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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL;

AND
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FOR
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THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

“Joseph is yet Alive!”

A FEW INTRODUCTORY WORDS TO THE READERS OF
THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

WE are not careful to write much either about ourselves, or on the behalf of our work. A new prospectus has been issued; in that we have said all we wish to say respecting our future plan of proceeding: and we should esteem it a great favor if *our friends* [we mean all who heartily wish us God-speed—and none others—we say again, we wish *our friends*] would exert themselves a little by procuring and distributing these prospectuses as widely as possible in their different localities. By addressing a note to “The Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, No. 1, South Street, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey,” any number of these prospectuses will be forwarded free. With these few words we leave temporal matters, and come to make a very few remarks on our present spiritual position and prospects.

It hath pleased the Lord most marvellously to support and hold up our souls in the midst of tempestuous trials. The Lord having so much endeared himself to our poor hearts; having sustained and helped us in seasons of overwhelming difficulties; and having over and over again promised that he will deliver us—that he will set us on high—that he will be with us in trouble—and that with many days of real usefulness he will satisfy our longing souls:—the good Lord having so mercifully promised, and so faithfully performed his promise, is it any wonder that we earnestly desire, more than ever, to glorify his great and holy name?

The past, with us, dear reader, has been a year full of changes and events of no ordinary kind. We make no detailed reference to them: but as we were seriously reflecting upon the things that are behind, one part of good old Jacob's prophetic blessing, arrested our spirit, seemed applicable to our state, and was rendered useful, in some measure, to cheer and encourage our hearts

as we press onward to the end of our mysterious career. The words were these, “The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but HIS BOW ABODE IN STRENGTH: and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; from thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel.” In meditation, we considered these words as *literally* true in Joseph's case; as *typically* true in the Saviour's case; and as *spiritually* and *experimentally* applicable to every true servant of Christ in the gospel dispensation, and, more or less, to all the devoted followers of the Lamb.

Leaving both the *literal* and the *typical* bearings of the text, we asked these two plain questions: First, “What may be fairly called THE FAITHFUL MINISTER'S BOW?” And, secondly, “When may it be said, HIS BOW ABIDES IN STRENGTH?” The word of the Lord as divinely laid in his heart—heavenly power anointing and enlarging his soul—ministerial qualifications, with authority and opportunity to exercise himself in holy gifts; these may be said to make up his bow; and his bow may be said to abide in strength, when it is instrumental in declaring and developing *the truth as it is in Jesus*.

When a man's heart is sound, being filled with holy love to Christ—when a man's conscience is clear, being washed in the blood of atonement—when a man's mind is richly imbued and furnished with heavenly knowledge—when a man's mouth pours forth hot and heaven-born testimonies illustrative and confirmatory of the person, work, and worthiness of the Great High Priest of our profession, then it is evident that his bow abides in strength: and greatly favoured is that man on whom such honours are bestowed; and happy is it for any people among whom such a messenger stands.

Moreover, his bow may be said to abide in strength when it stands in much and in mighty prayer to the God of all our mercies. A man's bow may be said to abide in strength, when his ministry is rendered useful, in fastening conviction in careless hearts—in arousing drowsy spirits—in gathering into Zion's happy fold, seeking souls,—and in feeding the real Church of God. No weapon, formed against such an one, shall ever prosper: the Lord God will be his sun and his shield: and often shall he be constrained to sing—

"Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar—
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power."

While these things were occupying our thoughts—and bringing us to a kind of test, whereby to try our real standing—good old Jacob's exclamation entered, and filled both heart and mouth, and we said,—"*Joseph is yet alive.*" "*Joseph is yet alive.*"

The ancient type, found in the person of Rachel's eldest son, has had its thousands, and its tens of thousands of anti-types in every age: and so long as our Lord Jesus Christ has a family of faithful servants and believing saints upon the earth, *Joseph will never be dead*. His brethren envied him, hated him, banished him:—"Joseph is yet alive!" Fierce temptations assailed him—base calumny imprisoned him—professing friends forgot him:—"Joseph is yet alive."—The Lord was with Joseph, even in the prison—He extended kindness unto him—He wrought deliverance for him—He made great use of him:—"Joseph is yet alive." This favorite son of the ancient patriarch was instrumental in providing an inheritance, and in supplying the wants of his father and his brethren, when a grievous famine was in the land; and, "*Joseph is yet alive.*" From great castings down he was exalted to safety, to honour, to usefulness, and to a happy association with the paternal family from whom he had been long separated: so shall it be with all the spiritual seed of Israel; God will help them and that right early. A long dark path of tribulation they may have to pass; powerful adversaries may be permitted to oppress; floods of sorrow may for a season, overwhelm: but everlasting love, an everlasting covenant, an everlasting salvation, an Almighty Redeemer and Intercessor, an omnipotent Spirit of Life and Truth, these all unite to secure a kingdom more glorious and permanent, and honours more heavenly and pleasant than any Pharaoh could confer upon the head of Rachael's first-born son.

