where he says, "And I say not unto you, I will pray the Father for you, for the Father himself loveth you," her soul seemed full of holy joy at the sweet expression of his love. I concluded in prayer, and parted from her for ever this side of the tomb. A few days more wound up her pilgrimage, and her body now lies beneath the clods of the valley, where, reader, yours and mine must soon be. I preached her funeral sermon at the baptist chapel, Netheravon, on Lord's-day afternoon, July 11, 1847, from the words so blessed to her soul, 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8 verses.

Farewell then, my sister, thy race is run, thy course is finished, thy conflicts are now over, and thy crown is put on; thy body shall moulder in the dust until the last trumpet shall sound, and then, that Jesus who arose the resurrection and the life, shall raise it again, in incorruption, honour and glory. Grave, thou art a conquered enemy. Death, thou hast lost thy sting. Hell, thou art for ever vanquished. Another saint safe-housed in glory after the storms of the wilderness: O may this be an encouragement to those who come after amidst

many fears, that, if not before, "at eventide it may be light" with them. Yes, poor feeble minded one, and you too ready to halt, a few more waves of trouble, another rising and setting sun or two, and your pilgrimage will be likewise ended. Then, farewell sin and farewell sorrow: "absent from the body, present with the Lord." Here we are strangers and pilgrims, subject to many infirmities. Sin plagues us! an evil heart of unbelief torments us; satan harrasses us; the world molests us, and our perpetual warfare causes us to exclaim,

"Jesus I long for thee,  
And sigh for Canaan's shore."

Well, it will not be long, before he that shall come will come, and will make no tarrying, and then, "we heave the sigh, to join the song." I close. Reader, how do matters stand between God and thy soul? The Lord bless this account to the consolation of the believer and to the awakening of the unbeliever, for his name's sake, Amen.

JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

Trowbridge, August 31st. 1850.

A SPIRITUAL

Letter by Mr. Thomas Welland.

DEAR FRIEND, (though unknown).—You will I hope, pardon me for the liberty I take in writing to you, seeing I am a perfect stranger to you; but a spirit of sympathy compels me. My friends informing me of your circumstances, and on enquiry, found you were one of the favourites of my Lord, the King, one that has "set a seal upon his heart and on his arm," where you shall prove that his love is strong, yea, stronger than death, though the rage and jealousy of men and devils is more cruel than the grave. Is my friend a widow in God's holy habitation? Of such the Lord is Judge; (Psal lxxviii. 3); and the Judge of all the earth will do right; he will lead you in a right way, that you may go to a city of habitation; but his way often lays through seas of tribulation, his path in deep waters of affliction, and his footsteps are not known; no, not to those who are his closest familiars. Job says, "He knoweth the way that I take;" but he was sadly distressed and confounded as to the way the Lord took; and yet he gained far more, doubtless, by the time his trial closed, than his friends had gained without a trial. The Lord had recourse to a strange method to increase Job's flocks, herds, substance, and saving experience; but by this cross-handed blessing Job gained double. "The Lord trieth the righteous." Unto us it is *given*, on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe but to suffer for his sake; so that sufferings are gifts also. Oh, my friend, anything, yea everything that comes out of his hands is truly blessed; for his heart is full of grace and truth. May he grant you the Holy Spirit, who can turn

the bitterest of bitters to the sweetest of sweets—yea, turn gall into honey! How rich a gift is this! But he also asks a gift of you, "My daughter (says he) give me thine heart." Have you given it to him? Then all there is in it is his special and personal property. Your heart and heart-achings are his, your sorrows, your distresses, your afflictions, your heart-faintings, your enemies, yea, your every woe is his. Carry all, and give to him in humble prayer, and he says, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen, yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." But Zion has ever been a speckled bird; the birds round about her are against her. They say, "let her be defiled, and let none eye look upon her; but they know not the thoughts of the Lord; for he shall gather them as sheaves into his floor." But you know when sheaves are brought into the floor they have to undergo a terrible process, in order to get the clear wheat from them—so the Lord, by his ministry, *beats in pieces many people*. He says, "Arise and thresh." O, this threshing! this beating to pieces! These are some of the Lord's terrible things in righteousness, wherewith he answers us. Threshing shears are intended to beat the corn out of the chaff—to strip it naked. This is the husbandman's fruit—his gain, O, this stripping-work! But it is intended to separate all our own work, of every kind, from his own precious work of grace within us, and which flows from his own living Word, which he has sown in our hearts; the old man must be put off that the new may appear evident. The new creature is the corn, the gain, which the Lord will consecrate to himself, (see Micah iv. 11, 12, 13.) But all these are the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes; for he shews his people hard things, and makes them drink the "wine of astonishment;" enemies may rage for awhile; "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;" "they may turn aside the needy from judgment, and take away the right from the poor, that widows may be their prey (see Isaiah x. 2, 3.) Of old, the Lord complains, "The women of my people have ye cast out of their pleasant houses, from their children have ye taken away my glory for ever; arise and depart, for this is not your rest, it is polluted," (see Micah ii. 9, 10.)

My friend appears one robbed and spoiled; ensnared as in an hole; hid as in a prison house, for a prey; and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, "Restore." But who gave Jacob to the robbers for a spoil? Did not the Lord? (See Isaiah xlii. 22.) But for the oppression of the poor and the sighing of the needy the Lord will arise and set you in safety. The dear Lord calls for his friends in times of trouble; and indeed, the troubles he sends are his louder calls, that his children may not fail to hear, and come to him. However low you may sink, the good Lord will keep

his mighty arms underneath you, and will bring you up again, even if it were from the dust of death, for he often lifteth the poor up out of the dust, and the needy from the dunghill, to set them with the princes of his people, to make them inherit the throne of glory.

If affectionate parents, that have a family, and one is an afflicted, weakly child, double care and kindness are necessarily bestowed on that one. It is a great mercy that we are thus judged—thus chastened of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world; for whom he loveth he chasteneth, even for our special profit. O for grace, that we may be subject to the Father of spirits, and live. God will avenge you speedily, though he (seems to) bear long with you. The Friend of sinners was worse provided for than foxes and birds of the air; for he had not where to lay his head, but he meekly submitted; in his humiliation his justice was taken away, and given to Barabbas, a murderer. In this, one of his steps, my friend seems treading now. May the dear Lord strengthen you mightily, by his Spirit, in your soul, and equip you with the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand. For

"Tho' painful at present,  
"Twill cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song."

though the Lord may have permitted the enemy to strip you of your earthly comforts, yet he hath prepared for you a kingdom that cannot be moved, an inheritance that passeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, an house not made with hands, but a mansion, built by himself, eternal in the heavens. Be of good cheer, he hath overcome the world. Go to him; and cry day and night to him. He says, you should always pray, and not faint. He is waiting yet in the mercy-seat to be gracious. He has great mercies in his heart and hand to bestow; and when the poor and needy seek them early, he says, "the Lord will hear, and I, the God of Jacob, will not forsake them."

That the Lord, who bleaseth the poor in spirit, may grant you his promised help in providence and grace, is the fervent prayer of your unknown friend

THOMAS WELLAND.

#### THE REDEEMER ON THE CROSS.

The second part of a volume of SPIRITUAL POEMS, by the author of the above letter, is just publishing. From it we gather the following lines, which point to the REDEEMER ON THE CROSS.

Behold that compassion which beams from his eyes,  
His heart weeps for love, see how deeply he sighs.  
He groans for our groans, and grieves for our grief,  
The Chief of ten thousands for sinners the chief!  
Behold the great blood-drops which fall to the ground,  
From the piercings of sin when his heart felt the wound.  
See those crimson torrents that flow'd down the tree,  
To atone for all crimes, though like scarlet they be;  
Almighty in virtue, that pure living Fount  
Removes deepest stains of the highest amount.



**A LETTER FROM WILLIAM ALLEN,**

(OF CAVE ADULLAM, STEPNEY,)

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION AT TRINITY  
CHAPEL, YORK STREET, PLYMOUTH.

GRACE, mercy, and peace rest upon you, work in you, and constantly protect and guide in providence and grace. Amen.

When I left home for Plymouth, I came with a heavy heart, not expecting my feeble testimony to be received; but when I entered the pulpit the thought entered my mind, come what will, I will read the 46th Psalm, and as soon as I read the words "God is our refuge," light broke into my soul, and I was satisfied God was in the place, and I could safely say the "The anointing which ye have received of him" had softened, humbled, and brought you down helpless and needy at the feet of Jesus: may this holy oil penetrate and open up the graces of the Spirit within you in love to Christ, to his people, and to his cause; prevent the poison of sin from inflaming your tempers and self-will, to the disturbing your peace and comfort as a church; and however you may be tried, distressed, and shaken with fear, sorrow, darkness, and affliction, desire, hope, faith, and love shall, like oil, swim above it. All your sight may become dim through the mist and fogs of dark and mysterious Providences, and obstructions arise to prevent your communion with God in prayer, but the anointing which ye have received of him shall again flow, and cause you to see that his ways are all right, and also cause you to breathe freely in prayer for fresh manifestations of his mercy and grace. Remember it is from him, (the Holy One, that has saved, redeemed, justified, and ever liveth to intercede for you,) that ye have received it from; thus shall abide in you, because it is the inwrought work of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and those three agree in covenant to begin, carry on, and to complete for their own honour and glory: it shall abide in you because it is an incorruptible seed that must live and abide for ever, and never die: it must abide in you because it is an unction from Christ your head, in relation to you as a member of his mystic body, poured into the heart by God the Spirit; and although it may become low, and every drop of comfort gone, thou shalt still hunger and thirst, and the promise is they shall be filled. By this emptying and filling, shutting up, and opening, captivity and liberty, darkness and light, conflicts with satan, world, and your corrupt hearts, and then again close communion with God in secret prayer and faith; ye shall know that which no flesh-pleasing preacher can teach; nor do you need any of those men that prate so much about piety to teach you you are a sinner, for you feel it, groan under it, confess it, cry to God to be kept from evil, that it may not grieve you, and this is a truth and no lie; this is my daily prayer, for I feel myself such a weak, silly, fickle, fretful, discontented, dark, rebellious, and wandering fool, that only as God keeps, guides, and supports me can I walk, talk, live, preach, or pray to his honour and glory; and this is truth, and no lie: and even as it hath taught me, so I believe it hath taught you, and God hath said ye shall abide in him. (John i. 27.) Now if these things be true in your experience he is your's to take care of you in all your trials and afflictions, to work out a righteousness which is placed to your account, yea, upon, and in you, and shall be by his his own grace and power worked out of you in life, conduct, and conversation. He has paid your debt with his own precious blood; he ever liveth to make intercession for you before the throne; he gave you life, and he is yours to preserve that life, and to crown it with glory; he is yours to create the desire, and to listen to the cry or groan when uttered, and to overrule all for your good.

Dearly beloved brethren, my prayer for you is that you may be kept looking to him for a fulfilling of his promise, if you have not one sealed in your soul, and if not, cry and look to him for one; wait

on him, and for him; he will come in due time, and his coming shall be at a seasonable moment, when every thing of earth and self fall; seek after him when he hides his face, and speaks ruffly to you in providence, or withholds his power in the ministry and ordinances of his house, ye shall find him whom your souls love, and prove him the same in the dark as in the light; only trust in him, walk in his footsteps, and in love one with another, and all will be well in life, and death, and eternity too.

How sweet when we find  
A oneness of mind  
Prevail in the churches of God;  
Sure token of good,  
If right understood,  
Preventing the use of the rod.  
When discord doth cease,  
And true gospel peace  
Put all sad dissensions to flight.  
Hope smiling around,  
Expects to be crown'd  
When brethren together unite.

"Yours in best and strongest of all bonds,  
"W. ALLEN."

**A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND****My Prayer for my Pastor.**

Go on, dear pastor, to proclaim  
The wonders of his grace abroad;  
And lift on high that precious name  
By which poor sinners come to God.  
Lift, lift the blood-stain'd banner high!  
Tell of the faithful great I AM;  
Display the love which made him die,  
Point burden'd sinners to the Lamb.  
Proclaim his everlasting love,  
A sea immense, without a shore;  
The source of every joy above,  
The same when time shall be no more.  
Tell of the love that brought thee forth,  
A monument of grace to stand;  
And spread the Saviour's matchless worth  
To his redeemed round the land.  
Proclaim salvation full and free,  
For every seeking, trembling soul,  
Who at his footstool bow the knee,  
And long by grace to be made whole.  
Go on to feed the church of God  
With manna from the upper skies;  
For whom he shed his precious blood,  
And who shall in his likeness rise.  
Think, what a glorious work is thine—  
An instrument in God's dear hands;  
How many precious souls shall shine,  
That he, by thee, has loos'd from bands.  
If each dear soul exceeds a world,  
And cost the Saviour toil and smart;  
O let the banner be unfurl'd,  
And tell the love of his dear heart.  
The Lord support thee in each fire,  
And in each flood preserve in peace;  
And give thee souls for gospel hire,  
And cause thy sorrows thus to cease.  
The Lord enable thee to dig  
Deep in the mines of his best word;  
And bring its hidden treasures forth,  
And arm thee with the Spirit's sword.  
The Lord anoint thee with his grace;  
With heavenly oil thy lamp supply;  
And at the last thy soul embrace,  
And take thee to the Church on high.  
For when the Shepherd-Chief shall come,  
A crown of glory he'll bestow;  
Thou then shall dwell with him at home  
And sorrow here no more below.

W. BRADLEY.

## UNION TO THE VISIBLE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

or,

SOME ACCOUNT OF GOD'S DEALINGS WITH WILLIAM CHAPMAN.

DEAR AND MUCH ESTERMED PASTOR,—This is the third time that I have sat down to write to you : I think I may say, satan hath hindered me. My object, in writing this, is to testify of the goodness of the Lord to me, the vilest of the vile, as well as to shew you something of the way and manner that the dear Lord led me to join the church at Crosby Row.

It is twelve months ago, the third of this month, since I cast in my lot amongst you ; and, blessed be God, I have never had to repent of it yet ; I believe I never shall, as long as I live. I shall come at once to the subject.

From my first coming to Tottenham until the time that I cast in my lot with you, was about four years ; and I can say that those four years were spent in prayer for, and looking after, a spiritual home. At times, my mind was much impressed about baptism ; I had many desires toward it ; I had many sweet views of the sufferings, and death, and resurrection of Christ, as set forth by that ordinance ; but, as they were Independents where I went, I had no opportunity, unless I came to London. Many times did I look towards that sacred spot where I had fed most sweetly on the preached Word of God ; (I mean Crosby Row ; but the distance was so great, that I could not walk ; and many times did I hear from professors and satan too, that it was not lawful to ride on the Sabbath. This matter was settled in my soul, by that text, "The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath Day. Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath Day, or not ?" I believe there cannot be any sin in travelling on the Sabbath to worship and praise the Lord.

There was another mountain stood in the way ;—that was, to go before a London Church : I thought they all stood so clear in the liberty of the gospel, and I was all fears and confusion. So I concluded it was of no use to think of any such thing. But these words would often steal into my mind, "If you love me, keep my commandments ;" which I used to answer something like this, "Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord ; but I have no opportunity to keep them, as I have no where to go." Sometimes I thought I would join the Independents ; but the Lord had shewn me that they were not keeping his commandments ; they jumped over one to come to the other. I prayed to the Lord to direct me ; and I thought that the Lord would have me to go away from this place altogether. I begged him to give me another place where the gospel was preached faithfully, and the church founded upon New Testament principles. I saw an advertisement, in the *Gospel Standard*, for a man at Cheshunt. I thought that the Lord had heard my cry, and granted my request. So off I started after the place, begging of the Lord all the way to give me the place, if for my good and his glory, but if contrary to his will, I prayed that I might not get it. I believe the Lord heard and answered my prayers agreeable to his will, though very contrary to mine ; for, when I got there, the man knew nothing about it ; I have never heard anything from him since. I now thought the Lord

might intend to keep me there a little longer ; and, as there was a Baptist chapel about three miles off, I thought that that might be the place where the Lord had appointed me to eat the passover ; so, on Sunday night I went ; I prayed all the way there, that if the Lord did intend that to be the place, that he would bless my soul under the Word. The parson took for his text—*"Let me die the death of the righteous ; and let my last end be like his."* But, I left the place persuaded in my mind that this was not the place to keep the feast.

Now I was in another strait, and I knew not what to do. One Sunday, my wife being out, I thought I would hear Mr. Field in the morning ; then shut myself up to read the Bible and prayer ; I went to chapel, but got nothing for my soul to feed upon. After dinner I took my Bible, and retired to pray ; but all seemed in vain ; all my prayers seemed to return back to me again, instead of ascending up to heaven. There was a portion of Scripture which had been sweet to me in the week, *"Let the inhabitants of the rock sing ; let them shout from the tops of the mountains."* I was led to look at who the inhabitants were ; and their safety, being in the Rock, Christ. I found them to be a poor and a despised people, as they stand in themselves ; a sinful people ; the worst of sinners ; but, as they are in the Rock, they are safe. I saw them as clean as if they had never sinned ; as holy as the obedience and blood of Christ can make them. I tried to find this text, but could not ; I worried myself, so that I scarce knew what I was doing ; when suddenly it came into my mind to go and hear Banks. I had six miles to walk. I started off. Sometimes I ran ; and at other times I walked ; sometimes I stopped to consider whether I was in my senses or not. But, notwithstanding, the impression was so great, I could not resist it. I reached the chapel at half-past six ; they were singing. To my surprise, I saw a stranger in the pulpit. I wondered who he was. His text was, *"Thus saith the Lord, feed the flock of slaughter : I took me two staves, the one I called beauty, and the other bands ; and I fed the flock."* The dear man said, "We spake of some of the slaughter-houses in the morning." The words dropped into my heart like the dew of Hermon ; it swept away all my prejudice, and melted my hard heart. The dear man went on to speak of the beautiful staff—CHRIST, in a most delightful manner. He said, Christ was not only a staff to lean upon, but he was a shield, and a beautiful one ; the bands he represented as the promises, which were to bind up the broken-hearted. And truly I can say, I felt the benefit of them ; for I went into the chapel shattered and broken all to pieces, but I came away as strong as a giant.

Now, as I was going to chapel, I told the Lord that if he would bless the Word to my soul that night, I would make that place my home ; I felt fully persuaded in my mind that this was to be my home ; I felt tied to the place. I thought that I must go and ask Mr. Wigmore to baptize me. But, as it was ordinance night, I could not

stop; besides he was not the pastor of the church; I thought I had better wait and give you a hearing; and then, if the Lord was pleased to bless me under your preaching, I should be quite sure this was the place to keep the feast.

I came again on the first Sunday that you came home; I prayed all the way for a blessing. The words that you read for a text are in the second epistle to the Corinthians, "Receive us: we have wronged no man; we have corrupted no man; we have defrauded no man." This seemed to me as though it came direct from God. I had been tempted to believe you were not a servant of God; but this sermon dropped so sweetly into my soul, that every doubt was removed; and I can say, satan has never again prevailed against me, so as to leave one single doubt upon my mind as to your being called of God to preach the gospel. Still I could not say, as Ruth did, "This people shall be my people." I was obliged to say, "Lord, let this people be my people, and their God my God." I felt confident that the Lord was in the midst; but my unbelief was so great, I could not believe the Lord would put me amongst his children. Never did I feel such a spirit of prayer for any church as for this. Hours have been spent at a throne of grace on their behalf. My wife would often say, "You had better go to London, William; for it is no use for you to go to Mr. Field's any more; you only come home complaining you can't get any thing for your soul; but when you go to London, you can think of nearly all the sermon." But as it was with Jacob, so it was with me; I had vowed a vow unto the Lord, but was very reluctant in paying. Hearing there was to be baptising soon, I thought that I would not go there any more until it was over; and then I thought I should have plenty of time to think of it, before another opportunity would offer; but the Lord knew the right time better than I did; I thought it was too late for this time, so I ventured once more. After service you gave it out, that those who desired to go through the ordinance had better see you at once. So I made up my mind—sink or swim—not to go away until I had told you my mind. But O, what a confused state did I soon get into; so that when I got to your house I wished myself further; and should have run away if I could have got out without being seen. Those words were very sweet to me, that you spake in your sermon, to "make the way straight;" I begged of him to do it for me. I had many sweet seasons under the Word, and many sweet views of Jesus Christ; but there seemed something wanting; I thought I never had been brought fully into liberty; and I had determined never to join any church, until I could see that it was the will of the Lord.

In the afternoon I went to hear John Foreman. I heard him with much pleasure. He quoted that beautiful text, "JESUS CHRIST THE SAME yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The same in our day, as in Mannasseh's day, and in Magdalen's day; he saved them, and cannot he save you? Are you worse than they? These words dropped into my heart like honey from the honey-comb.

On Monday-morning, being left alone in the mill, I went up into our little bed-room to pray, as it was my custom, as often as I could, when the words came again, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." This was

the most powerful text I ever had; it seemed as though the Lord was behind me, saying, "Is there not virtue enough in my blood to cleanse you? And can your soul be so black, that I cannot wash it white? And are you a worse sinner than those who are left on record in the Word for example? If so, there might be some ground for despair. And even then, thy case is not hopeless; seeing 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" My prayers were then all turned into praise, and I did rejoice with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory;" my soul then went forth into "the dances of them that make merry." This was the year of jubilee with me! I could see that Jesus Christ was the same indeed; for all my sins were washed away in his most precious blood; and I could come boldly to a throne of grace.

The Sunday following was the day appointed for me to be visited; and I went to chapel in some confidence in the Lord that he would send his angel before me to prepare the way. You took for your text, "The Lord is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." You spoke of Cain and his city representing the church of God, in her fallen condition, and baseness in herself. My soul did rejoice indeed, to find that what I felt in myself, was no new thing in the church of God; for such a monster did I feel myself to be, that I could hardly think my fellow was to be found.

After the service was over, friend A—asked me home to dinner; I found my soul fast sinking before I left the chapel. However, I told them some of the way in which the Lord had led me. But, O, what a confused state did my poor mind get into! They spake very encouragingly to me; but I felt they were not satisfied with me. Satan set in upon my soul in a most distressing manner. He said, "You have spoken of that Scripture as being applied to you by the Lord; but how do you know that it was from him? What ground have you to believe that it came from the Lord? There is a plain proof that it did not, as it was first brought to your mind by man." This made me tremble. All I could say was, whether it was of the Lord, or not, it removed all my fears, and brought sweet peace into my soul, and caused me to sing aloud for joy.

The evening came; the service appeared a long and burdensome one to me: never did I long for the end of any sermon in my life as I did for that, though I believe it was a most blessed discourse; yet, not one word did I dare take to myself. I left the chapel with a determination never to come any more; for I felt that I was altogether deceived. However, the dear Lord knew better how to deal with me than I did with myself; for although I could not believe that I was one of his children, yet I could not believe that I was not. So that when Sunday came I was quite willing to go, and was much refreshed. I had fresh trouble coming after this. I had to go before the church and give in my experience. Where shall I begin, thought I; and what shall I say? So confused was my mind, I could not put my experience together, to make anything of it. This, before, had not troubled me. I thought the Lord would help me. But now all my faith seemed to give way; I could not leave anything in his hands. Besides, all the sins of my youth would stare me in the face. But that text was much upon my mind, at

times, which gave me a little hope, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain you." My burden was so heavy that I could not lift it; but I was enabled to roll it to the feet of the dear Lord, and say, "Thou must do with me, as seemeth good in thy sight." O, how I begged of the Lord to make it known to me whether I was one of his, or not; for I felt that it was an awful thing to be deceived at last. My wife would often say to me, "You might as well speak to Mr. Banks for me; as I have often thought I should like to go through the ordinance when you do." I felt I had got so much trouble myself, I could not bring her into the same; besides, I thought I might be the means of dragging her into the church before the Lord's time. So, instead of doing anything towards pulling her in, I tried to keep her back. One day she said to me, "I cannot think where these words come from—do you think they are in the Bible—he hates to put away?" I said, I did not know—I had seen them in a hymn-book. I took down the Bible, and opened right on the words, "The Lord God of Israel saith, *he hateth putting away.*" These words run through my mind all the next day, with much sweetness and comfort. I saw that he would not put one of his elect away, however they might have gone astray; but would chasten them for their folly. I hoped, indeed, I was one of that happy number; or the Lord would not have taken such care of me. Now I was like a man who had found a lot of money; I looked all round to see if I could find something more; when these words forced out of my heart, "Bring ye all the tithes out of the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it," Malachi iii. 10. I thought this could have nothing in it for me, when the words of the apostle came into my mind, " whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning. With these words I thought I would venture to go before the church; but satan continued to assault my soul in a very distressing manner.

On the Thursday before the day appointed for me to speak to the church, I was much cast down in my mind: in the afternoon an iron shaft broke in the mill; I never could account for it, unless it was by divine appointment. As I could not work at night, I thought I would go to Artillery Lane. Never shall I forget what a spirit of prayer and supplication I had; I felt confident the Lord would bless my soul under the Word. You took for your text the parable of the prodigal son. When you came to speak of the father meeting the prodigal, you said that poor prodigals can tell you where the father met with them: he met them in his Word and under his Word. This knocked me down as flat as though some one had struck me on the head with a hammer; for this was all my trouble; because I could not say that the Lord had ever met me in his Word; and so blinded by the devil's temptation and unbelief, that I could not see the Lord had ever met me in any sermon in my life, or in any portion of Scripture. I went home greatly fearing I had neither part nor lot in the matter.

On Friday, as I was standing in the mill, thinking what to do, as to going before the church, it

seemed as though some one came behind me and said, "Where did the Father meet with you?—Was it not in his dear Son?" My soul exclaimed, "Yes, Lord; that is the place where the Lord has met me many times;" immediately it flowed into my mind the many times and places in which the Lord had met with me under the Word, and in the Word: I was then led back to the times when the Lord met me under Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Gunner, Mr. Banks, Mr. Philpot, and many others. I thought, I will go, let the result be what it may: if the Lord should shut me up, so that I cannot say anything, surely it will be another nail in the head of my old man; he must be crucified; and the sooner he is dead, the better. My soul was not fully delivered from this temptation—but this enabled me to bear it. Never in my life was I so much cut up by any sermon; yet I have to bless God for it; for it was one of the best that I ever heard of: and by it my soul has been brought into such liberty as I never before knew.

Sunday came; I went between hope and fear: I told the Lord that I did not mind how much my pride was mortified so long as he enabled me to say sufficient for the people to receive me. I thought I would hasten over the first part of my experience, and dwell more at large on the last part. But when I came to the part I thought to dwell a little upon, it came into my mind again with more power than ever, "*How do you know that these things were from the Lord?—You may be deceived now!*" My soul sunk fathoms. I knew not how to stand up. My mind was so confused, I could not think of anything, and was glad to get into the vestry. I thought to myself, my motive is pure; I seek nothing but the honour and glory of God; and I can say, I hate sin, and desire holiness; which gave me a little comfort.

Having been received as a candidate for baptism, I felt determined to try the Lord once more, for the last time. I said, "Dear Lord, let me have thy presence at the pool, and I will ask no more; for I cannot come into that solemn place, without thy presence; it will be more than I can bear." I can say, the Lord heard my cry—granted me my request. Here that promise began to be fulfilled, which I have before mentioned, "I will open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing."

That sermon on the Sunday night we were received into the church was much blessed to me—"Who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die?" When you gave me the right hand of fellowship, you said, "This is all I could get from the Lord for you—Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord," &c. My soul exclaimed, "And enough too, if from the Lord." For these words almost broke my heart, to think that the Lord should condescend to teach me, and to lead me up the mountain, Christ. Blessed be God, that text has been fulfilled in my soul: it dropped into my heart, one day, in the mill, with such sweetness and power that I shall never forget: the windows of heaven were open indeed, and the blessing poured out; so that my soul said, "*It is enough,* Lord; I cannot bear any more."

One thing more, and I will close. On a certain day you preached from these words—"Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." It was a memorable time to

my soul. Up to that time my soul had not been fully delivered from that temptation. But when you spoke of the way and manner you had been tempted, the net was broke—my soul was set at happy liberty. If you had known all that had passed in my mind, you could not have spoken it better. It may be you will say, "Where are you now?" I answer, I am as black as sin can make me; I have been as rebellious as John; as filthy as Manasseh; as ugly as Ruth, who was not like unto one of the handmaidens. Thus you see what I am, as I stand in myself; and I trust that I can say, without presumption, that I am as holy as the obedience and blood of Christ can make me. Yea, if the Bible is true, and *true it is*, Jesus Christ is my Elder Brother, and God is my Father; so that it is impossible that my soul can be lost.

I remain, your's in the bonds of the gospel,

W. CHAPMAN.

Tottenham Hale, June 18th, 1850.

A HARD FIGHT BETWEEN SATAN AND A LIVING SOUL:

IN AN

ACCOUNT of the DEATH of MR. PEACOCK.

MR. PEACOCK was a goodly minister, and a tutor at Oxford. In his last sickness he was a remarkable instance of soul conflict. He was brought even to the suburbs of hell, and thence was plucked as a brand out of the fire. God restored comfort to his dejected soul, binding up his broken spirit, and pouring in a more precious balm than that of Gilead into his wounded and bleeding conscience.

Many young gentlemen being come to visit him, he said to them, "Live in God's fear, that you may die in his favour, otherwise the ox and the ass will condemn you."

Two or three hours before his death he expressed himself to those about him in the following manner: "Do you expect to hear from me what I believe concerning my everlasting salvation? Truly God is for ever so endearingly tender, and so inconceivably merciful to all those whom he hath once loved, that he doth never finally forsake them. And therefore, I am most assuredly confident that I shall depart from hence into heaven. Hence, thrice happy be those cords of affliction in which my most gracious God hath tied and bound me."

A friend said to him, "You have fought a good fight." He answered, "It behoves, it behoves me to strive for heaven. Lift me up; help me out; rid me hence, that I may pass straight to heaven. God favourably accepts the endeavours of his saints."

Being reminded of God's great mercy to him, he said, "Oh, the sea is not so full of water, nor the sun of light, as God of goodness. His mercy is ten thousand times more."

Being put in mind of God's great goodness to him, in filling his soul with comfort after such great temptations, he said, "I do, God be praised, feel such comfort, that if I had five thousand worlds I could not make recompense for such an issue. How shall I extol the munificence of God, which is unspeakable, and more than any soul can conceive? Let us with humble reverence, acknowledge his great mercy. How great cause have I to magnify the goodness of God, who hath humbled, nay, rather, hath exalted so wretched a miscreant, and of so base a condition, to an estate so glorious and stately. The Lord hath honoured me with his goodness. I am sure he hath provided a glorious kingdom for me. The joy that I feel in my soul is incredible. Blessed be God, blessed be God, I am a thousand times happy to have such felicity thrown upon me, a poor wretched miscreant." After a little rest he said, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit. Lord, receive my soul. Lord,

lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me, and be merciful unto me."

And so he slept in the Lord, A. D. Dec. 4, 1611. I shall now set down a few of the many remarkable expressions of this holy man in his deserted state; which, through the divine blessing, may be helpful to those who shall fall into the like melancholy circumstances against despair of deliverance. "O, (said he) "how sinful, woful, and miserable is my condition, who thus must converse with hell-hounds. The Lord hath cursed me. I was a foolish, vain-glorious hypocrite. 'Tis against the course of God's proceeding to save me. He hath otherwise decreed. I have no more grace than those curtains, than a goose, than a block; I have no more grace than a stake. I have destroyed a thousand souls."

Q. "You hope to be saved by your merit."

A. "I fear to be damned for my sins. Oh, if you felt my grief but an hour, you would have compassion on me."

Q. "If you were in the fire, you would wish to get out."

A. "I had rather be in the fire than here."

To Mr. Dodd he said, "Oh, Mr. Dodd, I have no grace."

Mr. Dodd, "I will not believe every one that saith, he hath grace; nor every one that saith, he hath none. Would you believe the physician or yourself about the state of your body?"

A. "The physician."

Q. "Believe not therefore yourself now. You are sick, but you shall be restored."

A. "It is impossible."

Q. "Your sin is not so great as Adam's, yet he is in heaven."

A. "It repented him."

Q. "Be not always digging at your sin. A wound always rubbed cannot be cured. Suffer the plaster of God's word to rest upon it."

A. "O, that I had it! O, that it would please God! I had rather have it than any thing in this or in twenty thousand worlds besides. But I cannot truly desire it. O, the judgment of God! O, my miserable heart! O death! O, that he would enlarge my soul!"

Q. "This desire is good."

A. "But 'tis without savour. My sins are great. He hath rejected me; he doth manifest it. O my abominable bringing up of youth!" With much more of the like kind. But after a while he said, "I thank God, he hath begun to ease me. O God, reconcile me to thee, that my miserable soul may receive comfort. My mind was grievously possessed with sundry distractions last night; but I find my burden now more light, I thank God."

Many of the Fellows of the College being come to visit him, he said, "Truly my heart and my soul have been far led, and deeply troubled by temptations and stings of conscience; but, I thank God, they are eased in a good measure. Wherefore I desire that I may not be branded with the note of a forlorn reprobate and cast-away. Such questions and oppositions, and all things tending thereto, I renounce."

Q. "Do you forgive all wrongs?"

A. "Yes; and desire that mine may be forgiven. If in any thing I have offended by my inconsiderate speeches in the time of my temptations, I heartily and humbly ask forgiveness of God for them all."

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THE BIBLE PREACHER (Nos. 7 and 8) in a long defence of the doctrine of THE RESURRECTION Bony, says, "To question the existence in heaven of the same body as Christ had on the cross; and the resurrection to glory of the same bodies as the saints inhabit on earth, is to strike a blow at two important articles of the christian faith." This is true. The purity of the Saviour's humanity; and the perfection of his redeeming and sin-removing work is indirectly hit at. We trust the BIBLE PREACHER'S defence will be rendered useful to the Churches.

## The Blessed Dying Testimony of the late Stephen Male.

DEAR MR. EDIRON—The subject of death is one of the most solemn that sinful man can contemplate, whether it be viewed in connection with mere abstract nature, or in connection with union to Christ;—the first is terrible in the extreme,—the other is important, inasmuch as it is the pathway to glory, and an outlet from all sin and suffering here. When we see the Lord so kind in giving his children a large share of living grace in dying moments, it makes our hearts rejoice, and sometimes long to be brought there, in order to feel its effects. Such was the happiness of the experience of my dear late father, that I should (with many others,) be obliged if you would insert the following brief memoir in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

The subject of this memoir, Mr. Stephen Male, (my father,) was a native of Dry Drayton, Cambridgeshire. He was born in the year, 1787, and died July 1st, 1850, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Like all the rest of Adam's race, he was (in the early part of life) a stranger to his Maker, an hater of God's people, dead in trespasses and sins, and far off by wicked works, without hope and without God in the world. For years he was a member of the parish Church, and partook of the sacrament; although ignorant of its meaning, ignorant of Jesus Christ, ignorant of himself as a sinner, and ignorant of the way of salvation. During that time the true gospel was but little known, and it is much to be feared but very few knew the way of salvation in that dark and wicked village. Sometime about the year 1823, a Mr. Whittenhall used to travel from Cambridge to preach the gospel to them in the open air. Much opposition was experienced by them that gathered round him, especially from those who were haters of all things sacred. Notwithstanding, Mr. Whittenhall took his stand on an elevated spot on the side of the road under an old tree, and preached to them the way of salvation. A goodly number generally used to assemble to hear what the babbler had to say. As it pleased the Lord to work with the speaker, some heard the Word with joy; some were pricked in their hearts, and were brought to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." After the lapse of some few weeks' open air preaching, a Mr. Gilk (a God-fearing man) joined hand and heart with this little band; and he having a little piece of spare ground, sold it to the little flock, and they built a house for the worship of the Lord our God. In the year 1824, seven persons followed the Lord in the ordinance of Believers' Baptism, and were formed into a church through the instrumentality of Mr. Whittenhall. The wife of the deceased being one of the seven that first joined themselves to the Lord, was greatly persecuted by him for her religion; alleging that it was proper to go to Church, and not to meeting. But as it has often been one of the Lord's ways, to make use of the meanest things to accomplish the greatest ends, so in this case, the Lord was pleased to make use of the poor prayers of a persecuted wife as the means of converting a persecuting husband. At a time when the wife was on her bended knee, and (Hezekiah-like) spreading her case before the Lord, not knowing that any one was within the sound of her voice; not far distant there stood one listening to her petitions presented to the Lord

for a further manifestation of his pardoning love, grace, and mercy. The Lord was pleased to fasten a conviction on his mind that there was a reality in her religion, which he was a stranger to. And though he had hitherto been a persecutor of his wife, on account of her religion, yet now he became humbled under a sense of his sinnership; he felt himself quite undone and lost; though not many days before he had looked upon himself as safe for heaven. Now, he is like the poor publican at the footstool of divine mercy, with "God be merciful to me a sinner." His false props give way; he feels himself upon a sandy foundation; or rather, on none at all. Instead of railing and persecuting, he is glad to go with the poor disciples after Jesus; glad to shelter in the name of the Lord. The Lord the Spirit was pleased to lead my deceased father to the cross; there he saw (IN CHRIST,) what he needed—salvation for perishing sinners; clothing for the naked; bread for the hungry; riches for the destitute. In Christ he saw all that he needed for time and eternity. He sought the Redeemer in the sanctuary; and when he heard the bleating of the lambs, he (with them) sought repose by the Shepherd's tent, where he maketh his flock to rest at noon. After a little time the deceased (with others) was baptised, joined the church, and walked in the ordinances of God's house.

From that time to the day of his death he, through mercy, maintained a consistent walk and conduct, worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called. Nothing very particularly occurred in the experience of the deceased, but what is common to Christian men.

As a man he was firm, unflinching, and determined to carry into execution what he conceived to be right. As a Christian he was steadfast in his attachment to the doctrines of divine grace; and a warm advocate for prayer-meetings; his doors were always open to receive them that carried good tidings and published peace. He was truly attached to his dear pastor, Mr. Hanks, and, indeed it may be said the love was reciprocal. Just before the Lord was pleased to lay on him this affliction, a vacancy occurred in the deaconship. The deceased was appointed to the office. But the Lord has taken him from the church militant to the general assembly and church of the first-born,

"Where God, the Son, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away."

During the last year of his life it was remarked by some, that "Master Male's time was short in this world." He was taken for death at one o'clock on the last Lord's Day in December, 1849; he was confined to his bed; and it appeared visible to all that death was not far distant. But erring and short-sighted creatures do but very seldom judge aright; our thoughts were not as the thoughts of God. My father's days of trial were not yet at an end; a hotter furnace was to be passed through. During all this time his mind was placid, serene, and comfortable; not cast down—not lifted up.

On the second Lord's Day in July, I left London, with a desire to see my dear father once more

in the flesh. When I entered the peaceful chamber, he cast his dying eye, and raised his withered hand, with a "Well, my boy." After some little conversation, I said, "Father, what are your prospects for a never-ending eternity?" He said, "I am very comfortable; I have no fear of death." I said, "Do you think you shall die this time?" "Well, I don't know; but as soon as I am done raising I shall be gone; it appears I must be choked." I said, "Godliness yields its comforts in life; but it is in death we need it the most." "Ah, (said he) how good the Lord is! What should I do now without a Saviour! I am no better than others;

"Nothing in me to merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight;  
'Twas even so Father I ever shall sing,  
For so it seemed good in thy sight."

Why was I made to hear his voice, while thousands are suffered to go? 'Tis all of grace from first to last." I said, "What is your opinion of the doctrines you have professed? Can you die by them?" "Yes! Christ all in all; the sinner nothing. If they are not true, there is no truth." On the same day his beloved pastor, Mr. Hanks, came to visit him, and took, as he thought, a last farewell, and blessed him in the name of the Lord. On the following Wednesday, I took my leave of him, fully persuaded that I should see him no more, he said, "The Lord bless you, my boy, and help you through all your troubles. I shall soon be gone.

'My Jesus hath done all things well.'

I'm resting on a Rock that shall stand firm when I shall fall to the grave."

On the following day he somewhat revived; but the change was not permanent. A sharper attack was now about to be made, which, at length, proved his death. All his sufferings, (which were very acute,) he bore with a degree of resignation that is very rare to be witnessed; patience having had her perfect work, was truly exemplified in all his afflictions, which lasted just six months and one week. The general tenor of his mind was, "O Lord, how long! I do not wish to be impatient—but I long to be gone."

My dear brother Hanks has favoured me with some account of the state of his mind, which I shall give verbatim; it is as follows:

"Dear Brother in the Lord—You ask me to furnish you with some account of your father's last days; and, as far as I am acquainted with them, I shall most willingly and faithfully do so. Pledging myself *only* for the *substance* of what he said, and the *words* as nearly as I can remember.

"The last days of your departed father were not remarkable for any ecstatic elevation of feeling, arising from the foretaste of the bliss that awaited him. But his hope was solid and firm, even as an anchor fastened within the veil, whither his forerunner had for him entered, even Jesus. It may be said of him, that 'he knew whom he had believed, and was persuaded that he was able to keep that which he had committed unto him against that day. When first I visited him in his sickness I felt impressed from his appearance, that his tabernacle was about to come down; that the tenure of his days had well nigh run out, and that the days of his mourning were nearly ended. On that occasion I dealt with

him as I generally do when I visit the sick and dying of the Lord's people. I affectionately questioned him as to the state of his mind, and as to his prospects beyond the territories of the grave; reminding him of the many years he had professed to know the Lord, and to have walked in his truth, with a view to elicit from him some account of the Lord's gracious dealings with him during that time. He gave me fully to understand that his hope was not founded in the length of his profession—nor his expectations for eternity on the works of his hands. He spoke of his helplessness with the deepest humility, even to tears; telling me that he found his heart as prone to evil as ever; and that even now in his weakness, as when he was in health, he was plagued with the temptations of satan. His mind seemed dark and distressed: and, under these exercises, who, that knows anything of their influence, can wonder at it? A dying saint, tempted and harassed by the devil! I quoted and enlarged upon several portions of God's Word, with a view to his relief; and asked him if he could not look back to some favoured times in his pilgrimage, when his soul had received a pledge and an earnest of her interest in Christ? To which he replied, (as an effect of the state of his mind,) 'The Lord has never given to me what he gave to the thief on the cross;' adding, 'that is what I want.' I observed, with much tenderness, that I trusted that the Lord had done for him all that he did for the dying thief. 'What did he do for the dying thief (I enquired) which he has not done for you?—He gave him salvation, and a promise that that day he should be with him in paradise.' 'Ah,' said he, weeping, 'that is what I want; I want that promise; I want *the day* to come.' I left him much affected on this occasion, and for some days after felt an earnest spirit of prayer on his behalf.

When I visited him again, on the following Sunday, as though he was aware that, from sympathy, my spirit had been troubled for him, he at once adverted to what he had said on the past. 'Mr. Hanks,' he observed, 'when I said that the Lord had not done for me what he did for the thief on the cross, I did not mean that he had done nothing for my soul; O, no; I did not mean that: but I meant that he had not told me, as he did him, that *to-day* I should be with him; for I long to be gone, yet I desire to wait with patience.' O, how different were his feelings on this occasion! How sweetly did he speak of the Rock that begat him, and of the Sure Foundation on which his soul was resting. 'This is my rest,' he said, 'here my soul is staid; and can you tell me,' said he, exultingly, 'a safer resting-place for a sinner than this? I have been resting here for many years,' he added; 'and now I find it support me. I can trust my soul in his hands.' 'What a mercy it is for such sinners as we are,' I observed, 'that salvation is wholly of grace; that

'There's not an *if* to foul the stream  
Nor *peradventure* there!'

'Ah,' said the dear aged saint, 'if it were not so, I must be lost! Blessed testimony! My soul exults, though I weep while I record it.

I visited him several times after this; and on one occasion, in prayer with him, I felt my heart so enlarged, and was favoured with such a degree

of nearness and sacred fellowship that I shall not soon forget. When I arose from my knees the tears were trickling down his care-worn cheeks. I took him by the hand, promising that I might never see him again in the flesh, but I hoped, one day, to join him, and, through mercy, to take a part in his song. He bade me good-bye, and blessed me in the name of the Lord, and prayed that my labours in the gospel might ever be attended with success. He afterwards spoke of this meeting to our brother Edwards, as having been one of unusual blessedness, from what he felt while we were engaged in prayer.

The last time of my visiting him, while he was able to speak, he seemed truly happy in the Lord. He gave me a text which he desired me to speak from after his decease, Psa. cxix. 49, 'Remember the word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope.' 'Say nothing, (said he,) in praise of the creature:' and these, I think, were the last words I heard him utter. I promised I would not: and, with this solemn injunction before me, I spoke from them last Sabbath afternoon. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee wither-soever thou goest. Your's affectionately,  
"Cambridge, July 9, 1850. H. HANKS."

Nearly the last words that he was heard to speak was, "I have a good hope, through grace; my sufferings are nearly over; soon the joyful news will come, 'Child, your Father calls; come home. On the following morning, at three o'clock, his Maker kissed his soul away to everlasting rest;—it took its flight far beyond the azure skies, to bask in the sunshine of eternal day, and be for ever with the Lord.

On the following Thursday his mortal remains were interred in the parish Church-yard, there to sleep till the resurrection morning, when God makes up his last account of jewels in his holy mount, it will be an honour to appear as one new-born and nourished there. The church has lost a good old member; the bereaved widow has lost a good husband; the children have lost an affectionate father; but heaven has gained a ransomed saint. I am your's, DAVID MALE.

12, Castle Street, Finsbury, London.

### The Success of the Gospel in Australia.

DEAR BROTHER—As I promised you, I now send you news from Australia. It is cheering, encouraging and refreshing.

About thirteen months ago, a brother in the Lord left our shores, Mr. S. Trotman; to me dear in the flesh as a brother also. He had been engaged in the City Mission; was in communion with the Baptist Church at Deptford, (our brother Felton's). Having spoken many times on board ship in the things of God, a few clave unto him, and at the close of the voyage requested him to speak to them, at the house of a brother, finding there was no strict baptist church at Geelong. However, during the week after their landing, a meeting was held, with the intention of joining the Baptist and Independents into one body. This was too flagrant a breach of principles to escape the censure of one who had drank deeply at the fount of inspiration. My brother, therefore, attended and opposed the motion, and that successfully; for they could not do it; they could only form a committee to consider of it. Meanwhile, a deputation from Melbourne arrived at Geelong, to assist in gathering a church under a Mr. Moody, on baptist principles; they waited on him and desired his support. He re-

plied, if Mr. M. and himself were agreed upon doctrine and church fellowship, he would do so, not otherwise. It was agreed to hold a meeting at the Victoria Hotel; all the baptists in Geelong were called to it, Mr. M. was present, also Mr. Scott, baptist minister from Melbourne. It was stated the church there would give £50 per year till the church was strong enough to be isolated. Mr. M. rose and gave his views—he said his opinions were "moderately calvinistic;" he spoke as one conquering as he spoke, with a flippancy expression and world-wise accent, yet unwise: he then went out; we besought him to stay; with a little vain glory he refused. The deputation then rose and said "And now, dear christian friends, it remains for us to seek for a building, a tabernacle for God—" "But, sir, (said one) I do not know that the business is so far settled."—he opposed Mr. Moody; another followed, and another, supporting the opponent—eventually, a motion was proposed to the following effect—"That having heard Mr. Moody, his views of doctrine and church fellowship; and believing them to be at variance with those taught by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the New Testament, we decline forming any connection under his ministry;" this motion was mine; it was carried unanimously, only one objecting. I thought, "Though many a ravenous wolf devour the flock thou none shalt injure." We had found, by enquiry, that Mr. M. was a pædo-baptist in England, and that only when on the skirts of Australia, learning there was no baptist cause at Geelong, he ventured thither."

Thus my brother writes; and truly a glorious victory it was, such as will rejoice the hearts of lovers of truth and gospel church order.

The next step was to take a room to meet in; it was a coach maker's shop in a central part of the town, where for some weeks the strict, truth-loving baptists met for prayer and preaching; they began with twenty, and have been gradually, amidst much opposition and reproach, increasing.

In a short time the Lord gave them a house for prayer; the temperance hall, they bid for it, and purchased it for £55, which is paid; £14 being collected at the opening. There they meet, and there a church has been formed of baptised believers, each one giving an account of the Lord's dealings with him or her; and then they gave themselves to the Lord, and to each other in his fear, and chose my brother to be their pastor, to which he consented. They might have had £300 at once from government, but they refuse upon principle; but to give effect to the voluntary principle, have boxes at the doors with "Weekly freewill Offerings," written on them, to support the cause; they had first week 9s., second week 12s., third week 13. Thus, has the Lord done right in leading away our dear brother from our midst. It is plain he was wanted in that distant land to care for a few poor sheep who would else have been scattered without a true under-shepherd.

Concerning the opening of the chapel, he writes thus—"Last Sunday was a day of days to me, it was the opening of the particular baptist chapel, one of the nicest little places you could well imagine; they had chosen me before for their minister; I had felt humbled; I began to feel elevated, I may say proud, I began to lose the force of that sentiment, "What was I, and my father's house?" &c. I began dreaming of supposed excellence, eloquence, wit, &c.: the sequel will shew I was humbled. The Lord loves his child too well not to chasten: he chastened me, it was with mercy; last Sunday came, editors of papers had spoken with favour of the baptists and their minister. It was an auspicious day, the morning was bright; I took for my text, "Though my house be not so with God, he hath made with me an everlasting covenant," &c. I spoke for twenty minutes, I felt the Lord had departed from me, I was left to my wit, invention, imagination, they were a bundle of reeds; with tears, bitter tears, I told the congregation I had come leaning on my own strength and understanding, that the Lord had stopped my mouth before his children, to humble me—my heart was broken;



I knew then what the valley of humiliation meant; I told them the sincerity of the matter; they sympathised; I thought they would have scouted me: brother and sister Woodard, and a host of friends, came round me, their tears and sympathy made me worse; I could not close the service; I had fancied what desertion was, I knew its terror then: Mr. W. closed in prayer. In the afternoon they held a prayer meeting on my account; it was a stormy afternoon—many attended. I would have declined the evening service, but they would not hear of it; and I went, but with trembling, took that text, 'I waited patiently for the Lord, he inclined his ear unto me, and heard my cry,' and two following verses, that evening, will not be forgotten; my spirit entered into the text, I spoke as the Lord gave me matter—

[The last leaf of this letter, (like one poor parson's notes) is flew away. We cannot find it; we hope our brother Trotman will give us a further account of his ministerial exercises.—Ed.]

WHO CARES FOR, OR WHO CONCERNS THEMSELVES ABOUT THE

### Society for the Relief of Faithful Ministers of the Gospel!

To our aid! to our aid!  
Ye servants of our God!  
Come forth, nor be afraid  
To tread where Jesus trod.

The path of "doing good"  
He trod both day and night;  
And all who love him should  
In "doing good" unite.

May grace-taught men be mov'd  
To give the helping hand,  
To such as have been prov'd  
As faithful in the land.

Whose labours God has bless'd,  
'Midst anxious cares and grief;  
Whose souls are sore distress'd,  
While seeking some relief.

Great Searcher of the heart!  
Thy quickening Spirit send;  
Bid error, Lord, depart,  
And still thy truth defend.

Thy servants bless and keep,  
Whose cries thou oft hast heard;  
That they may feed thy sheep,  
According to thy word.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST—"Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully," saith the scriptures of truth; but, blessed is he that knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it faithfully; yea, blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. I was truly rejoiced to hear that God had honoured you, as a chosen instrument of his own creation, in blessing your humble and honest testimony, in giving you seals to the ministration of righteousness, as confirmatory signs of his working in and by you, enabling you to preach his word, and administer his ordinances in primitive simplicity and true solemnity. May the God of all grace, as the very God of peace, be propitious to the voice of your supplications, and grant you all needed wisdom and understanding, to build up, bring on, and feed the little one, until it (the church) shall become a joyful mother of many children. May the blessing of Asher, spiritually considered, be yours, and the fruit of your labour be the Lord's.

On Wednesday evening I was led to speak from the following words, "And when ye see this your heart shall rejoice," Isa. lxvi. 14. We considered some of the heart-rejoicing things that are seen by the taught of God, whose eyes by grace divine

are opened to see the mysteries of godliness; such as the condescension of Jehovah to the children of men, as blessedly set forth in the second verse. Yea, the contrite heart—the drooping spirit—the trembling soul—yea, the poor and needy, Jehovah-Jesus condescends to look upon, to listen to, and lift up above their poverty, and far beyond the powers of darkness, death, and hell; and teacheth them to read his name, in that look of love, that speaks salvation to the soul. We noticed in the next place, the constant, tenderest care which Jehovah exerciseth towards his chosen, as beautifully described in the ninth, tenth and eleventh verses. Then we considered the glorious grace of God in comforting his church with the choicest and richest comforts, as delightfully set forth in the thirteenth verse; and verily, we can testify, with heart-felt gratitude, that the comforts wherewith God doth comfort his people are lasting and divine. Finally, we spoke of Jehovah's covenant love and mercy as extended towards the Gentiles, who had not heard of his fame, nor seen his glory, even they shall come and declare his glory, and delight themselves in the abundance of peace, streaming down from the ancient river of free grace: see 12th, 18th and 19th verses. Surely then the prophet spoke rightly, "When ye see this, your heart shall rejoice." Furthermore, the words may be justly considered thus,—when ye see the fulfilment of the good word of the Lord, then your heart shall rejoice in the great faithfulness of God; and when ye see the flourishing of dry bones, and the fruitfulness of the saints, then your heart shall rejoice in the favour God shews towards his servants that fear before him continually, and yet rejoice evermore, for "his hand shall be known towards his servants, and his indignation towards his enemies."—See verse 14.

I attended the Annual Meeting, held at Crosby Row Chapel, on Thursday evening, and read your letter, and also gave the Treasurer your donation, which you so kindly and readily sent me, in aid of the funds of the Society for the Relief of Faithful Ministers of the Gospel. Our brother Banks made mention of your generosity in the case of brother Skelton, and also acknowledged the spirituality of your communications with him. The meeting was not so well attended as I had previously anticipated; nevertheless, we had a good meeting, and a very profitable opportunity, for the Great Head of the Church was present, and gave the solemn sanction of his smile supreme to the Institution, which has evidently done and is doing much good, notwithstanding, the cold indifference with which it is regarded by such as ought to give it their warmest support, not for man's sake, but for Christ's sake. Our brother Stringer advocated its claims very warmly, and very properly admonished the officers to use their utmost endeavours in administering the funds of the Society, to see that labourers are relieved, and loiterers refused. Our brother Wilson (from Hull), also made a powerful, judicious, and successful appeal on its behalf; his address was truly christian-like, being heart-stirring, soul-refreshing, and spirit-uniting, inasmuch as it was Christ-exalting and God-glorifying.

Making a few remarks on the occasion, I observed, that while we have a worthy Master to serve, and a weighty cause to support, God of his abundant mercy, gives both the willing heart to serve him, and the working hand to support his cause.

And how encouraging is it, my dear brother, to know and remember, that

"When most we need his helping hand,  
Christ, as our friend, is near;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer."

Your remarks with reference to the *Earthen Vessel*, I believe to be too true—nevertheless, let us seek its good, persuaded that it aims to do good. I am glad you have circulated the "Life of Thomas Guy," believing it to be a useful publication, being so plain a statement of powerful facts, illustrating the sovereignty, riches, and freeness of God's grace in the salvation of fallen, guilty, helpless sinners, elected in Christ Jesus unto eternal glory.

May the kindness of God our Saviour, continue to crown your way, and may the Lord abundantly bless your work of faith and labour of love, so that "when you see this your heart shall rejoice."

In the bonds of the everlasting gospel, I remain your's to serve in the truth,

JOHN STENSON.

Less than the least of all the saints,  
Base self and sin are my complaints."

Chelsea.

"It is all Heaven and Peace."

WHAT a singular—yet, what a beautiful sentence—"IT IS ALL HEAVEN AND PEACE!" Reader! these were the very last words that one christian friend, and sister in the faith, uttered in this world. She was lying in her bereaved husband's arms: the tabernacle was dropping; the wings of her ransomed soul were expanded, ready to depart: the glories and holy beauties of the (to us) invisible world were all open to her view; and, just as it were, to confirm us in the certainty of her safety, and in the existence of the kingdom of Christ, she was enabled, while departing, to say, "It is all Heaven and Peace." Christian soldiers—and faithful followers of the Lamb—FEAR NOT. Your way to the kingdom is lined with blood, and your entrance into it made secure.