An Hebrew writer gives a simple interpretation of Joseph's name which is most interestingly significant in many points of view—it is this, "*Increasing.*" As regards the kingdom of our spiritual Joseph, look which way you will, if you look with faith's eyes, you will see it is "*increasing.*" Look into

heaven if you can, and there it is *increasing*. The dear Redeemer doth see of the travail of his soul and is satisfied, in the perpetual flocking homeward and heaven-ward of his ransomed members. Oh, how many millions have entered glory since Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Samuel, and Job, and others of the patriarchs and prophets first stood before the eternal throne! What a delightful scene it must be to witness the incomings of heaven, and to hear the "*increasing*" bursts of holy triumphs sounding forth from every street in the golden city! If you come downwards to the gospel kingdom, there is "*increasing.*" Churches, ministers, salvation-seekers, spiritual worshippers, faithful followers—all are "*increasing.*"

Tell us not the day is dark and gloomy, and that nothing is doing in the kingdom of grace. Tell us not that the Pope and his Puseyite puppies will soon frighten the saints out of the land. Tell us not the faithful fathers are dying, and there are none to stand in their stead. It is true, Zion looks not so green and lively as we could wish—she is not so united and flourishing as we could desire: her ministers may not be so happy and successful as we are told they one day shall be! Instances of real conversion are not so conspicuous or so numerous as we had hoped to have seen them. Nevertheless, taking the church of God as one body, we unhesitatingly say—she is manifestively "*INCREASING.*"—"Joseph is yet alive." JESUS CHRIST, our glorious Advocate, is "*yet alive.*" The blessed gospel of God our Saviour, is "*yet alive.*" Some sound and savoury servants of our lovely Emanuel, are "*yet alive.*" Thousands and thousands of earnest, praying souls, are "*yet alive:*" and [although "*The Spiritual Magazine*" is now dead—"*The Christian Cottager's Magazine*" is now dead; some others of our monthly witnesses are said to be sick and on the decline], the "*EARTHEN VESSEL,*" dear reader is "*yet alive:*" and that her existence and stores may prove a blessing to thy soul, and to the souls of multitudes, is the inwrought prayer of your devoted servant,

THE EDITOR.

Having thus briefly and imperfectly commenced our labours for another year, we wish to introduce a series of letters under the heading, "*THE ANTI-POPISH TRUMPETER;*" the first of which will be found on the following page. The recent open persecution in Tuscany, — and the fearful movements of Romanism in many directions, demand the serious and the prayerful consideration of British Protestants, and all who savingly know and love the Lord. In uniting this new feature to the general contents of the *Earthen Vessel*, we feel persuaded we shall be enabled to furnish much information that will be edifying, and useful to the reader, and also render the *Vessel* itself more suitable to the emergencies of the times in which we live.

The Anti-Popish Trumpeter.

By "A Watchman on the Walls connecting Clapham, Westminster, Dockhead, &c."

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR,—Standing as I do, between the great Romish districts of Westminster and Dockhead—surrounded as I am, by the many movements of Romanism, Puseyism, and Arminianism of every grade and degree—and having correspondence with every circle and corner of Christendom, I had determined upon issuing a cheap weekly paper—as an effort, in the first place, (under God,) to convince my fellow-creatures of the secret preparations every where making against the holy and essential truths of the Gospel; and, in the second place, to furnish some evidence of the spirit of love, faithfulness, and zeal, in the breast, in the books, and in the arduous labours of a host of Lutheran, Calvinian, and Owenian Protestants, who are neither known nor recognized by the ministers and members of "our own churches." I have long wanted to be able to put into every poor man's hand

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS on both sides of the question—FOR, and, AGAINST: a kind of balance, with two scales, wherein the works of Satan against Christ, on the one hand; and the wonderful faithfulness of a covenant God, in defending His own Truth—His own People—His own Honour—on the other hand, might be fairly seen. I believe such an effort would be useful: but, for the present, I ask permission to occupy one or two of your pages, monthly, instead of commencing a separate series of papers. Should this hint produce a willingness to aid me in carrying my original design into effect, they may speak their mind to me, by addressing a note "to the Anti-Popish Trumpeter, care of the Printers of the Earthen Vessel, Bermondsey New Road."

Throwing aside all prefatory matter, &c., I commence with a brief notice of

THE PERSECUTION OF

Rosa and Francesco Madiai;

an event which has more powerfully called into exercise the remains of a pure Protestant feeling, than any circumstance of recent date.