Mrs. Ann Luerson, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fenner, who (when we first knew them) lived on a small farm, at Harbledown, near the city of Canterbury.

Mrs. Luerson's life (both in a spiritual and temporal sense)—has been, for some years past, a scene of conflicts, and filled with anxious cares—but it is finished. How sweet the thought—

"And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across her peaceful breast."

The following brief account will be interesting, not only to those who knew her, but to many of our readers beside. It is written by a dear sister in Christ; and who is also in church-fellowship with us at C—R—.

MY DEAR PASTOR—As you have engaged to perform the last office, in standing up between the living and the dead, to speak at the grave of our sister, Mr. F. wished me to furnish you with a few particulars. It was her privilege to be brought up in close attendance on the means of grace, from her earliest infancy; and she dates the period, when she was first savingly brought to embrace Christ for the want of a shelter, believing none but Jesus could do helpless sinners good, as far back as when she lived at Mr. Budden's, at Canterbury; and in his house too. She has ever held Christ as her Head, though in pursuit of that which she saw the churches are deficient in in the present day, she joined herself to one body of professors with whom I could not, and it was the cause of our separation in spiritual matters (in a great measure) at different times; and at one time, gave rise for me, when she

was removed some distance, to write several lengthened epistles, with a wish she might be disentangled from that which I feared would prove a bye-path. But she was following after Jesus; and the good Shepherd careth for the sheep; he mercifully granted her light to see her dangerous position, and though they had a strong hold of her the snare was broken, and she was enabled to testify against the churches she had been connected with, as being but Babylon. I have had several knittings of heart to her when we have come in close conversation about our fellowship with Jesus; but never more than in the last few days of her illness. The first time I called on her, and asked the state of her mind, she said, "I AM RESTING ON JESUS. I have not the joys I think you have; but I know the covenant is sure." She was not looking for death, having a strong faith in the coming of the Lord being at hand; though this was her faith, she was brought to seek submission to the Lord's will, and be quite resigned to it. She retained her faculties to the last; made several arrangements respecting her family; called them in twice, and gave them up to the Lord; and not more than half-an-hour before she died, her eldest son (eleven years of age) came in to bid her good bye, as he was going to business for the day; she blessed him in the name of the Lord; told him to be a good boy; she added, "I know he is not a stony-ground hearer." Her sufferings were very great. She asked her dear partner to raise her up, her breath being so difficult; he did so; she reclined her head upon his shoulder, and without a struggle or a groan, she departed this life, with the words "It is all heaven and peace" upon her lips. The enemy was permitted to distress her a little during her illness; but she said she knew from whence it came. We are satisfied she sleeps in Jesus, therefore sorrow not as those who have no hope; but desire, by this call of our God, to gird up the loins of our minds afresh, and be sober, and watch unto the end; to be ready for the glory which shall be revealed at his coming.

M. F.

The Death of Miss Joyce.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

THE following letter breathes much of the spirit of Job, in humble resignation. Although our good and gracious God has, thus far, this year, most wonderfully preserved us from the terrors of that awful scourge which swept off so many thousands last summer; still, sickness and death in the world, and in the midst of our churches, have been very prevalent.

Pure natural sorrow, and gospel faith, are so blended in the following quotation from an epistle forwarded to us by our esteemed brother William Allen, that we hope it may prove a cordial to some bereaved heart at the present season.

MY DEAR MRS. ALLEN—I have this morning heard of the happy death of my dear friend, Miss Joyce; she died on Friday morning at 10 o'clock. My heart is filled with sorrow for her loss, and I cannot help it, for I have lost a truly affectionate friend, one who loved me as I loved her. And what shall I say? The Lord has, in great mercy, released her from a state of suffering, and taken her to live for ever in the full enjoyment of his presence and love. Shall I repine because her gain is my felt loss!—shall I grieve because she is gone a short time before me to that happy home, which is also my father's house? Oh, no; I will rather rejoice in the happiness of my dear sister; anticipating and humbly beseeching the Lord that when I have done and suffered all his holy will below, he will grant me likewise (unworthy as I am of his favor) an abundant entrance into glory, and the longed for presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. How consoling is this hope which I feel even now is the anchor of my soul.

Miss Joyce was an humble, fervent follower of the Lamb; and though her faith was often severely

tried, I have never heard her complain of what she bore for the sake of Christ. She highly esteemed Mr. Allen's ministry, as she said it had been blessed to her, and grieved much when obliged to leave the Cave. I will give you her sister's word respecting her death. "She was not quite so happy as she wished to be until twelve o'clock the night before she died; when she burst out and said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' A few hours before she died, she said, 'give my love to Miss Sindall, and to all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ.' Her mother asked her a few minutes before her death, if Christ was precious to her now? and she said, 'He is precious, he is precious.' She said to me, 'Well, dear, we must part; it is the Lord's will.'" Such, dear Mrs. Allen, were the last words of my valued and beloved friend: now she sleeps in Jesus. Your's affectionately,

Sep. 9, 1850.

SOPHIA SINDALL.

AN ENCOURAGING WORD

FOR

**Timid and Fearful Disciples.**

DEAR BROTHER—I cannot refrain sending you some account of the manner in which the Lord has honoured the observance of his own institutions among our little band. I feel overpowered with love and gratitude that my dear Master should have favoured me with such a token of his presence as he did on the last night. I feel that to his honour and praise it must go forth to the churches to encourage the timid—to confirm the wavering. O! may the simple, yet truthful record of this act of faith and love be a message to any secret disciple to whom the Lord is pleased to send it: saying, "Go thou, and do likewise." I feel that if I were to refrain telling out the Lord's performance of his promise—"Lo I am with you always"—the very stones would cry out. Let the *Miriams* take their timbrels, and the *Deborahs* (the mothers in Israel) join with us, heart and soul, rehearsing the righteous acts of the Lord; for his people (through faith in his name) went down last evening to the gates. Truly it was a night to be held in solemn remembrance by the church at Jireh Chapel, Kingsland. The ordinance of Believers' Baptism was administered to three sisters in the faith, each of whom are full seals to my ministry. To the one in establishing and leading her, as an instrument, to see salvation all of grace, and her own standing in the righteousness of Christ; to another who having professed the name of Jesus for twenty years, yet had declined, and was here restored; while the other (her daughter) was here met with by the Lord, and with the eyes of her understanding enlightened, constrained to follow Jesus in the way. This is the fourth time our baptistry has been opened since the beginning of March last.

But the point to which I wish to direct attention is the state of health which one of the candidates was in. I apprehend, not one medical man but would have given it as his opinion that it ought not to be attended to; and that instant death might be expected as the result; indeed, one medical man, of many years' practice, did give his opinion that it would be imprudent, and that she might die instantly in the water; he was present and witnessed the administration of the solemn rite; and indeed, her own mother, (a gracious woman, and a baptist) considered, not many hours before, that it would be almost presumption to carry out her desire. But she, strong in the

faith which God had given, wavered not; her trust was in the Lord.

Her complaint is, *enlargement of the heart*, to such a serious extent that it has become twice the natural size; she is afflicted with *enlargement of the liver* also; and for want of proper action, the blood does not circulate, which subjects her to most serious and violent attacks of *cramps* and *spasms*, from which she has suffered a long while. She was at chapel in the morning, (Sabbath Day, September 15th,) and by the time the second hymn was sung and text taken, one of these attacks came on, by which she lost both sight and hearing; and, being led into the vestry, it was long before she was restored to consciousness, then taken home in a conveyance, more dead than alive, was laid on her bed the whole afternoon, mustard poultice applied to her side, and bottles of water to her feet, scarcely able to speak; yet as the hour for evening service was approaching, rousing herself up from her bed, with all the little strength she had, she expressed her unflinching purpose to go to the chapel, to shew her love to Jesus, if even she should die where he had lain.

Many were the fears of God's own dear people for the results of that important night; many the anxious solitudes of loving hearts, who would fain have diverted her from her purpose; but all was of no avail. When I reached the chapel, I found her in the vestry, with her eyes closed in pain; she could scarcely speak to me; but when I asked her if it should be postponed? "No," she whispered. Her soul was firm to its purpose, should the frail tabernacle totter in the act. She sat in the vestry during the service, fainting nearly all the time.

When the sermon was finished, the Lord strengthened her to walk with me from the vestry to a chair appointed for her by my side, at the head of the pool. There she sat like one ready to go home to the Beloved of her soul. Many eyes were on her; many fearing the issue, for the place was densely crowded. But her soul was with the Lord.

After a short address, with prayer and singing, I led her down into the water, and without even a sigh, she was buried in the flood; and in her rising, she blest his name, who had given grace to do his will. I am persuaded that had his dear church and people given vent to their holy joy, their tongues would have burst forth, "Blessed be God, the God of Israel, it is he that giveth strength and power to his people." I cannot but esteem it an unspeakable mercy that this young handmaid was kept so calm, as well as myself; for being naturally nervous and timid, had I have partaken of the anxieties and forebodings that pervaded the minds of many, I should have been totally unfitted for my work. Blessed be his holy name for ever, he calls to no work but he fits for it; he asks for no effort of love, but he gives the grace and strength that is needed. We are all living witnesses of his performance of his own word, "Lo! I am with you always;" and we bless his name together that when he gave that sweet assurance, he did not overlook us, who last night needed its fulfilment. In the same sweet frame of mind, and calm composure, with their eyes on Jesus, the other two sisters descended into the watery tomb, and were

buried with Christ, by baptism, and are now going on their way rejoicing.

I must not forget to add that the dear sister above named (whose pathway, for years, has been of deep soul-trial, though now only twenty-four years of age.) was better after the ordinance, and was enabled to walk home, with assistance. Whether the dear Lord will please to restore her to tarry with us for awhile we must leave with him whose will is best. But prayer is made by the church, without ceasing, unto God, on her behalf.

May the Lord bless the record to his own dear people for his dear name's sake.

Your's in Jesus,

24, Critchill Place.

J. P. SEARLE.

P.S.—Since writing, I have had conversation with another medical gentleman, besides the fore-mentioned, who was also present; who said to me, "If I had known the state of the young lady's heart, I should have trembled in my seat;" and further, that he considered it almost a *miracle*, declaring that the Lord had indeed put honor on his despised ordinance; for he felt persuaded that not one medical man in all London but would have given his protest against it, on the ground that instantaneous death might have been expected."

### Brief Review of Passing Events.

My review, this month, must, of necessity, be brief, as much of the early part of this month's *Vessel* is already occupied with events of an interesting character.

Our brother Wells's ministry in the heart of the city has attracted crowds of persons: upwards of two thousand souls have sometimes been listening to the words of eternal life through his instrumentality; and we do sincerely believe that lasting good will be done. The enlargement at the Surrey Tabernacle is progressing as fast as possible; and will (the Lord permitting) be re-opened on Lord's-day, October the 20th: when Mr. James Wells will preach in the morning and evening; and Mr. John Foreman in the afternoon. The week evening Lecture will be on Wednesdays.

An effectual door has been opened for the Gospel at Ebenezer Chapel, Mason's Court, in High Street, Shorditch; and we are hoping that in a short time a Baptist Church, on gospel principles, will be formed there.

Ickford Anniversary was holden on Wednesday, September 18. Two sermons were preached; and brethren Smith, (of Oxford,) and Walker, (of Thame,) assisted in the devotional parts of the service. The chapel was well filled; and some said, it was the best day they had had for years. But you must not judge of the state of Zion from appearances on anniversary days. That spirit of division that is now so universally prevalent, is exceedingly rife in these parts. Ickford is but a very small village, there are two causes here, but no stated pastor. At Thame, a delightful little market town, four miles from Ickford, there are two strict baptist churches—Pastor Walker is over one; Pastor Juggins is over the other; they are both in a very weak condition. At Sydenham, an adjoining village, with only three hundred inhabitants, there are two more causes; Pastor All-

nutt is over one, and has been for several years; Pastor Juggins comes from Thame, and preaches to the other flock one part of the Lord's-day; but the resident brethren told me that things look gloomy and dull.

The next day, Thursday, Sep. 19, the anniversary of the baptist cause at Aylesbury, was held. As I had to pass through Aylesbury, on my way home, I embraced the opportunity of hearing Mr. Collins, of Grundisburg, who preached the morning and evening discourses. Father Roberts, late of Deal, preached in the afternoon. I thought Mr. Collins was a very sober and solid preacher of Jesus Christ.

There are three churches (if not more) in this district, destitute of pastors: Aylesbury, High Wycombe, and Waddesdon Hill. The Lord appear for them, if it be his righteous will.

Mr. Godsmark has sent forth a pamphlet on the Resurrection Body; which has been reviewed at considerable length in the *Bible Preacher*. Some ministers think Mr. Godsmark's views are correct; and they exclaim most bitterly against the *Bible Preacher*; others consider Mr. Godsmark has written very confusedly; and that the *Preacher's* testimonies are undeniable. Intelligent christians will read, and think, and pray; and if by this little controversy they are led to search the Scriptures more earnestly, good will be done.

Mr. Rudman's New Chapel, at Trowbridge, was opened, on Tuesday, Sep. 24th, by Mr. John Foreman, of London, and Mr. Bloomfield, of Cheltenham. Our brother Rudman's course in the ministry appears exceedingly prosperous so far. That the Lord may make him a lasting blessing to the church, is the earnest prayer of many souls.

We understand that dear old servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. Eacot, of Wilts., is taken home to glory. Mr. Rudman preached his funeral sermon, which event we hope to notice more fully. Another church is hereby left in a widowed state. Many vacancies are being made for our junior brethren in the ministry. God help them in much patience to wait, in much prayer to wrestle, with much perseverance to search into the sacred word of God, in the full assurance that the Lord will accomplish their desire in his own time.

Foot's Cray, Kent.—Lord's-day, September 8th, 1850, was the day appointed for the Fourteenth Anniversary of the Baptist Chapel, Foot's Cray. Mr. T. Jones, of Enon Chapel, Chatham, kindly engaged to preach three sermons on the occasion; and our dear pastor, Mr. Hamblin, supplied for Mr. Jones, at Chatham. Mr. Jones is sound in the doctrines of grace; and blessedly experienced in vital godliness; which makes him an able minister of Jesus Christ, a workman that need not be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth. In the morning he read for his text Rom. i. 16, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." From this text Mr. Jones preached doctrine, godly experience, and precept, in grand gospel order. In the afternoon, the leading deacon, who zealously and affectionately superintends the large Sabbath school in the place, had previously suggested to Mr. Jones, that if he felt disposed, a sermon to the young might be suitable; the good man readily agreed, and seemed quite as much at home, and qualified for addressing the young, as the more advanced in years; the text was taken from 2 Sam. iii. 7, "Now,

Samuel did not yet know the Lord; neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." Shewed what Samuel did know; the necessity of knowing the Lord experimentally; himself (Mr. Jones) was brought to know the Lord at twelve years of age. This was a most affectionate and suitable sermon for the young, with some excellent hints to parents, &c. In the evening, he took the latter part of the verse from which his text was taken in the morning, "It (the gospel) is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

Mr. Jones evidently came to Foot's Cray "in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." For he was instrumental in warming the heart, and opening the pockets; the collection plates shone with gold and silver, queen's heads and promissory notes, to the amount, at the close of the day, to £59 14s. 9d. There was a debt on the building of £68 11s. 10d. And the aforesaid deacon, on two occasions, when he announced the anniversary, affectionately intreated the friends to make a general effort, and clear off the debt; he declared it could be done—it ought to be done—and he hoped it would be done. What with this deacon's strong appeal, and the three excellent sermons, there was a general respond; and with the good collections, and other promises, it may be said the debt was paid off on that memorable day.

What will not perseverance, a strong appeal, combined with effort, and the blessing of God, accomplish? "Nothing is too hard for the Lord." "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory."

"Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

This neat, substantial Baptist Chapel,

"Stands like a palace built for God,  
To shew his milder face,"

pleasantly situated on the Maidstone Road, near the twelfth mile stone from London Bridge. Let "Shaddai" be inscribed on it—"God all-sufficient."

W. O.

The New Chapel, called "Zion," which has this year been erected in Goldington Terrace, Old St. Pancras Road, for the public ministrations of Mr. James Nunn, was opened on Monday, Sept. 16, 1850. It is a spacious, neat, and well-constructed place of worship; it will hold seven hundred persons; there are extensive school rooms and vestries at the further end of the chapel, and a minister's house on the west side, close adjoining. The chapel was literally thronged with attentive hearers. Mr. Nunn preached in the morning from "Send, now, prosperity;" C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon from Zech. viii. 12; and Mr. Gwinnell preached at night from, "Where the word of a king is, there is power." We understand that the whole of these opening sermons were taken down at the time, and will be published in the *Bible Preacher*. From a Correspondent—"The services commenced with a special prayer meeting, at seven o'clock in the morning; a blessed opportunity it proved, which will be long remembered by the friends who attended. About sixty ministers and friends sat down to a plain dinner; and in the afternoon the body of the chapel and the school room, were filled

with persons who took tea; no charge was made for refreshment; still, the contributions surpassed all expectation, shewing plainly that the voluntary principle (which has been in operation above twelve month's) is most congenial to the minds of the Lord's family; for, after the evening service, it was found that about £40 had been collected. It was astonishing to see the numbers who flocked together to hear the word, although it was on a week day; the morning and afternoon services were exceedingly well attended, and in the evening, after about one thousand persons had entered the place, great quantities were obliged to leave, not being able to gain admittance. The future support of the ministry in this place, together with helping the sick and poor, also the establishing and carrying on the Sunday school, and paying off the debt on the building, is all left in the hands of the great Head of the church, with a firm belief that he, in whose hands are the hearts of all mankind, will still smile on the humble efforts of his people, and incline them to spend and be spent in his service. It will be an entire free-will offering: pews and sittings will be provided free of any charge whatever; each person will contribute as the Lord enables and inclines, at the close of every service. May the time not be far distant when the Lord's Zion universally shall shake off her fetters, and not be afraid to lean her whole weight upon the strong arm of the Lord Jehovah.—W. L."

HAPPY REPORT FROM SUTTON COURTNEY.—Sutton Courtney is close by Abingdon; Abingdon is Mr. Tiptaft's diocese; but Sutton Courtney is under the pastoral care of our sober-minded brother, Richard Randle: he says—"The Lord's mercies are very great to us here, as a church and people; he is blessing us with a goodly supply of grace and mercy; yea, our God displays his mighty power through our weakness, even to the gathering in to our number, such as shall be everlastingly saved. The latter end of last September I baptised three; in December four; four weeks back, one; these witness a good confession; yesterday, we had three before the church for admission; they gave a good testimony, and are accepted. If God will, next Sabbath I baptise those three believers, in the name of Christ. Our baptismal pool is the open stream; it is about a quarter of a mile from the chapel; we hold morning worship in the chapel, and then at the close (about twelve o'clock) we proceed to the stream and baptise; and though many spectators are profane characters, the solemnity of the ordinance, by the power of our God, has prevented even a dog from lifting up his voice in any way to disturb. Yes, the very mockers of christianity have been held in perfect silence, while gazing upon the ordinance so much dispised by men."

COGGESHALL.—The anniversary of the Old Baptist Cause at Coggeshall was on Tuesday, Sep. 24. Attendance and temporary matters were not very cheering; but the few faithful ones say it was a refreshing time. Brother Allen, of Stepney, preached an experimental discourse from "Behold the Man whose name is, the BRANCH." It was very evident the Lord was with him in the ministry; it was Jesus CHRIST from first to last. The other poor preacher did the best he could. We have a letter descriptive of the state of things under brother Collis's ministry, which we hope to insert next month.

# Bible Men:

BEING,  
AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS,  
APOSTLES, LESSER SAINTS,

AND  
ALL WHOSE HISTORY THE WORD RECORDS.

No. III.

THE second man I meet with in the great field of TRUTH, is CAIN : and very significant is the manner in which his birth is recorded. "And Adam knew his wife ; and she conceived, and bare Cain, [the margin renders this word "*gotten*, or *acquired*."] and Eve said, I have gotten a man from the Lord." It is thought, by some, that Eve imagined that the promised MESSIAH was now come ; for her speech, when she brought forth her first-born, is rendered thus—"I HAVE GOTTEN A MAN THE LORD." How deep a thing lays hidden here ! Many professing churches, there are, and have been, who have a faith (of some sort) in CHRIST ; and they *think* they hold, and possess, and know him ; they *think* they preach THE TRUE CHRIST ; they *think* they are begetting sinners, and bringing souls unto THE MAN CHRIST JESUS ; whereas the Christ they talk of ; the Christ they preach ; the Christ they possess ; the Christ they convert sinners unto, is no more like the true Messiah than Cain was ; and this will be soon evidenced if you only declare unto them faithfully and experimentally the whole counsel of God. See an undeniable proof of this in the fourth chapter of Luke's Gospel. There it is said, Christ came to Nazareth, and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath Day, and began to read ; and he read in Isaiah that delightful prophecy which so beautifully declared the real character, divine authority, and holy mission, of our Saviour and our God ; and then he preached unto these pretended worshippers of God, the doctrine of divine sovereignty, shewing that salvation could be found of none but those to whom the Lord did send it. When they heard these things, they were filled with wrath ; they rose up, and thrust him out of the city ; led him to the brow of the hill, intending to cast him down headlong. The murderous and cruel spirit of their father Cain was in them ; and although they were, in appearance, and in profession, believers in the promised Messiah, yet, were they filled with the bitterest enmity against him, when the vital truth to them was proclaimed. It is, indeed, a solemn thing ; but I fear that thousands in this British Isle, as well as in all other quarters of the globe, who are going forth with what they call the gospel of Christ, are no better than Cain ; and that they are as much deceived as Eve was, when she exclaimed—"I have gotten a man—the Lord." Many a faithful minister of Christ, too, has been thus deceived for a time. Not long since, a minister was preaching ; and there was present (among many others,) a sinner of some long standing ; and of a very bad character too ; but the parson's preaching had a great effect upon him ; and he began to cry and make a fine to-do ; out of the place he would not go, until he had seen and told the parson how he did repent, and how he did believe ; and so it came to pass that both the preacher and the pretended penitent, did cry and

talk together about this wonderful thing that had taken place : and the parson was ready to exclaim, "I have gotten a man for the Lord ;" but, alas ! alas ! the dog soon returned to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire. Ministers and professors ! You may read that first verse of the fourth of Genesis,—"Eve said, I have gotten a man from the Lord ;"—I say, you may read that, and learn some wholesome lessons too.

You may see what a deep and awful state man fell into : for the very first fruit of the union of Adam and Eve, *after the fall*, was an hypocritical worshipper—a murderer—a liar—and an idolator.

Sixteen times (in different parts of the Word) has the Holy Ghost made mention of this awful man. I shall just notice a few of these, in the hope that the Lord may lead us to much close examination as to the foundation on which we stand.

The first thing said of Cain, is, "he was a tiller of the ground ;" an agricultural labourer ; and, from the general tenor of his character, I have no doubt but that he was a hard working and industrious man ; breaking up the clods of that ground now under the curse, casting in the seed, and gathering the fruits thereof for his own immediate use. So far he was right : but, how dreadful is the thought, that a man may sweat and toil, and labour hard to heap up this world's goods ; and, after all die in his sin, and sink for ever into perdition ! In opposition to this state of things, our Lord said to his disciples—"Seek ye first, the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." There is evidently connected with the term "*tilling*," the idea of a steady perseverance ; it is opposed to an avaricious, covetous, and grasping spirit. Solomon says, "He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread ;" and again, "He that tilleth his land, shall have plenty of bread ; a faithful man shall abound with blessings ; but he that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent," (or, unpunished.) I am inclined to think that covetousness, jealousy, and inordinate affections, were the beginnings of Cain's overthrow ; for when Jude is speaking (Jude 4th) of some men who crept into the churches unawares, and who were ungodly men ; filthy dreamers ; and so on : he says—"Woe unto them ! for they have GONE IN THE WAY OF CAIN ; and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward ; and perished in the gainsaying of Core."

"The way of CAIN," is here especially noticed. What does Jude mean by THE WAY of Cain ? First, it was a way of *envy* ; he envied his brother : secondly, it was a way of *hatred* ; envy produced hatred : thirdly, it was a way of murder ; he rose up and slew his brother : and lastly, it was a way of going out from the presence, or, a turn-

ing away finally, and for ever, from all that outward worship of God which he had practised. It is a solemn consideration—some of the vilest characters, and most hardened reprobates, have been professors, or preachers of the gospel; and by it, they have strove to rise up high in the world; falling in this, envy, hatred, malice, and sometimes, self-murder has ensued. O, for keeping grace—soul-humbling grace—Christ-exalting, and Christ-uniting grace! Without these, reader, down we must fall.

What a wonderful picture is that which is presented to our view, in the next stage of Cain's history! "In process of time, it came to pass, Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." But unto Cain, and to his offering, the Lord had not respect. Mark you—the person was as objectionable as the offering. "Unto Cain, and to his offering, he had not respect. Here is a living picture of the *professing* church in miniature. Cain and Abel are brothers. They both come to present themselves before the Lord: they both bring an offering: they both, apparently, stand in the same position: both bow at the same altar: worship the same holy God. But there is a difference between these two—an eternal difference—an unalterable difference! They are both sinners: one is *not* a vessel of mercy—the other *is*; one is not chosen in Christ, has no revelation of God's mercy in Christ; has no faith in the promised MESSIAH; has no soul-humbling views of himself as a guilty, fallen, helpless, hell-deserving sinner. No. Cain was the first Unitarian, the first Socinian, the first Arminian, the first self-righteous, free-will work-monger: the first empty, unregenerate, unsanctified, professor. He was the root from whence sprang that mighty flood of damning errors which have all but overflowed the true church of God many times. Here is a picture to the very life, of the past and present condition of our professing assemblies; and of our family altars; and of our social meetings for prayer. Cain and Abel bend and bow together: and if you could have seen them going up to present their offering; if you could have listened to their converse, you would, perhaps, have seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing different in the two.

Abel little thought Cain would be his murderer. Perhaps it never entered Cain's mind that he should lay unholy hands on his brother. So the children of professing parents come into the world: they are taught to bow the knee; they are taught to read the word; they are led to listen to the ministry; and all this is well. But, oh! how often is it seen that in after life one is taken and the other is left! One is quickened in his soul by God the Holy Ghost; is brought to see and feel himself lost, afar off, undone, and laying at the mouth of hell. From thence he cries for mercy; faith is planted in his bleeding heart; he looks, he listens, he learns that "God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life. By a mysterious and an unseen hand he is led to Calvary; he gazes upon the Son of God in his agony and in his bloody sweat. The Saviour looks into this poor listening, longing, sinner's heart; and to him Jesus says, "Him that cometh unto me I WILL IN NO WISE CAST HIM OUT. My sheep hear my voice; and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal

life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." By the application of these words repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ is produced; and this one poor sinner becomes a decided follower of the Lamb. The other one, who bowed at the same altar, heard the same ministry, read the same word; grows up in impenitence; becomes a *secret* mocker and hater of divine things; falls into the snare of the devil; takes his standing, either as one that has a name to live, and yet is dead; or, he goes out into open apostacy until the measure of his iniquity is filled up, and he perishes in his sin. Reader, who? WHAT, ART THOU? Like Cain, dost thou bring an offering? What is that offering? "Of the *fruit of the ground*?" Something you have sown? Something you have produced? Something you possess? Some dead works? Some lifeless polluted thing? Oh! stand away. Read this—"Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission."

A more decidedly practical revelation of Divine Sovereignty cannot be found, than is to be seen in the rejection of Cain, and the acceptance of Abel.

Let us advance a step further in this painful history. When Cain found the Lord had not respect unto him nor his offering, *he was wroth, and his countenance fell*; "a convincing proof of the ungodly state of his mind." Instead of penitence, a falling down at Jehovah's feet, and a suing for mercy, he rises up into rebellion and revenge: aye, Cain would have pulled the Almighty from his throne, if he could; and because he could not; like an incarnate devil, as he was, like a ravenous beast, he wreaks forth his malicious passion upon his brother Abel. It is a dreadful feature in any professor's history, when disappointment and delays produce rebellion, malice, and revenge! But, how often is wicked Cain to be seen stalking about among our churches now! Sometimes in the shape of a minister; sometimes in the character of an officious deacon; and not unfrequently in the persons of discontented members: they cannot attain to that which they aspire to; and failing to gratify their ambitious desires, they will turn round and reproach, and often persecute, some of the dear saints of God. How different the spirit where divine grace is reigning! There, one poor afflicted soul can say, "I waited *patiently* for the Lord; and he inclined his ear unto me; and heard my cry; another one laying in the very belly of hell, says—"Yet will I look again toward thine holy temple;" and, above all, hear the deep-toned penitential resignation of the "MAN OF SORROWS,"—"Not my will, but thine be done." How expressive is that word of Paul's—"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons."

The Lord's condescension, in coming down to speak to Cain, is very wonderful. "The Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? Why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? If thou doest not well, sin lieth at thy door." Here is a warning from heaven; but it is of no avail: James's text, for the first time is here seen to be true: "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." And what an explanatory comment is James's

wholesome expostulation—"Do not err, my beloved brethren, every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Here is THE KEY to the whole affair. It was not the sovereign pleasure of a just and righteous God to give the good and the perfect gift to Cain. But why not? Because he was "OF THAT WICKED ONE." (1 John iii. 12.) This is the message from the beginning (says John) that ye should love one another. NOT AS CAIN, WHO WAS OF THAT WICKED ONE, and slew his brother: and therefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." Take James's key, and put it into John's lock, and the mystery of this solemn affair is, in a great measure, opened. Cain was, of that wicked one. He was, (says Burkitt,) more satan's child, than Adam's. The serpent seems to have poisoned the very nature of the woman, so that she brings forth more of a fiend, than a man.

With the following pungent remarks from one of the fathers, we bring this paper to a close.

"Who was of that wicked one; i. e. satan, a child of his, an imitator of him, one that appeared to be under his influence, and to belong unto him. So the Jews say of Cain, that "He was of the side of the serpent, (the old serpent, the devil) and as the way of the serpent is to slay and to kill, so Cain immediately became a murderer." And again, "Because Cain came from the side of the angel of death, he slew his brother." *And slew his brother.* According to the tradition of the Jews, he struck a stone into his forehead, and killed him. *And wherefore slew he him?* what was the cause and occasion of it? what moved him to it? *Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous; or his work,* as the Ethiopic version reads. The sacrifice which he offered up, which, though it was not evil as to the matter and substance of it, yet was so, being offered with an evil mind, and with an hypocritical heart, and without faith in the sacrifice of Christ, and so was unacceptable to God; whereas, on the other hand, the sacrifice his brother brought was offered up in the faith of Christ, by which he obtained testimony that he was righteous, and that the work he did was a righteous work, being done in faith, and so was acceptable to God; which Cain perceiving, was filled with envy, and this put him upon killing him. The Jews relate the occasion of it after this manner:—"Cain said to Abel his brother, come, and let us go out in the open field; and when they were both out in the open field, Cain answered and said to Abel his brother, there's no judgment, nor judge, nor another world; neither will a good reward be given to the righteous, nor vengeance be taken on the wicked; neither was the world created in mercy, nor is it governed in mercy; or why is thy offering kindly accepted, and mine is not kindly accepted? Abel answered and said to Cain, there is judgment, and there is a Judge, and there is another world; and there are gifts of a good reward to the righteous, and vengeance will be taken on the wicked; and the world was created in mercy; and in mercy it is governed, for according to the fruit of good works it is governed; because that my works are better than thine, my offering is kindly accepted, and thine is not kindly accepted; and they both strove together in the field, and Cain rose up against

Abel his brother, and slew him." In the Hebrew text in Gen iv. 8. there is an extraordinary large pause, as if a discourse of this kind, which passed between the two brothers was to be inserted. Philo, the Jew, says, that in the contention or dispute between Cain and Abel, Abel attributed all things to God, and Cain ascribed every thing to himself; so that the controversy was about grace and works as now; and as then Cain hated his brother upon this account, so now carnal men hate and persecute the saints, because they will not allow their works to be the cause of justification and salvation; and from hence, also, it may be observed, that a work may be, as to the matter of it, good, and yet as to its circumstances, and the end and view of it, evil."

#### "The Resurrection of Christ's Identical Body Proved."

THE above is the leading title of a pamphlet just published by Mr. Paul, from the pen of Mr. George Abrahams, the minister of Regent Street Chapel, City Road.

In this pamphlet Mr. Abrahams has carefully and minutely dissected every part of Mr. Godsmark's hook, entitled, "The Resurrection Body;" and we consider that much light has, by Mr. Abrahams, been thrown upon this important article in the christian faith. Mr. Abrahams has explained the origin of this unpleasant controversy, in a straight-forward and simple manner. Every one who has read Mr. Godsmark's book, ought to read this, they can then judge for themselves. One small quotation is all we can, at present give. On page 9, Mr. Abrahams says,—

"When I said that Christ's body after the resurrection is natural, I meant that it is still of the IDENTICAL nature that it was before, and you pretend to say the same; for you say you hope to enjoy him, in all the essential properties of his nature, human and divine; thus you have in heaven human nature, but with this vast difference, that I have identity with my body, and you have a nonentity with yours, or, as I called it, and justly so, a bottle of smoke; for I defy you to tell us what the human nature is you pretend to have in heaven. But now, as I am on this great doctrine, viz.—The difference there is in the body of our glorious Lord after his resurrection, and what it was prior to it, let my reader take the following particulars:—Christ, before his resurrection, was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and had many sinless infirmities, for instance—He was sensible of hunger; he was sensible of thirst; he was sensible of weariness; he wanted sleep for rest; he was subject to grief; he was subject to anger; he was subject to weeping; he was subject to death; though not mortal as we are, but as he was surety for his people. Now all these were put away when he rose from the dead, being no longer subject to them; and that is not all, for he was to enter into his glory, to sit as King of Glory on the throne of his father David. "Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right-hand of God; angels, and authorities, and powers, being made subject unto him. 1 Peter iii. 22.

At the end of Mr. Abrahams's work be has given many valuable extracts from the writings of Bunyan, Cruden, Calvin, Boston, Hawker, Gill, Owen, Huntington, and others. These form a valuable addenda to the work; and clearly show that these great and holy men, were led by the Spirit of God, to advocate the consolatory doctrine of a real and absolute resurrection of the same body.



### The Death of Justin Martyr.

JUSTIN MARTYR was a Bible-Man in one of the earliest ages of the church. For Christ's sake, he was scourged and beheaded in the year of our Lord, 166; when, as some say, he was sixty-seven years of age. The following is a well-authenticated account of his last trial:—

Justin, with six others, was arraigned before Rusticus, the prefect of Rome. To Justin in particular the question was put, "With what doctrines have you been conversant?" "I have tried all systems of doctrine," replied he; "at last I embraced the doctrines of the Christians." To an enquiry respecting the belief of the Christians, he replied, "We believe in one God, the one Maker, from the beginning of all things visible and invisible; and in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who was foretold by the prophets as about to come, as the herald of salvation, and teacher of his disciples. But of his infinite deity, I as being only a man can speak but feebly; a prophetic power, I acknowledge, is alone adequate to speak worthily. For ages ago he was predicted who, I have said, is the Son of God. For I know that the prophets spoke by revelation from above."

"Where," (he was asked,) "do you Christians meet?" "Wherever," (he replied,) "each one chooses, and is able to meet. Do you think that we all assemble in one place? Far from it. For the Christian's God is not limited to place; but, being invisible, he fills heaven and earth, and, by the faithful is adored and praised in whatsoever place. To a more definite inquiry, Justin, in reply, mentioned the place of his residence in Rome, and his practice of instructing any that chose to call on him. "You are then, finally a Christian?" This was the deciding question. Justin met it promptly. "Yes; I am a Christian."

After inquiries put to each of the six, the prefect turned to Justin, and asked in derision, whether, in case he should be scourged and beheaded he should ascend to heaven? "I hope," he replied, "that I shall, should I thus suffer. For I know, that to all who live agreeably to the doctrine of Christ, this divine blessing is secured." Do you suppose, then, said the prefect, that you shall ascend to heaven, and there receive rewards? "I not only suppose so," was the reply, "but am assured of it beyond a doubt." After a few similar inquiries, which drew forth expressions of unwavering Christian confidence, the prefect pronounced sentence on the whole company, condemning them to be scourged and then to be beheaded.

### The Protestant Decision, and Happy Departure of Beza.

THEODORE BEZA was born at Vaselia, in the year 1512. His father, Peter Beza, and his mother, Mary Burdolet, were both of them nobly descended.

Beza became very learned in early life, and wrote and published some pieces of poetry before he was twenty years of age. But as they were compositions of a loose and wanton turn, he endeavoured, after his conversion, to suppress them; when the papists, hating him for his religion, often printed them in order to disgrace him.

He had two uncles of considerable note; one of whom dying left him a handsome income; and the other, who was Abbot of Frigidmont, designed him for his successor; the revenue of the Abbey being about five thousand crowns a year, besides two benefices annexed to it, worth seven hundred crowns more. These things puffed him up not a little.

But it pleased God to work, in the midst of these temptations, so powerfully by his grace on Beza's heart, that discerning his danger, and the snares of Satan, he made a vow to renounce the errors of Popery; and lest he should be overcome by temptations of another kind, he privately married; making only two of his fast friends witnesses of the ceremony. And then engaging that within a

limited time he would break through all impediments, have his wife to the true church of God, and there publicly confirm the marriage. But he delayed to perform his engagement, and the Lord struck him with a sore disease; which lay so long and grievously on him, that almost despairing of life, and being deeply humbled, with many tears he begged pardon of God, saying—"Lord, bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." And the Lord heard and restored him.

Being thus recovered, without further delay he took his wife, and leaving friends, honours, riches, and country, he conducted her to Geneva, and there publicly solemnized his marriage. He was afterwards called to be Greek professor of Louzanne; and when he had passed ten years in that character, with the leave of the senate of Berne, he returned to Geneva, and lived with Calvin, and was from that time, his great assistant both in matters of doctrine and discipline.

Beza was the very chief on the Protestant side, and defended the principles of the reformed churches by such solid arguments, as threw shame and confusion on the Popish party, and gave the highest satisfaction to many great persons present. There were four of these meetings for disputation; in all which Beza acquitted himself as an able and faithful champion for the truth.

By great labours and sufferings, his strength was greatly weakened; but he did not wholly desist from preaching, till January, in the year 1600, when he was eighty-one years old; and his last sermon was on the third petition of the Lord's prayer—"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

In his illness he was afflicted with tedious watchings, lying awake in the night; but he endeavoured to sweeten the time by holy meditations. And speaking to his friends of it, he used the words of the Psalmist—"My reins also instruct me in the night season. I have set the Lord always before me. In his favour is life. My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness, when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night-watches."

He often used the words of the apostle—"We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to good works." Likewise these of St. Augustine—"I have lived long, I have sinned long. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

He often repeated the following prayer—"Lord, perfect that which thou hast begun, that I suffer not shipwreck in the haven." And often said—"Lord, we follow thee, by thee, to thee. We follow thee, because thou art the truth; by thee, because thou art the way; to thee, because thou art the life."

On Lord's Day morning, October 13th, he rose and prayed with his family; and then desiring to go to bed again, he sat down on the side of the bed, and asked—"if all things were quiet in the city?" He was answered "they were." And being perceived to be near his end, a minister was immediately sent for, and immediately came; and while he was praying with him, Beza, without the least pain or groan, quietly yielded up his spirit to God, A. D. 1605, aged 86.

Beza was a close-set man, and of a strong constitution. He used to say, "that he never knew what it was to have the head-ache." He was a person of such wit, judgment, and memory, so eloquent, affable, and courteous, that he was called the Phoenix of his time.

### Persecution and Perseverance.

[One of the boldest young Bible-Men we have in this day, is THOMAS STRINGER, the pastor of Snow's Fields Meeting. He has favoured us with the following lines, which we insert for the encouragement of such souls as may be oppressed by sin and Satan. Our brother is, at present, preaching the gospel in Plymouth; meanwhile the venerable Searle (late of Aylesbury) is occupying his pulpit. The Devonshire friends to

truth will, no doubt, find friend Stringer's testimony acceptable; while the sedate ministry of father Scurie, at Snow's Fields, (for a little season,) cannot fail of being useful. Such temporary changes often work much good, both to ministers and people.—Ed.]

THE WALL BUILT IN TROUBLOUS TIMES.

(NEHEMIAH.)

When good Nehemiah in Shushan did dwell,  
The Jews hasten to him, with sad news to tell;  
Their grievous affliction to him they disclose,  
The walls and the gates all destroy'd by their foes!  
This fill'd the dear prophet with sadness and grief;  
And then to Jehovah he goes for relief:  
'Tis evident there he, from God, did obtain  
A solemn command to build all up again.

Then, unto the Monarch who sat on the throne,  
His wish and desire he fully made known;  
To all he requested, the King quite agreed;—  
Then off to the city he hastens with speed.

Selects out his workmen, and gives them the plan,  
And thus was the building, in triumph, began!  
Opponents and enemies all stood amaz'd,  
Declaring the walls should never be rais'd.

Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geshem, we find,  
Against Nehemiah were strongly combin'd;  
Influenc'd by satan, the work they oppose—  
Yet, help'd by Jehovah, still onward it goes!

So strong were the pow'rs that did them withstand,  
The builders all wrought with their weapons in hand!

The workmen proceeded with sword girt on thigh—  
One sounded a trumpet when danger was nigh!

Sanballat and others all laugh'd them to scorn,  
Concluding the work they could not perform—  
"These poor feeble Jews can do nothing at all,  
The weight of a fox will demolish them all!"

Away to the throne Nehemiah then goes—  
And this was the way he defeated the foes!  
New strength he obtain'd the work to engage,  
Which fill'd his opponents with madness and rage.

They then hold a counsel, the great and the small,  
Determin'd to stop them from building the wall;  
But good Nehemiah their scheme did disclose,  
And furnish'd his subjects with swords, spears, and bows.

Addresses the people, "Come, be not afraid!  
Jehovah is for us—O, be not dismay'd!  
Although, with their forces, against us they've fought,

Our God will soon bring all their counsel to nought.  
So the wall was completed—to God be the praise!  
Which much casts them down, when upon it they gaze;

For all shall acknowledge, at home or abroad,  
The work that is finish'd was wrought of our God!

PARAPHRASED.

When God turns a sinner from darkness to light,  
There quickly commences a terrible fight;  
All hell, with its legions, will roar, rave, and rage,  
By mutual consent, all against him engage.

The world will reproach him with scandal and lies,  
Through foes, too, within, he groans and he sighs;  
The whole are resolv'd this man to oppose,  
Yet strange is the matter, still onward he goes!

Tho' weak in himself, and unable to fight,  
He's strong in the Lord, and the pow'r of his might;  
And when his opponents play on him amain,  
He looks to the Lord, and doth vict'ry gain.

The work begun in him his God will complete,  
His foes and his fears, thro' grace, will defeat;  
Yea, off' his antagonists tremble and fear,  
Amazed to see him, thro' all, persevere.

And when all the saints are assembled, thro' grace,  
To dwell with Jehovah, and gaze on his face;  
Men, angels, and devils, his name be ador'd,  
Shall see and confess—'twas the name of the Lord.

"And again they said, Hallelujah."

T. STRINGER.

HINTS TO "LITTLE CHILDREN;" CONCERNING MR. GODSMARK'S PAMPHLET ENTITLED

"The Resurrection Body."

BY J. S. WHITTAKER, P.L.S.

No matter how vain man may boast,  
Or smoothly preach, or mudly rave;  
Dear child of God, indeed we must  
"The law and testimony" have.

This is a sure unerring mark,  
A line to measure all things by;  
Who heeds not this is in the dark,  
And all he says is but a lie.

Impostors sure there always were,  
And there are plenty now-a-days,  
"Of false Christs," Jesus said "beware,"  
And such there are in various ways.

False Christs! O yes, I'm not in jest,  
Much difference I don't see, I own  
'Twixt he that vaunts himself a Christ  
And he that dreams and fancies one.

Some "pious" souls may take affright,  
And think this hard on flesh and blood,  
But there's no other Christ that's right  
But Jesus Christ "the Christ of God."

How dare polluted dust affirm  
(And this I speak to Godsmark's shame)  
Christ's resurrection but a form,  
His mediatorship a name?

Let him deny it, if he can,  
I say thus far this error goes—  
That Jesus lived and died God-man,  
But yet as man he never rose.

Is he not risen?—then saith Paul  
"My preaching and your faith are vain;  
Still dead in sins are one and all,"  
And dead in sins we must remain.

How can our precious Jesus thus  
Before the Father now "appear  
To intercede with him for us"  
Without his human nature there?

Aye, but "it perish'd," could that be?  
How then could Christ or sinners sing  
"O grave where is thy victory?"  
As well "O death where is thy sting"?

Now Godsmark I've one question here,  
When Mary at the tomb look'd in  
And saw Christ's body was not there,  
Where was his human body then?

A horrid doctrine! devilish scheme!  
Dear child of God, do weigh it well,  
If Christ's dear body's not with him  
We surely all shall go to hell.

Yes, but "the Lord is risen indeed"  
With flesh and sinews, bones and blood,  
With pierced hands and feet and side,  
As he on mount Olivet stood.

Shall I see him? Yes, "as he is,"  
"Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone;"  
Shall I know him? O yes, he says  
I shall know him as I am known."

Therefore my flesh shall rest in hope,  
Though unto dust it shall return,  
For Christ who rose, shall raise it up  
"A glorious body like his own."

"The few precious moments that I enjoyed this morning in reading the Scriptures and weeping under a sense of dying love, and undeserved providence displayed in the behalf of the coalheaver, are so sweet to me that I would not part with them for any sensations or prospects beneath the stars. I have been this morning at Jacob's wedding, and at his death and funeral; at the death of Joseph; and I think it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; though I got some things of the ancient mountains, and some of the chief things of the lasting hills; and felt the goodwill of him that dwelt in the bush."

## BIBLE PLACES.

NO. III.

## A VISIT TO HEBRON.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE FELLOWSHIP OF CHRIST:—I herewith send you a few more thoughts I have gathered up in my travels, hoping that God the Spirit may bless them to your soul, and lead you to enjoy much of those sweet refreshing things which the Lord's people have in all ages experienced.

HEBRON was a very ancient city in the promised land; and the word or name comes from the root *Heber*, which signifies *Society, Fellowship, Friendship*, otherwise *wound, bruise, or scar*, this will help us to the following ideas.

I. That of *union, or oneness*, and is it not truly wonderful that there should be anything like unity between an holy God and polluted man, seeing that sin hath separated God from us, and us from God? And we know that except sin be pardoned and put away by the Christ of God there can be no coming together, because God is a consuming fire, and the carnal mind is enmity against the God of Truth, love, and power. But such is the glorious mystery of godliness, that we now stand everlastingly joined to Jesus, he having married our nature, and taken us into union with the Holy Trinity; "For the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us;" so that it may now truly be said that "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Thus joined in *Hebron*, that is, *fellowship*, we are one spirit. "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." One in eternal union. Now this was the grand end and design of the Father in making the covenant which is ordered in all things and sure; this was the end Christ had in becoming our Brother, Friend, and Saviour, as may be clearly seen in the seventeenth of John's gospel, "That they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." Hence he gives them the glory which he received of the Father, "And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them that they may be one, even as we are one." "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and this will be found to be the end of all the gracious operations of God the Holy Ghost in the hearts of his people, for he it is who quickens us into life, convinces of our sins, works godly sorrow in our hearts, kills us to the love of the world, the flesh and all carnal things, and makes us dead to the law by the body of Christ, and thus we become one by that one baptism: "For by one Spirit are we all baptised into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have been all made to drink into one spirit," and thus become one city, one ark, one body, one flock, one fold, one head, one family, one kingdom dwelling together in this mystical city in the fellowship of the gospel, in the unity of the Spirit, and bond of peace, through the blood of the covenant. Thus we are brought to know that there is but one body, one Spirit of Life actuating, quickening, strengthening, renewing, and transforming; who alone is the author of that one blessed hope of our high and holy calling, one Lord Jesus, having both the nature of God and man in his wonderful person, who alone is the author of that one faith,

who is the substance, meaning, truth, reality, and fulness of that one baptism by which we are all introduced into the family of God, where there is but one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. Now from this wonderful union springs that holy fellowship and blessed friendship with God in Hebron, that all the spiritual seed of Abraham enjoy when drawn by the everlasting love of God to the sacrifice of Jesus, which leads me to observe,

II. That it was here that Abraham dwelt, and built an altar, and held communion with God. "Then Abraham removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." All fellowship with God springs from union to the Holy One, and in order to enjoy this in our souls we must be brought to the altar, sacrifice, and blood of the Lamb of God, and when faith eyes him as the expiatory goat bearing sin away into a land not inhabited; the sacrificial ox having all power to suffer the curse of the law, and the wrath of the Father; and the innocent lamb pouring out his blood, and thus becoming a Saviour of rest unto the Father, as well as the Saviour of his body the church: then can we say that we have "Fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." And when the Blessed Spirit anoints our souls into a saving knowledge of the truth, and we walk in the light of the truth, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin, for we can have no fellowship with him or with his people, but as we are brought to walk in the light of him who is the light of life; so that if we are walking in him we are "The Children of the Light, [or enlightened children] and children of the day, we are not of the night nor of darkness."

The reason why we have so little fellowship with the Lord, and each other in the Lord, is because we walk so little in this precious light, and dwell so little in the city of Hebron. Mark, my dear brother, what is said of our father Abraham; he is said to have pitched his tent, and dwelt in this highly favoured spot, while Lot his brother dwelt in Sodom. Now to dwell is to live, and it was here that Abraham lived in fellowship, and dwelt in fellowship with the Lord; and I am sure of this, that just in proportion as we are led by the Spirit to walk with the Lord, so shall we know the mind of the Lord, and he will explain the secrets of his love, and the fulness of his heart. "And the Lord said, shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do?" And again, "For I know him;" that is, loved him, chosen him, communed with him here, so that he did not withhold one request that he made to him. (see Gen. xviii.) There are many things made known to us in communion with the Lord. We may just mention a few.

1. We know much of the mind and will of God, considering ourselves and others in communion with him. "Shall I hide the thing from Abraham which I do?" "Surely the Lord will do nothing but he revealeth his secrets unto his servants the prophets."

2. It is in communion with him that he appears in all the light of his truth, the wonders of his love, the perfections of his character, the height and depth of his mercy, the all-mightiness of his power to us-ward, who believe. "And when

Abraham was ninety years old and nine the Lord appeared to Abraham, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect, and I will make my covenant between me and thee." Gen. xvii. 1, 2.

3. It is here all our hard questions are solved, our prayers answered, and our souls satisfied as with marrow and fatness. Here it is the court is opened, ratified, and confirmed, the valleys of deficiency filled up, the mountains levelled to a plain, the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord revealed.

4. It was here Abraham's fears were banished his faith confirmed, and his soul encouraged. "After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abraham in a vision, saying, fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." Gen. xv. 1.

5. It was from Hebron that he went forth as a mighty warrior to fight the battles of the Lord, and rescued his brother Lot. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, *ye which are spiritual* restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Gal. vi. 1.

6. It was here he became fruitful, although his body was now dead, and Sarah his wife barren, yet, "Being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body, now dead, when he was about an hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb, for as he was now in communion with the Lord, he staggered not at the promise, being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was also able to perform.

7. It was in fellowship that his name was changed, denoting how greatly he was honoured of God; and here he was justified and accepted, for he believed the Lord, and it was imputed to him for righteousness.

III. Hebron was a part of the promised land, and a city of refuge. Josh. xx. 7. So fellowship with God is a part of that holy land of promise, which is given to us of the Lord, and a precious portion it is, and truly the soul finds it to be so when it is led by the Spirit to flee to Jesus as the only Refuge from the curse of a broken law, a guilty conscience, and a tempting devil, together with all the corruptions of our nature, and the storm of divine wrath, which must destroy us for ever; but the city of refuge we find open for us in the wounded side of Jesus, and the precious blood which he shed for the redemption of his chosen family, who are everlastingly sheltered in this royal city of Hebron, where David was directed of the Lord to go to in his trouble, and where he was anointed king over Judah. 2 Sam. ii. 1—4. And God is still faithful to his promise in calling all his children into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, to the present time, so that they do know something of the fellowship of the mystery of Christ as revealed in the gospel; and what is that but Christ formed in our hearts the hope of glory? And if he is thus dwelling in us, and we are dwelling in him by the exercise of the graces of the Holy Spirit, we shall then be rooted and grounded in love, and thus comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

IV. Hebron was a very ancient city, situated

on an eminence called the Hill country. Luke i. 39. or the mountain of Judah. Josh. xx. 7. And said to have been built seven years before Zoar in Egypt. Numb. xiii. 22. The Lord hath been our dwelling-place in all generations; before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God: even the mountain of love, in which his people, who are the most ancient citizens, and to whom the most ancient things are made known in this mountain, the precious things of heaven in the distilling dew, which drops upon their thirsty souls. Here the deep of everlasting love is opened to their astonished view; here they enjoy the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and have a pleasing sight of the precious things put forth by the moon; here they rejoice in the precious things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, with all the precious things of the earth, and fulness thereof; and above all, for the good will of him who dwelt in the bush. In this mountain, Mary the mother of our Lord visited and saluted Elizabeth, when the babe leaped in her womb, and she was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she spake out with a loud voice, yea, her very soul magnified the Lord, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour, "For he that is mighty hath done for me great things, and holy is his name." See Luke i. 40—56. And truly God does great things for all those who abide in fellowship with Jesus. We may say, then, that all things are possible to them. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Be it unto me according to thy word.

V. Hebron was the place where Sarah died, and was buried by Abraham, her husband. "And Sarah died in Kirjath-arba: the same is Hebron, in the land Canaan." Gen. xxiii. 2. "And here Abraham buried Sarah his wife." Gen. xxiii. 19. Now Sarah is a type of the church, the spouse of Christ; and as she is called into fellowship, so she lives in fellowship, and also dies in fellowship, 1, with God the Father, who has loved her with an everlasting love, and reconciled her unto himself by Jesus Christ. 2. With God the Son, who is the husband of his beloved Sarah, whom he has named his Hephzibah, because his delight is in her, and he will rejoice over her for ever. 3. In fellowship with the Holy Comforter, who hath anointed us, and brought us into this mysterious oneness with the Holy Trinity. 4. They die in fellowship with the church which is purchased with the precious blood of the Lamb; and as they all die in Hebron, which is a part of the promised land, so surely will they all rise in the likeness of Jesus, for his promise is, that when we shall see him we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, and appear with him in glory; for he hath said, because I live ye shall live also, that is, live and dwell in the bosom of his love for ever, and all sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

VI. It cost Sarah's husband 400 shekels of silver, current money with the merchants, before he could bury his beloved wife. Gen. xxiii. 16. So the great husband of his beloved wife, the church, has laid down his very life to give us possession of this desirable city. But you will say, is not fellowship the free gift of God, flowing from his everlasting and unchangeable love? Yes, surely, just as much as Canaan was freely

given to Abraham and his seed as an inheritance; yet he took possession of this spot by a great price. So Christ, the true husband and head of his church, gives us possession by the shedding of his own blood, which is the current price of heaven, whereby the field, the corn, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession of a burying place.

"And after this Abraham buried Sarah, his wife, in the cave of the field of Machpelah, before Mamre, the same is Hebron, [that is fellowship] in the land of Canaan, which is the land of promise." Gen. xxiii. 19. Oh! what an unspeakable mercy, my dear brother, it is to know that thy Maker is thy husband, and that he has made sure this precious portion, having shed the blood of his heart to ratify the same, and that he ever lives to make intercession for us. May you be enabled to enter by this new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, his flesh, and thus find the very wounds and bruises, and stripes, to be the healing of your soul; so that you may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings being made conformable unto his death, is the desire of your unworthy brother in the fellowship of the gospel of Christ,

AN UNLEARNED PREACHER.

Old Brentford, Oct. 1850.

#### Some Account of the Death of Mary Styles.

Mr. Dunstall, agreeable to Miss Ebon's request, I have sent you a few remarks, which my once suffering daughter, Mary Styles, made use of, in the course of her severe illness; and at the very point of death. She was confined to her bed from the first day of her affliction, which was a most awful one-and-twenty day Small Pox. Thus she remained till it pleased the Lord to remove her by death; from the most racking pains, which she very patiently endured to her last moment of time; when her heavenly Father took her to himself, to dwell in a world of unspeakable joy and pleasure. On Sunday, the first day of her sickness, in the afternoon, as she laid on the bed of death, she uttered these words, with full satisfaction and delight of soul:

"What blest examples do we find.

Writ in the word of truth;  
Of children that began to mind  
Religion in their youth.

Jesus who reigns above the sky  
And keeps the world in awe;  
Was once a child as young as I,  
And kept his Father's law."

Here she ended for a short time, but soon began again, and repeated the second verse over again; this verse in particular she mentioned to me and her Aunt at different times in the course of her illness. A few days after her confinement, I was standing by her bed side weeping, not knowing but that my dear child was in a dose, as her face was turned from me, but she heard me, for she was blind, and therefore could not see, and in great haste struggling round with her dying body, turning her face towards me, she lifted up both her hands heavenwards and said, "Do not cry Father, but pray for me, and I will pray for you." And she was very particular in this charge; when her Grandfather or any of our family were going to attend the public ordinance of God's house, she would say, "Mind and pray for me, and I verily believe though she was very young, she not only knew it was a duty to pray, but enjoyed the worth

of prayer herself, and now experienced the sweet effects of Christ's all-prevailing intercession. One evening as the family were sitting in the room with her, she called out and said, "I think I shall die to-night; send for my Uncle John, and you must all kneel down and pray with me; and according to her request my brother John spake in prayer, and her very soul seemed to be engaged the whole time, for she often sighed and said "Amen" to several of the sentences; and after the family arose from their knees, she addressed her Uncle John, and the Lord helped her to speak to his praise, for she exclaimed, "The Lord has been very good to me, but I have not been so good to him." At another time when I was sitting by her, she called out, "Father, Father, I am going, I am going!" I said, "Where are you going my dear Mary?" she answered, "I am going to God." Well my dear, said I, then you will be happy with the Lord for ever. "Yes Father, (said she) and I shall sing hallelujah to God for ever." On the Lord's day morning I was again watching her, and as I sat by the bed side, I heard her softly say, "Oh my Father, my Father," I then answered, "Ah my dear suffering child," she then with much meekness said, "but I do not mean you, I mean my heavenly Father." I then asked, and frequently asked her if she was afraid to die, but she always answered, "Oh no, Father, I should like to die and go to God," this was at all times her reply to that question. The last week of her life she joined in prayer, with my other two children, every evening but one, although she was full of pain, and affliction; her Grandfather's practice was, after the family prayer, to offer up to God a short petition when first he lay down to sleep, my dear child being in the same room, called out, "Grandfather, you did not mention me in that prayer," he answered her, "My dear, I did not forget you in my other prayers," but she said "You must say that over again, and pray for me;" he did so and she seemed satisfied. At another time, a little before her death, she asked me if she should know me in heaven? I replied, yes, my dear, we have sufficient reason from the Word of God to believe, we shall know each other. I do not doubt that if through the mercy of Jesus I should arrive at that blessed place, I shall see and know you, and we together shall sing redeeming love throughout eternity. Her last words were, "I want to die and go to God and glory," then added, "lift me up," and while her Grandmother was lifting up her dear head, she breathed out her spirit into the arms of her dear Saviour, more fully to enjoy his precious love eternally. Thus happily died my dear child Mary Styles, Nov. 7th, Saturday, 1807, aged seven years and ten months.

She belonged to the Sunday School at Chatham in the County of Kent. But best of all she belonged to the Lord, having been the subject of the new birth even that of the Spirit of God.

JAMES STYLES.

MR. ATKINS'S PAMPHLET,  
ENTITLED,

"Two Year's Tour in Westminster."

This pamphlet is published by Messrs. Houston and Stoneman, for the author.

Mr. Atkins was formerly, the minister of a small Baptist Chapel, in Westminster; and in this book he gives an account of the rise of the cause; of the difficulties it had to contend with; and also of some painful things which befel him. We would hope that his deliverance from trouble may prove a permanent one; and (if the Lord will) that he may be restored to the ministry, and be thereby honoured of God to the good of many souls. We cannot think that a man should be cast away because he has been overcome; let it be proved that repentance unto life has been granted; and then let Paul's advice be followed, as recorded in 2 Corinthians ii. 6--8.

## THE TRUE AND FALSE CHURCH.

BRETHREN:—The times in which we live are serious and solemn times to discerning, thinking, faithful men of God. Paul, by the Holy Ghost, said perilous times should come. Again, "In the latter days" [are not the latter days come?] "They shall heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and shall turn away their ears from the truth, and be turned unto fables." And I declare that *Æsop's* or *Gay's* fables have more instructions in them than you will find in a thousand sermons from those men-made, self-made, satan-made ministers, heaped up by men transformed as ministers of righteousness and angels of light. Indeed, the light which is in them is darkness, compared with the true light of life in the regenerate, sanctified soul. The light of those heaped-up world-preachers is of the world, and the (so-called religious) world heareth them. Their wisdom is the wisdom of this world; and their so-called light is from beneath, while the light of Christ's ministers, and the light of his people, is from above. The former is like gaslight coming out of the black coals of the earth; it is very glaring, but it goes out with a stench. The foolish virgins will say, "Our lamps are gone out." But the light of the latter—the true ministers of Jesus Christ—their light is sunlight from heaven, and from above, from the "Father of lights," and the Eternal Sun of Righteousness, and will shine for ever. "The Lord God shall be unto thee an everlasting light; the Lord God and the Lamb shall be the light and glory of the place." But the people of the night, (the worldly religious) they like gaslight better than sunlight, or daylight. The earthly religious people like earth light better than heaven light; they prefer either gaslight, or candle light, to sunlight, or daylight. As a proof of this, you know that the mother of harlots—the Romish church, burns candles at her altar in the day-time, as if she defied and despised the light of heaven, and preferred earth light. Well, you know that harlots' houses are most crowded in the night, and they prefer the night light before the daylight; so they kindle a fire, and walk in the light of their own sparks they have kindled; and, like the old false worshippers, they say, "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire." O, say they, what fire, zeal, light, and eloquence there is in that man's preaching; ah! he is a splendid preacher! Science, education, and the march of intellect is so rapid that all the old fashioned preaching and preachers, who adhere to the old-fashioned clumsy way of preaching must soon fall in the background, and fall into the shade. The scientific, polite, philosophical young men from our academies and religious institutions must soon eclipse all that plain, old-fashioned, offensive way of preaching. The skill and science of preaching now is to preach so that it is difficult for any one to know of what sentiment you are: and thus all may be pleased, and none offended. And thus "The offence of the cross is ceased," or nearly ceased, among all polite, philosophical, religious people, with the exception a few poor, illiterate, low, stubborn people, who generally preach from such old-fashioned, hard, and crude texts as these, "The election hath obtained it, and the

rest were blinded;" "Many are called and few chosen;" "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." In the days of old Peter and Paul, such preaching might go down among the people in the first dark age of Christianity; but now the world is so enlightened, by different sciences, and the march of intellect, that the respectable religious folk, and the enlightened philosophical ministers of the age disregard such doctrines, believing that they are more calculated to do harm rather than good: and indeed it has been of late asserted that the apostles themselves, in the first age of christianity, were mistaken with regard to some doctrines or ordinances; and even so late as the time of old *John Gill*, *Goodwin*, and others, the cloud hung heavily upon the minds of the people in England, when those crude doctrines were widely circulated. But we are too far advanced in scientific and philosophical knowledge of the Scriptures to go back into the darker ages of Christianity. This age is the age of polite literature and polite preaching.

Now how can the church of Rome be called the mother of harlots if she had not some daughters of error? And do not many professing churches, (professing protestantism,) look more like the daughters of the harlot than the daughters of Zion? Why, they suck the very milk from the harlot's breasts—free-will, universal redemption, fallen creature righteousness, duty-faith, and uncertain salvation, or, that all are redeemed, only it depends upon the depraved creature to apply it to himself, otherwise he will be lost. But this is not the sincere milk of the word, drawn from Zion's full breasts of consolation by her children, which is eternal life, free grace, and the everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, to the glory of God the Father; and, if they speak not according to this testimony of the Spirit it is because there is no true light in them: their light is from the earth, a gaslight vapour, not the true sunlight from heaven. They walk in their own light, and by it they see their own shadow, and think themselves great men, the giants of this age in theology; whereas they are but like stage-players on a stage performing by gaslight the form of godliness, and mock Christianity to a gazing and admiring multitude in the dark shadow of death.

But let us not leave the subject without endeavouring to shew in the true sunlight from above who they are that worship God in spirit and in truth, and walk in the light of the Lord. We have nothing to boast of, in and of ourselves, for we, by nature, were all dead in trespasses and in sins. True, we had natural life, and intellectual light; but natural life and intellectual light is not spiritual light and life, called by Jesus the light of life. Now, you know that a dead man may have the light of the sun blazing in his face, but he cannot see the light. Why? Because there is no life in him. "The life was the light of men." John i. 4. Now Christ, that eternal life that was with the Father, is both the life and light of the regenerate soul. He is the true light of life that came into this world, that lighteneth every man, viz., every regenerate man; for it

would be absurd to say that every one born after the flesh in this world hath the light of divine life in his soul; this would be to deny the new birth altogether. But, Christ being that eternal life that was with the Father, said to be "*The life*," "*A quickening Spirit*," every man born of the Spirit hath the light of life in him—eternal life, and shall never perish, nor come into condemnation.

Now, the apostle saith, "Whatsoever maketh manifest is light;" and no natural man can see the natural light without natural life in him, so no man without spiritual life in him can see spiritual light. "In thy light we shall see light." Light is gradual and progressive, as the morning light. A new-born infant has life, and light too, but it cannot at first bear much light, so the parent, let the light come gradual on it, and it sees and understands things gradually. So in the spiritual birth, we see light, but we understand little or nothing of it at first. "The light shined in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not." In ourselves we are darkness itself. "Ye who were sometime darkness are made light in the Lord." Now, that light communicated to the new-born soul in which is life, the light begins to manifest to the soul the sin, darkness, and deadly corruptions of our fallen nature: though for some time we see but little of it, but as the light of life increases in the soul, we see gradually more and more of the sin, death, and darkness of the flesh; and, when the daylight of heaven breaks in upon us in the full blaze of light, we see that we are all death and darkness, "A body of sin and death," and that no good thing dwells in our flesh." "The body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness." Now this light shews us that we have no righteousness of our own, and that our very best righteousness is sin, and as filthy rags: but the Holy Spirit, being life in our quickened souls, leads us out of ourselves to Christ, and into the knowledge of Christ who is our righteousness. "The Lord our righteousness, is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, and if ye walk in the light as he is in the light, ye have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin." Now, the Spirit of life always leads you to Christ, and to his love, blood, and righteousness; and to life, peace, and joy in him. But the spirit of death, which is the devil, the author of death, and the spirit of the religious world, and your own fleshly mind, or legal spirit, they always lead you either into sin, or into dead works, dead self-righteous works, with the congregation of the dead, with all the worldly-religious dead, who eat the sacrifices of the dead; but to all the well established by grace, they see sin (the first husband that we so loved, and were married to, who had dominion over us;) dead in the death, body, and blood of Christ, and being delivered from the law, that being dead, we being dead with Christ, and that tyrannical husband—(sin) being dead, (not the law dead, but that ugly thing, sin) wherein we were held in bonds. Being dead in the death, body, and blood of Christ, we are freed from sin, the first husband, that held us so fast; (wherein we were once held,) that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Rom.

vii. 6. The old husband, sin, led you into bondage, darkness, and death, but Christ, the New Husband of your soul, leads you into holy liberty, light, and life, peace, and joy: and now, being delivered from the law of both sin and death by the body of Christ, ye are married unto another, even to him who was raised from the dead that ye should bring forth fruit unto God. Rom. vii.

4. And as Christ is not the minister of sin, and the Holy Spirit never leads to sin or bad works, but always to good works, these people, with the light of life in their souls, risen with Christ in the Spirit, and married to Christ in the Spirit, are the only people on earth that bring forth fruit unto God, and the only people that have any good works acceptable to God. The works of others are called dead works; but, through Christ and his precious blood, our consciences are purged from dead works to serve the living God. Heb. ix. 14. And only such bring forth any fruit unto God, or good works acceptable to God. The false church is an empty vine, "the vine of Sodom," bringing forth fruit unto herself, and may please herself and others, but not God; and may be highly esteemed among men, but that which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination with God.

The false church, the mother of harlots, and the abomination of the whole earth, who sitteth upon many waters, who hath shed the blood of saints and martyrs, it is said that God shall give her blood to drink, for she is worthy. When the great and terrible day of the Lord shall come, the Lord shall shake terribly the earth, viz., all earthly, sensual, and devilish false religion. The heathen are raging again, the kingdoms are moved, the earthly religion has been shaken and moved; pope, the popedom, kings, priests, and popish nations of the earth have been lately shaken. The Roman Catholic bishops and priests have been divided in their opinions at their great meeting in Ireland; the Church of England has been shaken and divided on the *Gorham* question and *Baptismal* Regeneration; and British popery—the methodist conference, has been shaken, moved, and divided. The earth must be shaken and all earthly religion; but the earth is not only to be shaken, but the heavens also; for even those who, we trust, have the Heavenly Spirit in them, are shaken and moved, reeling and staggering like drunken men one against another. Not only the earth, but the heavens shall be shaken, and doubtless, much chaff and rubbish will be shaken out of the visible church, that that which cannot be shaken may remain. Heb. xii. 27. Brethren, then it is only that which remains, the remnant according to the election of grace, that will not be moved. Nothing prevents us from being shaken out of the earth into perdition with the beast and false prophet, but the immovable love of God in Christ Jesus. O, my soul, think of this, and be humbled before God, for we are only kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation; only that church which dwells in love and dwells in God, will stand the coming storms, for the Lord is our hiding-place; and the true church of God stands in all his immoveable perfections in Christ, and God in her; she shall not be moved, God shall help her; and that right early.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Sept. 26. 1850.

## Taking away the Vail.

"Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away." 2 Cor. iii. 16.

THE beloved apostle has, in this chapter, been speaking of the dark veil which is hanging between God and the sinner, while under the dispensation of the law; in the 14th verse shows why it is, then points to the glorious and perfect removal of it, by Christ. "But their minds were blinded; for even unto this day remaineth the same veil, untaken away, in reading the Old Testament, which veil is done away in Christ."

The law of God, like himself, is full of dignity and grandeur; it is perfect and holy, therefore it is glorious and exalted. Man is degraded in the lowest depths of iniquity, involved in ignorance and folly, beclouded by superstition and unbelief; this glorious law calls to him, points at him, exacts justice of, and requires full obedience from him. Man, struck with a conviction of his base violation of the righteous decrees, and feeling within himself, how deeply he has sunk beneath them, is greatly affrighted, alarmed, terrified; he does not look fully into, or examine carefully, the commands given to him, for fear of the great distance he should find himself off from its fulfilment; and therefore, sets to work in darkness, without regard to the amount of debt which is to be paid; labours on in total ignorance of the event of his labours; he cannot see, nor does he know the intent of God concerning it; the glorious law of the Creator is veiled to him; sin and death pass as a cloud between; ignorance has blinded his eyes, so that it cannot clearly be viewed; only the reflection can be seen, which is sufficient to fill the carnal mind with trembling, and the soul that God has touched and made alive, with horror. A veil indeed is felt there! A bar of separation between him and holiness! All the while a quickened sinner is looking, or seeking for justification by the works of the law, there will the veil be hanging over the mind; darkness and death in the spirit; oftentimes an earthquake in the soul: for while the convinced sinner is striving to amend his ways—willing to renew his course of conduct, his vows and promises are convulsed in the performance, and his strength swallowed up in the attempt; the eye of divine justice pierces the poor sinner's conscience through and through; now and then the rays of infinite holiness appear to light up the inmost recesses of the heart; and alas! alas! what a scene is discovered there! Sins past, sins present, all laid open! One vast cloud of iniquity rising up to witness against him.

Now the poor sinner sinks beneath the load; guilt presses down his soul into the dust; God's everlasting indignation against sin stands like a high mountain before his eyes; "Pay me that thou owest!" follows hard behind; death stands at his right hand—despair on the left—and beneath him appears the yawning gulf of eternal destruction! He feels it is only one stroke more of the Almighty hand, and his doom is sealed for ever! Ah, who can tell the gloomy terrors that revolve in the breast of the poor condemned sinner, while he lays thus prostrate before the sacred tribunal of divine sovereignty, and is, from heart-felt necessity, compelled to confess that God would be just to banish him out of his presence for ever!

Now the sinner dies to all hope of salvation from any work, or performance of his own; he feels himself to be a mass of pollution; that everything that emanates from him, instead of being a recommendation, is an ill savour unto God.

Now, in the last extremity of the poor condemned criminal's misery, Jesus Christ steps in, manifests himself as a "door of hope" in this "valley of Achor," and shews—[that is, the heart of the sinner being enlightened by the teachings of the Holy Spirit, from the special application of some appropriate Scripture; or other means which may be blessed to the turning of his eyes unto Christ]—how he took upon him, human flesh—bore the sorrows of humanity, in spotless purity; how, in his Person, the glorious law of infinite Deity was fulfilled in every part—magnified in the highest degree; how he offered himself unto God in the sinner's room; bore the whole amount of sin, due to his chosen bride, in his body, on the cross; through the rent veil of his flesh, for ever destroyed the wall of separation between God and man; brought in everlasting righteousness; passed through the chambers of the grave, and rose again triumphant over the powers of death and hell, having finally abolished their power and destroyed their pains; then ascended up into heaven, assumed his glory, and ever lives to plead the cause of the redeemed family, before the throne of his Father.

Now the sinner's heart is turned to Christ, to the Lord Jehovah, as a Saviour. This is what Paul means by turning to the Lord; and as sure as it is turned to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away; the way of access into the holy place, into the heart of Christ, into communion with God, is opened up. "Ah," says the soul, "this is the way to salvation; here is hope of mercy; through the fountain of the Redeemer's blood is pardon; in his righteousness is justification, by his wounds are healing. O, if there might be mercy for me! if it were possible that such a great blessing as full and free pardon might be bestowed on such a vile, worthless transgressor as me! if God should have thoughts of love to one so deeply involved in sin and ruin as indeed I am!" The Word of truth is searched with intense eagerness; every word has new light in it; every sentence speaks a new language; before, it held forth nothing but condemnation; now it breathes out streams of consolation and encouragement; the poor sinner's character is met in almost every line, with the strongest injunction to hope in God, as being plenteous in mercy, towards the soul that seeketh him in sincerity. This melts the heart into real contrition, true repentance, godly sorrow; this produces a thorough hatred to the ways of sin, and an earnest fleeing from them; not, as before, in creature strength, but with a perfect heart, by the help and teaching of God. Faith arises, in earnest pleadings with the Lord for mercy, on behalf of the Saviour's merits; hope springs up, and waits, with untiring expectation, for the manifest fulfilment of the promise—"All that the Father gave unto me, shall come unto me, and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Love flows forth in ardent strains of affection and admiration; there is nothing in heaven, or upon earth, of so much value, or of such great



beauty, as Christ Jesus, the sinner's salvation. "O," says the soul, in the deepest humiliation, under a deep felt sense of its great unworthiness, "if I could but touch the hem of his garment, if I might but have a satisfaction from the mouth of God that there was salvation for me; that my name is recorded in the covenant of grace; that Jehovah has thoughts of mercy towards me; that my name might be found engraven in his heart in characters of love! can it ever be possible that mercy so great, love so boundless, grace so free, should be treasured up for, bestowed upon, and extended unto, such a basely degraded wretch as I am, only fit to be banished from the sight of infinite Holiness, into the regions of eternal death?" What self-loathing is felt! what holy mourning over, and deep heart-repentance of sin is felt! while the strongest cries for mercy arise out of a truly broken contrite heart, like incense before the throne of God. And sometimes, what a lively hope the dear quickened soul enjoys in free access before the mercy-seat! How free the love! Nothing dares come between. Every idol is freely forsaken; every other theme is forgotten; the whole thoughts, desires, and breathings of the living, renewed soul, are taken up in an intense seeking for pardon manifested, sin put away, love sealed. This is coming in, by the Door, into the sheepfold; through the gates, into Jerusalem; by the complete redemption and finished work of Christ, into the presence of God; the sinner must come naked, to be clothed; polluted, to be cleansed; sick, to be healed; empty, to be filled. From such souls, the veil is taken away,—the glorious liberty of the gospel realised! They are admitted into the presence chamber of the King: washed and made white; clothed in the spotless robe of his obedience; sealed with love, and blood, and power!

The sorrow and grief which a sinner endures, while passing under the thunders of Mount Sinai, are inexpressibly deep—but the joy and peace a pardoned sinner feels, in the manifestation of his adoption, in the blessed realisation of sin put away, guilt removed, is a foretaste of heaven itself! which beggars all mortal language to describe. It is a pouring out of the soul; a complete resigning up to God; a full surrender of all responsibility into the hands of a triune Jehovah, and a pouring in of the Saviour's love, full reconciliation, entering into solemn covenant; God receiving the soul, and the soul responding—"Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arms."

The veil is fully removed from the heart now; slavish fear for ever put away; the fear of hell removed; the middle wall of separation broken down! Many trials the pardoned sinner will have to encounter; many waters of affliction and furnaces of affliction he shall have to pass through; many deep seasons of spiritual darkness; but now, in every season of distress, the adopted child comes as unto a Father, seeking protection; as unto a Friend, for help; as unto a Counsellor, for wisdom; as unto a Rock, for shelter from the storm; unto a strong tower, for defence from the attacks of the enemy. Living faith will be tried; and how sharp is the trial! But the everlasting arms are underneath, to sustain and uphold, although, sometimes, the trial is so long, that the soul is ready to cry out, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious—will he be favourable no more?" The dear Lord himself has said, "I will bring

the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; *they shall call upon my name, and I will hear them; and I will say, it is my people; and they shall say, the Lord is my God.*"

How firm a foundation is that on which the saints of God are built! Christ, the Rock, their strength and sufficiency is in him. All short of pure faith in the Lamb of God, will be consumed and burnt up in the fire of purification; every fleshly reliance destroyed; every carnal prop thrown down; and while encompassed by the trammels of a sinful nature, how many such we make! But while the fire of God's chastisement strips and purifies us from fleshly forms and carnal worship; sends one trial here, and another crossing circumstance there, to stir up our hearts from taking ease in this world; embittering all and everything that comes short of an humble dependence on himself, he has said of his sanctified ones, "They shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say it is my people; and they shall say, the Lord is my God." O yes, the very trial, when sanctified, strengthens the hold of faith; like Jacob of old, they wrestle with God, when dangers press around, and not only wrestle, but prevail; it is prevailing Israel!

O that the Spirit of the Lord may be abundantly poured down upon each one of his redeemed ones; stirring up their hearts to more diligence, increasing their love, enlarging their hearts, inspiring their affections to run more fervently in the ways of his commandments, following the exhortation of the apostle, "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

London, September 22nd, 1850.

K. H.

### A LETTER FROM MR. CHAMBERLAIN TO MR. CHARLES SMITH.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

SIR,—In reading the *Earthen Vessel* for June last, I was somewhat surprised to find my name inserted in Mr. Dearsley's descriptive account of the recognition services of the Baptist cause at Barking. I beg to state that I took no part in what was termed "the recognition services of the day,"—(I believe they were conducted in the afternoon by Messrs. Felton, Smith, Woodward and others), and that I merely attended the meeting in the evening as a hearer, and was not present in the former part of the day. My reading and going to prayer, was at the request of some friends present with whom I was personally acquainted. My object in writing to you, is not to disparage the cause at Barking, but rather to remove any wrong impressions from the midst of some who may be perplexed in seeing my name in such a position, which perhaps I cannot more readily do, than by assuring them, that I have no affinity with the spirit of Mr. Smith, one of the ministers, who I presume took the leading part in the services of the afternoon.

Never having seen or heard Mr. Smith, I was induced by the persuasion of a friend to attend a

meeting at which he was expected to speak. The following letter will explain the result.

TO MR. CHARLES SMITH,— June 3, 1850.

SIR,—“Having been invited to attend the first annual meeting of the new Association of Particular Baptists, I cannot allow the very injudicious, and unscriptural remarks that were made by you (as one of the speakers at the meeting) to pass unnoticed. Although I have no knowledge of you more than by name, I presume your public position as a *professed minister of Christ*, gives me a sufficient warrant to take the present step. I entreat you to consider the  *motive—the language, and the result of your remarks*. The motive I will not judge, let that be decided in secret—the language—what was it? Where was it uttered? It was *worldly, trifling, and seriously out of place*, and must have distressed the minds of all present, who knew more of the fear of God in their hearts than the fear of men. Surely the word of the Lord abounds with precedents from which sufficient reasons might have been deduced, to call the attention of your audience to the object you had in view, without having recourse to such *lightness of spirit*. “Behold I am against them that prophesy false dreams, saith the Lord, and do tell them, and cause my people to err by their lies, and by their *lightness*; yet I sent them not, nor commanded them: therefore they shall not profit this people at all, saith the Lord.” Jer. xxiii; 32, read also, 2 Pet. ii. 18 and iii. 11, 12. Where was it uttered? In the house of prayer, and in the midst of a society whose professed aim is to promote the welfare of the “body of Christ.” I hope your brethren have not been wanting in reproving you sharply for your behaviour in the house of God, or in assuring you they disclaim all affinity with such conduct. Lastly, the result of your remarks were, that the previously opened ear became shocked—the instructed mind confused, and the ingenuous heart was filled with suspicion; and a kind of hopelessness for the welfare of the Society took hold of the mind. What a strange anomaly in one assembly. Songs of praise at one minute; and *unrestrained fits of laughter* the next. And the more the people laughed, so much the more were your observations framed to increase the sinfulness of the meeting. Sir, I beg you will consider what you have done, and may you be brought to see the path you are in before it is too late. Woe unto you that laugh now, for your laughter shall be turned into mourning. Should you ever feel your sinful position in this matter, you will be able to bear this rebuke aright, and at the same time, esteem me in truth.

W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Smith not having replied to the above letter, I beg you will allow these objections to his conduct, to appear in the *Vessel* next month, in order that my public position may not be misunderstood, and that many may learn to judge righteously. “Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit,” &c. See Matt. vii. 15—20. James iii. 11, 12. Yours, in truth,

W. CHAMBERLAIN.

[As Mr. Chamberlain considers his position was

misrepresented in the June *Vessel*, we have given insertion to the letter. That part of it which refers to the Meeting is painful. We have often heard complaints in different parts of the country of the same things that Mr. Chamberlain here describes. We beseech the servants of Christ to consider that sobriety and solemnity [not a mock humility] become them, especially when standing in public, as mouths for God.—Ed.]

### The Lord's Goodness to a Poor Sinner.

MY DEAR FRIEND—May grace, mercy, and peace, from Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, rest upon you and the little church, of which God, in his mercy, has made you a distinguished member. You will, no doubt, be surprised, and thankful to the Lord, to hear that he (in mercy) has been graciously pleased to hear my poor request, in opening a door, whereby a sinful creature, like me, can attend to the ordinance of Believer's Baptism. I have, of late, felt much condemned in my feelings that I, who profess to believe in baptism, had never honoured the dear Lord Jesus, in attending to his command. I felt very much under Mr. G——, the last time I heard him, from Isa. xxxi. 3, when these words were deeply impressed upon my mind—

“Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.”

O, how my poor mind was exercised! and, in sorrow of heart, I was enabled to pour out my complaint before the Lord, that he would enable me to honour him, and that he would make plain my way before me, by opening a door for a worm like me; that if he had loved me with an everlasting love, that I might make manifest my love and attachment to him, by publicly acknowledging him in that blessed ordinance he had appointed. And, bless his precious name, he that bears the sighs and groans of his poor prisoners, he also heard mine: assured me of my interest in his love, and made me truly willing to forsake all, and follow him. And, bless his holy name, my mind was sweetly supported while rehearsing the dealings of the Lord with me, a worthless sinner, last Lord's Day, at D——; he stood by me, and strengthened, while speaking of what I had tasted, handled, and felt, of the good Word of life; although the enemy strove to rob me of my peace and comfort, the blessed Spirit lifted up a standard against him, which was “Christ in me the hope of glory.”

“Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love  
Reproves my cold delays;  
And now my willing footsteps move  
In thy delightful ways.”

Tell J. S—— of the Lord's goodness to me a poor sinner. I crave an interest in your prayers that the God of Jacob will be with me, support and comfort me, while passing through the solemn ordinance, on Lord's Day next, and that I may be enabled to live to his honour and praise. The Lord bless you.

M. WINSTANLY.

Cherry Lane, Cheshire, October 13th, 1847.

## A REVIEW

OF

## The Past and Present Condition of the Metropolitan and Provincial Churches of Christ.

[Our reviews or notices, will be neither critical nor curious; but simply furnishing such simple facts—(relating either to past or present events)—as may show what the Lord has done, and is doing among those churches where the truth as it is in Christ is maintained. We are longing for an opportunity to enter more fully into the position and prospects of Zion; but our abundant labours in the harvest field at present prevent. We throw together a few things from our brethren in different parts, as under.]

## Coggeshall Baptist Cause.

DEAR SIR—We have thought it our duty publicly to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord to us, as a church. Since our pastor, (Mr. J. Colliss,) came amongst us, our congregation has greatly increased, and the word is graciously received by the family of God. We have received three into church union: the first proves that anniversaries are not in vain, as he testified that through Mr. Allen, (from Stepany Cave) at the anniversary in 1848, he received the first impressions of grace in his soul. And at our last anniversary in 1849, brother Bish, of Braintree, was the means, (in the hands of God) of setting his soul at liberty, enabling him to cry, "Abba Father." Also a sister from the church at Colchester, where brother Brown (from Halesworth) has received a six months' call, which we hope is of the Lord. This sister has put her hand to the gospel plough, and is very useful amongst us; we hope she will not look back. The third is a brother that left us when we were in some little trouble, and joined a church at Colchester; but no man gave unto him, and God would not; so he has been returned to his Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare. Should he run away again, there is a rod in pickle for him. These were all unanimously received, believing them to be the objects of God's tender mercy. Your's truly,  
September, 1850. E. CROSSLEY, Deacon.

## The Garden of Nuts, near to Knowl Hill.

THE Lord's grace is still manifested in this little garden; and some encouragement is given to our brethren Mason and Webb, enabling them to hope that the hand of Israel's God is with them in the ministry of the Word, doing good to souls. The "Poor Thing in the Wood" writes as follows:—

My dear Brother Banks—We, as a church, at poor despised Knowl Hill, have had another day that will not be soon forgotten by some of the Lord's living family. I baptised one dear old pilgrim, who has had many a combat with the enemy of souls respecting that despised ordinance. But the Lord was so pleased to impress her mind, that she was constrained to say,

"Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,  
For I must go with you."

She was proposed to the church; and at a church-meeting, gave a plain and satisfactory account of the Lord's dealings with her soul. On Lord's Day, September 22nd, my much-esteemed brother Webb preached an impressive discourse from the 22nd chapter of Acts, and the 16th verse. After the service, we went to the pool. We sang—

"Jesus, mighty King in Zion."

And I think it was with much feeling the "Poor Thing in the Wood" gave a short address; and then, taking my poor blind friend by the hand, we both went down into the water, and I baptized her

in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. She went through the ordinance with much composure; the Lord wonderfully supported her; and, I think, she never found him more precious to her soul, in all her pilgrimage. Satan told her, she would die in the water, as she had a disease at her heart, and her being blind, &c. But she found him to be a liar; and I must say he is a liar; for I found him very hard at me, night and day, with a thousand things; but the promises were applied; I was enabled to use the sword; he was obliged to fly. We may sing—

"The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,  
The Lord supports the sinking mind."

We had some friends from Marlow, Henley, London, &c. The "Poor Thing" said a little in the afternoon, from the 53rd of Isaiah and 11th verse; and then assembled round the table; gave our sister the right hand of fellowship; and found a good season all day. Brother Webb preached in the evening; his very soul was in it all day; and it was a melting down season with many. I have seen our dear sister since, and she is on her way rejoicing. I expect the aged husband of our sister will come amongst us, next ordinance day. He has been a member of Wokenham, for years, but cannot feed on such fuller's earth.

I must subscribe myself, your's, a poor, and most unworthy, still affectionate brother, in unalterable bonds—B. MASON—still

## A POOR THING IN THE WOOD.

## Dane Hill, Newick, Cuckfield, &amp;c.

We consider the county of Sussex to be one of the most highly favoured parts of England for experimental gospel truth. Many faithful servants of Christ have been raised up and made useful in that county, although in the midst of them the Huntingdonian system of church order is very prevalent. The following interesting letter, with which we have been favoured from our venerable and much esteemed brother Roberts, will be read with much delight; and we sincerely hope some account of the Lord's gracious dealings with him, in leading him to exchange the red coat for the black one; the sword of steel for the sword of the Spirit; the barracks for the pulpit; and the worldly oracle for the Bible, will some day be given (from his own pen, and in his own original style) to the churches of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Many a soldier, and many a sailor would read it for its interesting details, while (in the hands of the Almighty Spirit,) it might be an instrument of spiritual good.

Dear Brother—In the "Vessel" for this month, I find my worthless name, and some of my poor labours recorded; and although I have no wish to figure in the eyes of those who constantly read the "Earthen Vessel," or any other periodical, yet I beg to say, that I dearly love the great, the blessed truths, principles, and doctrines which you advocate; and, with the help of my covenant God and Saviour, I mean to maintain to the end of my life. Your remarks about Dane Hill and Newick were not at all exaggerated, which I can ratify. The Christian people, in the neighbourhood of Dane Hill, Sussex, after having heard the soldier preach a few times, consulted about purchasing my discharge. This being effected, after considerable trouble and not a little expense, I reached Dane Hill, and preached my first sermon in a barn. And O, what a gloomy scene was before my eyes! No chapel to preach in; no house to live in; a wife and two children to provide for; and only a poor people to

preach to; and I was £5 in debt, which I had borrowed, to make up the money expended for my discharge. Well, in this condition, I commenced my labours at poor Dane Hill, in the year 1810, and lived and struggled through for thirty-three years; and blessed, and praised be the Lord for his free, abounding grace and goodness, I lived long enough to see three chapels built, two of which are now standing at the places mentioned in the "Vessel," and a chapel-house at Dane Hill, and not one shilling debt upon either of the chapels, when I left. The good Lord bless them, and prosper them, and make brother Poynder's ministry a great blessing to them, for they are still very dear to my heart. I need not tell you that the history of a poor, wicked, awfully wicked, profane soldier, snatched out of the very sink-hole of sin, made a partaker of saving, sovereign, efficacious grace, and enabled and upheld, for more than forty years, to tell to sinners round, what a dear, precious Saviour he has found, (who, indeed, first loved him);—that the history of such an one would fill a volume; so I must break off; only just telling you that the same William Roberts is now preaching to a few poor people, who, I trust, love the pure truth, at Bethel Chapel, Chelsea, near Leighton Buzzard, Bucks. Such are the mysteries of providence! Well, be it so—"so wilt thou bring me to the desired heaven."

Although a poor, ignorant sinner still, there are a few great truths—blessed truths—which I trust the Lord has made me well acquainted with.—First, "Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called." Secondly, "My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am (was) afraid of thy judgments." Thirdly, "Rejoice with trembling." Fourthly, "Unto them that believe he is precious." The great, the solemn, important subjects involved in the above passages, (and blessed be the riches of his grace, the latter, or last,) are very sweet to my soul.

Your's affectionately in the Lord Jesus,  
WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Chelsea, near Leighton Buzzard, Bucks.,  
September 30th, 1850.

N.B. There is now a little cause at Cuckfield, Sussex, of which brother E. Arnold is the pastor. This cause, too, may be said to have risen out of Dane Hill, as I baptized the first six members which formed that church. What has God wrought! I believe this little cause is going on well. I preached to them a little while ago. The good Lord bless and prosper them!

#### Signs of Prosperity in Somerstown.

It is a mercy that after all the troubles which have been passing upon the professing Church of God at Somerstown, the cause still lives; the doors are still open; the word is still preached. We trust recent events will tend, under God, to the gathering in, and building up of many precious souls. A correspondent from Beulah Chapel, Somerstown, writes as follows: (we are truly grieved not to be able to insert the whole.)

"I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth." Psalm xxxiv. 1.

It is one of the unspeakable privileges of the children of God, to be able to adopt this language of the inspired Psalmist, and bless the dear name of our Heavenly Father, He does at times enable some of the most unworthy and helpless of his family, not only to desire but really and truly to adore and magnify him as King of kings, and Lord of lords, as the altogether lovely; and the all in all to their souls. Although they are not always on the mount of enjoyment, yet they are often brought to bless him for that he has made them his children, the happy consciousness of which enables them to mount above all their trying circumstances, their doubts and fears. However much they may pass beneath the frowns of God in Providence and grace, or however much they may be left in their own estimation to act more like devils than Christians, yet after being quickened into life divine, they will never cease to live,

never cease to hate what God hates, to love what he loves; and will often cry to him, that he would enable them to live a life of holiness and devotedness to him, and his cause.

Thus has it been with us at Beulah, Somers Town, we have had our difficulties, but we have had our deliverances, some circumstances have sorely grieved us, while our God amidst them all has often made our souls rejoice, clouds have gathered thickly around us, but ere long the glorious Sun has arisen and dispersed them. O may he thoroughly purge his floor, and take out all that is offensive to him, and make us a holy, diligent, prosperous, and happy people.

He has highly favoured us by placing in our midst one, whose labours he is owing to the gathering in of many of his lambs; one young female in relating her experience before the Church lately, attributed her conversion (instrumentally) to Mr. Aldis' first Sabbath evening sermon amongst us.

Seven were added to the Church August 4th, 1850, five of whom were baptized Lord's day evening, July 28th; on which occasion, Mr. Aldis preached from John xiv. 15. "If ye love me keep my commandments."

The leading ideas of the discourse are comprised in the following lines which were partly written at the time.

"If ye love me" said the Saviour,  
To his followers while on earth;  
Let the whole of your behaviour  
Prove your high, your heavenly birth;  
And by keeping my commandments,  
Shed my matchless glories forth.

If ye love the Three in unioin,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
If you value my communion,  
If I am your only boast;  
Honour all my institutions,  
In my will, let your's be lost.

If ye love me for election,  
And for calling you by grace;  
For my guidance, and protection,  
And for strength to run your race;  
Honour me by coming often,  
Boldly to the throne of grace.

Do you love me for redemption,  
Pardon, peace, and cleansing blood;  
For a free, complete exemption,  
From th' eternal wrath of God?  
My commandments, love them, keep them,  
They are holy, just, and good.

Love ye for divine forbearance,  
For my readiness to bless,  
For your final perseverance,  
For my perfect righteousness;  
If ye love me for these favours,  
Love earth's transient phantoms less.

Do you love me as your brother,  
Husband, Priest, and King to reign?  
Live in peace with one another,  
Give ye not each other pain,  
Love and comfort, each the other,  
Until I shall come again.

Shun all things that I've forbidden;  
All that I've commanded do;  
Some would of these laws be ridden,  
But they're binding still on you.  
In all things, let self be hidden,  
And in all keep me in view.

Work from life but not to gain it,  
Your works ne'er can merit heaven;  
'Tis through me you must obtain it,  
'Tis by God the Spirit given.  
Therefore brethren, love and honour  
Every ordinance of heaven.

If ye love me, be baptized  
In my great and glorious name:  
Let my means of grace be prized;  
Let your lives that grace proclaim;  
Though for me you be despised,  
You shall ne'er be put to shame.

A POOR PRISONER.

**Bethel Baptist Chapel, Trowbridge.**

Tuesday, September 24th, 1850, being the day appointed for the re-opening of Bethel Baptist Chapel, Trowbridge, after an extensive alteration, building of new school-room, vestry, &c., complete; at seven o'clock the friends met together for solemn prayer and praise; that as we left the old place of worship with prayer, we would commence our meeting here the same, praising the Lord for benefits received, and imploring his aid for all needed mercies for the future.

Our dear brother Foreman, of London, preached to a goodly number of persons in the morning, a truly blessed discourse from Isa. xxxv. 6, "For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." Our brother Bloomfield, of Cheltenham, preached a weighty, experimental sermon to a house full of people in the afternoon, from John xiv. 19, "Because I live, ye shall live also." After which, two hundred and fifty sat down to tea, provided by the liberality of friends. Long before the evening service commenced, the chapel was thronged, and by the time of preaching, the school-room, aisles, and every place, where our brother Foreman's voice might be heard, was literally crammed. The text was from Matthew iv. 16, "The people which sat in darkness, saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." A sermon to be long had in remembrance. Our dear brother Foreman preached again on Wednesday evening from 1 Cor. i. 23, "But we preach Christ crucified." Blessed be God for the joyful sound! It was a soul-humbling, Christ-exalting opportunity. Our collections amounted to nearly £25; and this, together with collecting cards, and donations, makes up £100 we have gotten towards our debt. Friends, in addition to which, have given a new Bible, cushion, and hymn-book, for the pulpit; so that

"Wonders of grace to him belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

**Spiritual Affection and Sound Argument United.**

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS.—I am requested by those who know and love the truth, (and have heard the truth with pleasure and satisfaction from your lips,) to inquire whether you can "come over" to Ellington, and "help us." The Lord God of Israel has been pleased so to arrange matters in the present constituted order of things, that we should be helps to each other by the way; and for this end he hath given a diversity of gifts in the Church, for the use and benefit of the body of Christ. And he hath given commandment that those gifts should be in exercise until he come; not that I suppose the gift he hath bestowed upon you, to minister in holy things is laying dormant, but I wish to remind you of the unity and oneness of the body, and therefore bring to your remembrance, the destitute condition which we, as a part of that body, are placed in as it regards the ministry of the word, that thereby (if the Lord will) you might be induced to try and make it convenient to come and spend a Lord's day with us. We do indeed find it very difficult to obtain supplies for the Lord's day; for though we have made many applications, we have had but three supplies this year on the Lord's day. We should therefore most cordially welcome you in the name of the Lord, and hail the opportunity of once more sitting under the sound of the gospel trumpet as sounded forth from your lips. We wish also to make another use of you when here, that is, to turn your visit to a profitable account in pecuniary matters: we want to have an anniversary to reduce the debt of the chapel, and we thought, if you could visit us, it would be a very favourable opportunity, as we do not intend having it on the week-day this year. As to time, we would almost leave that with you, it would be most agreeable to us in September, on the 2nd or 3rd Lord's Day,

or the 4th if most agreeable to you. May the Lord direct and bless you, and cause you to act for his glory. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours in truth eternal.

To Mr. Stenson.

**THE REPLY.**

DEAR BROTHER ASHBY—My heart's desire is, to serve the church of God; I mean the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven; the church of Jehovah's ancient choice, and of adopting love. But my service must be entirely under the guiding hand, and all-commanding Word of Him that worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.

I received your kind invitation, last week, to revisit the dear friends at Ellington, and your arguments I felt were weighty and powerful, and the appeal founded thereon to be almost resistless. I have laboured hard to meet your wishes, but in vain. I have not left home on the Lord's Day since I stood in the pulpit at Ellington. I have now pressing invitations from Newport Pagnell, Bucks., and from Dorchester, both of which I am compelled to decline. I feel assured, therefore, that you will not think that I am reluctant to serve you from any want of desire or affection towards you; but I am placed where God is pleased to own and bless my poor, poor feeble labours, and to use me in his service to the advantage and benefit of his people in this part of his vast dominions. But should I be spared another year, I cherish the warmest hopes that I shall again be permitted to see your faces, and the faces of many friends at Wellingborough, Higham Ferrers, Sharnbrook, &c.

Give my Christian love to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Meadows; I hope they are well and walking wisely before the Lord. Tell Mrs. M. I have not forgotten her Christian-like attention and kindness towards me. Remember me affectionately to your brother David; I trust, like the ancient and Royal house of David, he waxes stronger and stronger.

May the Holy Ghost, the comforter, continue to favour you with his soul-renewing and bedewing influences, so that you may prosper and increase greatly in the Lord.

Peace and truth be with you and abound to the praise, and honour, and glory of Jehovah's wondrous name. Amen.

Your's in Christ,

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea.

**A Day long to be Remembered by the Mourners in Zion.**

JOHN DILLOSTONE and I were bowing together at the throne of grace; and he was pleading with the Lord for his blessing to rest upon the services of the day that was then closing in upon us, when the above sentence fell from his lips into my heart, "Grant, Lord," (said my brother John,) "that this may be a day long to be remembered by the mourners in Zion." THE MOURNERS IN ZION! This sentence came from the bottom of John's heart; and I do dare to hope that many poor mourning souls did receive some real Gospel comfort on the day to which I refer. But, you say—Who is John Dillostone? Where does he live? And what is this day of which you speak? In the first place, John Dillostone is an Israelite indeed! A straight-forward, truth-loving, truth-seeking man! he is one that hates and opposes all erroneous rubbish under the garb of religion; and having suffered much sanctified affliction, is brought to desire to glorify God—to seek the welfare of Zion, and to be maintained in a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. John Dillostone is (in the world, a forist and a seedsman, but in the church, he is) a useful deacon, and one of the four pillars which, under God, hold up the little cause with which he is connected. He lives in a neat little cottage in the parish of Sturmer, near to Ilaverhill, on the borders of Essex, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire. The day referred to, was Thursday, Oct. 10, 1850; when the new little Baptist Chapel,

at Keddington, was first opened for the sacred worship of a gracious, a glorious, and ever to be adored Triune Jehovah. It was an auspicious day for that little despised part of the Gospel field: where our brother Powell now treads out a little of the pure corn: and whom God has made instrumental in erecting the first Baptist Chapel that was ever known to have an existence in those rural and beautiful villages called Sturmar, and Keddington. What Powell is that, say you? It is the same under shepherd, that formerly laboured at Haverhill, Prittlewell, Botisham Lode, and other places; but who is now fixed in the providence of God, at Keddington, where we hope he may spend the rest of his days in real usefulness as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. The erection of the Chapel at Keddington, is a marvellous instance of the interposing hand of God on the behalf of his poor afflicted people. I think such facts as these ought to be recorded. It seems evident that these villages have, for years, been under the entire influence and direction of poor old mother church, who, in those parts, is a poor blind, bigotted, and truth-hating piece of goods. It is also evident that the Lord the Spirit, went silently and certainly (some few years since) into the consciences of two or three poor sinners about there, and so solemnly turned their hearts and feet from the path of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that they began with much fervency and frequency to cry unto God, to grant that a temple might be erected there for the worship of his holy name, and for the ingathering of his scattered sheep. In answer to very many silent groans and united cries, and as the result of many heavy trials and struggles, and after meeting for a length of time for worship in an old tumble-down cottage, a piece of land has been sold to them, and a neat substantial house for God has been built, and never did I see a place more crowded with hearers, than Keddington Chapel was on the evening of the opening day. The Chapel stands beside a little green, shaded by a cluster of beautiful trees: one would think an unlikely place to build a Chapel in. But there stands "РЕХОБОТН:" and it would have done your hearts good to have seen persons of all classes, and conditions, flocking to the Sanctuary on the morning of the opening day. Brother Bartholomew (of Halsted) commenced the service by giving out a suitable hymn, I read I Sam. vii. besought the Lord to be with us, and then preached from Ezekiel xxviii. 26. "They shall dwell safely therein," &c. Brother Hanks, of Cambridge, preached in the afternoon from Mark. The evening service was a solemn one; I spoke of the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ, in poor sinner's hearts, but the chapel was so densely thronged, and so hot, I feared the people could profit nothing thereby; still, I know God could bless, and I hope he did. I thought it reflected great disgrace upon the ministers round the adjacent towns and villages, that none of them were present to help hold up the hands of our dear Keddington friends. Something said, if I had not been the preacher, many ministers, and more wealthy members of churches would have been there; as it was, the poor had the Gospel preached unto them; and out of such crowded congregations, only about eight pounds were collected. Sixty pounds, or more, remains yet unpaid; and unless Christian friends, from other parts, assist them, the burden must lay heavy on the shoulders of a few poor sheep in the Wilderness. I am well assured, the cause at Keddington is deserving of sympathy and support. Dear reader, make a small collection in your own circle, and send it at once to Robert Powell, Baptist Minister, Keddington, near Haverhill, Suffolk. You may make Post Office orders payable at Haverhill branch. Do not forget it, prays your poor servant, C. W. B.

Friday, Oct. 12.—Arose this morning soon after four; rode from Sturmar to Aubrey End in a horse and cart, from thence by train to Shoreditch. Thanked God for preserving me; hurried home;

spent a few minutes there; then ran with all speed to catch the 12 o'clock train to Tring, where I am expected to preach twice to-day. Oh Lord, every feeling in my poor soul is on the stretch with secret prayer for thee to take care of my family and home while I leave; to take charge of me while I am travelling; and make great use of me in ministering to the many people before whom I stand. The little Trumpeter in Zion gives us a hint that some seem to fear there may be an overflowing of the "banks." The "banks" referred to, are exceedingly weak in themselves, and have nearly been swept away by heavy tides of temptation and tribulation many times; still, hitherto, they have been maintained; and although they are so exceedingly weak, little and contemptible, yet, we hope they will endure to the end.

C. W. B.

#### Sabbath School, West End, Tring.

Tring, in Hertfordshire, is a small town containing, for its size, a large number of Dissenters. Here are three Baptist chapels, where Gospel truth is preached; one of them is considered to hold from twelve to fourteen hundred persons. Mr. Glover has been the rector of this place for many years, and, in his day, has been a very acceptable and useful servant of Christ. Afflictions have almost unfitted him for labour now; but still he endeavours occasionally to minister unto the people. For some few years past, Mr. Page, (late of Richmond) has been labouring with Mr. Glover, but we were grieved to learn that he is so deeply afflicted in his head, that many think he will never be able to occupy the pulpit again. Solemn thought! but in the course of a few more years, and all the ministers who have now a standing in the churches will have passed homeward; and many yet unknown will be raised up to occupy their posts.

West End Tring Baptist Chapel, is a neat commodious building: it was built about ten or twelve years since, for one Mr. Wicherley, who stood there for a few years, and then moved off to other quarters. The annual meeting of the Sunday School connected with the place was held on Friday, Oct. 11th. In the afternoon, Mr. Langham (of Portsea) read and prayed. I preached from those sacred words—"Father, I thank thee, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes," &c. A goodly number of children were refreshed with tea and cake, and a party of friends also took tea in the chapel. In the evening, Mr. Collier (of Ivinghoe) read and prayed; and we attempted to speak again from Paul's words—"But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to REVEAL HIS SON IN ME." We hope some good was done; but we fear a cold and lethargic spirit is fast spreading over the churches.

#### Thame and Ickford.

DEAR BROTHER,—the report given in the Vessel this month, that "the spirit of division at Ickford, and its neighbourhood, is exceedingly rife," may lead strangers and friends at a distance to suppose that something new has taken place. The few friends at Ickford, (who are members of the Church at Stadhampton) have been in the habit of meeting in a house for prayer, reading the Scriptures, the Standard, and other works of that cast, for years. There is only one Baptist Church at Thame; those who went out of it some four or five years ago, continue to meet together in a small private house, where twelve adult persons would be considered a good congregation for the place; these persons united with others in forming a second Baptist Church at Syddenham, in February, 1847; Mr. Juggins is the minister, but not the pastor. If the divisions which have taken place (in the places referred to in your "Brief review of passing events") were the work of the Holy Spirit, all is well.

W. S.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH AT, AND THE  
**Re-opening of the Surrey Tabernacle,**  
 BOROUGH ROAD.

THE first remarkable event recorded of Manasseh, after his conversion, was this—"he built a wall without the city of David; and put captains of war in all the fenced cities of Judah." Whereas beforetime he had been a curse to Jerusalem, being now a partaker of divine grace, he labours to become a blessing; and his first concern was to defend, to establish, and to secure peace to the Church of God. Divine grace gives to all its possessors—more or less—these three essential blessings:—eternal life to the soul—holy love to the heart—a clear and an exalted conception of heavenly truth to the mind: and thus furnished, the poorest sinner that ever breathed, the vilest worm that ever crawled, the most ignorant creature that ever walked the face of the earth, is qualified to become, and labours to become, a real blessing to his fellow-men. A striking instance—a living illustration, of the truth of these simple remarks it is our happiness to record in the following lines.

In the Borough-road, Southwark, (nearly opposite to the British School Establishment) stands a commodious Baptist chapel, known by the name of "THE SURREY TABERNACLE," which has been the scene of Mr. James Wells's labours in the gospel ministry for very many years. Since the days of William Huntington, we think we may say, (fearless of contradiction), that in no man (standing in the faithful ministry of Christ's gospel) has there ever been a greater exhibition of the sovereign, sanctifying, teaching, expanding, and preserving powers of Almighty grace, than has been witnessed in the personal experience, and in the public ministry of our esteemed brother James Wells.

We know very well that when we thus write, we stir up the jealous feelings of many of our brethren; and they accuse us of being moved hereunto by bad motives. They may say what they please; the truth we will tell; the fact is, there is a lot of us little parsons, that (in our natural minds) would like to have as large a place, as fruitful a mind, as numerous an auditory, and as extensive a field of usefulness as our brother Wells; but because the good Lord has not been pleased to give us so many talents, nor so much work in the vineyard, why should we secretly harbour unpleasant feelings towards one that is thus favoured? Rather let us labour to be thankful, first, for that we are in the vineyard at all; and, secondly, for that it hath pleased God to give his churches (in these days) one that is able boldly to defend the truth, and blessedly to feed the souls of hundreds and thousands of British saints, with knowledge and understanding.

We now come to a brief review of the origin and progress of the Church under our brother's care.

It is not everybody that knows the origin

of Mr. Wells's ministry. We believe he commenced as an out-door itinerant, preaching the gospel principally in Westminster. This was the means of gathering some friends around him; and on the 19th of October, in the year 1830, the church was first formed in a school-room, in Prince's-place, Westminster. The number of members at the time was only twenty, the greater part of whom remain alive unto this day. We believe that seven of them still continue honourable members of the church; three of them died in the Lord; and some have been removed in Providence, so that in the case of most of them we see the blessedness of an experimental possession of divine grace: it walks with the believer while he lives; lays down with him when he dies. What a day of pleasure and astonishment must the 20th of October, 1850, have been to the seven original members, who are still standing fast by the stuff; and who have seen in Mr. Wells's ministry (instrumentally at least) some fulfilment of that vision which Daniel had, when he saw a stone cut out without hands, and which smote the image, so that the wind carried it away; while the stone itself became a mountain, and filled the whole earth. The idolatrous image in many a sinner's heart (we know) has been smitten by the gospel ministry in the Surrey Tabernacle, and the wind of the Spirit has carried it away. God grant much more of this work may be done for many years to come. But, say you, what became of the others? Two of them apostatised from God's truth—(one of these two went into profanity, and the other one settled down in rank pharisaism:) "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

At the formation of the church in Westminster, as above-named, Mr. John Foreman gave the pastoral charge from Nehemiah vi. 3. "*I am doing a great work*"—[What a prophetic text! How truly has it been verified in the labours of him to whom the charge was given!] That charge, by some that heard it, has been declared to be the most luminous, powerful, pointed, apt and instructive discourse that ever they listened to in their lives; and often have they regretted that it was not printed at the time. The late Mr. George Francis, of Snows' Fields, preached to the church, in the evening, a very spiritual and affectionate sermon, from 1 Thess. iii. 8, "For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord."

In 1831, the church and congregation removed to Dudley-court chapel, Denmark-street, Soho, where they only remained twelve months; removing from thence to the Surrey Tabernacle, where they have worshipped for eighteen years last January. The present chapel was built in 1838; but for some few years past it was not large enough to accommodate the crowds who flocked to hear; it has, therefore, this autumn been considerably enlarged, and is now supposed to hold about 1,400 persons. It was re-opened on Lord's day, October 20,

1850; Mr. James Wells preaching the morning and evening discourses; and Mr. John Foreman, the afternoon, whose text was John v. 26, 28. The re-opening day was indeed an auspicious one in the history of the church at the Surrey Tabernacle, which now comprises FIVE HUNDRED and SIXTY MEMBERS; and their congregations were from 1,400 to 1,600. The collections amounted to £59 14s. 6d. As Mr. Wells's sermons are to be published, we shall (D.V.) notice them next month. We hope that for, at least, another twenty years he may there stand in the very spirit and practice of Mr. Foreman's text at his ordination, not verbally, but essentially saying, "I am doing a great work."