Many of your readers may be unacquainted with the history of this species of modern persecution; it is not right that they should be left in that ignorance. Let me, first, give them an outline.

The second edition of a neat duodecimo, published in London by Partridge & Oakey, and bearing the following significant title, is now before me: "PRISONERS OF HOPE: being letters from Florence, relative to the persecution of Francesco and Rosa Madiai, sentenced to solitary confinement and hard la-

bour, for reading the Word of God, and professing the Gospel of Jesus Christ; Edited by S. P. Tregelles, L.L.D., with an abstract of the Trial."

Beside this, I have a detailed account of the nature and result of the deputation which went forth from the Evangelical Alliance to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. From these, and other sources, I shall endeavour to furnish your readers with a heart-thrilling account of this barbarous transaction.

It was in the City of Florence, about 1520, and from that to 1530,—(days preceding the Reformation,) that an old monk, belonging to Ferrara, by the name of "Savonarola," was raised up to expose the corruption of Rome, and to preach, faithfully, all that he knew of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his blessed Gospel. Multitudes crowded to hear him; and many believed in the Lord; but Pope Alexander VI. had him put to death: and thereby, for a length of time, was the Protestant faith stifled in those domains, so distinguished for science, and so bitterly zealous for the creeds and curses of the Romish Church.

Gradually, almost secretly, yet perseveringly, however, has the Spirit of God been at work, in the minds of many in Tuscany, of late years. The Scriptures have been read: to many a heart has this great truth been divinely applied,—that the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ alone can give peace to the troubled conscience, or lead the regenerated sinner into communion with God. One Count Piero Guicciardini had been very active in promoting the pure worship of God: and many congregations assembled. This with other movements, on the part of the Protestants, led to much opposition, and ultimately to down-right persecution; in fact, the Tuscan government gave the police powers to arrest, imprison, or banish, all persons, who in any way promoted or promulgated Protestantism. The first victim of Romish malice was Count Piero Guicciardini. "On the evening of May 7, he was taking leave of a friend, some others being present, whom he had never seen before (so that they were seven in all), and when reading the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel together, they were surprised and arrested by the gendarmes, and taken to the Bargello—the common prison of Florence—where they were for the first night immured together in a filthy and disgusting cell. After various examinations, they were, by decree of May 17, banished for six months to different places in the pestiferous Marchmas

This sentence was afterwards commuted into exile from Tuscany in the case of most of them; and thus, Count Guicciardini has visited his friends in England, not in the circumstances which he intended, but as an exile for Christ's sake."

Most of your readers, Mr. Editor, have heard, that in Tuscany, two persons—named Francesco and Rosa Madaia—have been sentenced to about five years' imprisonment, simply for reading the Word of God, and because they loved and embraced the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ. I shall give your readers a full history of this affair; annexing therewith such testimonies of the vitality of the faith of these sufferers, as I believe will be both interesting and profitable. But my main object is to endeavour to awaken the Churches of Christ in this our highly-favoured land, to some sense of the position they occupy in these days. Your comfortably situated, and settled-down pastors—your quiet and easy members—your host of stoical and theory-faith professors—may smile at me; but, dear Sir, when I see, and hear, and read, the doings of our Puseyite and Papal Bishops, and Priests, and Deacons, in Convocations, in Churches, and in Councils; and when I witness the lethargy, the pride, the dis-union, and the almost total absence of vital energy and heaven-born wrestling for the preservation and promulgation of the faith once delivered unto the saints, among our Churches and communities; I cannot extinguish the fear that ere long—(if God preserve not—if the true Church arise not—) our privileges and gospel mercies will be sadly curtailed: if not, (for a time) cut off altogether; I have not commenced this work without plenty of ammunition. I have bundles upon bundles, of solemn secrets which I can open, if you, Mr. Editor, will allow; but let me tell you, plainly, that if I am permitted to unmask Popery a little, I shall not stop at what they call "Roman Catholic Chapels,"—and Convents; I shall not be satisfied with a passive remark about Puseyism, no; I must walk through the ranks of Presbyterianism, Methodism, Calvinism, Mormonism, &c., &c., &c., and whatever is not God-like, Gospel-like, Truth-like, and Christian-like, I shall fearlessly witness against: whether you or your readers will hear or forbear. But, to return to the persecution in Tuscany; I commenced by quoting parts of the two first letters in Mr. Tregelle's work, entitled "*Prisoners of Hope*." Read the following, and be sure next month, I shall closely pursue their history.