On the evening of the opening day two or three hundred persons went away, not being able to get into the place.

#### Gospel Ordinances in Guildford.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In the pool of Hephzibah Chapel were four poor sinners (saved by sovereign grace) baptized in the holy, undivided name of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to the way and manner laid down in the unerring Word of God. As it regards the writer of this, it was one of the most trying, and yet triumphant of days, ever as yet experienced in his spirit; it was so trying, his mind was in an agony; but two sacred scriptures were very powerfully spoken in my soul: the first is the 42nd chapter of Isaiah, 16th verse; the second scripture is the 9th chapter of Luke, 42nd verse. And sure I am, the same evil spirit would have torn me to atoms, and dragged me to his eternal tormenting dungeon, had it not been in my experience according to the promise made in the 3rd of Genesis, 15th verse, and 2nd of Hebrews, 14th verse. It was a triumphant day over all my fears as regards sin—death—devil—and MAN; God helping me, I will bow to NONE only as they bow to the truth, of which, my Jesus is the source. When my dear brother Isaac Spencer said, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," it indeed awed my spirit; and thus I felt it ought to be, having a sacred witness that I had been chosen, redeemed and called; and it appears to me to be solemn presumption, to call over the holy name of a triune Jehovah on any who cannot give for themselves a personal testimony that they are interested in that righteousness, that is unto, and upon all them that believe in Christ Jesus for all things.

I fully believe the other candidates were living, sincere, and savoury souls; I have sweetly seen Jesus in them. The scripture the Lord gave this servant to speak from was Acts x. 47th verse. Speaking of the ordinance itself, he shewed it to be of God in a very scriptural way and manner, which carries all before it. He shewed by the Word of God, what it was to receive the Holy Ghost in saving conviction, so as to make the way clear, for Jesus to come in, with his full, free and finished salvation, whereby the soul is eternally saved, and honourably justified; God's truth magnified; his great name glorified. Many proofs have been satisfactorily given that the word was preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, to perform his own work in the hearts of his own children. Our brother Spencer administered the ordinance in a solemn manner. I was the last that was baptized, and as I entered the vestry, that beautiful ascription of praise burst out in joyful strain,

"Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!"

My spirit re-echoed to the sound, and sang joyfully also, "Hallelujah, praise I will the Lord."

In the afternoon, after singing, reading, and prayer, the ordinance of the Lord's supper was administered. Jesu's glory was seen; his presence

felt; and himself feasted on by faith; in the evening, the scripture spoken from was Revelations vii. 14th verse; and a cheering season it was, being assured when we had suffered the will of God, we should come out of all tribulation, like gold refined to shine in solid substance here, and in the Lord's own good time, to be as pillars in the temple of our God to go out no more for ever. If I mistake not, the robes being washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb, were named after the following order: the 1st was conversational robes; 2nd, professional robes; 3rd, practical robes; and obedient robes, all needed cleansing in the blood of the Lamb. The following verse was spoken, to show how blood being red could wash robes white.

"White was his soul, from blemish free,  
Red was the blood he shed for me."

"Here, by faith, my Lord I see,  
Laid beneath the curse for me;  
Again, the Sovereign conq'r rose;  
As victor, triumphs o'er his foes.  
Brethren and sisters, Jesu's foes  
Are your's—and mine—our way to oppose,  
While leaving sin, to come to God,  
In Christ the way, mark'd out by blood."

With many other sacred things, ended the Sabbath of the Lord, never to be forgotten by many present. I fully believe that pastor and people united there in Christian fellowship, are walking in love, in the fear of the Lord, and enjoying the blessing of peace, as the effects of gospel order. I dare not withhold my name, this word is so fixed in my spirit, 2nd of Timothy, 1st chap. 8th verse, again as saith Jesus, "Whosoever is ashamed of me, and my words, of them will I be ashamed before my Father and the holy angels. I am, by the grace of God, his favoured child, and the servant of the church, for Christ's sake.

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS.

#### Little Gardens in Gloucestershire.

The friends connected with the following little plantations desire to acknowledge the good hand of God toward them, in rendering the occasional services of our brother Bloomfield so acceptable. Gloucestershire has long been considered a dark, dead county for gospel truth; but we may now say, "even at this present time, there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

COOPER HILL, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The new Baptist chapel at this place, was opened on Monday the 7th of October, 1850. On which occasion J. E. Bloomfield (of Cheltenham) preached two sermons with great solemn liberty and power. The people said it was a high day; for Zion's reigning Lord was graciously and powerfully with them. In this place, may the distinguishing truths of the gospel long be successfully proclaimed, there were several ministerial brethren who took part in the services of the day.

THE CAMP NEAR PAINSWICK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The Anniversary Sermons in the Baptist Chapel of this village were preached on Monday, Oct. 21, by J. E. Bloomfield. The preacher came up before the people by the Spirit of God, like a bottle wanting vent: this is an observation made by the people. The place was full of attentive hearers, and we humbly hope the Lord the Spirit will long bless the speaker, and the Lord's dear people that heard the word gladly.

PAINSWICK.—J. E. Bloomfield preached in the Baptist Chapel of this place, Tuesday evening, Oct. 22nd. We should be very glad to find that the truth (in all its departments) was faithfully, experimentally, and successfully preached in this nice little town. There are a few lovers of truth here we verily believe. The Lord blessed the word when J. E. Bloomfield, preached here before. God grant a blessing may attend his labours this time also.



A WORD TO AND FOR

**The Afflicted in Zion.**

THE history of the Church of Christ in all ages, proves the truth of the Holy Spirit's testimony by Zephaniah, "*I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.*" In the day that the Lord delivered David from all his enemies and from the hand of Saul, he said, "*I know Thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks.*" And poor Job, after having experienced a little of the meaning of "deep calleth unto deep," uttered those precious words—"I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee," but, what a storm had poor Job lived in, and passed through, when the power of the Spirit in him enabled him to give utterance to this strong confidence in the God of Israel! To sit in an arm-chair by the fire-side, and read of the trials of God's people, or to hear them spoken of, is one thing; but to pass through them experimentally, is another. The Lord says, "I will bring the third part through the fire"—not show them fire at a distance, but bring them into it, to feel it, and cry and groan while they feel the heat of it, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul! A bible mark of divine teaching is, "*poor in spirit; a broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise.*" All the children taught of the Lord are ruined bankrupts and daily paupers; they daily live by begging, and obtaining a little of the Lord's free favour to sinners, but dare not steal; and the Lord says of them, that they are children that will not lie. All the Lord's living people are honest, and truth-speaking. If a man is not made honest before God and man, he is dead in sin; but the honesty of the Lord's redeemed and called people is manifested in the depths of soul and circumstantial poverty. The most bitter and distressing providential poverty (without grace) will not constitute a saint; yet, the word declares, "The Lord hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom." Not many mighty, not many rich are called; but, blessed be God, there are a few, and the Lord knows Zion needs them, to minister to the necessities of the saints; and, therefore, he brings them forth, and gives them a heart to help (in temporal things) his own cause: we know they are but instruments in the Lord's hand; and it is needful to look beyond them to him who makes them; but it is also true, that many have found money to help on the Lord's cause of whom we cannot hope that they ever "found favour with God:" yet the Lord hath created all things for his own glory, and to him be all the praise.

There are a great number of the Lord's children deeply exercised in soul, and sorely tried in divine providence, and, through the Lord's mercy, we find them the most experimental and savoury persons we meet with in the present day; and so, my dear reader, it must be; for the trial of your faith is more precious than gold which must perish; and a part, and a great part too, of the trial of faith is from deep troubles in providence. When Joseph was not, and Simeon was bound, and Benjamin must go, poor Jacob said, "All these things are against me." When David was weary with the enmity and daily persecution of Saul, his reason presented a remedy, and he said, "There is nothing better for me than that I should

go into the land of the Philistines and dwell there, for I shall one day fall by the hand of Saul mine enemy." When the poor woman of Sarepta met the prophet, she told him, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, and I am gathering two sticks to dress it, that me and my son may eat it and die:" she seems to have given up all hope of any deliverance but death. When Naomi had gone out full, and the Lord had blasted her prospects, and withered all her earthly hopes in Moab, and brought her back empty, she said, "The Lord hath dealt bitterly with me." And when poor Jeremiah found the people rejected the Lord's testimony, he decided "to speak no more in his name." But we need not confine ourselves to Bible men who once lived in this poor world; there are many of the Lord's tried people exercised in a similar way now. There is the industrious tradesman with a failing business and increasing wants—the hard-working operative and labourer, with their trying domestic affliction and short means—the poor widows in Israel with their fatherless offspring, receiving a scanty pittance from a frowning officer of a parish union—the aged disciples in the last stage of their pilgrimage—and the poor minister of the gospel, who is a hind let loose in the pulpit, but in fetters at home.

Heavy crosses in providence act very much upon the mind and spirit of the child of God. Proud reason wants to know more than God will reveal. Unbelief and rebellion resist, and fight against the Lord, and would, if possible, frustrate his purpose. Satan, the ever watchful and vigilant accuser of the brethren, takes advantage of the circumstances, and worries those he cannot devour with a malicious joy; and if the poor tried saint attempts to take courage from what God has done for him in former troubles, satan will suggest, "WHERE IS NOW THY GOD? You may have had help before, but you will not get it now; this trouble will make you manifest to the church and the world as a base deceiver." And while the poor tried soul fears this will all prove true, the old serpent roars out, "Yes, and you will be exposed to the world as an insolvent, sold up, disgrace the cause, be separated from the church, and die in an asylum, a workhouse, or a prison." O! how the soul sinks within at the sight of all this, and groans out, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing." Preachers may tell these poor tried people to be quiet, that it is their duty to attend to family prayer, and act faith in God. Why, the writer of this, and hundreds that may read these lines, have known more than once what it is, when there has been no money in the house, and but a morsel of food in the cupboard, to wrestle hard with strong crying and tears unto the Lord for hours before daylight in the morning, that he would open a way, and send a supply to keep the family from sinking; and oh! blessed be God, he has answered prayer, and sent a good dinner, ready cooked, by persons never thought of; and oh! how wonderfully sweet it is to sit down, and eat such a meal with weeping eyes, and love and praise springing up in the heart to a covenant God. What confidence it gives! how satan walks off, while we ask the Lord's blessing upon the favour received direct from the throne, warm with love, mercy, and goodness. What a trying, solemn, blessed life is a life of faith, but,

my reader, it is killing to our pride, and often outs into the very core of our natural affections.

We read in the word that Jesus suffered being tempted, (or tried) that he might be able to succour them that are tempted. Mark my words, poor tried brethren, your dear Lord lived a sufferer; he begged a drop of water of the poor Samaritan woman, and the Son of Man had not where to lay his head. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Your Lord knows your troubles and sorrow, for he has felt the same, and will undertake for you; for it is written, "He shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save them from the people who would condemn their souls." The troubles and sorrows of Martha and Mary at the grave of Lazarus drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of him who is "A brother born for adversity." O! glorious Friend of sinners, help thy tried people to pour their sorrows into thy bosom. Thou art mighty to save, strong to deliver, and very tender hearted to feel for all the afflicted members of thy body. The almighty power and preciousness of divine truth is learned in the school of affliction. Men may learn the sentiments of the gospel, and eloquently discuss them; and soaring in the region of fancy, may come down and have a hard push with the shoulder of presumption at the flock of slaughter, because, poor dear people, they mourn in their complaint, and make a noise. But Jesus, the great shepherd of Israel, will defend his flock; he will heal the diseased, bring back the lost; bind up the broken; and feed them in a good pasture; and cause them to lie down beside the still waters; but he will destroy the fat and the strong, and feed them with judgment. Deep afflictions in body, soul, and circumstances are means the Lord employs to prepare his people to receive the truth of predestination. Job says, "He performeth the thing that is appointed for me." Yes, and very soul-supporting it is to feel this applied to the soul when storm after storm threatens to destroy. The sovereignty of God is a solemn, blazing truth; but I have known many seasons of deep affliction, when I could not, and have thought I would not, submit to it. Yet the Lord has pursued his plan, brought down my rebellion, and melted at his feet. I could feelingly say, "Smite, Lord, I am thy child." Eternal wisdom and grace in an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, what a rock to a sinking man, when he can believe in its immutability and eternity, and feel he has an interest in the whole! The glorious person of Christ, his priesthood, power, love, and blood, oh! how precious this is when in affliction we are brought into close communion with our heavenly Friend! The promises of God, yea and amen in Jesus, when applied by the Holy Spirit, how blessedly they fit into the soul! but many times I have read them, prayed over them, longed to get hold of them, but could not; and sometimes when I have most needed them I have been, in my feelings, the farthest from them; yet one blessed word of promise has been quite enough, when divinely applied, to set the matter all right between the Lord and my soul, and I have sung in the furnace,

"When sin and hell their force unite,

He makes my soul his care;

Instructs me in the spiritual fight,

And guards me through the war."

Oh! ye poor mourners in Zion, "The Lord reigneth," and you shall be more than conquerors through him that loved you. "Fear not, then, thou worm Jacob, and ye trembling men of Israel, thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be."

"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee, and shall say, destroy them."

Israel then shall dwell in safety alone. The fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine, also his heavens shall drop down dew.

Yes, my poor afflicted brethren, in covenant relationship,

"Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee,  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:  
Therefore praise him:  
Praise the great Redeemer's name."

R. DE FRAINE.

Lutterworth, Oct. 10, 1850.

### The Conversion of a Persecuting Wife.

HENRY HANKS is pastor of a loving little church, at Dry Drayton, in Cambridgeshire; and is a very honourable preacher of the Gospel of Christ. In the course of his sermon, at the opening of Rehoboth Chapel, Keddington, I heard him relate a circumstance—something after the following manner. Mr. Hanks had been instrumental in the conversion of a man "that was a sinner;" he had been a very bad man; and he sometimes had very much ill-used his wife. But when "John," became a sincere seeker after pardon and peace through the Lord Jesus Christ: when he became a broken-hearted, sorrowing, sin-mourning soul, his wife became bitterly enraged against him; and actually said she would rather he had continued a drunkard, than to turn a moping Methodist. At length, John desired to be baptized; but his wife declared that he should not; or, if he was, she said, she would come, and bring others with her to hoot at them, and ridicule him. Well; the day came: brother Hanks, and this poor sinner, with others, went down to the water side. What a scene! There was the servant of God; there was this poor sinner, converted to Christ, waiting to be baptized, but fearing and weeping, because his wife, and some of her companions stood by ready to assail him. The pastor took him by the hand—went down into the water: the man's wife, and her associates set up an hideous noise. Brother Hanks stood still:—he pointed directly at the woman:—silence ensued:—he said—"IT IS BETTER TO GO WEEPING TO HEAVEN, THAN CRYING TO HELL." It was a nail fastened in a sure place. God, the Holy Ghost, sent that remark like an arrow into the persecuting wife's conscience: she became deeply convinced of sin: she was laid low at the Saviour's feet: she obtained mercy; has followed Christ in the despised ordinance of believers' baptism; and now John, and his dear wife, walk together in the holy fellowship of the Gospel. God be praised. May our brother Hanks have many such souls, we heartily pray.

"You must not think to find the hidden wisdom of God, floating on the top of the letter, but within is the secret place of the Most High. Gold will not swim, but sinks to the bottom, and if you will find it, you must dive for it. It is said of David, he was a subtle man, and I assure you the Spirit of God is infinitely more subtle, obtruse and concealed, soaring far higher than we poor blind moles can see."

## Do the People of God Feelingly Fear Hell and Damnation

AFTER DELIVERANCE, PARDON, PEACE, AND ASSURANCE OF INTEREST, HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THEM?

MR. EDITOR:—Being lately a board the *Vessel*, and sailing from page to page, I landed on a piece entitled *The Gospel in the Villages*. Here my mind was arrested by something said to be declared in Zoar Chapel, Southsea, by which offence was given: and it was this—"A Vessel of Mercy, once really and truly delivered from the bondage of the law, by a faith's view and apprehension of the atoning blood of the Lamb, so as to have guilt removed, a sense of pardoning love sealed home upon the heart, and the spirit of adoption communicated, does not come so again into bondage as to be tormented with the fears of hell and an endless perdition." This is bringing things to a very important crisis. How far it agrees with the experience of the Lord's family in general I leave them to determine. As it respects myself, as a poor sinner, I hope I was delivered as above described; and though it was many years ago, the time, the place, and means are all memorable and precious even to this very day. I was once under the curse of the righteous law of God, and fully expected to be damned. I really thought it could not be otherwise, until Christ in his suffering, death, blood, righteousness, and atonement, was revealed to me; and then I was as confident of being saved, as I was before of being lost. At that time, O! how precious was the Lord Jesus Christ to my soul! Words cannot express it. But those who have known the transition from death to life—from misery to glory—from wrath and condemnation to blessedness and sweet acceptance in Christ—from despair to blessed hope and confidence—and from bondage to gospel liberty—these, and these only can conceive a little of that which I cannot express. At that time I believed the God of the universe to be my Father, and could speak to him as such; and the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob to be my God. But alas! alas! has there been no night succeeding that day? Yes, and such a dark night, too, that I could not see any evidence of the love of God to my soul, as an elect vessel of mercy; indeed, I have thought I could scarcely perceive an evidence of the work of the Spirit upon my heart, and greatly feared I should be lost after all, I was truly and really in bondage through the fear of death; and walked in darkness, having no light.

There is, then, something in the piece I refer to, which I cannot see reconcilable with christian experience, and many parts of the word of God. I now leave this; do as you please with it; hope you will resume the point; and condescend to be a remover

of stumbling-blocks, and a labourer on the King's highway; and see ye that the road be good, and the paths be straight; lest we, who are lame, feeble, and blind, be impeded in our course. Grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you, is the prayer of

J. B.

*Frome, Somerset, August 16, 1850.*

[I have given insertion to the above piece, in the hope of bringing out a little good controversy on this point. One man, signing himself "A Watchman in a dark corner of Zion," (the man that puts a dot between every word he writes—) sent me a surly sort of a letter about this same thing,—and says, "how pride and vanity sheweth itself!" with some other such taunts. Now, the fact is—I was for twelve or fourteen years a believer in Christ, a follower after Christ, and a sincere lover of his saints—his sanctuary—and his service; and for above eight years out of that time, I was a preacher of His gospel; and many blessed privileges and happy seasons did I enjoy; but I was frequently afflicted in my soul with dreadful fears, and dark misgivings, that I never came in right—never knew the Lord aright—and that after all I should be lost. Very early in 1840, I fell into an awful state; and then for nearly three years I felt assured hell would be my portion;—and often expected the awful judgments of God would arrest me, and seal me down in damnation and death. I was never permitted altogether to cease from crying to God; I could never turn my back upon his house, nor upon his precious word: but the black and unhappy state of my soul; I can never describe. Altogether unexpectedly, the Lord Jesus Christ was revealed to my soul in glorious light, love, and power, under Mr. Abrahams's ministry; my burden and guilt feelingly departed from off my soul; and, a few nights after this, when I was alone in a melancholy mood, the devil tempting me sore, the precious blood of Christ was brought to my heart—and in the arms of love and faith, I embraced the God of my salvation, and said, most solemnly—"O God! thou canst never damn my soul; for I plead the blood that was shed for sin." My soul entered into another state. I saw my salvation, my pardon, my interest, my heaven, so clear; and it shone in me, and before me so amazingly bright, that I verily thought all the church and all the true servants of Christ, would see it too; and rejoice with me: although, God knoweth, I never endeavoured to make it known, until the Lord evidently sent me to labour in his vineyard again. And then I found almost every man's hand, and heart, and head was against me. Seven years this November, the Lord has permitted me to stand again in the ministry: deep and powerful have been my temptations; long and fearful have been my afflictions; dark and distressing have been many of my days; but I have never felt that fear of hell, that awful dread of death, nor that sense of wrath, in my soul, since the Lord did deliver me. No; but, up to this present moment, most mysteriously has goodness and mercy followed me. Am I, then, to say—yea, I ask, does the Word of God say, that after a vessel of mercy has been brought up out of the horrible pit, had his feet set upon a rock, and a new song put into his mouth, that then he will go down into the horrible pit again? I dare not, I cannot say so: although I know that many talk like this; and are angry with me, because I cannot join with them: but, in my soul, I secretly wonder whether such persons ever knew what "a sense of blood-bought pardon is." I say, temptations, bad feelings, dark insinuations, deadness, coldness, and carnality, I

experience much of, but those awful apprehensions of hell and perdition I have never had; since deliverance was wrought in my soul. Is mine delusion? I hope not. I have watched the hand of God; I have examined my state before God; and I often am constrained to praise him with all the powers of my soul. I shall be glad to receive any testimony on this point from any good man.—Ed.]

### The Gospel of Christ at Stoke-on-Trent.

[We have received two long epistles from Stoke-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire, descriptive of the labours, trials, and temporary afflictions of our esteemed brother Skelton; who, in the providence of God, has been called to preach the gospel in that dark, deeply-debased, truth-hating part of our land. A few of the Lord's living ones have been gathered together; a church has been formed; a place has been set apart for divine worship; and some tokens of the Lord's favour toward them have been enjoyed. From the deacon's letter, (Mr. John Field,) we extract the following.]

“DEAR BROTHER—I again attempt to detail a few particulars relative to the little cause at Stoke-on-Trent, which, through rich mercy, amidst much opposition, has been established here, in answer to many prayers. Dear Skelton has undertaken the care of us, as pastor. As a matter of course, I, (as deacon,) feel anxious and solicitous for his welfare. We have much to be thankful for, in that (through mercy, blended with the medium of the VESSEL,) some little monies were collected, which you kindly forwarded to Harlestone, for the conveyance of his family hither. You must recollect there is a large family, and coming to a strange locality as dependents upon their own industry for support, they necessarily labour under great difficulties in the effort making to rear the standard of the cross, with this sacred motto on its crimson flag—‘A FULL, AND A FREE GRACE SALVATION.’

“Our brother Skelton has been preaching in different directions. One fact among others, we have recently witnessed at a little place called Northwood, about two miles distant, where he has preached many times, through the solicitation of one whom we had thought would have made one of our number, but it has proved otherwise: for on one occasion, while singing the hymn—

‘God moves in a mysterious way,’ &c.

the lights were violently, and in rage, extinguished by the party holding the place, and we were expelled from the building; we think this a good sign, proving the enmity of the human heart against the sovereignty of Jehovah, which we love, and hope ever to maintain. But it is Mr. Skelton's intention (D.V.) to resume the matter of out door preaching, both there and elsewhere, at stated periods. We are but very few and very poor, and these efforts are attended with much expense, and bring against us great opposition and persecution. But I trust all that have Zion's interest at heart, will sympathise with us, and cheerfully respond to the appeal made in God's name, for Christ's sake, for the benefit of Zion, and the advancing the glory of a covenant Jehovah, to whom indeed and of a truth he all the praise.

“Your's in the bonds of the everlasting covenant,  
“JOHN FIELD.”

“October 17th, 1850,  
2, Queen Street, Stoke-upon-Trent.”

[From a long and valuable epistle, written by brother Skelton, we can only crowd in the following: but we trust the great ends will be answered.]

“To my well beloved brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus at Devonport, Totness, Broadhempton, Ashburton, Dartmouth, Exeter, Ashford, Brabourne, Wye, London, Kingston upon Thames, Richmond, Aldringham, Aldborough, Coldfair

Green, Lesiton, Snape, Saxmundham, Rendham, Tunstall, East Bridge, Westleton, Darsham, Wulpole, Halesworth, Craftfield, Mendlesham, Winston Green, Little Stonham, Brighton, Chesham, Woburn Green, Reading, Wantage, Sutton Courtenay, Hartley Row, Portsea, Langport, Wellingborough, Luttermouth, Gilmorton, South Kilworth, Leicester, Wolverhampton, Harlestone, Hempnell and Brook, and to all who love Jesus or (through grace) desire to love him in every place, grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from the fullness of Jesus, who is the head of his body, the church, through and by the ministry of God the Holy Ghost.

“God is my witness (dearly beloved) how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ, the knowledge I have taken of you collectively as a body and individually, as the Spirit of the living God has proved the truth of his word in my own soul concerning you as well as by epistolary correspondence received from many of you, causes me to remember some of you as babes in the manifested family of God, in whom the grace of God, the work of God in the soul, is as the corn in the blade, some of you as young men in the household of faith, in whom the grace of God is seen as the corn in the ear, and other some as fathers in Christ in whom that grace appears as the full corn in the ear, and who are thus made ready for the sickle of our God whereby ye shall be gathered into the garner of the Lord. May the Lord the Spirit cause you to be strong in the Lord Christ, and in the power of his might. Let a precious Christ be still your theme, while in this world for a little season ye shall be called to stay; still sing ye Jesus' lovely name as your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, when all things else decay.

“Dear brethren and sisters, to such of you as have been led and moved by the Lord to sympathize with and to render pecuniary assistance to me in my present position in the gospel by ministering of your substance to my imperative necessities, I return thanks for the same in the name of the Lord, and may he bless you in your deed. I beseech an interest in your prayers in my behalf as an ambassador in bonds (both temporally and spiritually) that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, though not presumptuously, to make known the mystery of the gospel. And while I beseech an interest in your prayers, let me, for Christ and his gospel's sake, at Stoke upon Trent, and its most populous neighbourhood, share also in your Christian generosity and readiness to help, whereby my hands shall be holden up, seeing that for the gospel's sake (that is for the work of the ministry) I have no prospect of receiving two shillings weekly, so that in my present position my whole mind and person seems to be lawfully swallowed up and absorbed in the things of the world, for the obtaining the bread which perisheth. Beloved in the Lord, may the God of all grace, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you, prays yours to serve in the gospel of Christ,

W. SKELTON, S. S.

William Skelton hereby acknowledgeth with thankfulness, the receipt of £2 10s. as forwarded to him for the Lord's sake by his very kind and christian friends at Brabourne, Ashford, and Wye, in Kent, through brother John Epps, praying the Lord to bless them in their deed according to his promise in such case.

[There are some things which render this case deserving of special notice. First, a few of the Lord's family have, in that dark part of England, long been crying for gospel bread to feed their hungry souls. Secondly, Mr. Skelton has been carried there; his ministry owned and blessed; his family is great—his friends are poor. Refuse to render them help, we dare not. We hope to make a public collection in London, as noticed on the wrapper of this month.—Ed.]

## A Letter about the Best Things :

BY JOHN CORBITT, OF MANCHESTER.

[Within these few years, what a stir the Gospel has made in Manchester! Mr. Gadsby—Mr. Greenhough—Mr. Nunn—and a few other good men—did—for a lengthened period, possess the ground in a measure of quietness: but since the doors in Oldham Street were opened for the preaching of "THE TRUTH," by other good men, there has been a constant succession of changes. A disinterested friend—one that is neither a parson nor a party-man in the place) says, Mr. Taylor is still occupying the pulpit so long and so successfully the scene of Mr. Gadsby's ministry; Mr. Palmer, (late of Chatteris,) is in Oldham Street; and Mr. John Corbitt is in another part of the Northern Metropolis. We merely mention this for the information of many enquiring folks, being ourselves but little acquainted with the present state of affairs in that quarter. We have at length been favoured with a letter from our brother Corbitt, and inasmuch as we hope it may be useful to some of the children, we here give it a place.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—Many long nights, doleful days, and sorrowful scenes have passed over (and are for ever sunk in oblivion) since I last addressed you; but not one good thing has failed of all that my gracious Lord has promised: in the darkness he hath been my light and my salvation, and in the worst of storms, he has proved as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. I truly find that, when heart and flesh fail, he is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. What a mercy, his love never alters—never fails; while we are daily proving the failure of all other things. What a blessing it is, that infinite wisdom has so ordained matters for his chosen bride, that the mutability of all earthly things shall be a means either to drive or draw his children to him! how prone is flesh and blood to cleave to its own kind, and trust to its own wisdom, though thousands of times we have proved the foolishness of doing so. O, vain man, when wilt thou be wise enough to cast all thy care on that God who is daily bringing good out of evil; sweet out of bitter; joy out of sadness; and comfort out of adversity? Although I feebly know that nothing comes by chance; and that my God is working all things together for my good, yet how apt am I to murmur at his dispensations! There are three things that I daily fear; I fear a barren and a careless deadness of soul—A carnal and contentious spirit in the family of the Lord—and the hidings of my Lord's face in pulpit exercises. I am feebly brought to know that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; but if he hides his face, I am troubled. There are three things that I daily desire: constant union and communion with my Lord in secret meditation on his word—an affectionate union with the faithful standard bearers of the cross of Christ—and a continued increase of union and affection with the people of my charge. I desire to praise his dear name that, of late, he has indulged me with a goodly share of the first, and given me a desire to seek for the second in truth and kindness, and the latter at this moment sweetly to enjoy. O, how shall I praise his dear name for his unexpected, unsought, and unthought of kindness to such an unworthy sinner! Indeed, he is proving his faithfulness, and lovingkindness, beyond what I ever realized before. We may well ask—"Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" he is making me prove that the silver, the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, are all his; and the hearts of all men in his hands; and he turneth them as he will. What a mercy to be thus brought out of the miry clay of human works, and set upon the rock of Jehovah's divine purpose and promise in Christ, and feebly to say, "MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

I know I must soon descend from this mount of transfiguration; therefore I pray "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe; draw me, and I will run

after thee." If the Lord leave me but for a moment, I well know, that the devil and my poor wicked heart will soon be heaving out some broken claims that will hold no water. My daily failings, call forth a father's rod; by which means we are made to feel that no affliction for the present is joyous, yet, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. How blessed it is to have the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart! That strips the soul of jealousy, revenge, and retaliation; carries it above the gunshots of satan, and lays it in the bosom of the Lord, where neither envy nor reproach can touch you. Art thou in providential difficulties, my brother? Remember, thy bread shall be given, and thy water sure. Art thou labouring in bodily weakness or affliction? Remember, as thy day, thy strength shall be. Art thou suffering reproach, or oppression for Christ's sake? Remember, no weapon formed against thee, shall prosper; and every tongue that riseth in judgment against thee, thou shalt condemn; this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord. Art thou under sore temptations? remember when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him. Art thou complaining of heaviness, feeling shorn of every vestige of fruitfulness? remember then, the spirit of the Lord shall come down as showers on the mown grass, and thou shalt revive as the corn, and grow as the vine, hanging only for thy support on the wall of salvation.

Has Captain Unbelief steered thee out to sea, and caused thee to do business in deep waters? remember thou shalt see his wonders in the deep; and though thou mayest have to reel too and fro, and be driven to thy wits' end; if thou canst cry unto the Lord in thy trouble, he shall deliver thee out of all thy distresses; make the storm a calm; the waves thereof shall be still; so shall he bring thee into the desired haven.

May a double portion of the Spirit of the Lord rest on thee, and on all his ambassadors, churches, and people, for Christ's sake, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate brother in the bond of the Gospel,

JOHN CORBITT.

## Notices of New Works.

"*What of the Night? or, England's Provocations, and God's Judgments.*"—Aylott and Jones.

MR. EDWARD SMITH (of Bicker) who is the author of that striking work, entitled, "An Examination into the Past and Present Character of the Church of England," has here furnished us with another solemn warning. Mr. SMITH has, in this work, reviewed and boldly detailed, what may be called *our National Apostacy*.—He, evidently, anticipates very fearful results. His work is calculated to be useful; at any rate, no right-minded man can read it without being convinced that our position, as a nation, is critical. Our only consolation is this—The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong on the behalf of such as are upright. These upright ones, we trust, will, like Jacob of old, wrestle and prevail.

"*Grove Chapel Pulpit.*"—BENJAMIN GREEN.

PART XXVII. of *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, containing four sermons by MR. IRONS, has been sent to us for notice. No recommendation of Mr. IRONS's sermons is necessary: he is well known as an able and sound divine. The titles of the sermons in this part are as follows—"Christ Our Only Priest"—"The Intercessor Heed"—"Prayer"—and "The Fame of Jesus."

## MR. IRONS'S SERMON ON POPERY REVIEWED:

THIS SERMON APPEARS IN NO. 124 OF "GROVE CHAPEL PULPIT," AND IS ENTITLED,

"ZION UNDER A CLOUD."

*A Discourse delivered at Grove Chapel, Camberwell, on Tuesday evening, November 5, 1850. The text being Lam. ii. 1, "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud."*

THIS sermon is intended as a testimony on behalf of Bible truth against Popery. Several reasons are in this sermon assigned why Zion may be looked upon as being, at the present time, as under a cloud. Namely, that vital godliness is very rare; that the enemies of the church are increasing; that Popery is the Apocalyptic beast; that infidelity is the dragon giving to the beast his help; that the Gospel has been obscured; that the Emancipation Act of 1829 was opening the door to Antichrist. The war carried on in pulpits and in private circles against the truth: and the general indifference of protestants to protestantism.

These matters Mr. Irons states with great clearness and much force, and no one who reads his sermon can feel any doubt of his sincerity.

There is a freshness and an originality about it, which shews that he has a springing well of thought and feeling in himself. His warm temperament, lively feeling, and reasoning powers are employed in full harmony in testifying against what he very justly defines to be *an infernal conspiracy against God and man.*

And he has given some good home-thrusts at popery; he has, to the best of his ability, well-belaboured the beast.

We do not think anything too bad can be said of Popery as a system, it is every way vile. If alcoholic drinks be a curse to thousands, Popery is a curse to its tens of thousands. There is not one gospel truth that is not in direct opposition to it, nor is there one social tie between man and man, between husband and wife, between friend and friend, or between monarch and subject, which Popery does not seek to mar, to poison, and to ruin. The word of God may well declare the cup,—the *golden cup*,—the symbol of her religion; the word of God may well say of this cup, that it is full of *abomination and filthiness*; yet, this beastly satanic poison is what poor old fallen nature drinks in with avidity, even as the ox drinketh water; it suits the taste as well of the educated, high-blooded nobleman, as that of the

most untutored peasant; nor is there any effectual remedy against it but the grace of God in the heart. The civil sword shall do its part to restrain the *external violence* of this monstrous old harlot—(Rev. xvii. 16)—but grace alone can deliver vitally! We, therefore, do most heartily agree with Mr. Irons, first, in his testimony against Popery; and, secondly, in his decision for vital godliness; and think, so far, the sermon is likely to be useful. But we do not participate in all the alarm Mr. Irons seems to feel. Not but that the *will* of Popery is good, or rather bad enough to do all that Mr. Irons would have us apprehend. Were it not that Mr. Irons's imagination is heated, even up to boiling point, we could hardly believe him to be serious, when he tells us in *p. 5*, that *three millions* of the agents of Popery (some one had told him) would be in London, next year, to see the Exhibition in Hyde Park, and there is to be a most dreadful *massacre*. This is certainly romantic enough; but then Mr. Irons has given us notice (as if to increase our trouble) that he is to die sometime during next year. Well, we do not *know* that he will not, but our *opinion* is that he will not; and our prayer is, that he may not; but certainly these three, [yea, a little further on, he gives us *four*] *millions* of papists for next year, and the exhibition in Hyde Park is a Jesuitical (the Prince an innocent tool) scheme to take possession of the kingdom, and this is to be in June or July, this is the plan formed, and the purpose fixed by Rome. So says Mr. Irons.

For ourselves, bad as we believe popery to be, quite bad enough, for the end, Mr. Irons says, they have in view; yet, we could not for one moment suppose them so utterly destitute of the wisdom of the serpent, as to enter upon such a stupid impossibility. These exaggerations do harm. The people soon see the childishness of them, and hereby render the awakening of them more difficult when real danger is nigh. But Mr. Irons is fond of a pompous mode of stating things. Hence, in an appeal to his hearers, to encourage the sale of his printed sermons,

he gives us to understand that the sale is so circumscribed that the publisher is every week a loser; but in the same appeal he assures us that he is *continually* receiving letters from *all parts of the Empire*, testifying of the good the writers have received thereby. "All parts of the Empire!" Not only England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, but the Canadas, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, and islands too numerous to mention. "All parts of the Empire!" and yet the bookseller is every week losing. Now, either the purchasers of *Grove Chapel Pulpit* must be very far apart, or Mr. Irons's language must be highly synecdochical, (that is, a very *large* whole is mentioned, but a very *small* part is meant.) We will, therefore, leave the "All parts of the Empire," and the *four millions* of papists, to be understood in a similar way.

And while we have in this sermon a warm-hearted testimony on the side of Bible truth, and an expression of determined hostility to the adversary, yet Mr. Irons is a man whose mind is so hedged in by prejudices, and old worn-out Tory notions, that he is far from being in the way of any use in forwarding anything like a remedial measure for our present supposed danger.

He condemns, for instance, the Catholic Emancipation Act, which was nothing but an act of justice to the Catholics, as subjects of this realm; and although without that Act the Catholics, or rather Catholicism, could not have made that open display of itself, which we now have, still it would have been in reality none the less powerful.

Its wealth and its converts would have been the same. Catholicism would then have been a *snake in the grass*: but now it appears in open daylight, the danger is not near so great. Mr. Irons's notion of Catholicism being kept out of the country by Acts of Parliament, is anything but correct; this circumstance abundantly shew: as well may we try, by Acts of Parliament, to regulate the winds. Nor is it the business of the Civil Government to meddle with religion at all. What essential difference is there between Popery and the blasphemous arrogance of those so-called Protestants, assuming to themselves apostolic succession and power,—by their infant sprinkling, to regenerate immortal souls? Let the Government throw off this national hindrance to everything liberal and good; let the

Act-of-Parliament-Church be sent about her business; and let the property now employed to support a cloud of devouring locusts, be devoted to the liquidating the national debt; and let the Civil Government mind its own proper business, and protect every man, irrespective altogether of his religion. In such case, no one sect, or party, could have any just cause to complain. Give us such a Government as this, then, (with the Lord's blessing,) we should care for neither *Romanism*, nor any other *ism*. We, therefore, approve the Emancipation Act of 1829; and should glory in seeing one more Emancipation Act; namely, our truly glorious Constitution emancipated from Ecclesiastical incumbrance. This would be a release to our beloved Queen; to the Government; and to the nation at large: and though our House of Commons be made up of an assembly of as able and well-disposed statesmen as, perhaps, ever existed; yet, in their present position, how are they to legislate against Popery, without making the same laws tell, more or less, against the liberty of all dissenters?

But do away altogether with a national Act of Parliament religion; the law then can easily, at one and the same time, defend the liberty of all; and restrain the violence of all.

Mr. Irons continues reminding us of his twenty-five years' warning against Popery; but his warnings contain no specific direction as to which way we are to run; or what we are to do, as a *means* of overcoming the enemy. He declares the house to be on fire, but brings us no means, points out to us no way of escape. The ship is sinking; but how we are to escape we are not informed. It is true, he does urge us to address our earthly Monarch; but what we are to ask for, he does not tell us. In fact, Mr. Irons, in legislative matters, belongs to gone-by generations; and is altogether incapable of that comprehensive view of things, essential to present times, and the present necessities of the nation. Childish prejudices have great dominion over him; hence, in his sermon, he seems to reckon *three* sects that contain all the real christians in the world—namely, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independants. The Baptists he leaves as Barak wished Balaam to leave the Israelites, "neither bless them at all, nor curse them at all." These are too much for him; and almost, if not quite, as offensive to him as Popery it-

self. But if this prejudice against the baptists betrays the littleness of his mind, he is nevertheless pitiable.

It is a remarkable thing, that this same Mr. Irons, who so manfully denounces Popery, should be himself an *upholder* of one of the *main pillars* of Popery: namely, *infant sprinkling*; if he were never to sprinkle another infant until he can point to chapter and verse, as his authority, it would be very much to his credit; but we suppose his ring, his gown, and his popish sprinkling, will all go with him to the end of his journey, and there they must stop.

Newspapers, Mr. Irons thinks are a great curse; he says, he never bought one in his life, and he never means to do so; yet he gives clear evidence (from his evident acquaintance with their contents) that he rather diligently reads them; so that he either borrows, or begs, or hires, or some charitable friend lends to him. His remark, however, may be intended, as a reproof to some professors, who are more taken up with newspapers than with the word of God.

We reject Mr. Irons as a counsellor in national and legislative matters; also in his prejudices and popish sprinkling; but we receive him as a worthy and able minister of the new covenant; for in the ESSENTIALS of eternal salvation he shines as a star of the first magnitude; in these matters he has worn well; he has been truly a labourer; has a large congregation; a people very sincerely attached to him; and very highly and justly esteem him for his work's sake. He preaches the gospel in a way that shews he knows for himself what he preaches to others; and though we are not (as pointed out above) unconscious of wherein he fails, yet we know also how to appreciate his excellencies; and, notwithstanding the faults, and weak parts of his sermon now before us, it is nevertheless a sermon very well worth reading.

[Some parts of the above review may appear uncalled for; and, among our numerous readers, difference of opinion as regards the Emancipation Act, will exist; but this is a time when good men of every shade are called upon to speak freely and boldly; to dissect every part of the subject; and to bring to the light every suggestion that may be calculated to shew us our real position. Mr. Irons's sermon, as far as its influence has gone, has unduly alarmed the citizens of Zion. We have, therefore, by inserting the above, aimed at quieting that alarm a little. Thousands of living souls in this land, have been greatly blessed under Mr. Irons's ministrations of the glorious gospel of Christ; but multitudes of them—in com-

mon with ourselves—are deeply grieved to see a man, like the pastor of Grove Chapel, constantly sounding an alarm against Popery in his pulpit, while in his practice of infant sprinkling, he is holding up one part of the system. We entirely agree with the sentiments just issued by one of the heads of the Establishment; and we quote them as a seasonable contrast to the spirit of the Grove pastor. Dr. Elliott says—"Passions, when awakened, are apt to clamour down reason; and I much fear that the passions awakened, and legitimately awakened, by this bold insult of the Pope of Rome, are leading us to forget what realities are couched under the measure itself. It is the greatest possible consequence to our ultimate success, that we are not hurried away into exaggeration—into the assertion of things which may easily be contradicted; and into complaint and fears which will eventually only excite ridicule. And let us not for a moment believe that the Pope can secure to himself, or to any delegate of his so much as one atom of jurisdiction in England; no, not even the most abject slave to his superstition." This, surely is more in accordance with the spirit of Martin Luther (and, indeed, of the majority of men possessing and living under the influence of a true and holy faith), than that hasty spirit which would lead us to fear a massacre in the coming year.—Ed.]

#### Is Protestantism on the Advance, or on the Decline?

This is a weighty question at the present moment: and it is one that is ably dissected in a pamphlet entitled, "*The Present Aspects of Protestantism in Great Britain*," &c., by JOHN MORRISON, D.D.

The children of God, are, for the most part, so closely occupied in matters connected with the salvation of their own souls; and the peculiar interests of their own Zion, that they have had neither disposition nor desire to know what the enemy has been doing these many years, in secretly sapping, and endeavouring to undermine the very foundations of our external standing as a Christian Church and worshipping family of the only true and living God.

Glad, therefore, am I to avail myself of any material that may be instrumental in convincing those churches and dear servants of God, among whom this *Vessel* is permitted to circulate—that the church of God is at this time assailed, opposed, and basely insulted by three most powerful, deadly, and determinedly wicked Goliaths: there are Infidels by wholesale; Papists in increasing mobs; and an innumerable host of dead and soul-deceiving Arminians. These three armies—though separate the one from the other—are united in enmity and violence against the TRUTH OF GOD—against the CHRIST OF GOD—and against the real SAINTS OF GOD. Is, then, this a time for disunion—or for a lethargic, and death-like supineness? Certainly not! Come, come, my brethren; let us labour for three things: first, let us labour to know who our friends are! Let us find out the faithful men in the land: the men that are honest in their hearts; sound in the faith; consistent in their practice; walking in the fear of the Lord; and influenced by a burning desire for the glory of our adorable IMMANUEL, and who truly live under the shadow of Jehovah's wings, and do private business with



him at the mercy-seat. Brethren! these are the men that I desire to know—to esteem—to be united with: they are the excellent of the earth: they are the only men that God will hear—reveal his secret mind unto—or lastingly honour in his service. These men, let us (secondly,) endeavour to combine together! let us get them hand in hand, head in head, and heart in heart; and thus gathered and combined, let us stand as Nehemiah's men did—[not far apart from each other on the wall, but—] with the sword on our thigh, and the trumpet to our mouth.

With these brief words, I wish to give you a few lines from Dr. Morrison's work, to which I have called your attention. He says—

“Not to apprehend danger from the events which are passing around us, would be to indicate a false repose, and to lay ourselves open to consequences which only Christian magnanimity, can effectually avert from our children and children's children. Protestantism is not a name, but a reality, which the testimony and the blood of martyrs have abundantly verified. And, if there shall come a time in our history when the spirit of our Reformers shall expire in the bosoms of those who profess to tread in their steps, then will the crown of glory fall from the dishonoured brow of Great Britain, and she may then expect to share the fates of those lands which follow in the train of the great antichristian leader who has gone forth ‘to deceive the nations.’

“Thoughtful men, who have investigated the principles, and traced the history of the Papacy, cannot but feel that, from the present aspect of affairs, a crisis is now arising in the state of English Society, which ought to arouse the serious reflection of every sincere Protestant, and every enlightened patriot.”

I have only room to give you, further from this work, a few authenticated facts which I pick out from the mass that Dr. Morison published, in order to to shew the true position in which we are now placed.

“Nearly a hundred [The Catholic Annual Register, for the year ending 30th June, 1850, gives sixty-seven] clergymen, and about thirty lay-members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, among whom thirty have become Roman Catholic Priests] of the clergy, in the space of nine years, have gone over to Rome, including tutors of Colleges, rector of parishes, a large body of curates, and a few Oxford and Cambridge students.

“A minister of the Establishment, better acquainted, perhaps, with the statistics of his own church than any other living man, assured me lately that there were at least three thousand of his brethren who sympathised more or less with the Tractarian heresy. But they all retain their livings snugly, and will, in some dioceses, receive kinder treatment than if they believed with Thomas Scott, or John Newton. What may be the effect upon the English mind of so much adverse teaching, accompanied by all the characteristic zeal of the Romish priesthood, whom the Tractarians closely imitate in dress and manner, it is difficult to determine.

“It is a fact, that from 1830 to 1850, Roman Catholics, in England alone, built two hundred and thirty-four chapels or cathedrals. In fact, the Tractarian reign, from 1830 to 1850, has done more for popery by far than the thirty years before, of hard popish labour, had been able to

effect. During the thirty years, which preceded 1830, there were only seventy-five Catholic places of worship erected; while, in the Tractarian period, 1830 to 1850, two hundred and thirty-four reared their heads in our cities, towns, and villages. Now, make what you will of our increasing population, and of any other circumstance you please to name, you cannot account for this remarkable fact in any other way than by admitting the common-sense explanation, THAT TRACTARIANISM HAS BEEN THE BEST FRIEND OF ROME SINCE THE DAYS OF THE REFORMATION.”

This is just saying that the Church of England is helping her old Mother, by furnishing her with sons and daughters, to increase her fold; and, to a great extent, it is most awfully true. Within the pale of the English Church, there are a few faithful men; but the great bulk of our Establishment Ministers are Popes in their hearts; and would enlist under Pius IX. to-morrow if a good living could be secured unto them. After more fully reviewing the downward road which England has long been making toward a Second Advent of Anti-Christ, our author says:—

“I cannot but tremble for the destinies of my country. I cannot but anticipate the possibility of times of trouble and rebuke.

“Settle it, brethren, as a point which all history confirms, that the struggles about lifeless forms and ceremonies [Gorham and Exeter—Pusey and other clergymen,] will produce a plenteous harvest of daring speculation and insolent unbelief. So it was in the days of Laud;—so it was at and after the breaking out of the French Revolution;—and so it will be when this hot-bed of superstition and priestcraft has fully developed itself.

“Who can look at things as they are among us, without picturing to the mind scenes of possible, nay, of probable, calamity, as likely to befall this sinful nation, which has so greatly abused its privileges.”

“England, perhaps, needed such a note of alarm sounded in her ear, to remind her that Popery is still what it has ever been. The great lesson for all serious and earnest men I take to be, that they should see the necessity of joining with prayer, watchfulness, and holy living, an attention to what Popery really is. Is it Antichrist? Is it idolatrous? Is it persecuting? Is it just neither more nor less than what it has always been, and what it will ever be, where it has the power? I think it, indeed, ridiculous as well as hateful. The idea that an old idiot at Rome should publish a document to the English nation, to tell us that, in order the mere effectually to serve us, he ‘had sought the assistance of the blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the saints whose virtues had made England illustrious, that they would deign to obtain by their intercession with God the happy success of his enterprise!’ There cannot be much to be afraid of in such blasphemous nonsense; the sound mind of the English people will not easily accept the absurdities of Mariolatry and saint worship. But contempt may sometimes expose to danger as well as weakness. It may be well, therefore, to study afresh the tenets of the Papacy; to understand its errors; to chronicle its crimes; to mark well that its character is as immutable as its pretensions are arrogant; and that everywhere and always it has proved itself to be a thing which at once insults God and degrades man.”

## Ordination of Mr. Flack,

OVER THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY,  
On Tuesday Oct. 15, 1850.

THE morning shone propitiously on us—it was bright and serene, and at an early hour our village was enlivened, by the arrival of many conveyances bringing friends from neighbouring towns and villages, to witness the services of the day.

Brother Aldis, of Beulah-chapel, Somers-town, (from which our brother Flack was dismissed from us), opened the service by giving out the 9th hymn of Kippon's—

“Keep silence all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod.”

After which he read 1 Tim. iii., and prayed with much spirituality and fervency; another hymn being sung, our brother Foreman ascended the pulpit, and with much clearness and freedom gave the nature of a gospel church, from 1 Tim. iii. 15. He said that to ordain elders, or pastors, was quite according to the Word—that Titus was appointed to ordain elders in every city. He divided his subject into three leading heads.

First, The nature. Second, The order. And third, The end of a gospel church.

The nature. First. A house signified union—an assembly of persons united, in Christ, in Election, in Redemption, Relation, &c. Also, united in the service and worship of God. Secondly, The materials—a spiritual house; a household of faith, &c.

Secondly, Order. Congregational. God hath instituted the association of his people together. He hath appointed offices in his church, ministers and deacons. Also ordinances, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Baptismal confession necessary to communion.

Thirdly, The end and design. For the diffusion of the truth, gathering of the church, and glory of God.

Brother Foreman then called on the church to state the leadings of divine Providence, in bringing them to their present position, when Mr. Gunton, the senior deacon, rose and said,—I have known something of this church for thirty-seven years. Mr. Oris, of Somersham, was the minister for eleven years, with much success. Afterwards Mr. Lay, became our minister; he laboured successfully for four years. Providence removing him, Mr. Catrell was invited to become our pastor, and continued among us sixteen years: the Lord blessing the word. He was succeeded by Mr. Meekings, whose labours continued five years. He said, that during this period many were added, and many were taken away by death. That, at the removal of Mr. Meekings, the church became destitute, and continued so for fifteen months; and was dependant on supplies. At length they heard of Mr. Flack, through Mr. Aldiss, of Somers-town; that he was invited for two sabbaths; that they were not satisfied with that, and therefore gave a further invitation for one month, and not being satisfied with a month they gave a further invitation for six months, and the six months not satisfying, they gave a unanimous invitation to become their settled pastor.

Brother Foreman having expressed his satisfaction with this statement, next called on Mr. Flack, to give an account of his call by grace, call to the ministry, and leadings of Providence in bringing him here.

Mr. Flack, on rising, said, he stood before his friends under peculiar feelings; feeling, as he did, the importance of the position in which he was placed; as also, from the fact of having endured sore bondage of soul and darkness of mind for more than a week past.

He said, that God met with him in connection with the Established Church; that he continued a member of that body for twelve years; and shewed that, during that period, though he often walked in darkness, it was his happiness, at times, to enjoy much of the power of the gospel of grace. That after many long and sore conflicts on the subject of Church Government and Order, the Lord was pleased to open his eyes to see many glaring errors (some of which he briefly touched upon) as existing in that church, and so to bring him clearly out.

He then went back to an early part of his Christian experience to shew his call to the ministry. And as in the case of his call by grace, so in this; but a very brief outline can be given here.

He said the first exercise his mind underwent on this matter, was near fifteen years ago, when standing amazed at the astonishing grace of God in passing by so many whom he esteemed more worthy than himself to have mercy on him. And while crying “Lord, why me?”

“Why was I made to hear thy voice?”

A still small voice spoke within, saying, “I have chosen you to bear my name unto the Gentiles; go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

He said, that from that time his mind was greatly exercised about the work; not aspiring to the ministry; but simply

“Telling poor sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour he had found.”

That for years his mind passed through sore conflicts, and was subject to many disappointments; sometimes longing for the time, and sometimes dreading its approach, when he should be entirely engaged in proclaiming the glad tidings of the gospel. That during this time the Lord did not permit him to be idle, but gave him work to do and souls for his hire. That near six years ago he was invited to become a City Missionary; this, at first, he declined; but being brought to see the hand of the Lord, he complied, and was engaged by the Society, labouring with some degree of success for more than four years. That in November, 1848, he was invited to speak to a few friends meeting for worship at Holloway; the word being acceptable, he was invited again and again; and continued speaking there, whenever he was not called elsewhere, for more than twelve months. That in November, 1849, a larger place was taken at Islington. After the morning service, (at which brother Foreman preached,) brother Aldis came to him, and said, he had brought him an invitation to go down to Sutton, to supply a destitute church for one month on probation. He told Mr. Aldis at once that he could not go, having pledged himself to supply the Islington cause for three months; but this friend Aldis would not hear of; saying, on the ground of a previous interview, he had promised the Sutton friends that brother Flack would pay them a visit. Here, he said, his mind was brought into much perplexity, longing to see

the "pillar of cloud" going before him. That a subsequent arrangement was made for him to go to Sutton for two Sabbaths, but not with a view to settlement, his mind being at Islington, and the friends there still pressing him hard not to leave them. However, he visited Spton, and found himself at home amongst the people. That when in the pulpit, he looked around and saw a large congregation—the galleries as well as the body of the chapel being full—this increased his trouble: his heart was among those whom he had left behind at Islington; but here was opened to him a much larger scope for usefulness: and here was the voice of the church calling him to the work: two signs most important in a call to the ministry. Having filled his time the people pressed him hard to come again, this he could not promise, only on one ground: viz.—That the Islington friends be willing to give him up. On his return, the question was put, and a negative given; but on the people being urged to make it a matter of prayer before they decided, it was left to be laid before the Lord by all parties; and in a very short time the Islington friends were led to see the hand of the Lord, and consented, (though against their own feelings,) to part with a man rather than fight against God. Another month's invitation was accepted, and the union increasing during that month; the six months' invitation accepted, and finally the invitation for settlement.

Brother Foreman then called on him to give a concise statement of his principles—he replied:

"First. I believe in one true and self-existing God, by whom all things were made. That in this one God there exists a Trinity of Persons,—Father, Word, (or Son,) and Holy Ghost, of equal honour, power, and glory. That in this Trinity of Persons exists but one eternal mind: unchanged and unchangeable: hence whom the Father loves the Son redeems, and whom the Son redeems the Spirit brings to glory. That this one Triune God is of infinite perfection in his character, attributes, works, &c. Hence all that comes from him is perfect; and so, secondly, man was made upright—a perfect creature. That God, to maintain his sovereignty gave man a law; which law he disobeyed; and thirdly, fell into sin and degradation, and hence the curse of death in a three-fold manner passes upon him. That the effects of this fall runs through the whole of his posterity. Hence all become, not only the subjects of the curse, but the subjects of sin; are alienated from God, and have neither power nor will to return to God. Fourth, that God has given man a revelation containing his will. The whole of which I conceive may be divided into two parts.—1. His just will. And 2. His gracious will. And his just will, of necessity, being like himself holy and perfect, must, of necessity, condemn an unholy and imperfect creature; hence all are brought practically under the curse of God's holy law. And as God's just will is perfect, so also is his gracious will; and hence there is an election of grace perfectly saved, and this on equitable terms—by finding a Surety, and visiting on the person of that Surety all that justice could inflict. Hence the law is magnified, justice satisfied, the sinner justified, God glorified. That Jesus having done the work appointed him here, ascended on high, entered his Mediatorial office, so ever lives to make intercession for his people, and, as King, to reign in, over, and for Zion. Fifth; that God has instituted a church here below with orders and ordinances. The ordinances being Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Baptism being the door, and the Lord's Supper the internal ordinance, none but baptised christians (by immersion) are proper subjects for church membership, or the internal ordinance. Sixth, that man is an

immortal being, and must live for ever in everlasting bliss or everlasting punishment."

Mr. Foreman then said, he should request brother Flack to promise that if his mind should change on any of the great principles he then held, he would at once give up the pastorate peaceably, and not disturb the church of God by any new views.

Mr. Flack immediately stated that he would.

A shew of hands was then called for from the members to acknowledge Mr. Flack as their pastor, which was unanimous; and Mr. Flack held up his hand, in return, to acknowledge them as the people of his charge. Brother Aldis then united pastor and flock, by giving the right hand of fellowship to the senior deacon for the church, and Mr. Flack. Mr. Foreman then commended pastor and people to God in a word of prayer, and the morning service broke up.

The afternoon service commenced by brother Aldis giving out a hymn. Brother Bull, of Over, read 1 Thess. v., and prayed fervently for the blessing of God to rest on the day's work. Brother Irish, of Warboys, Hunts., then entered the pulpit, and gave a solemn charge to the church, from Ephes. iv. 3. Our brother being favoured with Divine presence and aid, was enabled to speak blessed truths, and give some excellent counsel. May it be long remembered.

The evening service commenced by brother Crampin, of Streatham giving out the 411th hymn in Rippon's; and our brother Wells, after a short and savoury prayer, in his easy, but masterly way, gave the charge to the pastor; and a weighty and faithful charge it was; truly practical—but sweetly savoury. May it never be forgotten. He gave three leading heads. First, the public ministry; secondly, the private character; thirdly, the ground on which to expect to maintain a standing in the ministry.

On the first head he had six divisions.—First, seek to have your message from the throne of God. Second, let your range of truth be wide. To this end rise early, study closely, read the scriptures studiously, consecutively, methodically, and regularly. Third, Be clear in your expressions. Be careful how you use certain words as duty—do without it if you can: if used, let it be clearly seen to be in a gospel sense. Let your matter be your own; let your manner be your own. Avoid mimicry, as that is most detestable. Let your divisions be natural. Fourth, Have independence of judgment. Fifth, Let your sympathies be with the Lord's people. &c.

Secondly, Private character—and here our brother gave some wholesome advice.

Thirdly, The ground on which to maintain a standing in the ministry, viz., usefulness. Seek to convince sinners; to build up saints. Seek the prosperity of the church, and fear no consequences.

The 415th hymn of Rippon's being sung, the solemn services of the day were closed with prayer. It was a solemn day with us as a church; we believe it was a good day with very many of the Lord's family. The meeting was crowded in all parts; many in the evening could not get in. Many came a great distance, were refreshed in their souls, and went on their way rejoicing. May it be a day long to be remembered by us with grateful praises, for his name sake. Amen.

Signed for the church,

WILLIAM FLACK, Pastor.

THOMAS GUNTON, Sen Deacon.

## THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

[We have been favoured with a sight of some manuscript of the yet unpublished part of *The Biblical Interpreter*, by Mr. SAMUEL COZENS. From it we have been permitted (by the Author,) to make the following rich and valuable extract on "The Ark of the Covenant."]

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT was a small chest, made of shittim wood, [or acacia, which is the Egyptian thorn that grows in the wilderness of Scuz,] overlaid with fine gold within and without, and surrounded with a crown (or a cornish) of gold. There was a ring of gold at each of the four corners, into which were put staves of shittim wood, overlaid with gold, which were not to be taken out. Upon the Ark was the mercy seat of pure gold, whose length and breadth were such as to cover the sacred chest exactly. Over the mercy seat bent two cherubim, which were beaten out of the two ends of the mercy seat, with their faces towards each other, which, with their expanded wings, overshadowed the mercy seat. Here the shecinal, in a cloud, rested; Lev. xvi. 2; Psa. lxxx. 1. In this Ark were deposited the golden pot that had manna, Aaron's rod that budded, as well as the two tables of testimony; Exodus xvi. 33, 34; Num. xvii. 10; Heb. ix. 4. But in 1 Kings, viii. 9, it is said there was nothing in the Ark save the two tables of stone. The changes of locality that the Ark underwent, and the hostile hands into which it came, are sufficient to account for variations as to its contents. The holy of holies was the appointed place for this Ark.

"The holy of holies was a dark chamber into which no light could penetrate; this symbolising the hidden and mysterious nature of the Almighty, unapproachable and full of glory: dark by that excess of light which is his essence—dark and invisible to man. Yet this mysterious Being watches, in his own sempiternal light, over his laws, and therefore, over the moral government of the world, which is conducted on strict general principles, whose application is superintended and softened by mercy. This we understand to be the import of the Ark, holding the covenant of the law, covered by the mercy seat, and ceaselessly looked upon by the cherubim, which betoken the ever-wakeful eye of divine providence.

The idea afforded by the mercy-seat, as being over the tables of the law, and the spot whence special manifestations of the

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divine presence were vouchsafe. It is one of the most engaging and beautiful that can be conceived, setting forth, as it does, very strikingly, that mercy watches over the administration of justice, if not to qualify its behests, yet to moderate its sentences, and temper their execution. Ainsworth says, "This ark was made to lay up the tables of the law therein, and for God to sit between the cherubim, upon the covering-mercy-seat that was thereon, (Exod. xxv. 16—22,) and for it principally was the tabernacle made."

This ark was an eminent type of Christ; with whom the name *akhron*, a chest, well agrees. Jehovah's law, and Zion's statutes; the bread of heaven,—the life of man—the rod of power—the gospel of salvation—the treasures of wisdom and knowledge—the riches of grace,—the decrees and counsels of Jehovah respecting salvation, and all the purposes of the everlasting covenant, were laid up in our most glorious Christ. Its being made of incorruptible wood (see *Almug tree*;) may denote the imperishable nature of his humanity, which saw no moral or natural corruption: it may also denote the duration of Christ in his person as the everlasting God; in his offices as the God-Man Mediator, Strong Redeemer, Constant Saviour, Incomparable Prophet, Great High Priest, and Glorious King, who abideth for ever. The gold within and without may denote the marvellous conjunction of the Deity with the humanity, "God was in Christ reconciling," and the Spirit was upon Christ, qualifying him for the accomplishment of all the purposes of mercy; (2 Cor. v. 19; Isa. lxi. 1; Matt. iii. 16;) and as gold is the best, brightest, and most precious of metals; it may signify the excellency, glory, and preciousness of his Person. The cast (or moulded) rings put into the Ark, may signify the four great doctrines of the gospel, election—redemption, sanctification, and glorification; they may also signify the churches of Christ, which are moulded into a perfect form; and are instrumental to bear his name, and spread his truth through all the world.

The staves of shittim wood and gold

put into the rings of the *Ark* to bear and to remain in the Ark, denote the ministers of Christ, who may be compared to shittim wood, because born of incorruptible seed, and made partakers of the divine nature. 1 Pet. i. 23; 2 Pet. i. 4. Their being covered with gold, figured their grace qualifications for bearing the Ark of God's strength. The grace of God, the righteousness of Christ, and the doctrines of grace, are compared to gold. Rev. iii. 18; Psa. xlv. 13; cxix. 72; 1 Cor. ii. 12. And a man must be clothed with these, or he cannot bear the ark. Putting the staves into the rings shews the insufficiency of man, and the efficiency of God, by whom they are taught the truth, and placed in the church, and that to continue in the rings of sound doctrine, and within the circumference of the church for ever; for they shall not be taken from it. Exod. xxv. 15.

"The crown of gold may be expressive of the purity, perpetuity, and glory of his kingly office. The lid or cover of the ark is called a mercy seat, because it was God's seat of mercy, from whence he manifested himself gracious and merciful to the sons of Jacob. This seat was typical of Christ, the *Throne of grace*, in whom is the whole fulness of mercy, by whom (in the honourable work of man's salvation) the mercy of God is displayed, and through whom mercy is communicated to the miserable. And do observe, every part of this lid was *mercy*. Christ is all mercy to his people; his *head* of wisdom, his *heart* of sympathy, and his *hand* of power; his *works of old were* (based on) *mercy*; and the greatest of all works—REDEMPTION, opened the channel for divine sympathies with human miseries, and the gifts of mercy. MERCY succours the tempted, supports the tried, speaks to the troubled, saves the tormented, and stimulates the tarrying. He is their *covering*, the covering of their persons by his righteousness imputed to them, and of their sins by his blood shed for them, and of the law by his satisfaction for the transgressions of it, whereby they were secured from the avenging justice of God, and wrath to come. The Septuagint renders it the *propitiatory covering*. Christ is the propitiation, who has hushed the loud thunders of Sinai, answered the demands of the law, satisfied the claims of justice, pacified God's angry attributes, appeased his wrath, and made reconciliation for sin, by his perfect obedience and vicarious

sacrifice. The mercy seat being commensurate to cover the ark and its contents, represents Christ in his obedience and death, as the end of the law for righteousness, which was answerable to all its demands: (the law saith "*Do and live*;" Christ *did*, and the church lives. "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" the church sinned, and Christ died.)

"His holy nature was adequate to the holiness of the law; his righteousness to all that obedience it required; and his sufferings and death to the penalty of it; so that through Christ we have a righteousness to justify us before God, as long and as broad as the law is. The manna which perished in the wilderness was preserved in the ark. This is a type of what the church is in this world—perishable, and what the church is in Christ—incorruptible. If the rod was a type of divine justice, by which Christ was smitten, we see justice clothed with mercy, and silent in Christ. The covenant of God with Israel being deposited in it was typical of the covenant of grace made with, secured in, and confirmed by Christ. The ark being the exclusive meeting-place, declares this, that God will not be met by—will not commune with—will not communicate grace to—will not bestow mercy upon—will not answer the request of—will not receive petitions from—will not reveal salvation in any sinner who comes in any other name, way, or mean than through the rent veil of the Incarnate God. "There will I meet with thee," and no where else but there."

#### Did Samuel appear to Saul ?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—YOUR Correspondent A. G. S. who desires an exposition of 1 Sam. xxviii. 12, and 14, has hit upon a subject in reference to which I believe many of God's children in common with myself have been greatly perplexed; a sound, clear, and enlightened discussion of which, in a Christian spirit, is still a desideratum in Theological Literature. This is a work for which I feel myself altogether incompetent, but by your kind permission I will place on board the "Vessel" a few thoughts in reference to the above named portion, for the perusal and meditation of your correspondent, and such other of your friends as feel interested in the subject; without at present so much as entering upon the field presented to view in this passage; where we have seen and still do see in fierce and deadly conflict on one side, the heathen extravagances of Pagan and Modern Witchcraft, and all the mon-

strous absurdities of Ghosts; and on the other side, that equal extravagance of modern scepticism, which would deny altogether the existence of a world of spirits, and also all intercourse between that and the material world.

I am fully aware of a very general opinion, that Samuel did *not* appear to the woman, but an evil spirit, or the devil, having the form and appearance of the prophet who had but very recently gone to his rest; but let us be mindful lest we sacrifice the plain common sense of the text to our own preconceived opinions; it is most positively affirmed, verse 12, that the woman "SAW SAMUEL;" and again, verse 15, "Samuel said to Saul." Also I think the consternation of the reputed witch, upon the appearance of the Lord's Prophet, gives ample evidence, 1st, that the apparition was indeed and in reality that of the man for whom the King sought, and 2ndly, that his appearance was altogether unexpected by her: she terrified by this strange appearance, verse 12, "cried with a loud voice," and either by some direct intimation of the apparition, or the strength of her own convictions, she discovered her client to be none other than the veritable King Saul, who so lately had been most zealous for a complete extermination of every witch and wizard out of the land, verse 9. Saul having ascertained the form and appearance of the spirit, was evidently fully satisfied that it was he whom he sought, and now humbled himself to do obeisance to the prophet; though whilst he lived, and dwelt at Ramah, not far from Gibeah of Saul, we have no record of his being sought unto by the King to advise with or counsel him; and though the man of God would know why he has been thus presumptuously summoned again to earth; and asks him angrily, "Why hast thou disquieted me?" Yet with no further apology than the extreme nature of his present difficulties, he, at once, intimates his desire for Samuel "to make known to him what he shall do?" to which the prophet indignantly replies, verse 16, "Wherefore dost thou ask of me?" &c., which reply unquestionably gives a further proof of the prophet's identity. The above view of the passage is most generally opposed by the following objection, viz., how is it possible that a wicked woman, as the witch of En-dor evidently was, could have such command over the departed saint as to bring him again from his rest, indeed many suppose this to be an inexplicable difficulty; but I would ask, does not the woman's terror (verse 12.) show unquestionably that it was not by her divination, but the special interposition of heaven? that his servant (in an extraordinary manner) was permitted again to visit the material world; in order that the reprobate King, as a just reward of his presumption, might receive from the lips of that individual his final doom, whose

hands at first anointed him King over Israel? This, I apprehend, is not in the least at variance either with the character, works, or Word of Jehovah. Has he not, in other instances, vindicated his own cause, his people, and his truth by a special interposition against those who do wickedly? and if he hath done so in any other, why not in this case likewise?— Hoping that some scribe with better ability and more time than myself, may take up the subject; and praying for your success in your works of faith and labours of love,

I remain, yours, truly,

ISAAC NUTSEY.

Alford, November 5, 1850.

### God is Love.

THE united voice of nature, Providence, and grace, is—GOD IS LOVE. It is a theme of the highest importance; a subject which the believing child loves to contemplate. When the believing son or daughter of the Most High have their thoughts led out by the Holy Ghost in meditation on the same, they are lost in this vast Ocean; and, with Paul, are led to exclaim—"Oh the heights, the depths, the lengths, and breadths! to know the love of Christ, passeth knowledge." As God is love, it must be eternal, for who can put a date to the existence of Deity? No one would be so ignorant as to attempt it; neither can Jehovah's love have a beginning, or know of an end. Harken to the voice of inspiration! what is its language? "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" even if the voice of scripture was silent on this most momentous subject, the nature of God would be a sufficient proof: for as there can be no date put to the existence of Deity, so there can be no period to his love: GOD IS LOVE: and as his love is eternal, so it is UNCHANGEABLE. What a mercy it is for us, that such is the case! If it could be otherwise, I (a poor hell-deserving sinner) should be of all men most miserable, but blessings on his Divine Majesty, he can know of no change; if God could change, he would cease to be God; but his word gives us this language, "I am Jehovah, a God that changeth not." We are further informed in the divine Word, that He—Jehovah Christ, is "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." If he could know of mutation, or change in any respect, he would cease to be immutable, and would cease to be Jehovah, but, Who is our Jehovah? He is not the Jehovah of the Deist, or Arian, or Unitarian; but our Jehovah is the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one; a Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity. Again, we are informed by the Holy Ghost (through Paul),

that through him—Jehovah Christ, we have access by one Spirit with the Father: "this God is our God for ever and ever; and will be our refuge, world without end." Then, poor fellow-sinner, rejoice! Remember, there was no time when he did not love thee; and, blessings on his dear name, under whatever circumstances we may be placed in our time-state, he is still our God of LOVE; and such is his love to usward, that it broke out upon us in Christ before all worlds. How gloriously does this appear, in the choice of our persons in the person of our most glorious Christ, the Head-elect of his body, the church. Paul, (the apostle of the Gentiles,) when fighting with the beasts at Ephesus, seeing and beholding the triumphs of his love and grace, in the conversion of the worshippers of the goddess Diana, breaks forth in the highest strains of gratitude, and says,—“blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has (not may) blessed us with all spiritual blessings in him (Christ,) according as he hath chosen us in him (Christ) before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy, and without blame, before him in love.” My poor fellow-sinner, knowing our election of God, what a mercy, what joy, and peace it affords the soul! But do I hear a poor sinner saying—“oh, did I but know it; if all the world was mine, I would give it all up for this knowledge.” Poor sinner! has the Holy Ghost broke up the fallow ground of thy heart,—and led thee to see thyself a poor, lost, guilty, ruined, and hell-deserving sinner? Let me tell thee, for thy comfort, you never would have had this discovery of thyself if thou didst not belong to the election of grace. The Holy Ghost informs us of this truth; he says, “Brethren, beloved, knowing your election of God.” This boundless and mighty act of Jehovah’s love, when known and felt, humbles the poor soul, and brings him to the Lord’s feet, with “why me? why me? a poor guilty wretch!” It likewise calls up in the soul the highest strains of gratitude to a covenant God in Christ. But, alas! how many professors—almost in every age of the world—have spoken evil of this glorious act of our Father’s love towards us in Christ? and even professing ministers of Christ, from their pulpits, have shewn their hatred to this most glorious truth. O God! forgive them; for they cannot know what they do. They even go so far as to say, that this great truth, of which God is the author, has a tendency to lead men into sin; but such ministers do not know what they are saying; they would even make God the author of sin; but blessed be God it is not so; let us hearken to the voice of an elect vessel: Paul, says, “How can we who are dead to sin, live any longer therein?” and again, he says, “The

grace of God teacheth us to deny ungodliness, and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, and righteously in this present world.” We often hear from the lips of graceless professors, that the preaching of Election will make men indolent and inactive with regard to the means of grace. I deny it. Let us look at the Apostles: where they careless with regard to the means of Grace? I should think no man would dare to say they were. Let us look at good men of every age, who have embraced the great truth of God’s election; have they not been zealous men, and great admirers of the means of grace? Certainly they have. They were persons that followed the means of grace, as if they were going to be saved by them. But after they had done all, they had just this view of themselves—to be nothing more than unprofitable servants; so this great truth has not such a tendency as some affirm, but quite the reverse.

GOD IS LOVE: and it is further seen by our Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shining forth with refulgent beams in the covenant of Eternal Grace, which was between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and in this covenant there was nothing left out that would tend to the comfort of the election of grace. David—the man after God’s own heart—seeing and beholding his interest in this Covenant of Grace, breaks forth in the highest strains of love; and says, “although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure,” and says David—“This is all my help—and all my salvation;” and so say I. But we go a step further; and, for a moment, look at that eternal grace-union between Christ and the objects of God the Father’s love. It was a union formed between Christ, the Husband, and his Church, the wife, before the foundation of the world; and all that has taken place through the Adam fall, or ever will take place to the end of time, will not, cannot, dissolve the union between Christ and his Church. Blessed thought! the language of John Kent is uppermost on my mind; where he sweetly sings:

“Hail, sacred union, firm and strong,  
How great the grace, how sweet the song,  
That even rebel worms should be,  
One with incarnate Deity!”

Again, the eye of faith beholds God the Father presenting to his co-equal Son the objects of his eternal love; and his co-equal Son immediately falls in love with them, if I may be allowed to express myself in such language; and seeing by his omniscient ken, his dear bride, in her Adam-head, fallen, and degraded; and reduced to such a state, as to be quite incapable to redeem herself, God the Father says to his dear Son, his equal, “you see her dreadful

state, my Son! under the curse of the law; and the hands of justice on her; will you engage to redeem her? In order to her redemption, you must take her nature into union with thy own; my law must be fulfilled; my justice must be satisfied; if not, she must sink to hell for ever; but if she is saved, you must suffer, bleed, and die in her room and stead." (Yes! says Jehovah the Son,) "All this I engage to do; she is my beloved wife; and after her I will go through the depths of sin and woe, and will the bitter pains of death endure. O, my Father, lay thy hand of justice on me, but spare my bride." In the counsels of eternity, the time was fixed for the accomplishment of this great transaction; thousands of years rolled along; but at last the time arrived when a voice was heard from the eternal throne, "WHO WILL GO FOR US?" Angels heard, but remained silent. Glorified saints, who had arrived in heaven on credit, were wrapped up in profound silence: and if ever angels and glorified saints could be silent, it must be at this momentous time. But silence is broken by God's co-equal Son. O, my Father, exclaims the Son; here am I; send me; for I delight to do thy will, O my God.

JAMES HILLMAN,  
*A Servant of Christ.*

*Bethel Chapel, Deptford.*  
*(To be Continued.)*

THE NORTH CHAMBERS AND THE SOUTH CHAMBERS

### Ezekiel's Vision,

*Being thoughts on Ezekiel xlii. 15, 16.*

#### THIRTEENTH VERSE.

"Then said he unto me, the north chambers and the south chambers, which are before the separate place, they be holy chambers, where the priests that approach unto the Lord shall eat the most holy things: there shall they lay the most holy things, and the meat offering, and the sin offering, and the trespass offering; for the place is holy."

THE north chamber is descriptive of the place where those horrors of soul are endured, under a sense of guilt and final destruction; a place which for the most part is without light or heat, except when a glistening ray of divine justice blazes into the criminal's cell, showing up its awful wretchedness and filth, thrilling the soul of its inmate with fresh horrors, and piercing agonies of fear; also, of those severe and fiery trials which the pardoned sinner passes through, in the purification and testing of faith; (but that is, although oftentimes equally painful, attended with very different operations.) Both these deep seasons of soul conflict must be passed through in seclusion, apart, alone, without any to share—none can: only the soul's Mediator, the God-man, is able to bear away this real grief; hence it is compared to a chamber where one would be alone. This is a holy place, which is needful to salvation, and where every redeemed child will come,—must come, to be weaned from sin, from self, from the

world. The south chamber, opposite in direction, is where the soul is taken in coming up from the cold regions of the north; here the heart is melted into sweet contrition, love, and repentance; here the beauty of the Saviour is revealed; and then, in the most ardent strains of pure holy faith, in love to the Lamb of God, the sinner ceases not to cry aloud for salvation through blood, and in the fervour of his soul to unite with David, "Say unto my soul, *I am thy salvation.*" Here his soul is washed, cleansed, plunged, in the crimson fountain; here the poor soul, whose garments had been torn and defiled in the north, is stripped of them all, and clothed in a spotless robe all pure within; here his wounds are healed, and his weary soul finds sweet repose, solid rest. This is also a chamber where the soul must enter alone: none can go in with him—it is between God and the soul alone. Now, in this separate place, (separated from the world, and, for a time, from the annoyance of sinful nature), the soul eats of holy things; there it lays the most holy things; there is offered the acceptable sacrifice of a broken, repenting heart, full, free, willing, turning from the service of sin and satan; there is offered up and pleaded, the great work and finished salvation of Jesus Christ, as the only sin offering for his people; there the soul casts itself, helpless, naked, weak, ignorant—in a word, perfect nothingness of itself, into the arms of a covenant-keeping Jehovah, that he may take it for time and eternity into his gracious keeping, for him to work in, with, by, for it, as he shall best see fit, only desiring the honour, glory, and praise of that merciful God, with whose love and compassion the soul feels transported into the very bliss of heaven. This is holiness, indeed; such as no presumptuous hypocrite in Zion, however gaily painted, can reach. This is holiness, such as every tried, tempest-tossed, guilt-stricken, child of covenant mercy must, and will, experience, ere they are received into the immortal kingdom above. It is very easy to talk of the chambers, but only those who have entered can tell the precious mysteries of the work carried on within. The theory of the outer court may extend far, and grow very wise. But oh! thrice blessed happy child, who has entered in; only you are safely registered and duly prepared, to enter and dwell in the glorious kingdom above. Has thy soul become an altar, where has been offered up the purifying sacrifice of a broken heart for, and true repentance of, sin?—Has it ascended like incense, in sighs, tears, and full confession; free, willing, sincere confession before God? It is an holy thing, wrought by an holy principle. Then, did you not offer up before God the precious sacrifice of the Lamb slain, as sufficient to atone for all your guilt; plead his blood to wash away your debt of sin; plead his righteousness as your only recommendation to God; plead his obedience to, and fulfilment of the law as just suited for you, and the only ground of acceptance in the sight of holy justice; plead his love, plead his power? What a holy sacrifice is this!—language fails to describe; it is, indeed, a chamber of secret things, and only that dear soul who has felt can understand: it is the work of infinite purity.

Oh! then, did you not offer up or resign your soul and body, with all its concerns, into the hands of your precious Redeemer and Husband? Did you not tell him what a worthless, helpless,



weak, ignorant worm you were, apart from his divine influence and teaching? This is a trespass offering indeed, casting your poor sinful soul with all its deformities, into the arms of divine Holiness, to be fashioned anew, to be kept and preserved, to be taught, guided, and protected: this is an holy offering, arising out of an holy principle. This is the work of separation, from all that we once were, and once sought, and to which, in heart, we never more can return. It is in a separate place these holy sacrifices are offered up; no eye but God to witness, no ear but God to hear: "for the place is holy."

## FOURTEENTH VERSE.

"When the priests enter therein, then shall they not go out of the holy place into the outer court, but there they shall lay their garments wherein they minister; for they are holy; and shall put on other garments, and shall approach to those things which are for the people."

The child that has been brought into manifest adoption, cannot go out of that again; the soul that has worshipped in the inner court, that has felt the glories of the separate or holy place, can no more return and rest content with outer-court forms—the heart is won, the soul ravished, the affections fixed on living, vital realities: they have an abiding place in the affections of that soul who has felt their power. But in this sacred seclusion the soul does not always remain; there are many things that call it forth, it comes out again into exercise. All those holy garments and sweet enjoyments must, for a season, be laid aside, for they are holy; and we can only enjoy them as the Holy Spirit the Divine Teacher draws us into the holy place, where full and sensible communion is enjoyed. These are holy garments such as we cannot approach before others in; we cannot come into worldly engagements in this sacred attire. There are other garments provided, outward visible clothing, the armour of the gospel: "and shall put on other garments, and shall approach unto those things which are for the people." This hidden work within has fruits which are manifest without—a heart sanctified and made alive in Christ, will walk out in holy practice the commands of Christ, will tread in his steps, follow the course he has marked, bear the cross, despise the shame, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. The child is not always in the bosom of the Father feelingly, (although it is ever there essentially), it has to grow in grace, to combat with the powers of sin, to struggle with the evils of a corrupt nature. Faith has to be tried, and sometimes the soul has to cry earnestly that the outer garments may not be defiled, that in passing through the fire it may not be entirely consumed, and in wading through the waters it may not be washed away by the force of the billows. The holy garments worn in the holy place cannot be touched, for they are safely treasured in the covenant of grace; but it is the conscience, the outer garment, in which we appear before the people, which has to stand the trial; but, if it be given thee, put upon thee in the holy place, in Christ, by the Holy Spirit, oh! precious soul—tried, afflicted soul!—it shall not be taken from thee: it is the genuine garment of gospel grace; not the gaudy attire of an empty profession. Thou hast within the all-pure righteousness of thy much loved Saviour: whereas, the gay attire of

the hypocrite is wrapped over the filthy garments of creature sufficiency, and serve as a mantle to hide from view the Ethiopian skin of unrenewed fallen nature. This is only an outer court dress, and though it may with dazzling gaities shine brighter than yours, poor tried saint, yet, one plunge in the foaming sea of tribulation would wash it all away, and leave the poor sinner quite destitute; whilst thine, dear blood-bought child, will appear brighter for thy afflictions; it will lose nothing but the dust and dirt which has blown upon it in thy trials: thou art still an inhabitant of, and worshipper in, the inner court, therefore, thou hast blessings, privileges, fellowship, and sweet communion within, which will never fail, (amidst all the assaults of satan, evils of thy corrupt nature, and allurements of the world,) to yield fruit; to manifest the reigning power of grace implanted,—for

"The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes."

June, 1850.

K. HUNT.

THE WONDERS OF GOD'S GRACE  
IN THE  
**Conversion, Call to the Ministry,**  
*And Labours in the Lord's Vineyard,*  
OF  
**WILLIAM ROBERTS.**

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have had many questionings in my mind since I received your kind note, whether I ought to comply with your request or not; but those lines which you cited, again and again, recur to my mind, "Why should the wonders *he hath wrought* be lost in silence and forgot?" They sound still in my ears, as a call to the task. But, O! what a scene opens to my sight—what a wonder of mercy and grace I see, I feel I am!

I rejoice but with trembling, when I recollect—that I was nursed in sin, and ignorance, and cradled in vice of the grossest description. A little before I was eighteen years of age, I was drawn in the supplement Militia. The regiment volunteered to go to Ireland, in the time of the Rebellion, in the year 1799. Continuing there about one year, I came back, (such was the progress that my wicked depraved heart had made in that year) an awful profane swearer, an adept in wickedness. Such, indeed, was the pitch at which I had arrived, that I was reproved by the ungodly. I must now pass over the other part of my life, which is too black to present to the eye of the public; yet I will not omit one special interposition of a merciful, a kind, a watchful Providence over the poor guilty wanderer. When the Peace was made, which did not last long, you know, before the regiment was broken up, I obtained a pass, for a few days liberty,—and O, my dear sir, I tremble and I rejoice while I write. A young man, with whom I had been connected, and whom I dearly loved, during my absence had gone in sin, and grew worse and worse; and he and three others agreed to go to a certain place and rob the hen-roost, or steal the fowl. He asked me to go, but I did not go.—*Why not?* Well, they went; and not finding their prey in the out-house they broke into the dwelling-house, and they obtained

a light; and the bailiff, who lived in the house, awoke and saw them, and rushed out upon them with his broad axe. They ran away. He pursued and overtook the hindermost, and cleaved him down dead on the spot. The other three were apprehended, and the bailiff swore to two of them, and they were hanged for the offence. The third, whom the bailiff could not identify, is still alive, and is a member of the Baptist church at Bedworth, near Coventry. I preached to him, and a great many more, even to an overflowing congregation at the above place, a fortnight ago last Sunday. I preached three times on that sabbath, but my feelings in the morning almost choked me, while I endeavoured to speak of the *power, freeness, and sovereignty* of divine grace. There were a few amongst the multitude which knew a little of my former history.

But this is not exactly what you wished me to relate, yet this was preparatory to the rich displays of that grace that Erskine speaks of,—

“Deep floods of everlasting love and grace  
Ran under ground, through an eternal space;  
Now rising high 'bove banks of sin and hell,  
And o'er the tops of massy mountains swell.”

To return to the next chapter of my history, when the war broke out again, after the short lull of Peace, I enlisted into the Middlesex Militia, and went on in my old career of wickedness, not indeed without some checks of conscience, but I determined to outrave them, and to have my fill of sin, cost what it might. And, as I had read the New Testament again and again when at school, I could recollect many portions of it; and I intended to set up for an infidel, and shew that the scriptures, or the sacred writers, contradicted each other; still my conscience smote me, and the good Lord (for the first time in my life, or recollection), laid his hand lightly upon me by affliction. I thought I should die—I trembled—I groaned—I cried. I fell one night on my knees and cried for mercy; my dear wife being with me having got into bed, and the light being put out, I thought that I would kneel down and intreat the Lord to have mercy on my soul. But, O! what horror I felt: I verily thought satan was behind me, that God had given me up; and I arose from my knees and crawled upon my straw bed as well and as soon as I could—but, O what fearful, what deceitful agonies I was the subject of.

Well, the camp broke up, for you must know we were at camp, near Colchester. We marched to Ipswich barracks. I, through the mercy and goodness of my covenant God, got better; but, sad to tell, those words were verified in me, “Though a fool should be brayed in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.” I still loved my sins, and I felt determined to get rid of the qualms of conscience which annoyed me. I went to the public-house and the card-table, but still they would return, again and again. My dear wife left me to go to her friends and business, being in the family way. I was tossed about like a bull in the air. But, how true are those words—

“God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.”

I was induced to go and hear a good old man

preach at Dairy-lane chapel, Ipswich; although I did not meet with much there, yet I rambled about from place to place, amongst Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists, and Church people. “When the poor and needy seek water, and can find none, I the Lord will hear them, &c. :” And so indeed he did. Having attended what was called divine service in the Barrack-square on Sunday morning, I hurried to Stoke-chapel, sadly harrassed in mind, bewildered, and disconsolate, and just as I was softly ascending the gallery steps, dear old Mr. Hall read for his text those sweet, those soft, soothing, touching words,— “Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, hut fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.” Eph. iii. 19. Light, joy, and peace possessed my soul; I sensibly felt my darkness and burden removed, and I was enabled to say, “I will praise thee, O Lord, for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.” What strange ideas floated in my poor weak mind. I thought the word was past, and that I should have sunshine all the rest of my journey. But oh, my brother, it has not been so: I could, like yourself, tell a sad tale indeed. Last Sabbath evening I preached from Psa. li. 12., “Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation.” But I must close, by saying, perhaps you will deem it prudent not to publish that interposing Providence, out of regard to the feelings of the individual I alluded to; but every word of the narrative is true. You can commit this scrap to the flames, if you deem it prudent. I have much behind to tell of the goodness of our faithful covenant-keeping God.

Yours, in the sweet Lord Jesus,

Nov. 5, 1850.

W. ROBERTS.

Chelsea, New Leighton Buzzard,  
Bucks.

### THE CROSS.

When doubts and fears o'ercrest the sky,  
And griefs tumultuous toss,  
Then, my Redeemer, would I fly  
To thy all-sheltering Cross.

There Sinai's terrors fright no more;  
Secure beneath these skies;  
There hell's tyrannic reign is o'er;  
There springs of rapture rise.

No more, Oh death! thy hideous sting  
Shall fright my fearful soul!  
No more I own thy power, Oh sin!  
Nor yet thy fierce controul.

For from the Cross a crimson stream  
Flows from Emanuel's side;  
That blood sufficient to redeem  
From sin the church—his bride.

Then to the Cross I still would run,  
Prostrate before my God;  
There plead the ransom of his Son,  
And claim his precious blood.

If he refuses, still I'll fly,  
Still clasp, (though I am lost)  
Still shout its praises, though I die,  
And dying, sing the Cross.

[The Cross! what a flood of gratitude and love gushes out to a dying Christ on the thought! How cold and dead must be the heart that experiences no ray of genuine feeling at the mention of the cross! Can it be wondered, then, that I, who have been bound in the fetters of despair, should warm with a theme which has, in a small measure, contributed to cast a ray of hope on my isolated condition?]

Northampton.

G. G.

## Slavish Fear—Unbelief—and Gospel Liberty.

Mr. EDITOR—I was reading in your *Vessel* for this month, a piece entitled, "Do the People of God Feelingly Fear Hell and Damnation?" &c., by J. B., and feel inclined to say a little concerning it. The Word of God declares there are diversities of operations, but the same spirit; and, perhaps it is impossible to set up an unerring standard about this matter; because one child of God may experience what another does not. One that has been kept uprightly all his days, cannot experimentally enter into the feelings of one who has fallen foully, and deeply backslidden from God. It is declared concerning some of God's people, that they are "all their life-time subject to bondage, through fear of death." But these, I conceive, have never experienced full deliverance. It is the case with most of God's family, (and I speak experimentally here,) that they are brought suddenly into gospel liberty, pardon, and peace; and that at a time when the greatest trouble and distress filled their soul; but with many of them it is not so: they receive here a little, and there a little; hope is kept alive, and sometimes a precious promise is applied with some power; so that they go again to the house of God with a "Who can tell?" Again and again they get a lift by the way; and are brought almost, as it were, imperceptibly into the divine life. Now it appears to me that these are the people most subject to doubts and fears, and feelingly fear hell and damnation, yet are none the less the people of God for that. The servitude of God's people, who have experienced a glorious deliverance is not a slavish one, but one of purest affection, and I have often thought would be the same, if there were no such thing as hell and damnation; if annihilation was to take place upon the wicked, at death, the worship of the liberated people of God would be the same as it now is; I mean the principle of love would be the same. But what sort of worship must that be from a character feelingly fearing hell and damnation, but slavish worship? We are taught in the Word of God to come to God as children to a father, and not as slaves to a hard task-master. I am sorry to have to declare there are many ministers, I doubt not they are good men, who seem rather to try to nurse up the doubts and fears of God's family, instead of endeavouring to take such stumbling blocks out of the way; and such men make these doubts and fears to be evidences of divine life. Strange proceeding this, truly! to think that we should have the brats of unbelief fostered upon us for God's little ones; for doubts and fears are, after all, the offspring of unbelief. The more I think of this matter, the more I am persuaded they are no evidences of divine life; the sincere Arminian may have them. Ask him if he thinks he shall get to heaven at last, he hopes so, but has many doubts and fears upon the subject. Besides, they are no where encouraged in the Word of God; but quite the contrary. Every fear not, is intended as a check to the monster unbelief. Faith is spoken of highly, and highly applauded; so much so, it is said, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin:" then, doubts and fears must be sinful; and to take sin as the evidence of life divine, is a curious way of proceeding. I know most of the people of God

are troubled with these effects of unbelief; but I think it in a very great measure may be attributed to the ministry, who instead of endeavouring to remove those stumbling blocks, are nursing them up like household gods. I often wonder what such characters think of the Apostle James in his first chap. 6 and 7th verse, "But let him ask in faith, *nothing wavering*. For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord." But some may say, Have you no doubts about being a child of God? In my answer to this, I will not please the devil and unbelief, but boldly, though I trust not presumptuously say, No. But some may say, How do you feel when you sin against God? do you not doubt your interest then? To which I give the same answer, No. But will tell you the effect it has, it produces trouble; distress of soul; a loathing of self; cannot possibly feel any peace or comfort, until pardon is manifested, and sweet communion is again enjoyed. But slavish fear about my sonship is not produced. I know the good work of grace having once been begun, all the powers of earth and hell cannot overthrow it. What is faith given for? to stand against all the fiery darts of the devil, to uphold the soul in trouble and in darkness, to receive from God every blessing needed. Indeed, faith's work is in the deepest trouble. The child of God (in his right mind) lives by faith; stands by faith; walks by faith; and triumphs by faith. Perhaps you may say I am wandering from the subject, but not so, I have said thus much upon doubts and upon faith, because I conceive this feeling fear of hell and damnation proceeds from the nursing up of unbelief, and perhaps joined with the suggestions of satan, unless it be produced by awful backslidings from God. It appears to me that for a liberated child of God to feelingly fear hell and damnation, he must forget entirely his deliverance and the manner of it. But if a glorious liberty has indeed been enjoyed, I do not see and cannot understand how such a character can forget it. I will endeavour to illustrate it by a simple figure. Suppose J. B. had been cast into prison for a debt of say £1000 and he not having a farthing to pay, was likely to remain there all his days. In the midst of this trouble, and when his mind was in the greatest agony on account thereof, suddenly it is announced to him that an unknown friend has paid the debt and set him free. Would he, could he, in all his after life, however poor he might be, forget this generous act? Certainly not. Then I say, can the soul, who has experienced an infinitely greater deliverance than this, even an eternal one, can he forget it? I trow not. I cannot help thinking with you, that a soul once delivered from the horrible pit and miry clay, will never go down that pit again, for I cannot see where the Word of God sanctions such an idea, and am sure my own experience will not. The Church of God (in a fit of unbelief) may ask the questions, Hath not God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? But coming to her right mind, she says, "This is my infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." I have not written this to promote controversy, but for the good of Zion.

D. D.

November 1, 1850.

## The Poor Man taken from the Dust and Exalted among Princes.

SUCH may truly be said of Thomas Brodel, of Bruntingthorpe, a poor labouring man, who lived many years in an obscure village five miles from Lutterworth, from the account he gave me of his life, and which I give my readers in his own words, as near as possible.

Poor Thomas said, "I was born in sin, and brought this old vile nature into the world. Ah! sir, as vile and polluted as sin and the devil could make it; and yet I was born an arminian free-willer. As I grew up I thought I was very good, and I said to myself I will soon be better; so I began to pray, and read the bible, and to be very religious in my way; and I looked round to see if I could find some more good people to meet and pray with me. So after a time I joined a lot of ranters, and we ran here and there shouting about repentance, and faith, and prayer, and Christ. Why, sir, we were all as blind as bats, and not one of us had any better religion than we were born with, because all men are brought into the world free-willers, and it requires no divine change to be an arminian professor of religion. However, we thought we were right, and we were all proud enough of what we said and did. Oh! what a rotten set! And yet so rank a pharisee was I that I should have lived and died in this delusion had not the Almighty put forth his power, and brought me out of it. But when the Lord did begin the work in me, and shewed me something of what I was in his sight, and I saw what a poor vile wretch I was, all over vile, not a sound bit in me, I stood amazed, and felt all condemnation within and without, and for the first time in my life I cried "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And when I was taught these things all my free-will goodness was swept away, and my mouth was stopped; I could not go about shouting our own goodness, and telling other people to be as holy as us, but if I said anything it was, "Lord, save, or I perish," for I knew the Lord could in justice send such a sinner to hell; but I could not give up crying to him to save me by his grace; and after some months he was pleased to show me how he was just and merciful in saving sinners by Jesus and his finished work. And Oh! how my poor soul did wonder at the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to vile, hell-deserving sinners, like me; and to this day, sir, none but Jesus, none but Jesus, bless his precious name for me; he saves me, and he shall have all the glory."

The writer of these lines became acquainted with poor Thomas upwards of eleven years since; and from conversation with him I learned, that after he was convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit he could not hear the preachers around him, and he used to read the word of God at home. But soon after this, the late Mr. Nunn, of Manchester, who was at that time a curate at Foleshill, near Coventry, came to preach in Ashby Church, a village not far from where the poor man lived. Thomas went to hear him, and what wonderful things he heard! The Lord was there, "And where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." And so it was with Thomas. Christ crucified was the subject: it was applied by divine power; the suffering love and blood of Jesus brought peace into his conscience, and he "Rejoiced in hope of the glory of God," having "Tasted that the Lord was gracious." The poor pilgrim became a regular traveller after the truth, and nothing but the truth. He used to say, "I would not go over the threshold to hear their Christ-mangling and soul-starving stuff." Mr. Nunn was removed to Manchester, and Thomas had to go to Leicester, a distance of ten miles to hear the truth. He found precious food for his soul under the ministry of the late Mr. Vorley, and very often under the preaching of the late Thomas Hardy, of Leicester. He very highly esteemed these men of God, and has told me many times, "Oh, sir, it did my soul good to hear friend Vorley

proclaim "The unsearchable riches of Christ." But Hardy used to cut up my very heart, enter into all my conflicts, and pour oil into every wound.

Time and toil is more than a match for flesh and blood; and poor Thomas found, as years advanced, his twenty miles on a Lord's-day, after a hard week's work, was too much for him, and, as he informed me, he cried to the Lord to appear for him, and send the gospel nearer to him.

The Lord declares "The needy shall not always be forgotten, nor the expectation of the poor perish for ever." And the Lord heard the poor man's prayer; and, after some time a few people meeting in a house at Lutterworth invited the late Robert Creasy to come over from Leicester, and preach occasionally. Mr. C. came over several times, and Thomas soon found it out, viewed it as an answer to prayer, received the word with joy, and went on his way rejoicing. Providence soon removed Mr. Creasy from Leicester, and the poor man went to the Lord with "Oh Lord, send the gospel, if it please thee, O Lord, send thy gospel into these parts, for I want some food for my poor soul." God says, "Before they call I will answer," and, in a short time the writer of these lines was invited to Lutterworth; and I do well remember seeing the good man come into the little meeting-house, and the thought struck me,—that it is an old veteran in the kingdom of Jesus. I wanted a little conversation with him, but Thomas was very shy. However, as the word of God entered his soul the poor man opened his mouth, and he came, and told me how the Lord had led him for more than thirty years in the wilderness. After hearing his experience, he always reminded me when I saw him of Mr. Bunyan's Holy War, and Grace abounding to the chief of sinners, in one volume.

For years he travelled to hear my feeble ministry. It did not matter to him what weather it was, rain nor snow never kept him at home on a Lord's-day while he had health and strength. Many times have I watched him as he entered the house of God, with the water dropping off his fustian coat, his countenance indicating the anxiety of his mind. Novelty and new preachers had no attraction for Thomas: he used to say, "I cannot get food for my soul by running after men." One Lord's-day the writer was confined at home with influenza; the poor man took his seat, but saw no one in the pulpit, and had not heard the cause. The friends held a prayer-meeting, and Thomas was called upon to pray; while in prayer he said, "Dear Lord, bless our minister wherever he is to day. Many people feel disappointed because he is not here: but, O Lord, I came to seek Jesus, and if thou wilt manifest thyself to me I shall not be disappointed, but be satisfied."

He was well known for many years as a most decided man for truth. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," was a favourite text with him, and he exemplified it in his walk and conversation, surrounded by modern Calvinists. He would go forth sword in hand, and cut his way through a host of the disciples of Andrew Fuller; but, being a man of very warm temperament, he sometimes drew the sword in his own spirit, and though he struck hard at an enemy, he wounded himself. My poor friend was no fawning hypocrite, walking about for the loaves and fishes, but a very hard working, honest man. A few years ago, during a very hard winter, we thought Thomas needed some assistance, and were anxious to do something for him. On the Lord's-day, a friend offered him a half-crown. He said, "I thank you, but I don't want it." "Well, Thomas, the friends wish you to have it." "I thank the friends, but I do not want it, and I dare not take it." When I had an opportunity I asked the poor man why he did not take the money. He replied,

"Because I knew there were other poor friends in the church worse off than I am, and I could not take it." During the winter of 1847 poor Thomas was very unwell, and often confined at home. It was evident to me the poor old pilgrim was going home. In the spring of 1848 he was better, but not able to do much work through the summer; and when the cold weather came on our esteemed brother was worse, suffering from shortness of breath, and general debility; but he was brought through the winter, and he came over to Lutterworth again in the spring. He was reduced by affliction, and so weak, he could not work, except upon his little allotment of land in the field. In the summer of 1849 his aged wife went to the parish officer for assistance; he was allowed four shillings and two leaves a week; and for this supply he was thankful; but when he had gathered in his little harvest from his land, he sent to the relieving officer to inform him that he could do with less from the parish, because he had some wheat and beans in the house. I very much question if any relieving officer in the kingdom could produce such an evidence of honesty and godly fear among the poor. The parish authorities could not appreciate the poor man's upright conduct; they concluded he had money by him, and they stopped all his supply, as far as their power extended: but poor Thomas had a supply insured in an "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure," and the Board of Guardians had no control over this provision. We were concerned for him, and Mrs. De F. went to see him: she found him satisfied and happy; he said to her, "I have been thinking about Jeremiah's troubles; why mine are nothing compared with his trials. I shall go on as long as I can, and when I cannot go on any longer, go to the union."

But the workhouse was not built for Thomas. A few friends found him a supply, and he received it with tears of thankfulness and joy.

Last winter the good man sunk very fast, and it was evident he was going home. I, with Mrs. De F., went over last January to see him. When I entered his little hut I asked, "Well Thomas, how are you?" "Quite well, sir, quite well." "Why Thomas, your breathing seems very short." "Yes it is, but it is all well." "What! has the Lord applied a promise by the power of the Spirit?" "Yes, he has," was the reply. And the poor man continued, "As I lay in bed, last Sunday morning, I was looking over the way the Lord has led me, and I have travelled thousands of miles to hear the gospel, but not one mile too many: now I cannot get to means; but, blessed Lord, thou canst come to me; come, Lord, this morning, and speak to my soul. As I lay looking up, these words came, 'I am thy salvation.' What could I want more?"

"Then you have no fear of death, Thomas?"  
"None at all; for God is my salvation;—

'Musing on my habitation,  
Musing on my heavenly home,  
Fills my soul with holy longing;  
Come, my Jesus, quickly come:  
Vanity is all I see;  
Lord! I long to be with thee."

My poor friend quoted these lines in such a simple, feeling way, that it melted my soul, and encouraged my mind.

Last April Thomas was much better; through the kindness of friends he was brought to the house of God, and joined us at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on the Lord's-days in May and June. The first Lord's-day in June was the last time our friend came to worship with us. Towards the end of June I went with Mrs. De F. to see him. When we entered his clay cottage he stood up, and said with much feeling, "O, my friends, I am glad to see you, I have something to say to Mr. De F., and now I can tell him.—"Oh sir, what a solemn thing it is to die, and to have a religion that is comfortable, and safe to die with.

Last ordinance day at Lutterworth, O! how my soul was blest! I longed to go to my home above; I longed to go from the table to glory at once. O! my friend, I have heard you preach for years, and the Lord has blessed to my soul many times your preaching. I have heard you separate between profession and possession; my dear friend, be sure you go on separating more and more, for the heart of man is so vile and deceitful, there is no getting to the bottom of it. I have been thinking of the sufferings of Christ; O! what did my dear Lord suffer! Look at his blessed suffering form, and all this for a wretch so vile as me! \* \* \* Here the poor man's utterance was choked; poor Thomas "wept to the praise of the mercy he had found;" but after a time he proceeded. "When I am dead, I wish you to preach from this text, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' And here, sir, is a hymn:—

"I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,  
And long to see it fall."

And here is another hymn for you to have sung.—

"A brother landed, safe from fears,  
On Canaan's happy land."

This was my last interview with my dear friend Thomas in this world of sorrows. He was not far from home, yet he lived some weeks, and other kind friends went to see him. He was confined to his bed in August. Mrs. De F. was sitting by his bed not many days before he died; he opened his eyes, looked at her and said, "The bottom is good, it is all finished, salvation is of grace."

The day before he died he was helped up in the bed, asked for the hymn-book, and, in a solemn manner read the whole of Ryland's hymn,—

"Sovereign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise."

The next day, Friday, the 13th of September, 1850, the mud-walled cottage fell, and the word of the Lord was fulfilled, "He taketh the poor from the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory."

"Him that honoureth me I will honour."

R. DE FRAINE.

Lutterworth, Oct. 30.

### A LETTER TO MR. CROMWELL, BAPTIST MINISTER, BATH.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED PASTOR,—I ADDRESS you as the above, because it is sweet and congenial to my feelings, and not only address you as the above, but also acknowledge, and retain you as the above, to my soul's comfort; for if ever the Lord blessed a ministry to a poor soul, it was your's to mine now, I believe nine years ago—yes; I will remember one Sunday in particular, I think it was in the morning, but that matters not so the Lord blessed it; if ever I felt sweet and heavenly enjoyment, it was then; if ever I felt sweet impressions under a sermon, it was that one; although there have been others since under your ministry, but that was the first; and a most blessed, precious sermon it was. I have never forgotten the text, for God the Eternal Spirit wrote it upon my soul, and sealed the precious words with his Divine signet: it was the 23rd. verse from the 8th chapter of Zechariah, particularly the three last lines were blessed, "Even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you." And as the blessed, precious words flowed out from your mouth into my soul, I felt such a sweet desire to join the people of God as I never felt before, I verily believe; the Divine presence of the Lord God Jehovah took hold of my soul, and led me out soon afterwards to obey the command of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the most unworthy of all his creatures;

and oh the blessed, precious time the Lord was very graciously pleased to favour me with, whilst standing in the river by your side! the blessed, precious words I shall never forget, "Charlotte! I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And as for there being any spectators I never observed them, there might have been hundreds for what I knew, for it was a most beautiful morning. I felt exceedingly happy too in the afternoon, when received into the church as a "nominal member," and never a worse member, I believe, ever admitted in my own feelings. And now I am on the subject of a "nominal member," I would beg to observe that in whatever place, or church, you are called to be the pastor of, Charlotte Minifie stands your member. Why? Because God, the Eternal Spirit, has been graciously pleased to bless the precious, experimental truths which you have been enabled from time to time, by God's divine teaching, to bring forth from the pages of his Sacred Word; and that blessed teaching is God's own prerogative, and never will he give it into the power of the devil, although the old serpent, with his wily snares, tries hard at times to make some of God's children believe that the preacher has been only speaking lies, and is permitted for a while to plague, harass, worry and torment the poor souls; but the Lord, in his own appointed time, brings them out from the snare, and shews that truth is truth and will stand in spite of men and devils. There was also another sermon of yours, that a covenant God sealed home to my precious, immortal, and never dying soul, taken from one of the Psalms, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power;" and although it was but short, it was very sweet, and preciously did the Lord enable you to show how God made his people "willing" in the day of his power; not by "free will;" oh no; but by "Free, and Sovereign grace," and that, and that alone; and I well recollect you said without that "Free, and Sovereign grace," a child of God had no more power to raise one heavenly thought than the devils in hell; and true enough I have found it, for at times I have been so shut up, in attempting to read the Word of God, and in prayer, that I seemed to belong more to the old serpent's family than to God's; but when I have been enabled, like "Good old Jacob," to wrestle with a covenant God, and being resolved not to shut the blessed book until the seal has been broken, blessed be the condescension of my heavenly Father, he has been pleased to break the seal, and has permitted me to read, with sweet and heavenly peace and comfort, to the joy of my poor, tempest-tossed, troubled, worried, devil-dragged, devil-hunted, devil-tormented, devil-perplexed soul, so that I am confident it is nothing but "Free, and sovereign grace," and not "Free-will;" and I have found the same with respect to prayer, that when "God shuts, no man can open; and when he opens, no man can shut. How I used to love to hear you exalt the Saviour, and debase the creature; it was my soul's delight to sit, and listen to the blessed, precious, heavenly truths divine, which the "Lord of life, and glory" had given out to you from his sacred treasury; it was a very sore trial to me, indeed, to be deprived of the privilege of sitting under the ministry of my dear and beloved pastor; and to be cut off from meeting the few selected ones, to whom my soul was knitted in Christian love; but God has his way in the "whirlwind, and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet;" his blessed, precious feet! I have heard you speak of sore trials God has brought you into, and your crying unto him in deep waters, in deep distress, for deliverance; and that in his own good, and appointed time he has shown himself to be a God-hearing, a God-searching, and a God-answering prayer, with the deliverance, and the sweet enjoyment afterwards felt; I mention the above, because I well remember, soon after my leaving Bath for Bristol, one Friday morning, I was in very great distress of mind; my heart was so

full of grief that I longed to give vent to it; and as I could not in the company I was obliged then to be with, I abruptly left, went up stairs to my bed-room, locked the door, (for I wanted to lock the devil out, if I could,) but that I never shall; well, down on my knees I went, sending up heart-rending cries to Jehovah, from a sore broken heart; and if ever I prayed, it was then; indeed it seemed as if I was resolved not to move from the ground, till God had spoken comfort to my soul, which he did, bless his dear, blessed, precious name: and oh the heavenly, sweet enjoyment I felt when he blessed me with these divine consoling words: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Bless his precious name he did hear me, and delivered me out from that distress; yes, and I could then glorify him from my very soul, and for the many crosses, trials, and afflictions I had endured. So, my dear brother, (if I may be permitted to call you so) go on preaching experimentally, you will be sure to meet with some poor soul or another, whatever enemies may say. And well I recollect on one Sabbath last November, when in Bath for a short time, you made the following observation from the pulpit—The people of Bath say that you don't preach your own 'Experience' but that you pick out other men's 'Experience' from books." Well I (thought to myself) the dear man has got some enemies and who is there that has not? And what is it that Enemies will not say? I well recollect, when I was at school at Hungerford, in Berkshire, reading to my teacher the character of a prince, and after heaping upon him all the reproachful names, and making him out to be the basest of men, at the conclusion it said, "Remember it is enemies who have drawn his picture." So thought I, with respect to William Cromwell: I sincerely trust, that you and I shall be enabled, through divine assistance, to follow the glorious example of our blessed Lord and Master, to pray for our enemies. May the God of Israel, bless and keep you, give you health, strength, will and power, to go on, and say, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear," and may you be spared many, many years to stand up to proclaim the everlasting gospel of truth, and salvation, to the joy, and comfort of his blessed, precious, blood-bought family, is the very sincere desire of my heart. I hope you will excuse my trespassing so much upon your time, and apologize for so doing. May your valuable life be prolonged to the comfort, and blessing of those, to whom you are dear by the ties of nature, and also by that of grace; is the very sincere prayer of the poor writer.

CHARLOTTE F. MINFIE.

### "Why are ye Fearful?"

Oh why, dejected saint, oh why  
That soul-shed tear? that deep-fetch'd sigh?  
Does thy poor soul in darkness walk?  
And canst thou not with Jesus talk?

Is he thy love? then he's thy light,  
Thy liberty, thy soul's delight:  
He can, he will renew thy sight,  
And make thy way more clear and bright.

Though with thy soul it may be night,  
Thy needs the Saviour will not slight;  
More blest, more bright the day will beam,  
When after night the LAMB is seen.

He is the Light of Life within,  
And he will be the light of him  
Who loves the truth, and hateth sin,  
When over Jordan he shall swim.

JAMES BUTTERFIELD.

Carmel.

## The Black Man and the White Man in Zion.

[The following Sketches have been forwarded to us by a christian brother, of Chelmsford; who has written from painful experience. It is indeed high time to arise and witness against that hypocritical humility, and popish tyranny, which has been doing such serious injury among many of the Calvinistic churches in this land for some few years past. We hope the mask may soon be torn off; and that deep dark spirit of wickedness which has torn the children of Zion to pieces, be discovered and discarded.—Ed.]

No. I.

### THE BLACK MAN.

"BEWARE OF MEN!"

BEING THE CHARACTER OF SOME IN ZION, DRAWN  
BY WAY OF CAUTION TO OTHERS.

Of all the hideous sights we see,  
That spring from man's depravity,  
There's nought appears so black, so vile,  
As PRIDE, that does the soul defile.

O, horrid monster! mostly seen  
Hid in a garb of humble mein;  
Tear off the mask, and there appears  
"Leviathan"—of thousand years.

When in the church this viper crawls,  
How soon his bitten victim falls;  
Who fain th' envenomed scales would hide,  
That cover now his heart of pride.

But hear him speak—his very tongue  
Swells through the pride wherewith he's stung;  
And though his words be e'er so mild,  
'Tis plain he is—a *poisoned child*.

Hence let him talk, and talk he will,  
*Self* is the greatest person still;  
His blest experience only true,  
And nothing else *but his* will do.

*His wisdom* is to lead the throng;  
*His word* decide the right and wrong;  
*His judgment* be the standard raised;  
And *his Diana* highly praised.

Proud Priest, so to profane God's cause,  
By introducing Romish laws;  
And leading captive by such rules  
Poor simple men and women's souls.

Dear dupes, I would that they could see  
The evils of such infamy;  
Behold this pious christian's *heart*?  
'Tis black defilement every part.

His *soul*! 'tis barren as a heath,  
And never soars from things beneath:  
His *spirit*! bitter and severe  
Towards all who don't *his flesh* revere.

His *feet*! how "lame" and "full of sores,"  
Yet he his limping walk adores.  
His *eyes*! though oft offend they will,  
Their pretty sparkling pleasures still.

His *hands*! how withering in their use,  
Polluted by each day's abuse;  
But still he stretches *them* abroad,  
As holy sceptres to the Lord.

His *knowledge*! O how great it seems,  
His brother's is all "*filthy dreams*;"  
There's no one taught of God like him:  
*They* hold the truth, but practise sin.

He takes a census of the saved,  
According as they have behaved;  
And numbers Israel to a man,  
By rules most purely "Vatican."

Elias like, he's left alone,  
And pleads to God against God's own;\*  
But God won't cast his people off,  
Not if with dying breath they scoff.†

But *grey-haired saints* He puts aside,  
And cuts off churches in their pride;  
The best experienced *Pastors*, too,  
Deluded are, in his keen view.

Poor piece of earth, he's yet to learn  
How sons of God the saints discern;  
And when he once knows tribulation,  
He'll *love* the heirs of God's salvation.

Nor will this God-provoker cry,‡  
"I'm holier than thou—stand by;"  
Your sins will bring God's judgments down,  
And gladly would I see them come."

For God is dead against all such  
That dare his solemn judgments touch;||  
And blinding thus his people's eye,  
Shall spoiled live—and blinded die.

The dear disciples taught to know  
The plague of sin—the pangs of woe,  
Need not the taunts of Christian men  
To aggravate their grief and pain.

Christ's poor! he'd make them poorer still,  
The vassals of his wretched will;  
Whilst o'er their heads, in heartless gloe,  
He holds the rod of tyranny.

Lordship and power—the Pope's delight—  
He feeds upon from morn till night;  
And yet, to hear him talk, you'd think  
E'en from an *evil thought* he'd shrink.

Exalted, yet mock humble saint,  
Garnish'd with pride's deceptive paint!  
No unction, dew, or savour flows  
From anything he says or docs.

His tender mercies cruel are,  
The seeds of discord casts afar;  
He gathers not—but scatters wide!  
These are the deeds that's done through PRIDE!  
THE WEeping WRITER.

No. II.

### THE WHITE MAN.

"LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD!"

BEING THE CHARACTER OF SOME IN ZION, DRAWN  
BY WAY OF EXAMPLE TO OTHERS.

Of all the pleasant fruits we see,  
That grow on God's new garden tree,  
To prove the seed is from above,  
There's nought so sure a sign—as LOVE.‡

\* Romans xi. 2. † Mark xv. 32. ‡ Isaiah lxx. 3.  
|| Jer. xxiii. 31. ¶ 1 John iv. 7.

This love of God, from God too,  
Is like to God, in every view ;  
And plainly marks each godly man,  
From "Boer-sheba" unto "Dan." (a)

When in the Church this grace doth shine,  
In rays effulgent and divine, (b)  
A glory beams from Jesu's face, (c)  
The "God of love,"—the "God of grace."

And like the earth that light becomes,  
When visited by shining ones,  
"A man in Christ" is made e'en white—  
"A burning and a shining light."

Reflecting which, he sheds abroad  
The brightest glory of the Lord ;  
And that is Love—seraphic flame—  
That flows from God, thro' Christ the Lamb. (d)

Then let this saint, for God declare  
Whate'er he may, this Spirit's there, (e)  
And whatsoever for Zion he does,  
The love of Jesus is the cause. (f)

He preaches ! let his closet say  
The prayerful ardour of each day, (g)  
That God, to raise His dead, would come,  
Or send His living—blessings down.

God-like, he'll therefore set forth HIM, (h)  
Whose blood, it cleanses from all sin ;  
Paul-like—nor preach himself (i) to please us,  
THE GOSPEL IS—"CONCERNING JESUS." (j)

His God-taught hearer does the same, (k)  
Whose soul's desire is—to THAT NAME,  
He begs in prayer that God would bless,  
A PREACHED CHRIST ! (l) OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS !

With this foundation laid secure,  
A Church will every shock endure ; (m)  
Not fire can burn, or waters drown,  
Nor need it fear men's curse or frown.

So each believer "drawn with bands  
Of love !" through Christ unmoved stands ; (n)  
And love, the bond that holds him true,  
Will bind him to his brother too. (o)

His soul ! it loves, because 'tis loved, (p)  
In proving one, the other's proved ;  
A pardoned man forgiveness knows,  
And hence his pardon freely flows.

See how his bowels melt with love,  
And long occasion this to prove ; (q)  
He liveth not his own to be,  
But serve the church in charity. (r)

As oft to brethren be repairs,  
He talks to them as heaven-born heirs—  
And hopes and pants to do them good,  
Not from himself, (s) but from the Lord. (t)

He speaks, perchance it rough may be,  
In tones of sharp severity ; (u)  
But trace the fountain of his words—  
Tis love like Joseph's, (v) and like God's. (w)

(a) John xiii. 35. (b) Rom. v. 5.

- (c) 1 John iv. 12. (d) John xv. 9. (e) John iii. 34.  
(f) 2 Cor. v. 14. (g) Rom. x. 1. (h) Rom. iii. 25.  
(i) 2 Cor. iv. 5. (j) Rom. i. 1, 3. (k) 1 Kings viii. 30, 32.  
(l) Ephes. vi. 18, 19. (m) Ephes. vi. 13, 14.  
(n) John xv. 9, 10. (o) 1 John iv. 21. (p) 1 John iv. 19.  
(q) Philip i. 8. (r) 3 Epistle John 6. (s) John vii. 18.  
(t) Ephes. vi. 23. (u) Titus i. 13. (v) Gen. xlii. 7.  
(w) Hebrews xii. 10.

Offended? no, he cannot be,  
'Tis contrary to God's decree ; (a)  
For love so "fervent" hides from view  
The multitude of sins we do. (b)

Dear children, followers of God,  
Thus trace the footsteps Jesus trod ;  
They learn of him, and imitate  
The best example that he set. (c)

Hence their obedience, see, it springs  
From love unto the King of kings ; (d)  
Their heart delighteth in God's Word,  
And all commandments of the Lord. (e)

But if one, greater claim may make  
Than all the rest, for Jesu's sake, (f)  
That "New Command," to love our brother,  
Superior stands to every other. (g)

And why? because it best displays  
The Spirit of Jehovah's ways ; (h)  
For "God himself is love," and he  
Who loves—doth dwell in Deity. (i)

This love is "in the truth" and works  
By faith in God—and fear outcasts ;  
Constraining is—approving too—(j)  
Sincere—all-serving—faithful—true.

Love suffers long, is meek and kind—  
A savour sweet of Jesu's mind ; (k)  
'Tis well affectioned—humble—pure,  
Can all things bear, and all endure.

Then let me be a loving one  
Towards God's saints, as was God's Son ; (l)  
Preferring each myself above.  
And serving every one—IN LOVE.

THE ANXIOUS WRITER.

Chelmsford, October 30, 1850.

Things worth thinking about.

BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS :—

"Waves and winds around me beat,  
Still I fall at Jesu's feet :  
Hope to see his smiling face  
When I've run my earthly race.

I feel a secret desire to be found very near, and very devoted to my Lord. But oh! what a distance he keeps! how it seems his pleasure to humble me, and make me know how poor I am; still let me not be murmuring; oh no! he is more gracious to me than to any, as I many times think. My beloved, whatever mistakes you make beside, make none about your souls! Take nothing for granted. Nothing upon speculation. Think how many are deceived. Give all diligence. Make your calling and your election sure. It is done by three things where the life of God is in the soul—first, by much prayer. 2nd. By deep examination. 3rd. By comparing the spiritual things in God's word with the spiritual things in our souls. I say to myself, I say to you—'tis high time to awake out of sleep! I believe our father and mother are gone to glory. We, their children, all sucked in a little religion from them; but that will not take us to heaven. Let each one ask, "When was I born again? When, and where did I see by faith the Lord Jesus Christ for myself? When and how did I have my heart broken, my soul made contrite, and repentance given to me? What precious promise has ever brought peace to my soul? Think, beloved, and believe me, a poor desiring sinner, C. W. B.

(a) Psalm cxix. 165.

- (b) 1 Pet. iv. 8. (c) 1 Ephes. v. 1, 2. (d) 1 John v. 3.  
(e) Psalm cxix. 128. (f) Colos. iii. 14.  
(g) 1 Cor. xiii. 13. (h) 1 John iv. 11. (i) 1 John iv. 16.  
(j) 2 Cor. x. 18. (k) Philip, ii. 2 & 3.  
(l) Rom. xv. 5 & 7.



## A REVIEW

OF

## The Past and Present Condition of the Metropolitan and Provincial Churches of Christ.

[*The Pope of Rome and Cardinal Wiseman have set the people greatly in motion. We shall look on a little while in order to furnish our readers with the best information that can be given with reference to the movement. Meanwhile we are gathering up a few fragments from different parts of Zion, which follow on as they come to hand.*—Ed.]

### The Gospel of Christ at Folkestone.

We have lately seen a letter from a believing man who has recently gone to live at Sandgate, Folkestone, Sandgate, and the neighbourhood have (for years) been in a low state as regards sterling truth.

We do not question the genuineness of Mr. Marsh's religion (an aged independent minister in Folkestone) but we are satisfied he has been too much mixed up with the mongrel system to be of much use either to saint or sinner. This is saying a great deal; but we dare to say it. We are convinced of the fact that there are numbers of men in this land who are considered good men; and it is just possible that they are partakers of grace; but in their ministry there is such an awful mixture of works and grace, law and gospel, Christ and Co.; such a want of decision and discrimination, that living, hungry souls can get nothing from them. They settle down in a cold, lifeless, powerless detail of LETTER and CREATURE RELIGION, and there many of them end their days. It appears from the letter referred to that a young man, by the name of Boxer, has been raised up lately in Folkestone to preach CHRIST and HIM crucified. We most ardently pray that friend Boxer may be richly, deeply, experimentally, and scripturally led into the glorious mysteries of the covenant, and the holy triumphs of the cross; that he may be maintained and preserved in a clear and in a useful path; that many elect sinners may be gathered in by him, and precious souls fed and nourished through his instrumentality. Oh yes! We are rejoiced to find a living mouth for God at Folkestone. Folkestone is becoming an important port: many thousands of souls will be located there. May heaven's richest blessings rest upon friend Boxer, and his associated brethren. Let him beware of the powers of darkness; they will assail him. Let him cleave close to the throne. Let him dig deep into the word. These will preserve him. We close this brief notice by quoting the following from the letter referred to; and hope to report progress at a future period. The writer says:—

"I get up every Sunday morning at 9 A. M. and go to Folkestone to chapel, where I hear pure, unadulterated gospel, from a young man named Boxer, only twenty-three years of age; he is a journeyman tailor; and when he began to preach a twelvemonth ago, he had not above two or three hearers. He preaches in a carpenter's shop; but the shop is not large enough for the congregation now. Boxer is my particular friend, and I go to his house generally about once a week, and spend two or three hours in conversation."

### The Church of Christ at Blackmore, Essex.

On Lord's-day, August 18th, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered to one believer, a seal to the ministry of the gospel in this place. This case presents to the mind of the writer a powerful confirmation of the doctrine of absolute predestination, as the individual came from a

distant part of the country, where she had been favoured to HEAR the truth, but not to RECEIVE it; whereas, on the third day after her arrival here, a message was conveyed to her heart; shewing that the time, place, and instrument were all before appointed.

On Lord's-day, October, 20th, our esteemed pastor (Mr. Wm. Trotman) was again privileged to administer the solemn ordinance of believers' baptism. On that occasion two sisters and one brother followed the Lord in his appointed way; the brother having but just emerged from the kingdom of darkness into the marvellous light of the kingdom of Christ, through the instrumentality of the preached gospel. Both the sisters had known the truth some years, but have to praise the Lord for his goodness in leading them to Blackmore, in order that they might be taught the way of God more perfectly.

The Lord is working with the word; awakening, confirming, and comforting the souls of his people here. For this we praise him, and desire to discern in this little cloud a sign of abundance of rain.

Nov. 6, 1850.

E. C.

—O—

### THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT POSITION, OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MEETING FOR WORSHIP IN Ebenezer Chapel, Shoreditch.

IN the very centre of that densely populated part of the metropolis, known by the name of Mason's Court, High-street, Shoreditch, stands that neat modern, and commodious house, for the worship of God—EBENEZER. If ever there was an attempt to do good (through the instrumentality of a preached gospel) from a pure motive, we believe the erection of this house was one: it was built by the late Mr. Bradley, for many years a boot and shoemaker in Shoreditch. His widow is the present proprietor. We shall give a brief account of a meeting held there; from whence a little of its history may be gathered.

On Monday evening, November 4th, 1850, a Recognition Service was held in Ebenezer Chapel, Shoreditch, for the purpose of recognising the Church as a Strict Communion Baptist Church, and C. W. Banks as their minister. On the previous Lord's-day morning, Mr. Williamson (of Notting Hill,) had delivered a most profound and powerful discourse on the Nature and order of a True Gospel Church. The services of Monday evening—(after about two-hundred persons had taken tea,) commenced by Mr. Williamson reading the Word, and seeking the Lord in prayer. Mr. William Allen, (of Cave Adullam, Stepney,) then called upon one of the deacons to give some account of the leadings of God's providence in bringing them to their present position. Mr. Jones then made the following statement:—

"It may not be known to all assembled here, that the first humble attempts to do good by the friends who originated the cause of God in this place, was by teaching a few of the poorest children that could be collected. In process of time the schools were increased, the gospel was preached, and a church formed, and like the church in the wilderness, the manna laid round about the camp, the water flowed from the rock, and she sung the praises of her God. But the chill hand of adversity has again and again been felt. Nevertheless, from her has originated another church, and yet another, in which Christ has been exalted, and souls converted to God.

"The place which Mr. Banks had been preaching

in on Monday evenings being required for manufacturing purposes, application was made for this chapel. After the minister and friends had been consulted it was granted. Mr. Banks preached his first sermon in this place March 20, 1850. Only five weeks elapsed before the friends who heard him with pleasure, and we trust with profit, felt desirous to offer him the use of the chapel on Lord's-day afternoons: the superintendent and teachers of the schools readily consenting. The attentive and crowded congregations on these afternoons and on Monday evenings were a pleasing contrast to those assembled at other times for worship. The church here, like the bush burned with fire, but not entirely consumed, having been decreased by divisions and sub-divisions, removals, deaths, &c. &c., could do but little for its minister, which necessarily obliged him to turn his attention to other things; the re-action of which was to decrease the church and congregation still more; the prayer-meetings were given up; and at length the minister resigned. The pulpit was supplied for a few weeks by several kind friends, to whom we are much indebted. It was then thought desirable to offer Mr. Banks the use of the chapel, if he could supply it. This has been accepted, this has been approved by the deacons, members of the church, teachers of the schools, and congregation, with very few exceptions.

"Enjoying the ministry of Mr. Banks ourselves, and praying that he may be made very useful to others, we have been induced to invite him to take the pastoral charge of us. We do most earnestly pray that the word of the Lord by him, as well as by those whom he may appoint, may run and be glorified; that sinners may be converted, and saints built up. We do not only pray for spiritual blessings, but we do most earnestly pray to our heavenly Father for temporal blessings. It would be exceedingly grievous to us if we should receive spiritual things, without being able to render a recompense of things of less value. We do hope and pray that the tithes and the first-fruits may be brought in; that the Levites may prepare for the priests; and that the hewers of wood and the drawers of water may all delight to help to build the temple of the Lord of hosts."

Mr. William Allen then called upon C. W. Banks to state what circumstances had led him to accede to the church's request. In answer to which, he spoke somewhat as follows: "I feel that the services of this evening are connected with the cause of God; and I know that this appears a very strange affair to some of my friends. They cannot understand how I can consistently undertake the care of another people, especially as they know I look after my own church so very indifferently. I have no desire to wound their feelings, nor to perplex their minds; therefore, as frankly as possible, I will state how this has been brought about.

"Many thousands of times I have told the Lord I felt myself to be a poor, foolish, good-for-nothing worm, and have begged him to take me into his hands, and deal with me as he pleased; and really I do hope he has done so in all my movements in the ministry; and this cause, at Shoreditch, like all places for preaching, has tumbled into my hands, and I have had no power to do with it different than I have done.

"In showing you how it came about, I must tell you that in the year 1844, a door was opened for me to preach in Windmill Street on Wednesday evenings. I had nothing to do with opening the door; it was done for me; I went and preached there for a length of time; and was at last turned out of it by the American New Light People; but before that door was closed, there was one opened for me here in Shoreditch, at Beulah Chapel; and there I preached for some few years; and I know the Lord did bless me there, and make use of me; and I felt very much love for this part of the metropolis, because I had had so many blessings. At length that door was closed against me: but two brethren,

(without asking me,) came and prevailed upon Mrs. Bradley to let us have this chapel to preach in, and they came and told me the time was fixed for me to begin here. I came reluctantly; but the Lord has, now and then, sent a few dew-drops down upon my soul in this place; and, although my instrumentality, the church has become a strict baptist church; and the supplying the pulpit with sound gospel ministers was put into my hands; the cause has much rallied, and I hope good is being done. To my great surprise, the church have sent me a kind and unanimous invitation to become their pastor. The invitation is as follows:—

Dear and Honoured Sir,—We approach the subject with some diffidence, because we are not unacquainted with your laborious exertions, and we are well acquainted with the superior claims of your many dear and tried friends whose happiness and enjoyment we would not for one moment desire to lessen: but seeing we are as sheep without a shepherd; if you thought it possible to become our pastor and take a little care and oversight of us, in addition to what you do already, it might with a divine blessing (we think) greatly tend to facilitate your wishes. We believe your desire is to glorify God and to promote the happiness of immortal souls. We hope our end and aim are the same. We had rather be doorknockers in the house of our God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. We are few in number, and unable to make or offer you any recompense, but if it should please our merciful God and Saviour to incline your heart to do this for us, we are not without the hope but the tithes and the first fruits may be brought in, the Levites shall prepare for the Priests, that the hewers of wood and the drawers of water will all be ready to work in the vineyard of the God of Jacob.

Signed on behalf of the Church, John Burtwell, William Pack, Thomas William Jones, Deacons. Ebenezer Chapel, Sept. 29th, 1850.

"This I at first laid aside; but I thought of it; I prayed for direction; I consulted my brethren our deacons at Crosby Row; I wrote also to our esteemed brother Wells on the subject: I also took the advice of a very aged servant of Christ: and although none of them felt they could positively commend the matter, yet they could not say much against it.

"My only reasons, then, are these:—seeing God has, I trust, opened this door, blest me here a little in this work, my desire is to stand here in the name of the Lord, to gather sinners and people, without in any wise slighting, injuring, or dividing the cause at Crosby Row."

Mr. Allen then required a statement of the doctrines he felt determined to preach, the Lord permitting; and what discipline he would endeavour to maintain. This being given in a concise manner, and a suitable hymn being sung, Mr. James Wells then delivered a very wholesome, deeply interesting, and able address to the church and the minister from Paul's words to the Ephesians—"Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." And therewith terminated one of the happiest meetings we ever witnessed.

[We may add, it is a mistaken notion that C. W. Banks has left, or desired to leave Crosby Row; Shoreditch is a sister church, of whom he has taken the care, under God. His union to, and usefulness in Crosby Row remains the same.]

#### Another Word about Dane Hill.

We have received a rather curious document from our brother John Poynder, respecting one sentence in brother Roberts's letter, inserted in last month's VESSEL. We cannot see the necessity for saying so much as the bishop of Dane Hill and Newick has said. There is a little mistake some-

where, which, no doubt, will soon be rectified: and, in order to pave the way for an explanation, we give the following just as it came to hand.

"MORE WORK FOR THE WORTHY EDITOR; OR AN OLD PROPHET THROWING WILD GOURDS INTO THE VESSEL."

"Did we not know to the contrary, by every day's experience, we should be led to conclude Solomon's declaration was become obsolete, 'There is nothing new under the sun.' The astounding cry of 'There is death in the pot,' from the casting in of wild gourds in the days of Elisha, arose from the inconsiderate act of an inexperienced botanist; but the dead fly in the pot of ointment set before us in the VESSEL of last month (November) is the deliberate act of an old soldier, who, we should have supposed, would have so far detected the stinking savor, as not to have annoyed his comrades with its far from pleasant odour, so that it could be said there was no harm in it.

"Doubtless many read, with pleasure, the letter from the veteran, William Roberts, late of Dane Hill and Newick, relative to his being brought to that place; while, in the fulness of their heart, they exclaimed, 'Who is a God like unto the God of Jeshurun?' and none more than myself, dear Editor; yet honesty compels me to say, the good man has erred exceedingly. I rather set it down as an unintentional error, and not a designed misrepresentation.

"Among the many precious things—and they are indeed, very precious—the following incomprehensible, and unsavoury one is found, 'I lived long enough to see three chapels built, two of which are now standing at the places mentioned in the 'Vessel,' and a Chapel-house at Dane Hill, and not one Shilling debt upon either of the chapels when I left.' They that sin before all are to be reproved before all; and as Mr. Roberts has written, and you have sent forth such a statement, you can do no less than favour the deceived readers of the 'Vessel,' in this matter, with the following strong evidence that there is an existing debt against the Church at Dane Hill and Newick, unless Mr. R. has in his possession documents to prove the contrary; and which, to me, would be truly satisfactory."

"Minute from the Church Book of Dane Hill and Newick Baptist Church:—

"At a Church-meeting held the first Sabbath in July, 1832, it is unanimously agreed that our pastor, Mr. William Roberts, shall have full liberty to build a shop, and warehouse, &c., necessary, to carry on his trade, as a shopkeeper, at the end of, and joining to the Chapel-house, belonging to the Baptist Chapel, Dane Hill.

"Agreed, also, that the Church join in giving Mr. Thomas Kenward, of Hayward Heath, security for the money expended in building the aforesaid shop, &c., on the conditions that Mr. William Roberts pay the interest of the said money, so expended, during the whole of the time he continues with us.

"Agreed by us, on behalf of the whole Church:—Wm. Roberts Pastor—Lashmer Sherlock, Thomas Moon, Deacons."

"One of the said Deacons still living.

"An extract from the Bond:—

"This Bond is given to Mr. Thomas Kenward, with the full consent of the whole church, on consideration of Mr. Kenward having advanced the sum of £200, for the building of a shop connected with the Chapel-house, Dane Hill, for the purpose of our minister, Mr. William Roberts, to carry on his business in, as a shop-keeper.

"Signed—Thomas Moon, Lashmer Sherlock, William Huggit, William Coleman, James Coleman.

"Witness—William Roberts, Minister, William Wood, Allen Anscobm."

"Copy of last receipt for interest of the said £200:—

"Haywards Heath, Cuckfield, October 31, 1850.

—Received of Mr. John Poynder the sum of Five Pounds, being half-a-year's interest, due September 29th, 1848, on Two-hundred Pounds advanced for Dane Hill Chapel, during the ministry of Mr. Roberts, now of Leighton Buzzard, and left unpaid at the time of Mr. Roberts leaving Dane Hill.

"Signed—A. Kenward."

"Let these things speak for themselves; and if brother Roberts can prove the non-existence of a debt, it will be a source of great joy to the present pastor, JOHN POYNDER."

### The Prayer of a Pastor in the North.

[WE are truly glad to find the VESSEL is getting into the North of England, and in many instances has been found useful. We have lately received some interesting letters from that quarter, where men live in masses and in multitudes. We hope the Lord will increase its usefulness. Our desire is to carry a few of the grapes of Eschel to the dear saints of God; and we humbly solicit the co-operation of all such friends as receive this poor little messenger, so that its circulation may be much wider spread. The following letter from Chorley will be read with interest.]

Chorley, Dec. 31, 1849.

MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS,

May mercy, peace, and grace from God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be with you, and remain while you are traveling in this vale of woe.

I should most gladly have called to spend a little time with you had my time permitted.

I hope that the Great Head of Zion will manifest himself unto you in your sickness as your Brother, Lord, and Saviour.

A Brother to sympathise; one born for the days of adversity. A Lord to rule over you, in you, and for you. A Saviour to redeem, justify, heal, wash, bind up, comfort, strengthen, and to encourage you.

Many are the afflictions of the family of God, but the Lord will deliver out of them all.

"Trials may press of every sort,  
They may be sore, they must be short:  
We now believe, but soon shall view  
The greatest glory God can shew."

Another year has rolled round, and we are still upon this earthly clod.

Many trials we each have experienced; and discouragements we have met with; great darkness of soul, at times, we have passed through; and sometimes, and even now, in temporal things clouds and darkness are round about the Lord, in regard of the gloomy future: his footsteps are in the great deep, and his paths unknown.

Well, we have found in days which are gone that our Lord often

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
Has treasured up his bright designs,  
And work'd his sov'reign will."

O may the clouds we so much dread  
Break in mercy on our head!

May you find the dear Lord with you: May you experience the arms of love divine underneath and around you. May you find him in his blood, righteousness, resurrection, ascension and intercession as your all and in all. May his love be shed abroad in your heart. May you feel the drawing of his love and be assured he really does love you, may he bring you into his banquet-house, and in the year 1850 may you receive much grace for grace.

May the Lord abundantly bless you in your outgoings, and in in-comings, bless you in your baskets and in your store, give you wisdom to direct, understanding to keep, and discretion to guide and preserve you. The Lord bless you, cause his face to shine upon you, give you peace, and keep you, and build you up in the grace of our adorable Lord.

It has long been a season of drought with me: I

feel much barrenness and darkness of soul: I can't read, or preach, or pray, or write as I would; but I do desire that the Lord may go before you, and feast you with the fatted calf, and at last receive you into glory.

Tender my kind and christian regard to your sister. The contents of this letter express my soul's desire for her also. I shall be glad to hear from you.

Now may the Lord direct your hearts in the love of God, and into the patient waiting for him.

The grace of our Lord Jesus be with your spirits, Amen.

I am, dear sister, your's in much affection.

JOHN GARDNER.

### Salem Chapel, Stoke Newington.

It has long been the purpose of the writer to send forth a short account of the leading and overruling goodness of our covenant Jehovah in regard to this church and congregation. The pastor was sent out of the church of Jesus Christ under the pastoral care and guidance of Mr. Benjamin Lewis, Trinity Chapel, Southwark, in the month of June, 1841. The following Lord's day, he began his occasional labours at Grafton Street, preaching at Foot's Cray, Eynsford, Maidstone, Highgate, Bexley Heath and Croydon, and other places until May 1845. At one of the meetings of the Association held at Cumberland Street, then under the pastorate of brother Killen, a member of that church coming up, said you must wear out, not rust out; there are a few disciples who have separated from Shackelwell for truth's sake; they are poor, but are desirous of having the truth stately among them preached by a tried man. He consented to go for once or more. Shortly after, the Editor of the Primitive sent him some kind invitations to supply again in the pulpit at Union Row, being then mostly a worshipper at that place. After a period of appointed and most ardently solicited labour, he accepted the pastorate unconditionally. The place was filled to repletion. A sabbath school was set on foot, and the pastor laboured not only free but paid his own coach hire when compelled to ride there, living four miles from the place. But alas! alas! "all is not gold that glitters"! all are not truthful that act in truth's name. A separation took place, the number of twelve following their own unanimously chosen pastor twice over to Stoke Newington, (a distance of one mile from Kingsland,) where he was invited by two of the brethren connected with this place. Mr. Nicholas who had been labouring at Stoke Newington, going to Union Row Chapel, (now named Jireh,) and Mr. Garritt receiving a unanimous call to the pastorate at Stoke Newington, the two small churches were then called together, by appointment, and gave their united and cheerful consent by vote in a unanimous manner to abide in fellowship under the care of Mr. Garritt, the questions understated being put from the chair on Lord's-day, after morning worship, May 23, 1847.

1st, Whether the churches were willing to be united in one? 2ndly, When united by their mutual vote, whether they were willing that Mr. John Garritt should be the pastor of the united church? Both questions being carried in the affirmative unanimously.

In the evening of the day, Mr. Garritt gave them, and they him the right hand of fellowship in the name of the Lord, the King of Zion. Since then, by baptism, by letter, by experience, a goodly number have been added to the church. The number of eight were baptized at Shackelwell Chapel, now under the pastoral care of Mr. Samuel Green, kindly lent by him for the purpose, very readily as soon as solicited. The pastor, people, and candidates assembled, feeling the head of the church to be with them in a very gracious manner on Thursday, October 31st, 1850. Others are coming in by letter and experience. We removed to our present place of worship on the Friday called Good Friday 1849, when the kind

brethren in a most affectionate manner preached for us whose names are as follows: Mr. D. Curtis; Mr. P. Dickerson; Mr. W. H. Bonner.

The place was well attended all day, and in the evening filled to repletion, more than 200 being present. The text and sermon will never be forgotten, brother Bonner appearing all on fire, the fire of love and zeal. "Father the hour is come." The females of the church and congregation had subscribed and presented their minister and pastor with a new Bible for the pulpit, and velvet cushion, &c., to lay it on, for that day, on the pulpit. First anniversary on Good Friday, 1850, the brethren in the Lord and ministry of his word, Mr. W. Felton, Mr. G. Wyard, Mr. W. H. Bonner, preached for us very friendly and ably. It was a good day, and like the preceding one, the friends present were kind and liberal. The tea was got up free of all cost to the funds of the place. The pastor receiving all the proceeds of the day as before. When the church was united, we received, same evening, two members, by dismission, then making the number of twenty-two in fellowship. On the Lord's day, Nov. 3rd, 1850, Mr. Garritt preached from Acts xxvi. 22, 23, in the morning; 2 Thess. iii. 5, in the evening; and received the above, baptised, into communion;—the fourth years' day of ministering among the church and congregation here. The church containing a number in fellowship of thirty members only, as some are removed by death; some are withdrawn from, after all scriptural means have been used; some are gone to Australia; and some are dismissed to other baptist churches; and one is gone to America, who was on the eve of baptism and joining the church. Thus closes four years labour in Stoke Newington, amidst many changes, pains and fears. Hitherto, Jehovah hath helped us. Unto thy name be glory, O Lord, thou gracious Jehovah of Hosts. We are thine; bear rule over us. Guide us by thy counsel. Amen. And receive the praise for ever.

### THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF MR. BONNER'S PASTORATE AT Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooty Street, London.

On Tuesday the 12th of November a public tea meeting was held, and addresses delivered by several ministers of the gospel at Unicorn Yard Chapel, in commemoration of the third year of Mr. W. H. Bonner's ministry in that place.

At five o'clock a great number of persons partook of tea in the chapel, and at seven o'clock the meeting commenced. Mr. John Foreman presided, and in his usual familiar style opened the meeting. Mr. Bonner gave a short account of the progress of the cause during the last twelvemonths of his ministrations there. From Mr. Bonner's statement we gather the following:—It appears that last year they had to report an increase of seventy-seven members in the two years; this year they have only an increase of twenty-six. They have (as Mr. Bonner expressed it) been passing through clouds during the past year. Some dispute arose in the church concerning their discipline; and such was the course which the opposing parties took, as to bring Mr. Bonner to feel it his duty to send in a letter, resigning his pastoral office, with an honest determination to resign. But this he was prevented carrying into effect, by the oppositionists withdrawing. Thus they have been somewhat diminished in number and strength; and it was in consequence of this that they were obliged to relinquish their original design of pulling down the chapel, and rebuilding it. The place having been carefully re-surveyed and examined, it was found to be not in so bad a condition as was formerly expressed; and it was thought that at the cost of about £200, or £250, the present place might be rendered perfectly safe and sound for many years to come. Accordingly much has been already done to the flooring and foundations of the chapel to render it secure; the cost of which, it is estimated, will amount to about £135, or £140. What

has yet been done is all out of sight. It is intended to proceed with further operations on the interior and exterior of the chapel in the early part of 1851. The roof will have to be taken off, as the laths are decayed. In conclusion Mr. Bonner said, "Although forsaken of some that have stood high with us, we have not been forsaken of our God; and others have taken up the work. But such has been the effect of the disturbance, that my strength gave way, and I was brought near the gates of death; but the Lord has been pleased to bless the means employed by a kind physician, and I am exceedingly better. I have the impression that God will spare me a little longer to be of service in Zion."

The subject of the evening's addresses was "Moses a servant of Christ."

Mr. Garritt, of Stoke Newington, spake of the birth of Moses; Mr. Moyll, of Peckham, on the choice of Moses; Mr. Newborn, of St. Luke's on the offices and character of Moses; Mr. Box, of Woolwich on the death of Moses; and Mr. George Ward, of Soho, on Moses a type of Christ.

Mr. Mose, of Crowborough, and Mr. Jones, of High Wycombe, were also present.

### The Log Book of a Northamptonshire Fisherman.

Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. Luke v. 4.

THE disciples of Christ, and all the servants of the Lord, are called to the greatest of all works that ever creatures were engaged in, the work of the ministry; a work by which God is glorified, his eternal purposes of mercy accomplished, the purchase of the Saviour gathered, the prey taken from the mighty, the devil defeated, the sinner plucked as a brand out of the fire, and the truth of God spread; now one thing is necessary, that these ends may be answered, viz. "The mighty power of God," and the ministers of the gospel must know something of this power without which their work will be a drag, and their labours useless, and a useless ministry is not of God. Was it not the design of the Lord Jesus in telling Simon to cast the net into the deep, and so filling those nets with a multitude of fishes; to teach him and others, that his power was adequate by their instrumentality to bring out of the world, a number that should be gathered to be glorified? Jesus said, From henceforth thou shalt catch men; and we know that on the day of Pentecost, Peter cast the net, and inclosed in it so many, that about three thousand souls were added to the church on one day; our sufficiency is of God. Let us notice the command, the design, and the success.—Launch out into the deep. Take the deep here as an emblem of the world, and the servant of God launching forth, or going out into the world according to the commission of the Lord Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We may see the propriety of the parable in Matt. xiii. where the kingdom of heaven is compared to a net cast into the sea and gathered of every kind. In preaching the gospel, the net is cast, by it a number gathered together, some of whom are only called externally, and many are so called, but a few are gathered effectually by grace, as being chosen and called,—of every kind. Now there is a very great diversity in sin, so in sinners; some are infidels, drunkards, liars, thieves, &c., others are more moral, making a profession, and who stand connected with some one of the many sects that abound, who have a name to live, and are dead; but after all, there are but two sorts, good and bad; the righteous and the wicked; the sheep and the goats; the wheat and the tares; the children of God, and the children of the devil; the two may be so mixed together here that we may not discern a difference, but a separation will take place. Solemn thought! O my readers, how do matters stand with God and thy soul? it is a weighty matter, one of eternal moment; has the Lord enabled you to make your calling and election

sure, to your own soul's comfort and peace? Has he caused you to love his dear name, to prize his truth, to esteem his people, and to walk in his ways? O! bless ye his name, you are safe, yea, eternally secure; but to the others, strangers to regenerating grace, enemies to God and his truth, at variance with his people, living and dying in your sins. O how truly awful thy present condition, and thy future prospects!—Again, here are some depths to be gone into ministerially.

Firstly,—The deep of human depravity; the fall has plunged man into awful depths of sin; hence his heart, the seat of all evil, is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it; the fountains and depths of human nature must be opened up, that the sinner may know what he is in the sight of a holy God. Man's raging passions resemble the boisterous sea, a proud, ambitious, haughty creature, he would go beyond all bounds, was it not that restraining power kept him in, see this in Pharaoh, Who is the Lord, that I should obey him? And see the same in the language of the sinner, "We will not have this man to reign over us." We know something of what human nature has done; but we know not what it would do if under no restraint. Further, in his impure lusts, he is like the troubled sea which casts up mire and dirt, sin makes him restless, and so does temptation, and thus he seeks the gratification of the flesh in those impurities which prove he is abominably filthy; we are altogether as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness (mark that is, the best of us,) is as filthy rags; under such statements, many have felt convinced of God of the truth of them, and have been made acquainted with themselves. Take the sea when calm, and here we see the state of many, whom the world calls good pious creatures, and they are either in a state of thoughtlessness and unconcern about their souls, or else in a state of carnal security and fleshly confidence, crying peace to themselves, when there is no peace; making sure of going to heaven by their own personal efforts and good works. What a consideration! gliding through life in expectation of heaven; and carried at last into the bottomless pit. But

Secondly, There is the deep of soul trouble and distress, into which the child of God is brought, when he sees himself surrounded with his sins, which threaten to engulf him in endless misery; views the wrath of God, as though he must be deluged by it; and when temptation comes as a flood, which bears him down into still greater depths; Save me, O God, said the Psalmist, for the waters are come into my soul. And Jonah says, "Out of the belly of hell cried I." And when the soul is laying under its guilt, and the gloomy apprehensions of divine indignation, hopeless; this may be called the belly of hell: many of the Lord's dear children do business in deep waters; they go down to the depths, their soul is melted, because of their trouble, and dispirited and despairing, are ready to give all up as lost; but something prompts them, and out of the depths they cry unto the Lord, yea, they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses; now if there has not been an experience of these soul troubles, a man cannot go into them, and consequently his ministry will not meet the case of many of the family of God, for the Lord is a sovereign in his dealings with his own children, and all are not led so deeply as some are, but for a ministry to be generally useful, it is needful to launch out into the deep.

Thirdly, There is the deep of a Saviour's atoning blood, wherein the sins of the elect are drowned, thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea; hence the brazen sea in Solomon's temple was a figure of the atonement of the Lord Jesus, and as it was ever in the eye of the Priest in the discharge of his office, so is it necessary the mind of a minister should be much upon this precious blood. O ye deeply sunken, deeply depraved, deeply distressed sinners, here is redemption by Jesu's blood, full, free and eternally-cleansing, for

the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin, here is infinite worth and infinite efficacy, and if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, thereby answering the appointment of God, how much more, (hear this, poor polluted soul,) shall the blood of Christ answer the end for which it was designed, the perfect sanctification of the church.

This fountain is open to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness. Do you resemble those who came to David at the cave Adullam? Have you come to Jesus in distress about your sins? in debt? having a long score against you, and nothing to pay? discontented with yourself, your own performances, and feeling you must remain discontented till, by faith, you plunge in this sea, and lose your sins? This fountain is open for you, and here you shall lose your pollution; and, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Here, in the blood of the Lamb, is a sufficiency to cover the sins of the greatest sinner that ever lived. Ye ministers of God, exalt the atoning blood of Jesus; proclaim its efficacy and worth, as being the blood of the Incarnate God, and in the consideration of the dignity of his person; make known his all-sufficiency. O that we might view it more in the light in which God views it; then should we think more highly of it.

Fourthly. There is the deep of God's love and grace; a sea so deep that it can never be fathomed by human or angelic minds: like the water Ezekiel was led into; waters to swim in; a river that cannot be passed, we find the love of God; and the further we are led into the deeper we find it, though we cannot find how deep it is. "Where sin abounded grace hath much more abounded." Happy seasons, when we can dwell with sacred feeling upon the love of God, from which, as from a river, flows all those streams of enriching blessings that make glad the city of God.

Now for the design. "Let down your nets for a draught." We see here why God has ordained preaching. "It pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." The ingathering of the chosen who have been met with, stopped in their sinful course, brought with weeping and with supplication to the Lord, separated from the world by distinguishing grace, and brought among the church as witnesses for God; and this is what a minister desires—the salvation of sinners; for this he travails, and for this he prays in secret, as well as in public. The nature of the work is one of labour of mind in study, of body in speaking, one of discouragement;—he may toil a long while and catch nothing apparently, for the Lord does not always make known how far he has made use of them to the good of his people. It is one, moreover, where they meet with many storms raised by satan, ungodly men, and carnal professors; yet, in the midst of all there is something encouraging in the success. God has said to his servants that his word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that he pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto he sends it. Thus if he sends it to a Lydia, her heart shall be opened to receive it; to a jailor, he shall feel the power of it; and how often has the hand of God been recognised in bringing a minister to a place, and a particular person too, under extraordinary circumstances; the word has been blessed, and the time has been a time of love. Those are seasons of success when the Lord is present; without him the strength of the minister is spent for nought, but through him the word has free course, and is glorified. Some are more successful than others in the ministry. God's will regulates this matter; and the servant who labours with his two talents, and gains two more, is met by the Lord with approbation, "well done," commendation, "good and faithful servant," and with a reward, "enter thou into the joy of thy

Lord;" the same as he that had five talents and had gained five more.

That the Lord may grant his presence and power to his servants, and with his word, is the hearty desire of a

NORTHAMPTON FISHERMAN.

Nov. 13, 1850.

### A Day of Gladness at Crosby Row.

TO SUCH OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AT CROSBY ROW WHO ARE SCATTERED ABROAD:

Grace and peace be your's to enjoy, faithful friends in the bonds of the gospel. I desire to inform you of the great goodness and mercy of our loving Lord and Master toward us, who has continued to the present moment to confer upon us many mercies, for which I do desire to praise his name. On Tuesday November 19th, 1850, the seventh anniversary of the formation of ourselves into a christian church, and of my ministry in London, was held.

We commenced in the morning at half-past nine with a meeting for special prayer. Our brethren Bradley and Blake spake to the Lord on our behalf; and I felt that there was an unusual power and measure of faith given to them at the throne; so that to me it was prayer indeed. At the close of this first meeting I briefly addressed the friends from the petition of Elisha to Elijah. (2 Kings ii. 9.) "And Elisha said, I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." For the family of God at large—for ourselves, as a small community of professing disciples,—and for myself as a poor, shallow, and half-shattered vessel, I did indeed feel this prayer to be most essentially necessary. Our brother Rudman's discourse in the morning was founded upon the words recorded in 2 Sam. vii. 18. "Then went king David in, and sat before the LORD, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house that thou hast brought me hitherto?" Our brother was exceedingly happy in his work; and his word was rendered useful.

The afternoon service commenced by brother Cayzer praying; and then we had a sound, safe, and encouraging sermon from brother William Allen, whose text was John xx. 20, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." A very large company took tea when they could get it, but the multitude was so great, it was impossible to supply them with any comfort. It was said above three hundred sat down to take tea, but some could not obtain it. This I was sorry for. The utmost exertion was used; so I hope none felt really grieved.

In the evening Mr. James Wells preached one of the most powerful sermons I ever heard from his lips. Many said, "We never heard Mr. Wells so blessedly before." Others said, "Truly the best wine has been kept to the last." His text was Gal. v. 1. "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free; and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." From these words we had, first, a useful description of the children of promise—the persons to whom the text was addressed; then ~~THE LIBERTY~~ that these children have IN CHRIST was most gloriously declared. It was downright pure and precious gospel, such as I can but seldom hear. It did make my soul to leap within me to hear the church's manifold freedom so powerfully and scripturally proclaimed. Toward the close of the sermon Mr. Wells alluded to the present eventful movements of the Romish church. He solemnly cautioned the people against being entangled by the hypocritical plausibilities and pretensions of the catholics, who are labouring to persuade the people that they are not so bad as they have been represented. Mr. Wells said he did not apprehend any present ground for alarm; but the Lord alone can know what is before us.

Although the chapel, vestries, aisles, and every part were literally crammed, the greatest attention was given to, and the deepest interest was felt in the service. The good hand of God was also seen

in the best collection we ever had before, for which my gratitude is due to all the friends of Zion. My heart-felt and earnest cry to God this morning is that he will bless me indeed ! and so guide, instruct, and qualify me, as that my labours among his people may prove a real, a lasting blessing. The Lord be with you all. Amen.

C. W. B.

### Some Account of Cardinal Wiseman ;

AND THE CURSES HE IS COME TO DENOUNCE—THE WORK HE IS SENT TO DO.

We shall now present our readers with a faithful epitome of the character of Dr. Wiseman, and the commission he is authorised by Pope Pius to execute. This we derive from a valuable lecture delivered by Dr. John Cumming, on Thursday, November 7th, in the Hanover Square Rooms. In the course of that lecture, Dr. Cumming said,

“ I have no personal animosity to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, who is a distinguished scholar, and a most accomplished scientific writer. Any one who is acquainted with his writings upon science, unconnected with religion, will be ready to own that he is a scholar of the highest order in that department ; but it does not follow that because he is a perfect scholar, he is also a perfect theologian and a true Christian. It is possible to know every star in the firmament, and yet to be ignorant of the bright and morning star. It is possible to know all the mineral treasures that lie hidden in the bosom of the earth, and yet to be ignorant of the ‘ unsearchable riches of Christ.’ It is possible to know every flower that grows in the garden or the field, and yet not to be acquainted with the ‘ Rose of Sharon.’ In fine, it is possible to be deeply read in all the encyclopædias in the world, and yet be ignorant of that which every child in our Sunday Schools can teach him—the answer to the question, which the Protestant Church alone gives, ‘ What shall I do to be saved ? ’ ‘ Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ I have no desire, on the other hand, to interfere with the rights and privileges of my Roman Catholic countrymen. Cardinal Wiseman has as good a right to tread the soil of England as the Archbishop of Canterbury, or any layman in his diocese. I do not want to take from him his civil rights and privileges ; but while conceding to him all the rights of a citizen, I would not allow him, at the direction of a foreign potentate—an Italian prince—to parcel out this fair land of England into parishes and dioceses, and to declare that every man within it is subject to his jurisdiction. I do not wish to regard this visitor in red as a cardinal at all ; he is a temporal prince ; and if a foreign temporal prince meddles with the jurisdiction of our own gracious Sovereign, I am satisfied, judging from the letter of Lord John Russell, and the temper of the people of this country, that he will meet with a resistance which will soon show him how great a blunder he has perpetrated.”

Now for the real nature of Cardinal Wiseman’s Commission. This Dr. Cumming gives in the following duly authorised terms,

“ I have no contest with Dr. Wiseman, for the conflict is one of principle and not of person. It is not a contest of church against church, or of person against person, but a contest of light against darkness, freedom against slavery, and the

rights and privileges of the country against old Rome ; of the glory of our Lord against him who sits in the temple of God showing himself as God. Viewing the controversy in this light, I shall proceed to notice ‘ The teaching of Cardinal Wiseman—the best reason of protest against his intrusion as Archbishop of Westminster ; ’ and first, When the cardinal received the *pallium*, a robe wove from the fleece of certain sheep, fed by certain nuns, especially spun, and especially woven, a ceremonial passed which was of great interest. He repeats a certain oath (*Pontificale Romanum*), whereby he binds himself to persecute and attack for the faith—*persequare et impugnabo*—all heretics (Protestants) and all schismatics (Greeks) to the utmost of his power. This is a part of the duty the Cardinal took upon himself on receiving the *pallium*, and it is a duty he is bound to carry out in Westminster. In undertaking this obligation, he is bound to act upon the doctrine laid down by Ballarmino, who said that, if the heretics were very numerous, they (the Catholics) must be quiet ; but if they were the most numerous, the heretics must be treated according to the canonical law ; that was, they must be burned : such is the duty the cardinal is bound to perform. The Cardinal is also bound by the same obligations of duty to pronounce curses (Ballarmino, 160th edition, 1627, Antwerp.) Another remarkable weapon that is to be employed against us ; and it seems that, while the true Church is distinguished for blessing, the Church of the Cardinal Archbishop has a strong sympathy with cursing. For instance, if the child of any parent in this assembly is of what is called a religious inclination, and went into a convent, and if the parent tried to rescue him, the Cardinal Archbishop would be justified in cursing him ; and I will show the meeting what sort of curse it is, by a document which the Cardinal Archbishop must accept, by which he must bless and consecrate, in fact, by which he must do everything, and perform his spiritual functions, and which he must bring with him, as his authority, to Westminster, to use as occasion demands. ‘ By the authority of the omnipotent God, and of St. Peter and St. Paul, his apostles, we firmly, under the threat of anathema, enjoin that no one carry off these virgins, or religious persons here present, from divine service, to which, under the standard of chastity, they have been dedicated ; that no one plunder their property, but that they enjoy it in quiet. If any one shall have presumed to attempt this, may he be cursed in his home and out of his home ; may he be cursed in the state (or city) and in the field ; cursed in watching and cursed in sleeping ; cursed in eating and drinking ; cursed in walking and sitting ; may his flesh and his bones be cursed, and from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head may he enjoy no health. May there light upon him the curse which the Lord sent in the law by Moses on the sons of iniquity. May his name be erased from the book of the living, and not be recorded with the righteous. May his partitions, and his heritage be with Cain, the fratricide, with Dathan and Abiram, with Ananias and Sapphira, with Simon Magus, and with Judas the traitor, and with those who said to God, ‘ Depart from us, we will not follow thy ways.’ May eternal fire devour him with the devils and his angels, unless he make restitution and come to amendment.’ Such is the course which, when

he has the power, he will pronounce, with all its accompaniments."

Mr. Cumming, in conclusion, read extracts from sermons preached by Dr. Wiseman, and other popish authors, to shew what kind of doctrines we must subscribe to,—(or be burned or butchered)—if the said Cardinal could carry his point. We need not say they are awfully blasphemous; and such as we will not blot our pages with, such as (by God's grace) we will never subscribe our hands unto. There is one more quotation we will make in order to shew such of our readers as may not be already aware of the blackness of popish doctrines. The Catholics (as they are called) have a work entitled, "The Glories of Mary." In it "St. Bernardine of Sienna describes a vision had by 'Brother Leo,' in which the dreamer saw two ladders, one red, at the top of which was Christ; and the other white, at the top of which stood the Virgin. Many who attempted to ascend the red ladder failed, and were thrown back again; but all who attempted the white ascended in safety, because the Virgin Mother was at the top, to lend them a helping hand. Now I will ask my hearers whether the tendency of such doctrines is not to give the prerogative of mercy to the mother and not to the Son. But Protestants want no aid from the Virgin, nor from any of the saints of heaven. "I believe (says Dr. Cumming) that the coming of Cardinal Wiseman will turn out a blessing from God, on account of the reaction which it will produce. Puseyism must disappear. They have got the real thing now, and no shams will pass."

#### But What Ought to be Done?

Mr. Hugh Stowell, toward the close of a powerful speech, delivered at a Protestant Meeting, recently held in Manchester, told the audience plainly what ought to be done, under the circumstances in which we are placed: and, in some measure, we sympathise with him.

"My friends, (said he,) What is to be done? First of all, let there be humble acknowledgment of fault. I would give nothing for repentance where there is not confession. If we don't confess, that as a Church, as a people, and as a nation, we have undervalued our Protestant privileges, and we have not prized our pure preached Gospel; we have not valued and loved the truth as it is in Jesus as we ought to have done; we have not contended for the faith once delivered to the saints; we have not trembled for the Ark of God like the old priest did in the day of peril and jeopardy;—if we don't confess those things to God we shall not prosper in our efforts. Next to our confession let us add our prayer. Let us plead with God to spare his land. Let the ministers and priests of the Lord weep between the porch and the altar, and say, 'Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to shame.' Next to this, let the ministers of religion give the key-note as they ought, and let every pulpit in the land raise its unequivocal voice so for Christ, and so against Anti-Christ. Let there be also a movement on the part of the masses of our people; let every dyer, and spinner, and joiner, and mason, and carpenter in Manchester and Salford, learn his Protestant trade as he learnt his craft, and let him be prepared to meet and master the Papist, wherever he meets him, by the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God."

#### A SOLEMN CHARGE

ADDRESSED TO THE MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

"I will say to the north give up, and to the south keep not back; bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth."

Go, christian seers, and spread the tale  
On every hill, in every vale,  
The tale of love divine;  
Show how in Christ that bled and died,  
The sins of sinners crucified,  
How rich their garments shine.

Proclaim afar, in foreign lands,  
That Jesus ever ready stands  
Lost sinners to embrace;  
His love and grace he don't confine  
To one great nation, tongue, or clime,  
He takes of every race.

The Jew, barbarian, and the Greek  
Are some of those he came to seek  
And save by bloody sweat;  
Nor will he bid you hold your peace,  
Nor order the wheels of nature cease,  
Till all in heaven are met.

Go, feed his sheep, and nurse his lambs;  
These are the nail-prints of his hands;  
The pregnant gently lead;  
He will reward you for your care,  
Grant you a crown most rich and rare,  
With all his blood-washed seed.

Should you a weeping sinner meet,  
Him gently lead to Jesu's feet,  
And with him there abide,  
Till you his mission have explained,  
What triumphs over hell he gained,  
And shown his pierced side.

Sound an alarm at Zion's gate,  
Disclose the sad, the awful fate  
Of all who Christ deny;  
For they who will not kiss the Son  
For ever must remain undone,  
Nor from his wrath can fly.\*

Equipp'd by grace, made strong to fight,  
The armed aliens put to flight,  
Who dare his kingdom fire:  
Your weapons are not polish'd steel,  
Swords and guns you're not to wield,  
Such arms grace don't require.

Withstand the foes who Christ repel,  
Bring low the lofty infidel,  
Wise in his own conceit:  
Break down the barrier—self-righteousness,  
Rend in pieces the fig-leaf dress,  
The chaff sift from the wheat.

Smite through the battlements of sin,  
Disarm malignant foes within,  
Prepared in fierce array  
Sound forth the law and gospel word,  
Cut with the double two-edged sword,  
Christ will his sceptre sway.

Ye watchmen that observe the times,  
Go round Mount Zion, announce the signs,  
The signs of antichrist:  
The scarlet whore, the papal power,  
Would still the chosen sheep devour,  
With dreadful sacrifice.

Rise, valiant men, like armies rise;  
She exalts herself against the skies,  
To pull God's temple down:  
The deeds of old are not forgot;  
Expose her cunning craft and plot;  
Uphold the British crown.

Rise, men of truth, tread error down;  
Court not their smile, fear not their frown;  
Your cause is just and wise;  
So shall Christ's empire be maintained,  
And to him numerous trophies gained,  
To laud him in the skies.  
19, Harrington Street North,  
Hampstead Road. F. F.

\* Psa. ii. 12; John viii. 21; Heb. x. 29.



**BRIEF NOTICES.****ROMISH DECREE TO DESTROY THE BIBLE.**

Messrs. Houlston and Stoneman have just published a pamphlet entitled "The public proclamation of the pontifical government to destroy the bible, as declared in a speech by the Rev. Dr. Achilli, at St. Alban's; with an urgent appeal to protestants founded thereon."

In the introduction the editor of this pamphlet says;—

"This speech ought to be circulated and to be read by the many millions of our fellow men; and solemnly indeed doth it behoove them to consider deeply the character, the conduct, and the consequences of the foe who would take from us heaven's richest earthly boon—the Book of books."

In the course of this speech Dr. Achilli said:—

"Early in the present week a dear brother arrived in London, who is the bearer of most consoling news from Rome itself. He has been driven out of Rome because, himself a follower of the Word of God, he did not believe the lies of the priests, nor bow down to the idol of the Vatican; and another powerful reason for his banishment is, that he is bound to me in close bonds of faith and of kindred. Before his departure, that Government chose to take possession of some of his private property, and amongst other things, of a pocket Bible, which our dear brother was in the habit of carrying about with him. He cautioned the agent of the police, saying to him, 'Observe, this little Bible is in English, and I am an Englishman.' 'The Pontifical Government,' replied the agent of police, 'The Pontifical Government has resolved upon destroying the Bible, wherever and however they find it.' These are the precise words used, and I repeat them to you, in order that you may repeat them far and wide."

Let every man that fears God read and roll forth this book among the masses of our people. If they can read the contents of this penny book unmoved, we say a dark day for our sweet isle is coming.

**INFIDELITY EXPOSED, AND TRUTH EXHIBITED.**

No. 13 of "THE BIBLE PREACHER" contains a sermon by Mr. JOHN STENSON, preached at Carmel Chapel, Westbourne Street, Pimlico, on Lord's-day evening, Sept. 22, 1850. This book contains a sermon preached in answer to a challenge given by an infidel. It also contains a brief notice of the infidel's death. We have an important letter relative to the circumstances connected with this affair, and had fully determined to insert it this month; but we are hindered. In January, God willing, we shall certainly give it. We have read the sermon with profit; we have had the opinion of others upon it, which we may express in the language of one who says, "For the gospel's sake many millions of this powerful discourse should be sent through the world."

**JABEZ'S PRAYER.**

An outline of seven sermons preached by Mr. R. G. Edwards, of South Chard, on Jabez's prayer, is given in No. 14 of the "Bible Preacher;" wherein a divine experience of the grace of God in the soul is very consistently described. The preacher treats his subject under four heads:—

First. Jabez. Second. His Conduct. Third. His Petition. Lastly. His Success. We think most of our brethren will be pleased to find this subject worked out so well. There is not a formal dryness in it. It certainly will (we hope) be accompanied by a heavenly blessing.

Both these numbers of the "Bible Preacher may be had of Houlston and Stoneman, of any of our agents, or through the Booksellers.

**END OF VOLUME VI.**

MY CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS,—I must address one word to you. Through the mercy of the Lord, I have been helped to bring another volume to a close. I sincerely and freely acknowledge that the imperfections in every part of the work are so numerous, that I am astonished at the gradual and continued increase of the circulation: above six thousand copies are now regularly published; and I should think the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL are not fewer than twenty-five thousand every month. But very few of my CORRESPONDENTS have received that attention I desired to give them; I am still hoping to manage things better; but I dare not make any promises; I have already broken so many. If every correspondent would aim at brevity, considering the smallness of my space, and the great number of communications, it would be a much easier task for me.

To my readers, I would propose one simple question—Do you find your souls profited by this work? Do you believe it calculated to be useful? If so, I beseech you to aid me in its circulation as much as you can; and by the help of the Lord, I will—if he spare and bless me, labour more than ever to make it a useful and spiritual messenger to the churches of Christ.

Among the many complaints made against the EARTHEN VESSEL, and its Editor, one is, that it is printed with "bad type, and on bad paper." Now it is a fact, that the type with which the Vessel is printed is—(especially the greater part of it) the very best that can be had; and it has cost about £50 for type this very year, and something considerable during the last year; the type is not bad, neither is the printing bad; but the type is small; this is admitted: and therefore do we use such small type, seeing it is so exceedingly expensive not only in its first cost, but also in its composition? Our answer is,—because we are not seeking to make money by the Earthen Vessel, but our desire is, to furnish the Churches of Christ with a periodical that shall bring them as great a quantity of spiritual and useful matter, for Two-pence a month—or one half-penny per week, as it is possible to produce.

To friends and foes, I say, my labours and trials with this work continue exceedingly heavy: but, the Lord has helped me. How much longer my poor life may be lengthened out, I cannot tell, but the very deepest desire of my soul is, to live in the fear and in the service of the Great Head of the Church: to finish my course with joy; and then receive an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom.

Dear Friends—I pray that great grace and ultimate glory, may be your portion, and the lot of your poor servant

THE EDITOR.

## The Funeral Sermon preached for the late Thomas Pearce,

BY JOHN EVANS, BAPTIST MINISTER, OF HIGH WYCOMBE.

WE have been favoured with an interesting outline of the discourse which Mr. John Evans preached for the late Mr. Thomas Pearce, at Little King's Hill Chapel, on Lords-day May 12th, 1850. This outline has also been accompanied with some letters and papers descriptive of his character, and dying moments. We have an unusual crowd of communications this month; and can only find room for a part of the funeral sermon; and some extracts from the valuable papers referred to.

The following abridgement of Mr. Evans's discourse, we pray the Lord to render useful to our ministerial brethren, and the churches at large.

Long before service began, people from different parts, were seen bending their way to the chapel, anxious not only to hear, but to pay the last token of respect to departed worth.

The service was begun by a nephew of our departed brother, (who also is in the ministry,) by giving out that well known hymn "*How happy is the pilgrim's lot;*" which had been much blest to his soul in his last illness; I read Matt. xxv. and endeavoured to get near to the mercy seat; we had, I trust, a sweet and solemn time there.

The text chosen, was Psalm cxvi. verse 15, "*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*"

After some introduction, Mr. Evans said—"The death of our brother has a voice! it speaks to the aged, and tells them that they must die; it has a voice to the young, and is now saying they will die; it speaks to the churchés; and what does his death say? that churches will not have their pastors always with them; it speaks to ministers, and proclaims that their work will soon be done; they must quit the stage of action, and leave the field of conflict; and weep in this valley of tears no more.

"This day reminds us that death pays no respect to persons; the wife must part with her husband; the child must lose the parent; the brother lose the brother; the flock the pastor: however much they may think his presence and labour may be needed: thus we are brought to see

that death pays no respect to sex or to situation.

"Death, apart from the atonement, is awful in its consequences beyond conception; for it is said *the wicked is driven away in his wickedness*; again, the wicked shall be turned into hell; the soul that sinneth it shall die. And the Holy Ghost by Paul has declared that the wages of sin is death; but death, with regard to the saints is not awful; for, death lost its sting when Jesus rose; see, yonder rolls a stream of blood; that bore the curse away; and of all those that are blest with the faith of God's elect, it is said, **THEY SHALL NEVER DIE**; on them the second death hath no power; they are born from above; and they have a life within them that shall never die, oh, how happy is the pilgrim's lot! Precious is the death of these saints!

Among them number'd may I be!  
Here and in eternity,

"The words of the text present to our notice three things.

"1. Characters the most sacred to describe,—*Saints*.

"1. A saint is one made so in the everlasting goodwill and purpose of God the eternal Father. The salvation of the church as a body, in all its parts, and in all its blessedness too, must flow from the everlasting love and grace of God, and that too before the world was made; for it is said, God worketh all things after the council of his own will.

"2. Saints are sanctified through the perfect work of Christ. All that law and justice demanded at the sinner's hand, did Jesus agree and covenant to pay in their stead, and for them.

"3. Saints are set apart by the special and powerful calling of God the eternal Spirit; God did from everlasting elect his people; Jesus the Holy One, and Son of the Highest, did redeem his people; the Holy Ghost did and does and will quicken and regenerate all the chosen people; and make them, and only them, meet for the heavenly glory.

"None can come till drawn; none can believe, till blest with faith, which is God's gift; the sinner is lost, the Holy Spirit

must find him; he is dead, the Spirit must give him life; he is blind, the Spirit must give him sight; he is deaf, the Holy Spirit must give him the hearing ear; and while the sinner has no spiritual life, he has no concern about his soul; the fear of God is not before his eyes. Christ he knows not; nor is he acquainted with the way of life and salvation by Jesus, yea the way of peace have they not known; and thus this state will shew how much the almighty ministry of the Spirit is needed to bring about that change, without which no sinner shall see God's face with joy.

II. A change the most solemn and certain asserted—Death.

Sin gave birth to death; death from the moment sin was committed has reigned over the whole of God's earthly domain. The reign of death displays God's sovereignty, but death with respect to the saints may be called a *friend*.

III. A cordial the most blessed administered:—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."<sup>53</sup> We will notice four things to prove that the death of God's saints is precious. 1. At death, all God's purposes with his saints in this world, receive their final accomplishment; his trying them; his afflicting them; his keeping, upholding, providing for them; yea, he has now led them by the right way, and they by him have got safe home at last. 2. At the death of the saints the purchase of the Redeemer's blood are admitted to glory. 3. At death, the work of the Holy Spirit in the saints is completed. 4. The death of every saint is bringing on the end of all things.

Now we will say something about the Master's servant.

It pleased the blessed Lord to call our late brother in early life, and to bring him to feel a very deep and earnest concern about his soul; which concern for months was most deeply felt.

About this time he was brought among a few professing godliness, at Rickmansworth; at which time he was led to see himself one of the greatest sinners out of hell; he was led to go much to a throne of grace. Sometimes he felt as if he could hope in God, and look alone to Christ for life and salvation. After awhile, our late brother was brought to see how a sinner could be saved, and God just. That text was much blessed to his soul—"Come unto me all ye that labour

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." O, how often has he said to me, "Ah, brother, that word,—"*and I will give you rest.*" During this time our brother was worshipping with the above named people; and it was at this place he began to speak in the name of the Lord.

After some time our brother was removed from this place to London; and here he was introduced to much gay company, through the situations he held; and found, very soon, the sad effects of being with the ungodly. He was now a stranger to peace. At times he would steal away and search about for a place of worship; hoping that he might hear something that would do his wounded spirit good, and make a lasting impression on his soul. Sometimes he would find his way to Jewin Crescent, and hear from the lips of Mr. Irons such things that would melt him down into a flood of tears for hours. Still he was under the force and power of temptation, and carried away with them; but the time was coming on when God drew him nearer to himself.

About this time he heard of Mr. John Church, in the Borough; and he felt a strong desire to hear him; but some weeks passed on before he could do so. At last the time came; and it was in that place—and on that night—and from that man—he heard those blessed things which were brought home with power to his soul, and proved a lasting blessing down to his dying hour. About this period, great promises were made to him if he would but give up his religious views; but the Lord kept him, and delivered him; for soon after this, a situation was offered to him under Lord Dormer, which he accepted; came down into the country; entered on the duties of his station; and united with the church at Little King's Hill, where his remains rest till the morning of the resurrection.

As soon as our brother was settled in the county of Bucks., the Lord began to employ him in the work of preaching that gospel which was dear to his heart; and soon after he began till almost the day of his death, was he constantly employed, both far and near. Our brother, in the latter part of his life, became much more sound in the faith, and bold in preaching the glorious doctrines of grace than at the first.

As a man he was one of the kindest;

truly it might be said of him he was a peacemaker and a benevolent man.

The last sabbath that found him among his people, he spake from these words, "ye must be born again;" and his address and remarks at the table will not soon be forgotten. His last illness was of that nature which did not allow of many persons seeing him; but throughout the whole of his illness he was favoured with much confidence and peace. On one occasion he said "I have no fears; the truths I have preached now support me; and I can die with them." Some days before he departed, he said, if his work was not done he was willing to stay; but if done, he was willing to go. The last words that he was heard to repeat was

"Ah, I soon shall be dying,  
Time swiftly flies away,  
But on my Lord relying,  
I hail the happy day."

Thus lived, and died, our brother, whose loss we mourn, whose end was peace.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF MR. THOS. PEARCE.

Mr. Thomas Pearce departed this life May 6th, 1850; and left a widow and four children; all of them married and settled, and very affectionate towards their dear father; he saw them all, and was enabled to converse with them; praying that they would love and fear God, and them they would have nothing more to fear. He had but little time for conversation between his sickness, as the sickness continued as long as he was able to speak.

Three or four days previous to his death, he was praying inwardly; his wife listening, caught the word "gates," and she said to him, "Have you got to the gates of the inner court?" And he answered, "O, what is heaven!" He then said "God will be a Father to my children, and a Husband to the widow; and so he will to you—for he has promised it—and so he will."

At another time he said, when hearing a voice below stairs, "I cannot attend to business now—my business is with Jesus Christ, he is doing my work, working out my salvation." At another time he said to his wife, "Do you think I shall get better?" She said, "Well, the Lord only knows; what do you think?" "Well," he said, "I have not thought much about it; I have left it with the Lord, trusting it will be well, for I am on the Rock; I

have no indication from the Lord otherwise." Then he dosed for a few minutes. At another time he said, "The same faith and hope that supported me in health supports me now; yet, after all, I must come as a poor sinner; and so must you, and all of you, or you will never get to God."

Two nights before he departed, he said to his daughter, "O what is it, you that are watching me? I have a higher watch above! Can you give me up at the last day?" He said to those standing by, "Pray to the Lord to take me."

All his illness he was never heard to complain; but took everything that was prescribed by his physician and doctor, without one murmuring word. And, when taking the toast and water, he looked up to his wife and said, "I shall never drink another full draught until I drink at the fountain of the river of life, with God and the Lamb."

The last night, when his children and friends were standing by, he said,— "Through mercy, I fear not death—

"On my Lord relying,  
I hail the happy day."

At three o'clock in the afternoon he fell asleep in Jesus without a sigh or a groan.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

[From some of the letters and papers forwarded to us, in connection with the funeral sermon for our late much esteemed brother Pearce, we extract the following; believing they are (in the Lord's hands) calculated to be useful. ED.]

DEAR SIR—I send you these few lines respecting our dear departed and much lamented pastor, Mr. Thomas Pearce, who lay very near to our hearts, and was much respected by all that knew him. As a neighbour, he was kind and peaceable, ready to give advice to any one that went to him; he was kind and generous to the poor and needy; willing to visit the sick and afflicted; and to administer comfort to them both temporal and spiritual as far as lay in his power; as a member in the church, he could bear and forbear; he could sympathise with his fellow members that were in any trouble; he would rejoice with those that did rejoice, and weep with those that wept; you will see something of the views he had of himself in

the following letter which he wrote to the church.

"My dear brethren and sisters in the Lord—the contents of your letter causes me some anxiety, and many fears; so that I feel a difficulty in giving you a decisive answer; the step you are taking is one of importance; good beginnings bring good endings; and I hope and trust it has been a matter of prayer and of consideration that the Lord's will may be manifest. I feel no difficulty as regards sentiments: I trust I can say I feel a kindred spirit with you, and a deep interest in your prosperity, as a part of the church of Christ; and more especially so since I have been called in providence to officiate in administering the ordinances of the house of God.

"I hope I have felt a little of the Lord's presence at times, and have been encouraged in seeing you manifest a special regard to the order of the house, and a desire to live in obedience to all the King's commands, rejoicing in a free grace gospel in its doctrinal, experimental, and practical effects: but the importance of the pastoral office makes me tremble; to fill such an office, requires one who is well established in the things of God, having a good knowledge of his word; a great deal of grace in the heart; a large acquaintance with the chief Shepherd; a man somewhat like Barnabas, full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; possessing much of the spirit of the great Master; capable of forbearance, and sympathy, and desiring to be useful. When I consider the subtle adversary, in his various temptations and stratagems to deceive and to destroy, though the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, or in the hand of the Spirit, the apostle's words are often mine, "*who is sufficient for these things?*" There are also very many and very great encouragements, when enabled to look at the faithfulness and superabounding fulness of him that filleth all in all, who is almighty, and hath said "lo! I am with you always." I trust I can see the goodness of the Lord, who hath (in his all-wise arrangements) cast my lot with a plain, and poor, but a praying people; who are somewhat acquainted with the innate depravity of the human heart, and the inability of man; who love to hear the Redeemer exalted and man laid low. You know also that preachers are but men of like infirmities with yourselves; and can feel for

them as such in their most trying moments knowing that all their supplies must come from above; and that we are but earthen vessels; having a little of the heavenly treasure.

"Believing that you have sought direction from the Lord, and that I am the subject of your prayers, as also of your sympathy, I can have no choice but to spend and be spent for the Lord, and for his people; therefore I leave myself in his hands, and hope it will be our earnest prayer that the unerring Spirit will guide the present and all our future movements.

"Your's for the Lord,

"THOMAS PEARCE."

In his preaching he was very plain and humble, setting forth the truths of the gospel, doctrinal, practical, and experimental; preaching Christ in his offices and characters; and pointing the poor sinner to his blood and righteousness alone for the salvation of the soul, opening up the depravity of the human heart and laying man low; setting forth the difference between a false profession and a real possession of saving grace in the heart, dividing the character of the sinner from the saint, and shewing the necessity of the new birth, and the work of the Spirit to meeten the soul for glory. The eternal love of God the Father, Son, and Spirit, was what he loved to dwell upon, shewing the mutual union existing between Christ and his church; the faithfulness of God to his promises; and the operations of faith in the soul; thus many souls have been blessed, some have been called from nature's darkness into a state of grace; others have been led to embrace the truth; while hungry souls have been fed, and thirsty souls have been satiated, and many have become more established and settled in their minds.

The last time he was able to attend at chapel, was a day which will long be remembered by many; on Lord's-day, March the 24th, he baptized three men, who came from a distance; and while standing at the head of the pool, he addressed the candidates and congregation in a very bold but solemn manner, and in his address he said he felt himself to be very ill, and if he had conferred with flesh and blood, he should not have been there; but as it was such an honourable service he felt constrained to come and attend to it.

There were several ministers there who assisted him in the services of the day: he humbly expressed his gratitude to them for their kindness, and said, though it might not be deemed prudent for him to go through the work, he felt himself to be like a noble general once in the field of battle who said he would rather die in the field, than give up cowardly; and as it was such an honourable service, and so good a master, whom he knew was able to support him through, he left himself entirely in his hands, and went on through the ordinance, giving glory to God. In the afternoon he administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to a goodly number, and gave the right hand of fellowship to the candidates and received them into the church of Christ.

"From your's in the best of bonds,  
"GEORGE MASON."

*Prestwood, June 11th. 1850.*

SOME SOUL-CHEERING REFLECTIONS ARISING OUT OF

**The Death of the late Robert Creed.**

CHRISTIAN READER—The following epistle, (or a good portion of it,) I read, after preaching a funeral discourse for our late brother Creed, whose death I noticed last month. This letter was so profitable to many souls, that I am constrained to publish it. May the Almighty Comforter bless it to your soul, prays—  
your willing servant,  
C. W. B.

MY DEAR PASTOR—I do desire according to promise, to let you know what past between me, and our dear departed brother Creed, the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him in this world, a few days before his death, (being in a very low state.) It was but little he could say, yet we are anxious to catch at every sentence that may fall from the lips of a dying saint, for the comfort and encouragement of others; and especially from those we have been united with in church fellowship, and have felt our hearts bound together by the ties of the Holy Spirit. My soul has many times been refreshed while he has been engaged in solemn prayer at the footstool of divine mercy, imploring the blessing of heaven to rest upon us as a church and people, and also fervently praying for you, his dear pastor, as the instrument in the hands of the Lord of feeding his soul with the bread of eternal life. We have heard him tell out his joys, and his sorrows; his trials and temptations; he has joined with us in celebrating the praises of our God. Those sweet seasons of communion we cannot soon forget; yet we do rejoice that his sorrows are over: his conflicts are ended; his spirit is fled to God that gave

it; his body lays in the silent grave, until the resurrection morn; when the dead in Christ shall arise to everlasting life. He has left the church militant, to join the church triumphant. He is now before the throne of God and the lamb, with all the holy angels; in possession of a crown of glory, that can never fade away; and a palm of victory in his hand. He was a man who knew by painful experience that he carried about with him a body of sin and death; he longed to lay it down. I do believe he had fully realized the joys of sins forgiven, through the precious blood of atonement being sprinkled upon his conscience. O, my soul! and can I say, without presumption, that I have an interest in that precious blood, that speaketh better things than that of Abel? I feel that I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say, *he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.* It is said, the just shall live by faith; he hath given unto me eternal life, and faith to believe I shall one day see, with unclouded eyes, MY ONCE CRUCIFIED REDEEMER. It was for sinners JESUS died; of whom I feel myself to be the chief; he came to seek and to save that which was lost. My dear Lord says "my sheep hear my voice, and they follow me." O, that I may be enabled still to bear the cross; and to follow him through evil and through good report; until he shall say to my soul—"Child! thy Father calls; come home." Our dear brother in glory,

Can now behold his Saviour's face  
Without a veil between;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in."

He is one with him, in all his beauty; in all his glory. I can truly say, at times, my soul longs for the rich repast. We have had many bright and clear evidences that his feet were set upon the rock of eternal ages; for instance, a short time ago, he was confined to his bed for a fortnight; I asked him what was the real state of his mind at that time? he said, one time he felt that happiness he could not express; he was only sorry he had to come back to the world again. These blessed love-visits were foretastes of heavenly joys; but what was that compared with what he now enjoys! after the prayer-meeting, on Thursday evening, I called to see him, with an inward desire to have a little close conversation with him. In this I was disappointed, as some of our dear friends were there before me. I heard him say he had been in a very dark state of mind all the week before. This must have been a trying path; afflicted in body, dark and benighted in his mind, and as it were upon the very verge of eternity! O, what a mercy, for poor helpless sinners, that God's love is unchangeable! it is an everlasting love; there is no variableness, nor the shadow of a turning; whom once he loves, he loves unto the end.

Sometimes the dear Lord is pleased to hide his face from his child, in times of trouble and affliction to try their faith and love; and to make his power better known; it is that we may take firm hold of his strength, and draw closer, and know more of him, whom to know is life eternal to the soul. Methinks I can enter a little into what must have been the cry of his soul in secret before the Lord—"Do, dear Jesus, shine into my soul with heavenly light and love again. Do appear: leave me not in the dark when I shall come into the swellings of Jordan." Well, he has said, "I will deliver; and thou shalt glorify me." This is close work; there is no true wrestling in prayer with God, until we are driven, as it were to the last extremity; then he will fulfill his word, in granting deliverance; here is a proof: I heard he should say a short time before he died, "O Lord, why lettest thou thy chariot wheels go so slow?" Here was a longing to depart and to be with Christ which is far better.

But to return. Our dear brother Gawkridders came in; he said—"Brother Rodgers, will you spend a few minutes in prayer?" he did so. I then drew near the bedside, to take my last farewell. I took his dear dying hand in mine. And I said, "well, my dear brother, if I should never more see you in this world, may the Lord grant you a triumphant entrance into his glorious kingdom above; where I trust we shall meet again to sing praises to God and the Lamb for ever." Yes, he replied, "it will be one eternal song." Willing to draw more from him if I could, I said, "O that precious blood, that precious blood;" and was going to say—"that cleanse from all sin;" he took the words out of mouth my and repeated them himself. I said—"the Lord grant you much of his presence; be with you until he shall see fit to take you to himself, where Jesus will be all in all to your never dying soul." I then left him with the happy assurance that I shall one day meet him again in the upper and better world.

There are solemn lessons to be learned at the bedside of the sick and dying saints. Sometimes they are so set at liberty, that they can tell out things they never could before, and bear testimony that God is true. Then we say, from our inmost souls, "Lord, let me die the death of the righteous; let my last end be like theirs." Others seem to go to rest in the dark, while underneath are the everlasting arms of love and mercy. Sometimes I wonder why my days are so lengthened, while so many young are ripened and taken home to glory, who apparently would have been brighter ornaments to the church of Christ than me. I will tell why I think it is; because God hath chosen the base things of the world to show forth his praise; that his power may be fully known in saving such a rebellious wretch; yet, notwithstanding all the baseness and inbred sin

I feel at times working in my fallen nature, it is my unspeakable happiness to have fully realized, that the mercy of God is greater, and more than a match for all my sins; nevertheless, I am brought at times to deep searchings of heart, and much self-examination before the Lord, to know how matters stand between God and my soul; and to know if I have in any way been deceiving myself with a name to live while I am dead. Search me, O God, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. But the more I have cried out in this way the greater has been the manifestations of the love of God to my soul; the Lord leads me by his Holy Spirit to pray for those blessings he has graciously designed to give. He sees my heart and knows my thoughts, and I do desire to honour him in all I do and say. I confess I have no fellowship with cold half-hearted professors. I know the affections are easily drawn aside, and enticed; yet, I feel that I want a whole, a full, and a free salvation: there is none out of Christ. It is a solemn thing to make a profession without a possession—it is a solemn mockery in the sight of God. Yet I would not discourage the weakest babe in grace. O no; I love their souls too well. The grace of God is soon discerned, be it ever so small: it is not the quantity of faith; no, it is the quality; for we are all one in Christ Jesus. I read in the sacred Scriptures that some had strong faith, some weak. Then it is as I said before, he carries the lambs in his arms, while those who have got strong faith, are molested by the great adversary of their souls at every turn; this is how I find it. Sometimes my Lord Jesus graciously condescends to draw me by the cords of his love; and I feel that I embrace him in the arms of my faith, and find that I have all my soul desires; then I long to die; ah, that I do. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits! O magnify the Lord with me; let us exalt his name together. I was brought low and he hath helped me. He hath honoured his unworthy child, and given her a name and a place among his children, even the excellent of the earth, and shall not I honour my God? Shall I dare to conceal what he has done for my soul? No; I am ashamed I so soon forget, and say so little of his mercy. All glory to his dear name! for my sake he became poor, that I, through his poverty, might be made rich. Satan does at times throw his fiery darts at me; and wounds, and distresses my soul; but I am brought off more than conqueror through him that hath loved me, and given himself for me. I do at times get wounded by my best friends; but I know there is balm in Gilead; I am obliged to apply to the head Physician for healing, and for cure; and a blessed healing it is; for he bindeth up the broken in heart, and healeth all their

wounds : and sometimes those wounds are the means of bringing the glory of God to rest upon me. I find there has been a cutting off; a gradual weaning from every thing short of Christ; so that I have been driven to him from downright necessity; indeed I have been obliged to fly to the Rock for the want of a shelter. I have many changes, many trials; but I can say

“ On Christ, the solid Rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.”

Sometimes, while I am walking to the house of God I feel such holy bedewings, such soft whispers of the Holy Spirit, that I shall never be able to tell out if I had a thousand tongues: and whatever state I am in, I feel my mind so supported with the word of God coming to me. This is where I stand; in my darkest seasons, I feel a solid staidness upon God; a wholly relying upon the faithfulness of God, who cannot lie. May the Lord bless you, and may we hold on, and hold out to the end, clinging to Jesus the sinner's Friend.

Your's in the best of bonds,

C. CHAPPELL.

No. 1, Marygold Street, Jamaica Rono.

**Letter by the late D. Denham on the Death of Dr. Hawker.**

MY DEAR BRETHREN in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,—Having spent seven years of my life near the residence of the late venerable Vicar of Charles, with whose friendship and good counsels I was favoured on all occasions; and having the highest esteem for many of his numerous friends in the town and neighbourhood of Plymouth; in whose society I have repeatedly enjoyed the most sacred pleasure, and with whom I hope to spend a glorious eternity: I have been induced, most affectionately, to address you at this season of poignant sorrow, occasioned by the death of our late instructor in the mysteries of grace, and faithful witness for the Most High.

Who, that loves our Lord Jesus Christ, can hear of the translation of one so renowned for faith and fellowship with God, but must exclaim, My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof? For as Elisha caught the prophet's mantle, and smote the waters of Jordan, saying, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? So our dear departed brother, in the righteousness of Christ, (Elijah's great antetype,) has passed through the Jordan of death in the triumphs of victorious faith, while elect angels formed his fiery chariot to convey his heaven-born soul to the heights of bliss. With you, my brethren, I grieve, for surely the loss sustained is great to the church, the mourning relatives, and the poor of his parish, who so often shared in his bounty. But I rejoice, since his gain is infinitely greater than our loss, and he is now, where he so ardently longed to be: his afflictions are terminated, his happiness consummated, and his ransomed soul for ever filled with Jehovah's ineffable glory.

Eternal praises to the Lord, who, in abundant mercy, lengthened his laborious and useful life, to near four score years; and continued him in his public capacity as his ministering servant, near half a century. Death is always attended with solemnity; and calculated to awaken reflection, in the mind of the most careless: but in the present instance, every feeling of sympathy for the bereaved flock, and affectionate regard for an aged ambassador of Christ, is excited in the bosom of all, who duly appreciate his worth. Like the patriarch Jacob, he prayed for his children, and blessed them waiting for God's salvation: like Moses, he ascended the mount, beheld the land of promise, and died at the word of the Lord; and like another Paul, how often have you heard him say, I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in our British Israel? How! fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen, and one of the brightest luminaries is removed from the hemisphere of the church below. O ye inhabitants of Plymouth, listen to the solemn sound of death! he that for near fifty years held the flaming torch of truth in his hand, and with the voice of tender solicitude warned, rebuked, and reprov'd you, with all long suffering, is now no more. He that, in the most eloquent strains, unabating zeal, and fervent affection, once stood in your midst, preaching the everlasting gospel, is now called to his eternal rest, and crowned with life and immortality. Let me appeal to you, as from the tomb of this departed saint; have you received the Holy Ghost? have you been profited by his ministry? are you concerned to imitate his christian example? are you prepared to follow him into another world? You may revere his character, and eulogize his name: but unless you are born again! and blest with repentance towards God, and faith in that only able and willing Saviour, who has been so long exhibited within the hallowed walls of your church; you will be for ever excluded from the felicity which is now enjoyed by your late minister: but you that know the Lord, and are living upon his salvation, may assuredly anticipate the joy of meeting him, and with him inheriting the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world. But while the tear of undissembled love is falling from the cheeks of sorrowful relatives, a widowed flock, and all to whom the name of ROBERT HAWKER is dear, we do well to bear in mind, that however he was distinguished by all that could render him amiable in life, and like Saul and Jonathan, lovely in his death; these were the endowments



of sovereign grace, the unmerited gifts of God, and the fruits of that Holy Spirit, which he received in the day of his new birth and espousals to Christ. Another witness for the truth is dead, but the truth itself still lives! the honoured servant is removed, but the great Master of assemblies still says, Lo, I am with you alway.

O ye spiritual worshippers at Charles; ye highly taught followers of Christ, to whom the ministry of your late pastor came not in word but in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power: while I sympathize with you and lament the loss of one so dear, I pray that you may learn by his death what he so frequently inculcated, when in almost every sermon he exhorted you to make Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega, the first and last in your hope of eternal life. And as the church of God through all ages has been favoured with a succession of faithful ministers, may the Lord graciously provide an Elisha to succeed your late venerable Elijah; that under the rich anointing of the Holy Ghost, the gospel may be continued to you in all its purity and power, and much good be done in the name of the Lord.

I regret that a distance of near three hundred miles has prevented me from being present, to pay my last public tribute of respect at the grave of one, who in his life, was so eminently distinguished for fidelity and decision in the cause of Christ; and who being dead yet speaketh in the heart and life of many, who by his instrumentality were turned from darkness to light: and he will, I trust, continue to speak in his numerous writings, accompanied by the Holy Spirit's power, to the awakening, instructing, and comforting of thousands that are yet afar off. And while his memory will be long embalmed in the affections of his family, and all the ministers and congregations of the faithful, who have been honoured with his public and private instructions; may we have grace to copy his bright example, and thus practically demonstrate, that we are followers of him as he followed Christ.

Soon shall the number of God's elect be accomplished, and the shadow of death be turned into a morning without clouds: the saints' armour be exchanged for palms of victory, and the conflicts of the present world be succeeded by the joys of heaven. Then shall we that have believed through grace, again meet our departed brother, and with patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and countless millions washed in the blood of Jesus, clothed in his righteousness, and crowned with life, be for ever satisfied in his likeness, and ascribe to *Father, Son and Holy Ghost*, the praise of our whole salvation.

Finally, my dear brethren, accept this humble tribute of sincere affection in the name of Jesus, accompanying me to his throne of grace in the well known language of our deceased father in the gospel:

"And daily 'till our Lord shall come,  
To take his whole redeemed home,  
With him for ever then;  
The Lord send blessings from above,  
The Father's, Son's, and Spirit's love  
Be with us all, Amen."

D. DENHAM.

*Margate, April 13, 1827.*

### A Glimpse of Jesu's Face.

OF all the sights that's ever been  
Viewed by the human race,  
There never yet has one been seen  
Like the Redeemer's face.  
On earth, his face does not appear  
To them who it do love,  
So brilliant, so divinely clear,  
As seen by them above.  
But, though as through a darken'd glass,  
His lovely face we view,  
It does all things beside surpass  
That mortals ever know.  
But, when his face we first do see,  
It wears a dreadful frown;  
Yes, when the Lord first look'd on me,  
That look soon brought me down.  
Then at the feet of Christ I lay,  
Scarce dared lift up my eyes,  
Till Jesu's looks did plainly say,  
"Come, rise, poor sinner, rise!"  
And as I gaz'd upon his face,  
I saw that frown depart;  
And looks of grace then took its place,  
Which pierc'd my very heart.  
O! what did I now plainly read  
In the Redeemer's face?  
That he to pardon me did bleed,  
And all of his own grace.  
What joy divine my soul then felt,  
Which I can never tell;  
While looks of love my heart did melt,  
And all my shackles fell.  
My soul was full, (could hold no more,)  
Of unction from above,  
While tears of joy my eyes did pour,  
As they beam'd forth with love.  
And every time his face he shews,  
The eye of faith perceives  
His love no alteration knows,  
This every want relieves.  
His looks reprove our foolishness,  
To harbour doubts and fears,  
His smiles make perfect happiness  
When ever he appears.  
But when he frowns, us to chastise,  
Our souls are then in pain;  
Or, when his face from us he hides,  
But still he smiles again.  
While Jesus shews his face to me;  
His image I do bear,  
Of holiness, which others see;  
Which can't be hid when there.  
But when he turns his face away,  
So that 'tis hid from view;  
The likeness of my Lord, I say,  
Cannot be seen, 'tis true.  
O! when I see his face above,  
I shall for ever be  
Just like the blessed Lord I love,  
Through all eternity.  
*Tring.* G. ELVEN.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF MATTHEW HEBPURN,

WHO WAS BORN JULY 20, 1836, AT HAMPTON, MIDDLESEX, AND DIED APRIL 30, 1846.

READER:—I have two reasons for laying before you some account of this dear child. First—I have been earnestly solicited to do so by his friends, and I am inclined to comply with their request, on account of the christian regard I bear them. My second reason for writing this account is—in the leadings of God's providence, I was brought to be personally acquainted with this dear child; and have sat many evenings by his bed-side; and have had my soul refreshed and comforted with spiritual conversation with this precious babe in Christ; and many a time has my soul been sweetly led out in prayer to the Lord on his behalf in private, and in wrestling with God, on my knees, beside his bed of affliction; for he was an afflicted child, and, I believe, a child of grace, a living witness of the truth of that scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength."

I preached his funeral sermon from the text quoted above; and was led to speak of the sovereignty of God as it is displayed in creation, providence, and grace; and that the grace of God was sovereignly displayed in this child, in convincing him of sin, and of his need of righteousness, and leading him to look to Christ, and Christ alone for salvation; leading him as a lamb of the fold to the bosom of a precious Christ, and sovereignly taking him home to eternal glory away from the evil to come, a babe in years naturally, but a man in Christ Jesus spiritually.

In the month of February, 1845, I received a letter from Mr. James Walker, of Sunningdale Nursery, Berks, to supply the pulpit at Bethel Meeting-house on Lord's-day, the 16th. I accepted the invitation; and on the morning of the 16th rose and proceeded. I was the subject of changes at the commencement of this ride; was dark in mind, and without the manifest presence of Him whom my soul loveth. After riding a few miles, one of Mr. Walker's sons met me. We arrived in safety at Bethel, and the dear Lord brought me through that day, and proved himself a faithful God.

After this, I supplied occasionally at Sunningdale. One Sunday, in the month of April, Mr. Jabez Walker met me as usual; this Sunday morning, in the course of conversation, brother Jabez first mentioned this dear child, Matthew Hebpurn; and that in a way which created in me a desire to become personally acquainted with him. Jabez informed me that this child had been laid for some time on a bed of affliction, which had prevented him from going to chapel, of which he was very fond; the Lord had been pleased once more to raise him up; and that he expected that he would be able to come to chapel that morning, and that it was the child's own particular request that the minister should publicly return thanks to the Lord for raising him up once more, and favouring him to come to chapel again to hear his gospel preached. He told me some strange things concerning this child; he believed the Lord had begun a work of grace in his soul; for he had often heard him talk in such a way that it put him to the blush, and made him ashamed of himself.

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In prayer, that morning, I was enabled, to remember the child; I shall never forget the sweet liberty of soul I felt in praying for him. I told the Lord I had been requested to thank him on behalf of this child, for his mercy to him, in raising him up from a bed of affliction, and bringing him once more to his house of prayer; that I was a stranger to the child, and the child to me; "but, Lord (I said) thou knowest all about him, and the desires of his heart;" when in rushed this scripture into the mind, and out it came from the lips,—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger;" and, I said, "Lord, thou canst ordain strength out of the mouth of this babe, and teach him to praise thee." And from that moment I was enabled to plead for the child as belonging to the Lord.

I dined that day, as usual, at Mr. James Walker's, and the child was there. In the course of conversation, something was said about prayer, and the child made some remark; but I forget what it was; but this I remember, I turned to him, and said, "What do you know about prayer?" When the little thing coloured up, and answered with such modesty and simplicity, that I could not admire it, "I hope I know something about prayer." Determined to try him, I said, "Yes; I suppose you say your prayers like other children?" His eyes sparkled, and he answered sharply, "To say prayers, to ask God for things with my lips that I don't feel my need of, is only mocking; and one thing I know, if I pray aright, the Lord must first put in the prayer." "Well, (said I,) how do you know you ever did pray aright?" "Because the Lord (he replied) hath answered my prayers." At this period he had had a long affliction; I spoke to him about his affliction, and the little thing told me he had prayed to the Lord to raise him up, and bring him to chapel once more; that he had had many fears during the past week that he should not be able to come, but the Lord had been greater to him than all his fears; "even this morning (he said) I was afraid it would rain, and that I should not be able to come; but here I am in answer to prayer; and I know the Lord hath answered my prayers."

I supplied the pulpit at Bethel Meeting House, Sunningdale, occasionally, till the month of June, when, in the providence of God, I was removed from London to Sunningdale to labour amongst them, which gave me the means of close and personal acquaintance with this child. I had only just come to live there, when, in conversation with a person, I heard a very different account of him to that which I had heard of his uncle, Mr. Jabez Walker. This person informed me that he was a little artful fellow; that his aunt had crammed religion down his throat, and taught him to talk about it like an old man; that Mr. ——— knew that there was no religion in him, and that he would not have prayed for him in the way in which I did; I made no reply, but I thought the more; and my mind became exercised about it, and that in such a way that I was compelled to carry it to

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the Lord, and to beg of him not to suffer me to be deceived; but that if he had begun a work of grace in the dear child's heart, that he would be pleased to make it fully manifest to me. Whilst I was thus addressing the dear Lord I was again favoured to feel a sweet spirit of prayer and liberty of soul on the child's behalf.

His aunt used to attend the Baptist Chapel, Sunningdale, and take the child with her; and it appears that by some means or other his mind became at a very early age impressed with the necessity of a change of heart. So deeply was his mind impressed with this great truth, "ye must be born again," that when only a little fellow in petticoats, sitting very pensive and sad, his aunt said to him, "What makes you look so solid, my dear?" when he said, "I should not like to see my father and mother sink down to hell; for I know they must, if God does not change their heart." One day, in conversation with him, I mentioned this circumstance, having heard of it from his aunt and uncle, I asked him how he came to say so? He said, because he felt that without a change of heart he must go to hell; and he was sure his father and mother had no religion, and his heart was full of sorrow on account of it. "Well, (I said,) what do you mean by a change of heart?" Because I believe a great many people have plenty of religion who know nothing of a change of heart; God must begin the work in us, and make the heart right before we have any religion that is acceptable in His sight, who sees not as man sees; and if God has done this work in us, we know something about it. His reply was, "what I mean by a change of heart, is this, (and God has promised to do it for his people,) he says in his word, 'A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.'" "Well, (I said,) has God done this work in you?" He replied, "Sometimes I hope he has, and sometimes I fear he has not; and I will tell you what makes me afraid, I feel that I have got such an hard heart, that I am afraid God never took away the heart of stone out of my flesh, and this makes me pray to God to take away the heart of stone; and sometimes I feel to have a little feeling heart, and then I hope God has begun the work in me."

Reader, does this look like a religion crammed down his throat by human instruction, or like the work of God in the soul of his dear child? If you know what it is to mourn over the hardness of your wretched heart, and now and then to feel a little softness you can enter into the simple statement of this babe in Christ. I have not told you all the conversation I had with him on this subject; but to me it was evident he felt the importance of it; and, from what I have told you, I think it will be evident to you if you know the plague of your own heart, and the delivering mercies of God in your own soul.

After he had been with his aunt some time, the scrofula broke out upon him, which rendered him a great sufferer; but still he would go to chapel, and longed for the Sabbath Day to come. One day walking in the garden with his aunt, seeing a bird fly across the walk, he said, "I wish I was that bird; then I should not have a soul to be saved or lost." One evening in conversation with him, I asked him if he really used that expression? He said, "Yes." "And is it possible (said I)

that you could wish you were a bird, to have no soul to be saved?" "Ah, sir, (he said,) that was not my meaning; I felt that I had a soul—a soul that could never die—a soul that had sinned against God—and I was afraid my soul was a lost soul: and that made me wish I was that bird; that bird was no sinner, and had no soul to be lost for its sins. I know if God will save me, it is a mercy that he has made me with a never-dying soul, because then I shall enjoy God for ever, and be with Christ for ever: but if God will not save me, I had better never been born, to sin against him and perish in my sins; or I had better been made a bird without a soul than have a soul to be lost." "Well, (said I,) but what sins have you committed—you are so young?" Here I mentioned several sins that are committed by adult persons; and I said you have done none of these things. "Ah, (said the dear child,) I have a heart full of sin; I have evil thoughts; I have evil tempers; I am impatient under my afflictions; I murmur and I am fretful; and O how unkind I sometimes speak to my kind aunt; and what is worse than all, I sometimes have hard thoughts of God; I think he is a cruel God to afflict a poor little thing so much. I hate these thoughts; I try to keep them away, but come they will; they master me; I have no strength against them; and I feel that there is sin enough in one of these thoughts to sink me to hell for ever."

Reader, I have told you a little of this conversation;—and what did I feel whilst conversing with the child? Why, as though I could clasp him to my heart, and call him, "Brother in Christ!" for it did my heart good to hear his infant tongue tell out some of the very things my own soul had passed through; and I glorified the God of all grace for his grace manifested in this babe. He loved his Bible, *Denham's Hymn Book*, *Huntington's Little Faith*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. These were his chief companions. He would read them, ponder over them, aye, and sometimes expound them to the astonishment of his uncle and aunt, and Mr. Chitty. I have often heard his uncle say, he has shut him up many a time; made him feel a fool; and made him afraid he knew nothing aright.

After getting a little better, he was taken home to his native place for change of air. His health improving, his mother sent him to the Church school. This was a great trial to him; and they wanted him to say the Church catechism and the Lord's prayer; and he felt afraid, and could not say, yea, dared not say one or the other, and that from the feelings of his own soul. In conversation with him, one day, on this event, I said, "But why could you not say the Lord's prayer? Why were you so particular?—I dare say there was not a boy in the school that refused to say it beside yourself." "No, (said he,) not one; but then, poor things, they knew no better; I did; I felt that to call God my Father without feeling and knowing he was my Father, would be very wicked; that it would be very wicked; that it would be telling a lie: the Lord Jesus Christ said to some, 'Ye are of your father, the devil,' and I am afraid that is my case; how dare I call God my Father? But O that I knew he was my Father, and that Jesus was my Saviour!" He then told me of one Sunday in particular when he was at Church with the rest of the children, when

gabbling over the Lord's prayer, it had such an effect upon him, that it made him feel quite ill; so much so that he was forced to give vent to his feelings, for he was afraid the church would fall in and kill him with the rest of the people; distressed in his feelings he sobbed and cried aloud, which so disturbed them that he was ordered to be taken out of the Church; and that when he got out he said to himself, "Well I hope I shall never go there any more."

Now reader, are there not hundreds, yea, thousands of hardened professors of the gospel in pulpits and out of pulpits, feeding themselves without fear, shrieking out, my Father, my Saviour, when they know nothing of fear; God was never manifested to them as a Father, nor Christ revealed in them as a Saviour; but here was a babe trembling with fear at formality, hypocrisy, and presumption; his soul made, through grace, honest before God, and he did not dare use language with his lips that he did not feel in his heart; it puts me in mind of the Lord Jesus when he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." But to return:—

I said to him, "Well, but if you could not say the Lord's prayer, what could hinder you from saying the catechism—there is some good things in that; there are the ten commandments, they are the law of God; that is good?" He said, "They are good; but you look at the beginning of the catechism, and tell me if that is good? They ask me—'What is your name?' I answer, 'Matthew.' They then ask me—'Who gave you this name?' And what is the answer? 'My godfathers and godmothers, in my baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' There (said he,) these are three most awful lies! How can the sprinkling of a little water in a child's face make it a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?" "How indeed?" said I. "Besides, (he proceeded,) I don't think that sprinkling is baptism; for I read in my Bible, that Philip, when he baptised the eunuch, went down into the water with him, it says, 'They both went down into the water together, both Philip and the eunuch, and they came up out of the water;' it is plain then that Philip dipped him in the same manner that you baptists do; and there is another thing that has struck my mind; when the eunuch saith, 'Come, see here is water, what doth hinder me from being baptised?' Philip replies, 'if thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest;' it is plain, then, that a person fit for baptism must be a believer, and a baby cannot be a believer." I said, "Well, my dear, to lay all this aside, let us come to the point, can you tell me, how any man, woman, or child, is made a child of God?" The little fellow said, "I will try in my simple way, that is, in the way I see it: My father has several children; my aunt takes me, and adopts me as her own child. She says, *I will* take this child, *I will* teach him, *I will* feed him, *I will* clothe him, *I will* house him, in short, *I will* do all for him, *I will* bring him up as my own." The little fellow laid a peculiar stress on the words, *I will*: and a very peculiar stress on

the word *all*. "Well, (said he,) this is just the way in which it has come to me in my thoughts; before God made the world he knew how many men, women, and children, he would make upon it; and he knew all about them, and what sinners they would be; 'well,' said God, in his own thoughts, in his own mind, '*I will* fix my love upon this man, and upon that man; upon this woman and that woman, and this child and that child; I choose them, and I will adopt them into my family; they shall be my sons and my daughters; but they will fall, they will be sinners; now, my dear Son, I give them into your hands, to save them from their sins; the Son was as willing as his Father, because he loved the people with the same love, and the Holy Ghost was willing to teach them all things concerning God's love and their salvation by Jesus Christ, because the Holy Ghost loved them just the same as the Father and the Son; and God being unchangeable, he will never change one of them away for another; as the Bible saith, 'He rests in his love, and hateth putting away.' Now, there was nothing in me why my aunt should have taken me in preference to either of the rest of my father's children; she might have taken another if it had been her mind to do so; but it was not; her mind fixed on me;—so there was nothing in God's people to recommend them to his notice; indeed, I think he hath chosen the very worst, and he hath done it entirely of his own will, and he teaches them by his Spirit, he washes them in the blood of Christ, clothes them in his righteousness, he feeds them all their journey through, and houses them, takes them home with him to heaven to be his children for ever: and that is the way, I think, that God makes members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." "Well, (said I,) my child, by some means or other you have got very clear views of truth; but what is all this to you if you are not a child of God?" The tears started into his eyes; he was silent for some minutes; I expected I should receive some answer as soon as he could recover himself. Presently he wiped his eyes, and fixed them full upon me; and thus he began, "Mr. Mason, you remember one Sunday, before you came to live here, you had an engagement somewhere else, and you could not come to preach here; and you sent down Mr. Betts, he took for his text, Isaiah xl. 11, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom; and shall gently lead those that are with young.' That was the best sermon to my soul that I ever heard preached. Under that sermon I was led to see the way in which the Lord saves sinners; in that light I never saw it before; Mr. Betts seemed to speak to me as if I was the only one in the chapel; he spoke a great deal about the Lord carrying the lambs in his bosom; and the reason why he carried them was, they could not walk alone; and if I get to heaven the dear Lord must take me up and carry me all the way. Mr. Betts spake as though he knew all about me, and I did hope I was one of the Saviour's lambs; yes, I do hope God hath made me one of his children." Now, to confirm this simple statement of this child his uncle has assured me that there was scarcely a day passed over his head, after hearing this sermon, but he was talking about something Mr. Betts said; and

that he believed his soul was set at liberty under that sermon, and it was food for his soul for days, weeks, and months afterwards.

He was taken ill again; it was the will of his heavenly Father that he should drink deeply of affliction's cup. He was taken with a bad hip, which rendered him a cripple, unable to walk for seventeen months. His aunt used to draw him to chapel in a little cart as long as he was able to go; but at last he was reduced to such a state that he was unable to be taken; yea, reduced to such a state that he could scarcely be moved. It was when he partially recovered from this long affliction that his uncle told me of him, and requested me to remember him in prayer, as I have before related. I went to see him one evening when he was confined to his bed; I found him very weak and low, and he appeared scarcely able to speak. I did not say much to him; for I thought him unable to bear conversation. After sitting by his bed-side a little while, I got up to leave him; I put out my hand to shake hands with him, and I said, "Good night, Matthew:" he took my hand and held it fast; he fixed his eyes upon me—and there was such a peculiar expression of feature that I never shall forget; methinks I see him now—his lips moved; and he said with such earnestness, "*Mr. Mason, pray for me!*" I said, "My dear boy, I will whenever the Lord enables me." He said, "I believe it; but I mean, pray for me, pray with me now." "Well, (I said,) what do you want—what am I to ask the Lord for?" "Oh, (he said,) I want patience; ask the Lord to give me patience to bear up under my sufferings." I knelt by his bed-side, and I was enabled to pour out my soul on his behalf. In addressing the Majesty of heaven, in my prayer, I mentioned Job and his patience, and the Lord's end in view, in the afflictions with which he visited his people, even to shew them that he is very pitiful and of tender mercy. When I rose from my knees he again took my hand, and he said, "Sit down; I want to speak to you a few minutes." I sat down; and he said, "I am very fond of the book of Job, for I think his affliction was like mine; I was talking with Jabez the other day about it, and I told him so. 'Ah, but (he said) Job was a patient man.' I said, 'Yes; but his patience was not his own; he was only patient as the Lord made him so; I feel that I am an impatient little creature; but now and then I can say, 'Thy will be done,' then I am patient; but that is very seldom; I want more of it. Do you know, I feel like two boys; that is, as though I had two minds: one mind that is fretful, discontented, and impatient—one mind that is all sin; and one mind that loves all that is good. And when I feel that mind, then I am patient; I think I am like Paul, when he said, 'When I would do good, evil is present with me.'" He said much more, and quite enough to prove to me that he felt "reigning grace and striving sin."

His conversation was both sweet and savoury on soul matters; his outward man did indeed decay; but he was enabled, through grace, to bear his afflictions, towards the last, with wonderful patience. His poor body was scrofulous all over. He had a festilo and consumption all in his poor body at one time; but his inward man was renewed day by day. The surgeon who attended him said he was the greatest sufferer he ever saw at that age.

Towards the latter end of his life that text in Isaiah xl. 11, seemed to bear him up wonderfully; it was the prop of his soul; yea, he was enabled to believe he was a lamb, through rich grace, carried through all his afflictions in the bosom of a Saviour, whose name he dearly loved. One night his uncle asked him if he did not wish to get better? His reply was, "I have two minds; one to get better, and the other mind longs to get rid of this lifeless lump of clay, and to depart to be with the lambs in Christ's fold which is far better." Towards the latter end of his life he was at times in a very dark state of mind; and upon one of these occasions his uncle said to him, "What do you think, now, about the matter? For it appears very plain to me that you will not be here long; for if we depart out of this time state without an interest in Christ and his great salvation, we must be lost, and these are solemn things to talk about." Not that his uncle doubted that God had begun a work of grace in him, and made it manifest that he was a vessel of mercy; but, like myself, he liked to sift him, and search to the bottom to see what he would say; and his answer upon, this occasion, was a question—"If the Lord had meant to cast me away, would he have shewn me these things?"

The few days before he died, he could not bear his uncle to leave his bed-side, but wanted him to stay with him either to read to him or talk about Jesus Christ, the good and great Shepherd; and he would say, "*O what care the dear Lord must take of his family!*" His uncle said to him, "You think because you are young, and have not done much wickedness, the Lord will have mercy upon you?" His answer was, "*No; I do not think so; I know if I had had what I deserved, I should have been in hell before now; for I am a sinner: but what a mercy Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.*"

Upon another occasion he said, "*How sweet must be the singing in heaven!*" This was a few days before he died; and he added, "*I long to be there to join in their song!*" His aunt said to him, one night, "My dear, you will not live to see the morning." But he did live to see the morning; and then his aunt said, "Ah, my dear, you will not live to see another night." His reply was, "*I shall not die yet, aunt; my time is not yet come; when the Lord wants me he will send for me, for I cannot go till he does; but I hope the Lord will send for me soon, that I may be delivered from this misery and woe, to be with him, where there is no more pain, sorrow, sighing, nor crying.*" The few days before he died, he said very little, being so very weak that he was not able to move hand or foot; and at this time would not let his uncle leave him on any account. Towards the last, he said to him, "Now what does your hope of heaven depend on?" His uncle says, he gave him such a look that he shall never forget it; and he answered, "*Jabez, how do you expect to be saved!*" When his uncle told him he expected to be saved in, through, and by Jesus Christ, the dear babe replied, "*Jesus Christ is my only hope,*" and then fell into a doze. When he awoke, his poor dear aunt was standing weeping by his bed-side, when he said, "Aunt, do not fret for me; I shall soon be gone." She said, "My dear, do you think you shall live the day out?" He said, "*I shall surely die to day.*" She asked him how he knew that? He replied, "*Something within me has told me so.*" He then requested his

aunt to leave the room, for her weeping only hurt his mind, and she could do no more for him. She complied with his request. He then begged of his uncle not to leave the room, nor yet to go to sleep; "aye, (said the poor little sufferer,) it will not be long before it is all over."

Being left alone with his uncle, he began to talk about the lambs of Christ's fold, and appeared to have great liberty of soul. When his uncle asked him if he still found that Scripture precious to his soul, (meaning Isaiah xl. 11,) he said, "Yes, yes; very sweet, very sweet indeed." His uncle said, "Then you really do feel that the Lord's hand is underneath you to support you in the hour of death?" He said, "Yes, yes; free from pain, free from trouble now!" And this he said with such liberty and such happiness beaming in his countenance that it was almost more than his uncle could bear; but he did not dare give vent to his feelings, for the dying ebild had told him, "You must talk to me without crying." After this he fell asleep, and appeared to sleep sweetly for a little while; but his uncle found that it was the sleep of death; and he called his aunt into the room just in time to see him breathe his last in this world of sin, sorrow, and woe. It may be truly said, "His end was peace;" he did indeed fall asleep in Jesus about eleven o'clock, on the 30th of April, 1846, aged nine years and ten months.

JAMES MASON.

#### Mr. John Poynder, a Baptist Pastor.

**BROTHER BANKS** :—It is remarkably mysterious that after so long and arduous a time spent in the navigation of the broad rivers, "where no galley with oars pass," you should have been so far off your guard as to allow any contraband goods to get on board, contrary to the laws of that nation which allows of no "bearing false witness, or casting a stumbling block in the way of thy brethren." Very ready am I to allow ye did these things in ignorance; yet, it is necessary that, having made known the same to many, ye also make known that so much of the wares conveyed in the *Vessel* last voyage, be thrown overboard; or, in other words, ye clear thyself of the act of importing what, under the tariff of nations, is prohibited.

It is almost incredible that (as you style him) "that cheerful looking, and happy little preacher of the gospel, John Poynder," thirty years the "Stripling" of the *Gospel Magazine*, should not be known as one of those faithful in the land, as a Baptist upon the only genuine foundation, the *Word of God*, and who, under all circumstances, has maintained his position, and is still the pastor of a baptised church.

The even tenor of his way, in which he has uniformly gone through the course of his pilgrimage, might, in some measure tend to shade him from that prominence in which many others are found, who have sought more than him for observation.

Yet, wherever he has been called to minister in the church, a bold and decisive stand has always been made for truth. And after many years knowledge of him, I cannot forbear, in this instance, boarding your *Vessel*, and demanding, on his behalf, that the untoward assertion of last month be met by the most uncompromising denial; of which many, no doubt, would triumph in, if not contradicted.

I confess, good Editor, much is due unto you

for the great store of information concerning England's Faithful Watchmen; but I trow not when I say, you have not given a faithful report of our "cheerful looking brother," John Poynder. Proclaim it then from the mast head, that he is not only a *Baptist*, but one of the *old school*, in the three-fold cord of Doctrine, Experience, and Practice. And in these things be labours beyond measure amongst a people who, though unable to over stock him with a large salary, yet esteem him very highly for his work's sake; and I sincerely hope his "cheerful countenance" might not be ruffled, by his being brought from his quietude to appear for a season at the figure head of the *Vessel*. Yea, I think he has things more weightier than this daily to bear; yet scarcely do you see grief pictured upon his "cheerful countenance." Dear Editor,

Hammersmith.

AN OLD BAPTIST.

[The mistake referred to (by an Old Baptist) occurred on page 86, of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for April last. It was one of those unaccountable blunders which us poor frail mortals are subject to in this dying world. We expected brother Poynder would have laid his stick about our backs pretty smartly; but we are thankful we say, he took it in good part; his 'cheerful countenance' was not even ruffled; although for Zion's sake, he did not like the false statement made respecting him.—Ed.]

#### An Ugly Thing in the Garden.

I ONCE wrote a piece on the lovely *May Flowers*,  
But since that sweet time, I've seen many dark  
hours;

Long nights and dark days, and sharp frost and  
cold snow,

Not one single flower in my garden would blow.

The ground was so hard—yes, quite hard, like a  
stone,

Scal'd up with the frost, and my blossoms all gone;

No, not one sweet flower in my garden was found,  
For who can make flowers grow when God seals  
the ground?

The birds were all mute, and my flowers all gone,  
Dark, cold, and frost-bitten—ah, who could but  
moan?

When my joys are all gone, I'm a poor moping  
thing,

But one thought would cheer me—I hop'd for the  
spring.

I mourn'd o'er my garden—but what could I do?  
I saw there much rubbish, and there was some rue;

So when the spring came, I walk'd in and look'd  
round,

I said, "Here's much rubbish, and I'll clear the  
ground."

But before I could wheel out one single cart load,  
One thing much annoy'd me, a great ugly toad!

'Twas a ground-toad, below'd; you've seen such, I  
know,

They're found in kings' gardens in this land be-  
low.

I loath'd it, I sicken'd, was ready to swoon,  
Meanwhile it conceal'd itself under the ground;

I believe it's there still, to this very day,

And will be found there when the flowers bloom  
in May.

My winter was long, and my earth was like iron,  
Ah, say who can loose the strong bands of *Orion*!

Or bring forth *Mazzaroth*, or sweet months of  
spring?

Could I guide *Arcturus* and sons! No such thing.

Could I force the seasons, remove frost and snow?  
 Could I make the rains fall, or south winds blow?  
 But *Pleiaide's* sweet influence no angel can bind,  
 It brings gentle dewfalls and soft gales of wind.

Yes, a genial thaw; and when spring is begun,  
 Like ice, we melt down then before the warm sun;  
 Hope springs like a snow-drop, the birds raise a  
 tune,

And again we embrace the sweet red rose in June.  
 The sweet Rose of Sharon, that blooms in my  
 breast,

And composes my soul in such sweet peace and  
 rest,

When I dose down at last, and be seen no more  
 here,

May I wake where sweet flowers blow all the long  
 year.

I shall leave this dull earth, and this tiresome  
 load,

Be freed from the serpent, young adder, and toad;  
 From soul-freezing frost, and from burning tempta-  
 tion,

Death, sin, and vile self, and from every vexation.

At once leap from time, stride the dark gulf of  
 death,

Set my foot on the moon, and inhale purer breath;  
 Pass the sun as dim light, leave the azure blue,

And the most remote star that's now hid from our  
 view.

Sun, moon, stars, and candles are useless things  
 here,

The Lord is our daylight—eternal our year!

The Lord God and the Lamb is our life and our  
 breath,

Our light and our glory, and here's no more death.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, May 12, 1850.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

### The Experience of the late John M'Kenzie.

Mr. PHILPOT has gathered up a few frag-  
 ments from the prayers of the late much  
 beloved, and faithful John M'Kenzie, for  
 some years a Baptist minister, at Preston,  
 Lancashire. This work Mr. John Gadsby  
 has published; and as we consider it will  
 be acceptable to many of the weaklings in  
 faith, we wish to promote its circulation.

Knowing also that many hundreds of our  
 readers highly esteemed the late John  
 M'Kenzie, we here give a short extract  
 from the work referred to, descriptive of  
 the first part, and of very much of the lat-  
 ter part, of his experience, he says:—

"I was convicted in my soul of sin and guilt  
 about the latter end of 1832, or beginning of 1833.  
 I laboured and struggled hard for heaven by  
 works, and was in hard bondage, both in soul-  
 experience and in my judgment, till about July,  
 1834. I joined the Independents, September 1st,  
 1833; and was appointed the superintendent of  
 their Sunday school, January 12th, 1834. About  
 July, 1834, my eyes were opened to see the doc-  
 trines of grace and God's method of salvation;  
 that eternal life was the gift of God through the  
 righteousness of Jesus Christ. This gave relief to  
 my mind, as I was grossly ignorant of the doc-  
 trines of grace, and even of the meaning of the  
 word grace, thinking the only way to heaven was

by making my soul fit for heaven by holy devotions,  
 holy works and holy frames and feelings. At  
 this time I also saw that the characters spoken  
 of in Matt. v. 3—11, represented the feelings of  
 souls changed by the grace of God. These  
 characters I found to be a true and exact descrip-  
 tion of my feelings, which greatly comforted and  
 encouraged me. I began publicly to speak a  
 little about the doctrines of grace, and the  
 characters, and felt the experience of quickening  
 souls about the month of November, 1834. The  
 first passage I spoke from, was John iii. 8; and  
 the first text I ventured to take was Isaiah lxiii.  
 12. I was excluded speaking in the Independ-  
 ent school-room in April, 1835, and was excom-  
 municated as a member on the 12th of May, 1835,  
 for holding and preaching the doctrines of grace.  
 After this I spoke occasionally for the Particular  
 Baptists, meeting in a room in Cannon street, was  
 baptised at Blackburn, on the first Lord's-day in  
 September, 1835, and united with the church at  
 at Preston at the same time. I preached occa-  
 sionally for them till the first Lord's-day in May,  
 1836, when I was appointed by the church to be  
 their regular minister. Preached in the Institu-  
 tion room, Cannon street, till December 4th,  
 1837, and entered on Vauxhall-road chapel, De-  
 cember 11th, 1837."

"From the time I was led to see the doctrines  
 of grace up to the present time, I had occasionally  
 many doubts whether I was a real christian, and  
 interested in the covenant of grace or not, which  
 often caused me much distress and anguish of  
 soul. At other times I had occasionally rays of  
 comfort and blinks of hope. On the 2nd of March,  
 1838, I was thrown into great distress, anguish,  
 and sorrow of soul, and sunk in despondency,  
 almost to actual despair, from a fearful apprehen-  
 sion that God had not begun a genuine work of  
 grace in my soul, and that perhaps I was not in-  
 terested in the covenant of grace. This distress  
 continued till the 15th of June following, when  
 the Lord completely removed it by blessing to my  
 soul sweetly and powerfully, John viii. 31—36.  
 My soul was sweetly blessed at times with pre-  
 cious tastes of the goodness and mercy of God in  
 Christ towards the guilty. Many passages of  
 Scripture were also made very sweet to me.

"On the evening of the first of January, 1839,  
 Jesus was most clearly and sweetly manifested to  
 me as standing betwixt God and my soul. This  
 filled my soul with overflowing joy and gladness,  
 and glorying in God as the God of my salvation.  
 My heart was melted within me with a peculiar  
 and unspeakable gratitude. The following words  
 kept coming into my mind for many days after:  
 'They shall look on him whom they have pierced,  
 and they shall mourn;' and

'Jesus, friend of sinners,' &c.

"In the latter end of September, and the begin-  
 ning of October, 1840, I felt more sensibly, and  
 with more uneasiness, that my soul had not that  
 full assurance of my salvation, and feeling sense  
 and witness of the pardon of my sins, that I must  
 have before I die in peace. I had been greatly  
 blessed in my soul many times, and had had many  
 portions of God's word sweetly and distinctly ap-  
 plied and blessed to my soul at different times;  
 but still I could never say that the Lord's own  
 mouth had spoken into my heart and told me my

sins were pardoned, and my soul redeemed and saved; I could never say with that full assurance, 'He is mine, and I am his,' that I wished and thirsted for.

"On the 5th of October I was shown this more distinctly by reading 'The Rising of the Day-Star.' I found the exact stage of my experience; that I was come to the next step to this, but not at it. Yet I felt much encouraged to find myself where I was. I clearly felt at the same time when and what I must experience before I could be fully and confidently to rest; nor did I feel any wish to rest till I had obtained it. Comforted with knowing where I was in my experience, and how far I had obtained, I felt both strength and encouragement to press on towards the mark for the prize of his high calling. I felt fully resolved not to be content or quiet till I had obtained this experience. I did not feel as if I wished to have this so that I never might doubt again: this I knew the Scriptures did not warrant me to expect, but I wanted so to feel the certainty of my salvation, the pardon of my sins, and that Jesus loved my soul and gave himself for it, that while it lasted I could not doubt it. This was (though often greatly blessed) what I felt I never had, but what I could not do without. From this time my whole heart and soul was bent for and set upon this. I could no longer persuade myself I had it, or be content without. At the same time my trouble was not exactly like the trouble that went before it, for I could not, neither did I feel disposed to deny that the Lord had greatly and often blessed me. Yet these blessings did not come up to the standard of my soul's wants, nor what I saw in the word. I had, therefore, more encouragement to back me up than in my former trouble, having no desire to dispute what I had felt, and knowing exactly where I was in my experience.

"I then set out after this great blessing with clearer eyes and understanding than I had before, by prayer and soul-longings; though I did not immediately expect it, yet I fervently prayed and cried, and poured out my soul to God for it. Nothing particular occurred for the first two or three weeks, beyond fervent prayers and pleadings for it at the throne of grace. But as the time was prolonged, my intense anxiety and impatience increased, so that I got to hard labouring and wrestling in prayer, to hard and straitened groans, deep and heart-troubled sighing, pouring out my soul in sorrow to the Lord, sometimes till my eyes gushed with tears, at times sunk up to the chin in despair of ever obtaining it. So heavy did this burden hang upon me, and this trouble increase, that the Lord was pleased to support, hold me up, and comfort me by the application of his word. And this he often did. I mistook, however, these helps, comforts, and revivings for the thing I wanted. But though they greatly helped me and blessed me, I felt they did not do for me what my case needed. But O, they were blessed cordials to my heart, and held me up and enabled me to wait at the posts of his doors, and see for the one thing needful. Sometimes his word was sent into my heart as a word of rebuke and reproof, sometimes it stimulated me, sometimes wrought a solemn necessity of having what I wanted, sometimes encouraged me to ask and call, sometimes met the feelings of my heart and fitted my case, sometimes encouraged me by the direct promise. Sometimes he would discover to

me such a sight and sense of his eternal power and Godhead, his tremendous majesty, glory, purity, holiness, justice, infinity, and almighty power, and at the same time such a sense of my own sinfulness, vileness, depravity, vanity and nothingness, that I have thought I must sink instantly out of sight into the earth, that I could not bear up under the beams of his eternal glory; and with my whole heart and body too I could with the publican smite upon my breast and look down to the ground, not daring to lift up my eyes to heaven, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' O with what fulness of heart have I said this! At other times I have had such discoveries of his holiness, goodness, faithfulness, and love, that I have fancied I have seen him covered with mercy and goodness to poor sinners, nay, as if his face smiled with compassion and mercy. And O how I have then seen him a just God and a Saviour! I no more thought he was hard in punishing the ungodly."

There are many portions of Mr. M'Kenzie's experience, which prove the genuineness of the Spirit's work on his heart. Take the following:

"One thing distressed me much, which was, that I not only felt the workings of my evil and carnal heart, but I actually felt something that loved these things. O how this distressed me! I thought the Lord's people feel sin work in them, but they hate it; but I both have sin and love it; nor could I get the least relief from this till I saw that it was the same principle that sinned that loved sin; and that I not only felt in my better part the guilt of sin, and trouble for it; but also great distress for loving sin. Here I saw the two armies in the Shulamite, the outer man and the inner man, the law in the members and the law in the mind, the will to do good, and the want of power. This was 'every one knowing the plague of his own heart.'

"At times a solemn sense of the awful realities of death and eternity lay upon my spirit, and as great a sense of having in my heart an indisputable testimony and certain evidence of my salvation. O how strongly I felt the necessity of Christ to be formed in the heart the hope of glory; and how that text, 'Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her,' (Luke x. 41, 42,) did please me! I felt the truth and necessity of it; yea, for days I went saying and praying it; and also such texts as these: Luke xii. 20; Matt. viii. 36; Luke ix. 62. These words once sweetly stirred and encouraged me: 'But rather seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;' 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;' (Luke xii. 31, 32, and Matt. vi. 33.) My heart with a blessed assent could say Amen to the first part; for I felt earnestly seeking to have God's kingdom set up in it. I felt encouraged by the second part, because it was the free gift of God, his good pleasure, in opposition to works.

We have no record of a real deliverance from all guilt, sin, unbelief, and bondage, being granted unto our departed friend, in this book; but there is sufficient to prove that his faith in Christ was saving, savoury, and sincere. We must close with an ex-



tract or two of rather a brighter character.

"One night as I was reading Romans iii., a great beauty and sweetness fell on the 21st to the 26th verses. O how clearly and blessedly I saw salvation was wholly of God's grace and mercy through Christ! How brightly Jesus shone in my eyes, and how exceedingly precious and dear was he to my soul! My soul was pleased with and delighted in God's righteousness and salvation. Methought I saw Jehovah's face covered with a veil of love and mercy in Christ; and I clearly saw that God pardoned, justified, and saved sinners alone by Jesus; and the long-suffering and forbearing of God towards sinners quite softened my heart. (See Isaiah li. 5, 6.) Then I felt the truth and the meaning of the words in Peter i. 4.

Still I kept wrestling on with the Lord to appear to my soul, and assure me of the pardon of my sins and the salvation of my soul; but he did not hear me cry. This distressed me greatly, and threw me into great trouble and anguish of mind; and in this state various parts of the word would fit my soul and give comfort and encouragement, though not actual deliverance.

\* \* \* \* \*

"One night, when in great trouble and distress of soul because I could not obtain the blessing, I read the 36th chapter of Ezekiel; and when I came to these words, how they entered into my heart and blessed me: Verses 8, 9. I saw in the 'mountains, branches, and fruit,' the fulness of the blessed gospel. But these words in particular, 'For they are at hand to come,' were blessed to me. I felt these words to mean that the time of my soul coming to enjoy what it wanted was at hand, and O what faith had I to believe it! I believed and wept. I read the chapter through, which was very sweet; and when I came to verse 37, how plainly did I feel he would yet have me to pray, and sigh, and groan for the blessing a little longer! and I felt willing to do so, being assured he would come. The words were so sweet and blessed, that I felt power to do it. The last verse was also very precious.

"After this I began to fret and repine again, because the blessing was deferred. I felt the truth of that declaration, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but a good word maketh it glad.' (Prov. xiii. 12.) But as I was fretting, and rebelling, and refusing to submit to my state of captivity, I read Jer. xxi. 8, 9, and my heart cried out, O Lord, I will submit to captivity, or anything only do not cut me off. This was a sharp word of rebuke and terror to me. I clearly saw that every soul that did not experience and endure soul-captivity, died by the sword of justice and wrath; but that any soul that went down into captivity and endured it, saved his soul alive: 'for by these things men live.' (Isaiah xxxviii.)

"After this I was again much distressed

because I had not yet been fully delivered. I had not had my prayers answered, and as I read the Word, it rebuked me for not believing: yet I felt I could not believe, if I must be damned for it. I felt I had not one particle of power to believe to the peace and satisfaction of my soul. On reading Hebrews xii. 25, I felt a fear of refusing what he said; but could not feel real, vital faith.

"Thus I went on, first rebuked and reproved; then my helplessness, forcing itself upon me, made me groan, sigh, and fear I was nothing because my prayer was not heard; then comforted and encouraged; then desponding and in distress. O how this taught me the hidden depravity of my heart and my total helplessness to believe, bless, comfort, or keep alive my own soul! How it taught me it was all of God, both in us and out of us! That word: Song i. 7, 8, just described my feelings. I knew what it was to love Jesus before. I was sure he loved me, and the footsteps of the flock pleased me."

### A SAVIOUR.

Who stopp'd me in my mad career,  
And bade me God's commands to fear,  
Then did my pray'r for mercy hear?

A Saviour.

Who suffer'd mockery for my sake,  
And did my sins upon him take,  
That he my righteousness might make?

A Saviour.

Who was it rack'd with dreadful pain,  
Though mock'd, reviled not again,  
Though spat upon, endured the shame?

A Saviour.

Who shed for me his precious blood  
To reconcile me to a God,  
Upon whose laws I oft had trod?

A Saviour.

Who died upon th' accursed tree,  
To save a guilty wretch like me,  
And from sin's bondage set me free?

A Saviour.

Who, when despair o'erwhelm'd my soul,  
And doubting waves did o'er me roll,  
Did all my doubts and fears control?

A Saviour.

Who hears a helpless sinner's pray'r,  
And keeps him from temptation's snare,  
And guards him with paternal care,

A Saviour.

Who heals the sick and cures the blind,  
Nor one poor suppliant leaves behind,  
But bids him seek, and he shall find?

A Saviour.

Who helps the needy when they cry,  
And proves their day spring from on high,  
Nor will he ever them deny?

A Saviour.

Who triumphs now o'er death and hell,  
While all the ransom'd host can tell,  
'Tis he that doeth all things well?

A Saviour.

Who is it sits at God's right hand,  
Amidst the blood-redeem'd band,  
Who sing his praise in Canaan's land?

A Saviour.

And when to realms of endless day,  
By death to life I'm call'd away,  
Thy love I'll sing as loud as they,

Dear Saviour.

HENRY BROWN.

Southampton Street, Pentonville.

## Walking about Zion: considering her Palaces: counting her Towers:

WITH

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME THINGS THAT HAVE COME UNDER OUR NOTICE.

(Continued from p. 124.)

I FIND that thinking men have always thought—and writing scribes have invariably written)—“WE LIVE IN OMINOUS TIMES!” All times have been—all times will be—and present times certainly are—*Ominous!* But what is the meaning of this curious word “*Ominous?*” *Bailey* interprets it thus—“*ill-boding; or, portending ill-luck.*” As regards the *true Israel of God*, then, I do declare that I do not believe the times ever have been, or ever can be, *Ominous*; for no *ill-luck* ever can befall her. There are dark clouds hanging over Zion’s head, I know; and many of the dear servants of God, as well as thousands of the beloved saints of God, judging from what they see and hear—the coldness, the carelessness, the covetousness, the craftiness, the censoriousness, the scantiness, and the uncharitableness of professors generally, they think the times are dreadful; and that they will be worse: but I must say

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.”

Yes! It *shall* be with the righteous well.

During the last month, I have been into ten or twelve counties in England, preaching the gospel; and, although there is, generally speaking, a great want of divine power; still, here and there, you will find tokens for good, still assuring us, that the Lord hath not forsaken his people. I have not time to give all I wish about the Churches, but here are a few fragments which I hope may encourage us still to persevere in the good way; knowing that the end of all perishing things is at hand.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR BROTHER IN YOUR LORD AND KING,  
Sure I am your anxious and laborious soul rejoices to hear, see, feel, and know, that our good Lord is still deigning to dwell in our unconsumed bush, and making the ministry of his word, life to the dead, power to the weak, and spirit to the faint, by instrumentality so feeble, and faulty; and by the wish of many who partook of the joy, and from the pressing arguments of

a beloved brother in the ministry from Cheltenham who preached at Bethesda last night, to testify to the praise of our Lord and to the encouragement of others, I hereby inform you, that five persons on Lord’s day last, June 9, went through the blessed ordinance of scripture baptism in the River Orwell. The morning was one of the brightest I ever saw, scarce a cloud to be seen: I rose greatly excited, my mind was not so bright as the morning, an unavoidable circumstance stood somewhat in the way, I had to marry my youngest son, before I could proceed; this done, and I trust done by the Lord’s will, and blessing, I went to the river, the scenery was splendid, a gentle breeze, expanded in the open space the gay flags from the mast heads of Vessels, some at anchor, others under sail, the living green from mountain top and humble vale, the stately trees studding the margins of this truly picturesque river, the numbers of boats filled with persons anxious to behold, the loaded carriages on land skirting the water, the thousands of men, women, and children, some from miles distant surrounded me, my feelings revived, my heart gathered confidence and comfort, I ascended the box of a cab, and commenced by singing,

“How great, how solemn is the work,  
Which we attend to-day;  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O God, to thee we pray.”

Nor did we pray in vain, for the Spirit was poured out from on high, and an evident solemnity marked the attention of the multitude with a small exception of two or three boys. I spoke from Luke iii. 3, with freedom, boldness, and pleasure: the tide the welcome tide came stately in with its clear and smiling ripple, obeying the order of its mighty Lord, yielding a willing and obliging assistance also to his waiting saints, whose cheerful feet were swift to follow his wise commands, when they mutually sung,

“Great things, O everlasting Son!  
Great things for us thy love hath done;  
Constrain’d by thy Almighty love,  
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

“Thus we dear Saviour own thy name,  
Receive us rising from the stream;  
Then to thy table let us come,  
And dwell in Zion as our home.”

Never did I feel more solemn in my own soul on the occasion; never did I witness more solemn spiritual feeling in the minds of candidates: so it begun, so it continued, so it was finished. I believe faith and feeling was produced by the presence and

Spirit of God, and Jesus, his death, burial, and resurrection, was devoutly acknowledged, himself as all in all adored. I know not how to praise his dear name, the day to me was a remarkable one, the uniting my son in matrimony to a baptist in my chapel, and then uniting five poor sinners professionally to the head of the Baptists; the multitude of witnesses, the tearing earth, the smiling heavens, the spreading flood, I really saw a celestial glory in the one above, and a terrestrial glory in the one below, I never saw before; my soul was blessed, while the people were singing: a strange feeling for a minute filled my mind, viz. "O my unknown mother, did you ever think your poor boy would ever be thus honoured? No; you left him an infant, but loved, saved, and blessed of his God."—O my God, my God! thy love to me is infinitely and everlastingly wonderful; friends to my Redeemer God, you with me will bless his name and rejoice in his kingdom's interest; as to his enemies and ours, over you we do not boast, but pray that you also may with us realize the blessedness there is felt, in being plucked as brands out of the fire, and being made willing to serve and obey so gracious a Saviour.

THOMAS POOCK.

Ipswich, June 14, 1850.

#### A Letter from John Corbitt.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I feel at liberty to lay before the public a short account of my late tour through Bedford, Northampton, Huntingdon, and Cambridgeshire, with some account of the state and spirit of the churches I visited and preached amongst; although I have had some severe reproofs for what I said last year; but believing this was more for want of knowing the motive I had in view, than any real dislike to me; and finding that both Peter and Paul rehearsed the matter and success of their travels, I venture again to give a short extract, although it may again be termed seeking human applause or fleshly trumpety. This I leave with my God, by whose good pleasure I am thus far come, and whose arm I am still leaning on; and while I can walk arm and arm with him, I shall not much be moved by either the frowns or smiles of man.

On Tuesday, the 7th of May, I travelled from Manchester to Luton; a cold and uncomfortable day; on Thursday evening, the 9th of May, I preached at Luton; before the hour of engagement I was much cast down; the old man and satan lay hard at me; unbelief and pride tormented me, and I secretly wished I had not made the engagement. But about an hour before service, the minister and one of the friends came in; and I found, as face answers to face in a glass, so one good man's experience answers to another. I felt much refreshed; the time came on; a goodly number attended; the Master was with me in the pulpit, and I believe he was also in the hearts of the people; I had a sort of jealousy there before, both of myself and the people; but this was removed, and affectionate liberty was enjoyed. The Lord be praised! and may little Luton become a thousand!

On Saturday, the 11th, I travelled to Higham Ferrers; and there I met with my still warm-hearted brother, David Ashby and wife, and friends; and, but for the severe cold I was labouring under, the true spiritual breathings of the friends there would have been a treat. I retired early very ill, in fear I should not be able to fulfil my engagements the following day; but my God, who comforteth them that are cast down, remembered and strengthened me; and on the morning of the 12th, I was conveyed to Sharnbrook, a distance of six, or seven miles, the scene of the labours of my late old friend, Thomas Grinden, where, with pleasure, I met those amongst whom I had formerly laboured on anniversary occasions. The house was more than full all three times; and the collection more than usual; this was pleasing to me; for they are a poor and needy little handful of true Israelites; and I bless my Lord that he has raised up a David to go in and out before them in his name in fear and love. The good will of him that dwelt in the bush rest upon parson and people.

On the 13th, I returned to Higham Ferrers, where I was engaged to preach that evening. In weakness, and cold in my feelings, I went up to the house, not knowing what text I should have, and not until the service had commenced could I tell what weapon to use. At last I was compelled to draw the sword and commenced the battle; and it was as if a sword grew out of my hands; the place was crowded to excess; and some stood out in a drenching rain all the time. Dear Lord, set thy broad seal of covenant love on the hearts and arms of many; and grant that the seed sown may spring up to the honour and glory of thy dear name.

On the 14th, I met my esteemed brother, Matthew Blakely, on the road to Wellingborough, where it has pleased the Lord to station him to proclaim the unsearchable riches of his grace; and where I preached that evening; felt truly refreshed at meeting, and in conversing on the Lord's mysteriously directing Mr. Blakely to them through my instrumentality. The time for preaching soon arrived; I went up like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; and I stood and made a noise about something; but I could not tell what; I was truly ashamed of this evening's service; the Lord grant it may be for good; for I well know nothing is too hard for him. Lord, grant my deficiency may be more than supplied by the Lord's all-sufficiency, through my brother Blakely, and make him a lasting and eternal blessing to the people there.

On the 15th, I travelled to Hellington; here met my old friends as usual, like so many scribes well instructed in the law, each one wearing the resemblance of a king. We recounted our joys and sorrows; and each felt glad that darkness and light, crooked things and straight, devils and men, are all in the hands of our God. I found my old friends dwelling on the old subject, wearing the old countenance, with their hearts fixed, trusting in the Lord. I endeavoured to speak to them in the name of the Lord, though still in weakness of body and mind. Dear Lord, grant that their bond of love and brotherhood may not be broken by the devil or man, but reign thou in and over them, to the honour of thy name.

On the 18th, I turned my way to Potton, ready for the services of the following day. Here I

trust I found the presence of the Lord; with liberty of soul, although some once smiling faces wear a frown; and some who used to be the first to speak, now kept their distance. I met many of my former hearers from Biggleswade, in joy and gladness, but I must not say much about this, lest I offend and get another reproof for my fleshly trumpery, as some may call it.

On Tuesday, the 21st, I visited the town of Biggleswade. I found the sad fulfilment of our Lord's words—"A house divided against itself, cannot stand." I found the chapel I left not quite three years ago with an overflowing congregation, closed even against the truth; the church broke up; the congregation scattered; I found a people like sheep, having no shepherd, scattered upon the mountains without either house or home. There are many that would gladly occupy this house, but this cannot take place under the *powers that now reign*. I would be charitable in my judgment, but I must say that it is my belief that *an enemy hath done this*. My prayer is, "Lord, comfort the distressed, and pardon the faulty." A goodly company got together at my old friend's John Greears, many more than the house could hold; and I there spoke to them; and strove to encourage them in the name of the Lord. I hope he will again revive his work in the midst of the days, and send prosperity to Biggleswade.

On the 24th, I travelled to Cottenhan, Cambs.; the place where I spent the first thirty years of my life. There I met my old friend Mr. Sutton, the minister; and several of his friends, in their usual good mood. On Lord's-day morning I was much distressed in my mind before the services of the day commenced; but I found the master in my work: many hundreds of anxious souls, and many a trickling tear from the eye of those who were my companions in sin, whilst I recorded the righteous and sovereign acts of my Lord. Some few there, who preferred their own will, *wisdom, and power, vacated their seats on that day*, choosing rather to see the flood-gates of open invitations offered them, than hear the electing love, predestinating favour, almighty power, and never ceasing faithfulness of my never-to-be-conceived, adorable God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be eternal honour for ever and ever. Amen.

Dear Lord, remember thy aged servant and these thy people here, and by thy loving-kindness, hold them by thy powerful hand on the pedestal of thy eternal truth, that they be not drawn aside by flattery, nor frightened from the standard of eternal love by those who dwell around them. Make, and keep them valiant for the truth; and condescend to live amongst them by divine authority, that Cottenham may, through time, be found a resting place for the flock; a coat to the doves, and a cradle to rock Zion's new born babes in.

On Thursday, the 29th, I found myself at my brother Kimptons, about four miles from Cambridge, where he had engaged to preach that evening. Mr. Tyson was kind enough to lend us a large barn, by which means the friends from the surrounding villages was supplied with room. At seven o'clock, I was surprised to see some hundreds of people gathered together at this obscure place, and I deemed it a token that the Lord intended some good. I felt not much unction in my own soul while speaking, but it was very pleasing to see the anxious attention of the poor

people; and I hope that a future day will prove, that the Lord was there of a truth.

On the 31st, I returned home, and found all well; went up on Sunday morning to meet my little charge under some soft emotions of soul. We had a good day, but could had settled on my lungs to that degree, that on Monday I had lost my voice: am now recovering. Dear Lord, send thy broad seal on these labours of love, and grant me seals for my ministry and souls for my hire; and thy dear name shall have all the glory for ever and ever. Amen. Your's affectionately in the Lord,

JOHN CORBITT.

### The Gospel in the Villages.

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND AND BROTHER EARWAKER, of Eastmeon, in Hants—grace and peace be with thee, my brother. As you requested me to give you another long letter in the *Vessel*, and as I am now confined in a corner of a carriage for about four hours, I will try and write a few lines to you, a little descriptive of some things I have seen, said, and passed through of late. Some of the good parsons, and christian people in our land speak rather critically about my little notes and notices; but many of my friends feel such an interest in the brief records herein given of Zion's welfare and warfare, that I cannot yet refrain. It may be childish; but I trust the motive is good. On Wednesday, the 15th of May, above seventy of our London friends left town with me for Farnborough, that being the day for holding their anniversary. Our brother Tanner, who is the pastor of that place now, is a man whom God hath evidently made a blessing to the people; in fact, the little cause at Farnborough never did appear in so prosperous a state before. There have been some striking instances of conversion to God; some of the old sheep there look quite contented; and there is much reason to hope that friend Tanner is designed for useful labour in the vineyard. The Lord favoured me with happy liberty both in the morning and evening; and in the afternoon, brother Ponsford gave us a solid discourse upon the righteousness of Christ. We came home singing praises to the Lord for his great goodness to us.

On Tuesday, June the 4th, the first Anniversary of the opening of brother Spencer's new Chapel at Guildford, was held. Brother Allnutt read, expounded, and prayed. I preached from Ezekiel xxxvi. "But ye, O Mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches; and yield your fruit to my people of Israel; for they are at hand to come. For, BEHOLD I AM FOR YOU: and I will turn unto you, and ye shall be tilled and sown." I did, and I do—solemnly believe this holy prophecy will be, in measure, fulfilled in the cause under our brother Spencer; for I am persuaded the hand of God is there for good. In the afternoon, brother Thomas Stringer preached from John xiv. "Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said, If a man love me, he will keep my word," &c., &c. In the evening, brother Powell, (now of Reading,) read, expounded, and prayed; and I was obliged to preach from Psalm ci. "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O when wilt thou come unto me, I will

walk within my house with a perfect heart." O, that this text may ever—in its highest sense, be true of me, and of all my faithful brethren in the ministry. We had crowded congregations. Peace and prosperity of soul pervaded our meetings. I may fearlessly say, the Anniversary at Guildford was a high, a holy, and a happy day.

June 19.—Preached last evening at Zoar Chapel, Southsea, where Mr. Henry Langham is now stationed. Living souls are gathering together under his ministry. I gave a little offence because I declared that a vessel of mercy once really and truly delivered from the bondage of the law by a faith's view and apprehension of the atoning blood of the Lamb, (so as to have guilt removed, a sense of pardoning love sealed home upon the heart, and the spirit of adoption communicated,) does not come so again into bondage as to be tormented with the fears of hell, and an endless perdition. One good man said he had known what it was to be pardoned by blood divine, and yet he sometimes feared he should go to hell after all; and he had heard Mr. Warburton say the same a little time since. I feel persuaded there must be something wrong either in the conduct or conscience of that believing man who is ever and anon tumbling into such dreadful fits of slavish fear; and I do wish seriously to ask whether it is consistent with the teachings and witnessings of the Holy Ghost for a man who is sent to preach the Gospel of Christ, to tell the people that he himself often fears that after all he shall be lost? I will only give one Scripture for their consideration, "Giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure;" for if ye do these things ye shall never fall, (neither into open, wilful, and disgraceful sins, nor into horrid and awful fits of despair,) although you may be sorely tempted; often much cast down; and mourn over corruptions within, and the want of real enjoyment in ordinances without! Brethren, think on these things; and the good Lord direct your minds to speak as ye ought to speak on these all-important points. At Southsea I met with our good brother Brett, who had come over from the Isle of Wight. Glad was I to hear that the Lord had sent amongst them a dear soul who had laid for twelve years and a half in a fallen condition; but under the ministry of Mr. James Wise this precious soul had been picked up and delivered: he is now speaking to a few souls in a large room in Newport; and if any of our Lord's sent servants think of going into that island this summer, a sermon would be acceptable.

Mr. Cozens, an old Huntingdonian minister of Chichester, has recently departed this life. Mr. Cozens was formerly a kind of assistant to, or co-worker with Mr. Vinal. When the present Mr. Parsons came to Chichester, many left Mr. Cozens; but he continued to speak to a few in the Lord's name until within a short time of his death. I am afraid the pure Gospel of Christ is but little esteemed in these large districts.

On Wednesday morning, June 19th, travelled on to the city of Winchester; a clean ecclesiastical-looking place. Brother Joseph Taylor met me here; took me to his house to dinner; and then drove me on to Ropley, where we held two services in "the King's Chapel." Brother Powell formerly preached here; William Hunt now speaks to the people in the Lord's name. The friends here seem united and in peace; but decided followers of Christ are few. Next day,

brother Hunt, myself, and some more friends journeyed to Eastmeon; where I preached (or rather talked) to the people, in the evening. The house crowded to excess; but I felt it hard work; my mind seemed led to speak for some time on the first effects of grace; and of the fruits; and I felt that there was seed sown in some of the people's hearts; although I do not think God's living family found so much as they expected. There is a chapel both at Westmeon and Eastmeon, where Mr. Parsons, of Chichester, comes once a month; and speaks to a little few; but they would not let the little *Earthen Vessel* into either of those pulpits for the world.

Having finished my labours in Hampshire, I set my face towards London, early on Friday morning, June 21st, and through divine mercy, was conducted home in safety and in peace. I had time for serious reflection. I said to myself, as regards my labours, "there has been a witnessing for God and truth; but very little unctuous enjoyment of heavenly things in the soul—plenty of words, but very little water." As soon as I could get away by myself, I flung myself at my Lord and Master's feet; and I was enabled very earnestly to cry unto Him to break into my poor dry heart, and almost withered soul, with some precious bedewing power. I had to go down to Mile End to close up the week's ministry by preaching another sermon there; but I felt as though it was impossible I could go. I looked to heaven and prayed; then I searched my Bible; but all appeared gloomy, lifeless, and weak. At length this word softened my heart, met my case, illuminated my mind, and set me upon my feet—"O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?" (Jer. xiv. 8.) With this word, my dear brother, I went to my favourite "Hepzibah" at Mile End; and there I found a little of the living water again. I thought much of you when speaking of Jesus as the Saviour of his people in the time of trouble. Must now commend you to God. In your path of fiery trial may your hands be made strong. Remember me in christian love to the Westmeon Lydia, whose house and heart is open to receive the gospel of Christ. May the Lord appear for you all. So prays, yours truly, C. W. B.

OUR SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DAY.—Lord's Day, June 16th, was the sixth anniversary of our removal from the "Cambrian," (or Welch Chapel,) to Crosby Row. Six years have now passed away since we first met together in that mysterious Bethel. We were but a little few indeed when first we entered there; but the Lord has added unto us many precious souls since that time. O, my soul! well doth it become thee to praise the Lord; for his mercies to thee have been great indeed! The preachers appointed for the day were, Mr. W. Allen, Mr. James Wells, and myself. As I was preaching in the morning for Mr. Allen, and in the afternoon at our Shoreditch Ebenezer, I had not the pleasure of hearing either of my brethren; but there was, as I am told, a sacred harmony between the different subjects. Brother Allen, in the morning preached from—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." In the afternoon, brother Wells preached a sober, good discourse from "Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward;" and in the evening I was led

to speak from "thou hast blessed the work of his hands." (Job i. 8.) In the Introduction to my discourse in the evening, I said, "I was thinking of the necessity of examining our ground, as to where we stand, what we are doing, and whether we have any evidences that the Lord is with us. I examined myself as a private professing Christian. I may say, I have had much to mourn over; barrenness of soul; temperal and domestic trials; otherwise, my soul has been maintained in peace; but I have not lived so near to God, I have not been so entirely devoted to God as I could desire. As a public preacher, I have laboured more than ever; and I do believe thousands of souls in this land have been encouraged, comforted, and led upward. As regards the church, there are some strong in the Lord; there are others walking soberly and steadily in the fear of God. I may say, I know full fifty, or more, of our members who are, I hope, living close to God in faith and prayer; others are weak; and sorely tried in their souls. In the congregation we have many waiting for the moving of the waters; in our church meetings there has been peace; and, as a God of providence, he has helped us on. All glory to his holy name!"

### The Baptist Cause at Hartley Row.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—ON the cover of the last Vessel, you hope that a more correct version of the contention at Hartley Row can be given. We therefore consider ourselves called upon to certify you, and others of the Lord's people, that our brother Mr. Thomas Houghton's reply to Mr. Gooding's address shews a *true statement of our case*; neither does it contain a single untruth to the best of our knowledge; and the grand question pending is,—did Mr. Gooding have a rightful invitation to the Baptist Chapel pulpit after the 31st December, 1848?—we say, *he had not*; and himself and friends, had they acted honestly, would have found a place of their own to meet in. "I the Lord hate robbery for burnt offering."

Mr. T. Houghton has truthfully shewn Mr. Gooding's invitation for the year 1848, it was not with any view to the pastorate; also that at a special Church meeting, held on September 10th, the Church unanimously agreed to vote by ballot respecting his invitation after 31st December, and a week's notice to be given. This meeting was numerously attended, and a week's prior notice had been given.

On the 19th November, the proper notice was read to the Church who were stopped on purpose, and on the 26th November, a very numerous assemblage of the members took place; there were 71, no less, no more; 38 of whom gave in their vote by ballot, with their names affixed, for Mr. Gooding to leave on the 31st December. The same was acknowledged to be the truth before Mr. Tydeman and Mr. Poock, amidst a roomful of Mr. Gooding's people; and also that the Church had done Mr. Gooding no injustice, by not further inviting him beyond December 31st, 1848.

Immediately this decision of the Church on November 26th, was fully understood by Mr. Gooding and his friends, (knowing Mr. Gooding had no just claim to the pulpit after the 31st December) they left the chapel on the 26th November; but on the 31st December, while Mr. Abbott (now at March, Isle of Ely) was ministering, they riotously returned, and very dishonourably, helped Mr. Gooding into the pulpit. We request ministers to appeal to Mr. Gooding, and ask, if he can with two of his people affirm,

on oath, that what we have written is untrue? If Mr. Gooding, and two of his people, can do so, we will ever drop all future claim to the chapel; but we declare Mr. Thomas Houghton, in his reply, has stated *THE TRUTH*, and *NO LIE*; and it cannot be denied. We again say that himself and party now possessing the chapel, under the circumstances of a majority of about six, including all the four Deacons, deciding (at a lawfully called meeting) for Mr. Gooding to discontinue on the 31st December, 1848, is a violation of all Church order, justice and truth; although Mr. Stringer did settle him in the chapel.

Mr. Editor, please to allow us to request your favour to call on Mr. Gooding to agree to an arbitration by ministers to set this at rest, viz., to do justice to all parties, first giving Mr. Gooding his right, and others theirs.

Mr. Gooding has given us much trouble, sorrow, and labour. We received him from his testimonials being signed by ministers well reported of. Some we know and highly esteem in the Lord, he faithfully promising to leave at the end of the year, if not duly invited longer. By his breach of faith, the cause is divided. But through mercy, our meetings are profitable; for we prove the Lord dwelleth not in temples made with hands, but where he hath recorded his name, he will bless. His presence is more to us than all places of worship, and we are not at all unhappy, but often enabled, as he deigns to smile on us, to rejoice in him, our God and Saviour, who leads us blind creatures by the right way. Some of our friends were instrumental in bringing the gospel to Hartley Row, and have the remains of their relatives lying in the chapel burying ground. But what good we ask is likely to arise from our contradicting Mr. Gooding's two pamphlets by another reply? would not the Lord's people be made more sad, thereby seeing further strife and contention, and the ungodly be further gratified?

The last time the deacons attended was the first Lord's day in January, 1849, when after service, the senior deacon requested the Church to stop a few minutes, when Mr. Gooding got up and requested the congregation to stop also, saying it was the congregation who put him into the pulpit; so it was; but has not the Most High set bounds betwixt the Church and the world.

Commending you to the Lord, we are,  
JOHN GOODCHILD, RICHARD KNIGHT, deacons.  
The other deacon, T. DANCE, is now with a Church at Farnham.

JAMES BURROWS, HENRY FIELD, WM. CHARLTON, WM. MARTIN, JOHN HASKER, THOS. TAILOR, GEORGE REDMAN, for the whole Church.

*Hartley Row, Winchfield, Hants, June 21, 1850.*

[Beside the above, we have the copy of a letter written by a deacon of Mr. Gooding's; which leads us to fear that all the truth has not been fairly stated in the last publication. We sincerely hope Mr. Gooding will consent to the arbitration referred to. Let faithful and long established ministers of Christ be gathered together; let both parties at Hartley Row, be also convened. Let each party, in the spirit of meekness and godly fear, state the whole truth; nothing more, nothing less; let a scriptural decision be given; and by that decision let the unhappy strife be settled. We can solemnly testify that thousands of believers in this land require such an act of justice to be granted to the injured party, whichever that party may be; and, surely, no christian man would wilfully stand in an evil thing.—ED.]

## Prayer for Mercy;

OR, REASONABLE DUTY, IN TIMES OF SIN AND WRATH.  
BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Continued from p. 133.)

THIRDLY, we may view the import with reference to the season of God's remembering mercy, viz. "In the midst of wrath remember mercy." Now what is it for God to remember mercy in the midst of wrath? Why, the Lord may be said to remember mercy in the midst of wrath, in the following respects.

1. When he imbitters sin to his people, which is the procuring cause of wrath, and weans their hearts from it: "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is the fruit to take away sin."

2. When he humbles them under his mighty hand, makes the rod of correction drive away the folly that is bound up in their hearts, and brings them to confess that it is an evil and a bitter thing to depart from the living God.

3. When he makes them search and try their ways; to enquire what meaneth the heat of his anger; and induces them to turn to the hand that smiteth them, and to pour out a prayer when his chastening hand is upon them.

4. When he enables them to exercise faith and patience, and other graces in the time of anger and wrath, and to justify God in all his procedure; for, "tribulation and the trial of faith worketh patience;" and to acknowledge that he punisheth us less than our iniquities deserve; and therefore to bear the indignation of the Lord because we have sinned against him.

5. In a word, God may be said to remember mercy in the midst of wrath, when he only corrects them in measure; when he stays his rough wind in the day of his east wind; when he grants them some little reviving in their bondage, and supporting cordials in these wrath-like dispensations; and favours them with any secret interview with his gracious presence, and lets them see any love-designs that he has in these afflictions.

IV. The fourth thing proposed was, to shew that it is both SEASONABLE and REASONABLE to plead that he would remember mercy in the midst of wrath, and wrathful times. This will appear evident if we consider these six particulars.

1. It is both seasonable and reasonable to do so, because we are warranted of God to plead his promised mercy at all times, and especially in the midst of wrath: "For this will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them," Ezek. xxxvi. 37, compared with Psalm l. 15, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." There needs be no other reason, and there can be no higher reason, than the will and authority of God; his command obliging us to plead with him, and put him in remembrance, Isaiah xliiii. 26.

2. It is seasonable and reasonable, in the midst of wrath to plead he would remember mercy, because wrathful dispensations are ordered of God, for this very cause, to stir up his people to seek after him, and plead for his merciful return; "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offences, and seek my face; in their afflictions they shall seek me early." Hos. v. 15, and indeed, seldom do we seek him in earnest, till the rod be made use of, and the way be hedged up with thorns; then we begin to say, "I will go and return to my first husband, for then it was better with me than now." Hos. ii. 7.

3. It is seasonable, because as this has been the way of God's people, in their distress and under wrathful dispensations, to fly to his mercy; so it is God's way towards his people, to shew mercy to them in their greatest extremity of distress. He makes their time of need, a time of love; their time of misery, his time of mercy: "I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place," Psalm cxviii. 5. Their experience hath it to say, many a time I was brought low, and he helped me. "He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

4. Necessity make it both seasonable and reasonable: in the midst of wrath the people of God see their need of mercy; and see mercy to be mercy indeed: when all the billows and waves of God's wrath are flying over them, then it is a time for the Lord to work, for his church and people, as the Psalmist saith, cxix. 126. "It is time for thee, O Lord, to work, for they have made void thy law." It is time for us to pray and to plead mercy; and it is time for God to work mercifully, when clouds of wrath are gathering, and showers of wrath are falling.

5. It is then reasonable and seasonable to plead he would remember mercy, because in the midst of wrath we are apt to conclude, that he hath forgotten mercy, and to say with him, "the Lord hath forsaken me, my God hath forgotten me." Isaiah xlix. 14. Then it is that unbelief is ready to affront and deny the mercy of God: and to conclude he hath laid aside his merciful nature, saying, "will the Lord cast off for ever? will he be favourable no more? his is mercy clean gone for ever; doth his promise fail for ever more? hath he forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" Psalm lxxvii. 7-9. In time of affliction and wrathful days, they are ready to think mercy is drowned in the ocean of wrath: therefore it is seasonable, in time of wrath, to plead he may remember mercy.

6. It is seasonable, because their faith hath sure and clear ground to go upon, when in wrath we plead mercy. A time of wrathful dispensations, and killing and slaying providences, is a proper time for faith to step in and say, "Though he slay

me, yet will I trust in him." To believe mercy in the midst of mercy, is no great matter, but to believe mercy in the midst of wrath, is a great matter and argues strong faith. A time of contradiction is the time for faith. If we believe the promise, when providence seems to contradict the promise in appearance, it is like Abraham to be strong in faith, giving glory to God. Under a sense of guilt, to believe pardon; under a sense and feeling of wrath, to believe mercy, and plead that God would remember mercy, is the very season for faith to act: and then God gets the glory of his mercy, and we the good of it.

V. The fifth thing proposed was to make application of the subject.

Is it so, as has been said, that in the midst of wrath, or wrathful dispensations, it is reasonable to plead mercy, and that the Lord would remember it? Then hence we may see,

1. That it is now a fit time, and proper season for us to plead mercy, and a merciful visit from the Lord, notwithstanding that it is a time of divine and great wrath, in many respects: a time of great sin and security, great error and blasphemy, of great backsliding and apostacy; a time wherein God hideth himself, and we are dead and senseless, through want of the presence of the living spirit of the living God. Many are the tokens of the Lord's anger and absence. How far hath he left ministers and people, ordinances, judicatories, church and state! How much is the glory departed, our strength gone, our zeal blunted, and black clouds of wrath above our head! And, indeed, there are many tokens of wrath, towards the generation than I have time or ability to tell, and many of us, even here under the sad effects of the Lord's anger, surrounded with symptoms of wrath: witness our deadness and lukewarmness, our coldrife hearing, praying, praising; our strong and prevalent corruptions; our weak and languishing graces, if we have any at all: it may be heavy afflictions on the bodies of some, on their friends, families, or connections; perhaps heavy distress upon the minds of others; through temptations, confusions, fears, damps, and discouragements of many sorts. Well what shall we do in this case? Shall we turn desperate, and reckon that now no merciful meeting with God is to be expected. Indeed, if God had revealed nothing from heaven but wrath, we might be hopeless; but now is the fit time to plead that he would remember mercy. Now is the fit time to pray for mercy, to cry for mercy, to plead mercy, to believe mercy, to lay hold of mercy, to remember mercy, and to wrestle with God that he

would remember mercy: mercy towards ourselves, towards our families, towards the land in general, and to the Church of Christ in particular.

2. If we may pray and plead for mercy in the midst of wrath, then we may hopefully plead mercy in the face of all other discouragements whatsoever, here is a door of mercy opened in the midst of wrath. Some, perhaps may be ready to say many things mars my hope. Why, but here is encouragement to sue for mercy, and to hope and plead for it, in the face of all opposition whatsoever, since we ought to plead mercy in the face of wrath. This plea will stand good against all that is deadly, if faith take it up. I shall offer some instances here.

1. You may hopefully plead mercy in the face of old sins, former transgressions, and great iniquities; this we find the Psalmist did, xxv. 7. "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake." Here old sins came in view; yet here is faith pleading mercy. Unbelief may tell you so and so you have sinned; and therefore there is no hope, nothing but wrath to be expected! Nay, but faith may look to the mercy of God in Christ, and say as verse the 11th, "For thy name's sake pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." Great sin should lead to plead great mercy.

2. You may plead mercy in the face of present guilt staring you in the face: as the prophet Jeremiah did, chap. xiv. 7. "Though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thy name sake." Present guilt cannot blot out the remembrance of mercy.

3. You may plead mercy in the face of present indisposition for duty. Present deadness, incapacity is the cause here; "O revive thy work; in wrath remember mercy." Expect not that in yourself which only mercy can afford. It may be afflicting that you have no suitable frame of heart. But how soon can mercy frame your heart to holy worship! quickening mercy is with him.

4. You may plead mercy in the face of dark and angry dispensations; as Psalm lxxix. 5. "How long wilt thou be angry? shall thy jealousy for ever burn like a fire?" Psalm lxxx. 4. "How long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?" The storm of wrath cannot blow away mercy: therefore plead, "In wrath remember mercy."

5. You may plead mercy in the face of great unworthiness, and fears of communicating unworthily; because mercy regards not our worthiness, nor waits for our worth; but vents through the worthiness of the Lamb, and therefore you may say, "he is worthy for whom thou shouldst do this."

6. You may plead mercy in the face of many challenges, for omissions and commissions. You may take with the changes of the law, and the challenge of conscience

\* Allow me to call the attention of a "Little Watchman of the Tower," and all your spiritual readers to the answer to this important enquiry, What shall we do in this case? and may grace be given to every one of us, to pray earnestly for God to remember mercy at this time. C. H. C.



against yourself; and yet hold your plea, and maintain your argument for mercy: "In wrath remember mercy."

7. You may plead mercy in the face of strong unbelief and weak faith: in the face of living unbelief and languishing faith: for though this way be saddening to your soul, and sinking to your heart, even into fainting, yet the mercy of God in Christ being the root, cause, and spring of faith, when he remembers mercy, he revives every languishing grace: they that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine.

8. You may plead mercy in the face of manyfold miscarriages in duty; such as want of faith, freedom, fervour, love, liberty, fixedness of heart, and the like; for though this should be afflicting and humbling; yet the ground of hope and confidence is, in the free mercy of God through Christ.

9. You may plead mercy in the face of seeming refusals and harsh answers: when he not only delays to give the mercy you seek, but seems to deny you, and call you a dog, to whom the children's bread doth not belong, yet he allows for all that, to pass in at the door of mercy; saying, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table.

10. You may plead mercy in the face of real refusals, rejections, and reproofs: for though the door of mercy seem to be shut and barred, and though he may justly reject you for ever, and keep you long at the back of the door; yet he can soon open the door, and grant you access to his presence, and though he should not, it becomes you to wait on him who saith, "he will not contend for ever, neither will he be always wroth: lest the spirits should fail before him, and the souls which he hath made."

11. You may plead mercy of improbabilities; yea, and seeming impossibilities, when there is no appearance of his shewing mercy; yet like Abraham, against hope you are to believe in hope: dispensations seeming to contradict the promised mercy, must not stop our mouth from speaking nor embarrass our faith: but rather set our prayer on proper edge, our faith on exercise.

12. You may remember mercy in the face of prevailing iniquity. Surely this should humble and afflict you, and woe to them that live in sin and presume upon mercy: but when prevailing iniquity begins to discourage you from pleading mercy, shake off that discouraging temptation, and plead pardoning and purifying mercy the more earnestly: for mercy hath been pleaded and should be pleaded, in the face of prevailing sin: "iniquities prevail against us; but yet as for transgressions thou wilt purge them away." Psalm lxx. 3.

In a word, you may plead mercy in the face of all temptations to the contrary, from whatever source.—Though the devil suggest to you that your pleading will bring

a curse instead of a blessing, and that God hath decreed the contrary to what you ask; yet God's revealed will being the rule of your duty, and his revealed mercy through Christ, being the ground of your hope, you are to have no regard to these wicked suggestions: "In the midst of wrath," in the midst of woes, in the midst of all sin you can be surrounded with, as long as you are out of hell, there is ground to plead, "LORD REMEMBER MERCY."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THAT PART OF ZION OVER WHICH THE LORD HAS APPOINTED JAMES FENLON TO PRESIDE.—The rise of the cause was simply this—A few friends feeling the importance and necessity of prayer and communion one with another, would have preferred holding weekly meetings at friends' houses, but that being impracticable in London, and a room being offered at a low rental, it was taken. It was opened for the first time, on the 26th January, 1849, and it evidently appeared the Holy Spirit had breathed his holy and blessed influence amongst us: we continued meeting every Friday evening; our numbers slowly, but gradually increasing. A few months from this, some differences having arisen in the church with which we stood connected, (ending in division,) we saw the necessity of withdrawing; and were then kindly supplied by friends from brother Wells, who came and preached the word in our midst; so from a prayer-meeting, it became a place of public worship. The present place (No. 25, Aldenharn Street, Pancras Road, Somers' Town,) being much larger, and more convenient than the first, was taken. Here we have a free grace gospel proclaimed three times a week, and twice a week we meet for prayer. For nearly six months Mr. James Fenlon, formerly of the Ark, Bermondsey, has been preaching the glorious truths of God's Word amongst us, and with great success. A church was formed on March 1st, 1850; and on Good Friday our pastor led four individuals through the water, a pool having been very kindly lent us by friends in the neighbourhood. We partook of the emblems of our Saviour's dying love the first Lord's Day evening in April. We have evident signs the Lord is blessing our brother's ministry; the place is tolerably full; the saints are built up and refreshed by the way; backsliding children are found eating the Word, and above all, souls are brought to the glorious light of the gospel. May the Lord continue to shine, and bless our brother with many seals to his ministry and souls for his hire. FRANCIS GOUGH.

"So long as there was none of this world's goods to be got by pretending to be a Christian, and no temporal honours to be enjoyed by claiming to be a bishop, the sons of Satan turned their backs upon the cross. But since the creation of titular distinctions, and the setting apart of large masses of property, which can only be enjoyed by professing, whether truly or falsely, to be servants of Jesus, the number of professors has greatly increased. Indeed, as cobbling and botching, medicine and arms, are followed for emolument or fame, so shoals go into the ministry, some hungering for a crust, and others hankering for a nitre." From *The Popular Delusion*.—See notice of it on *Wrapper*.