"Florence, Aug. 20, 1851.—The persecutions still continue. Last Sunday, the 17th, a case of gross injustice and abuse of power occurred in Piazza Santa Maria Novello. At about half-past seven in the evening, a visit was made by the gendarmes to the house of Francesco Madaia, and although both himself and his wife were from home, the house was searched from the

roof to the cellars; and the object of the search was revealed by the capture of two Bibles and an English book (*Hawker's Morning Portion*, I believe.) An Englishman had chanced to call in to see Francesco, and was awaiting his return, and there were also two other individuals waiting for him; these three were immediately arrested, and their persons searched; and the *honest* gendarmes swore they found them reading the Scriptures. In the meantime Francesco Madaia returned home, and he was arrested; and shortly after, all four were carried off to the Bargello, the common prison of Florence, in spite of warm remonstrances on the part of all. Poor dear Rosa, who had also returned home, behaved with her usual dignity; she encouraged her husband, saying, he had done nothing wrong, and therefore he need not be ashamed; and that she hoped he would be liberated after a few hours' detention:—thus they parted. May her hopes indeed be realised! The Englishman was kept in prison twenty-two hours, and was only eventually released through the exertion of his relations and the strong remonstrances of the legation at Florence."

To say that Popery is uncharitable and cruel, are terms too mild. We have proof upon proof that in its alliance with the flesh it is unholy, unclean, in its opposition to our Lord Christ—His spiritual kingdom and His quickened faithful saints, it is barbarous to the last degree. Read another extract:

"Florence, Aug. 29, 1851.—You will be anxious to hear the fate of the three poor prisoners for the gospel's sake, whom I named to you in my last. Madaia and the other two, who are also Florentines, were placed in separate cells, and no one has been allowed to see them. I believe they have had several *secret* examinations; for justice in this country *now* is rarely public. The two men, after being detained in prison seven days, were offered their choice either of indefinite imprisonment or indefinite exile; of course, they chose the latter. And thus are these poor fellows, the one a shoemaker, the other a valet out of place, cast forth into the wide world as wanderers, without means, without friends, but such as our heavenly Father may raise up to them; without trial, or any cause assigned; their crime being that they were found in the house of the Madaia, and that they both confessed the gospel of Jesus Christ in their examinations, and also avowed that they read the Bible.

"And now comes the most affecting of all my communications, and one for which we were but little prepared: perhaps, you will scarcely believe my report, when I tell you that poor dear Rosa Madaia has been taken into custody and imprisoned! a woman—a poor sickly woman. This took place two days ago—*i.e.*, ten days after her beloved husband's imprisonment. She also has been carried to the bargello, where they remain in separate cells, not having seen each other since the affecting evening of the 17th. She has been unceasing in her efforts to obtain permission to see her husband, but has been invariably refused with the utmost harshness. Still we never thought it would come to this. Just see how that shameful edict of April the 25th already works. If you have read Gladstone's Letters, you

have just the manner of arrests here. Persons are taken up upon suspicion, and then they seek in all directions for witnesses to incupate them. Alas! poor Rosa! How will she bear her narrow close cell! the vermin—the bugs—so numerous that they actually drop upon their persons and into their food?"

(To be continued.)

Since the above was written, I have received a communication from Florence, headed—"Inhuman Proceedings in Tuscany." The Grand Duke of Tuscany has become exasperated by the attempt to rescue the Madias, and he has actually decreed the revival of the guillotine for religious offences: consequently a protestant gentleman, at the head of a banking house, has been carried off to prison—it is Signor Guarducci:—his crime is—reading the Scriptures. I should not wonder if he and both the Madias are not speedily martyred at the guillotine. Are we to sleep under this state of things?

A WATCHMAN IN THE CATHOLIC DISTRICTS OF LONDON.

Serious Attempt to Overthrow Religious Liberty.

In France, the Pope is busy enough; and rejoices greatly at the elevation of Louis Napoleon. He is granting indulgences to all who pray for the league of Roman Catholic princes against heresy. "France," says a writer, "has been divided into consistorial circumscriptions, leaving out neither a village nor a hamlet. It is intended to force the Independents into one of these frameworks. There are only four acknowledged creeds: the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, the Reformed, and the Jewish. Now all who will not join one of these four are threatened to be outlawed. I cannot say more on this point, because the affair is pending; but it is by far the most serious attempt against religious liberty we have yet seen. The Independents are, however, fearless; they know that in them is a strength greater than that which hopes to destroy them. They are the spiritual descendants of those Independents of the first ages of the Church upon which was exercised the despotic power of the Roman Emperors, without crushing or even diminishing them. They are prepared for all, knowing that they will receive from their Master all the necessary strength, should he call them to suffer for his name."

The Kingdom of Christ.

(Continued from last month.)

CAN we suppose for a moment that Jehovah speaking to the man, Christ Jesus, in the character of High Priest, "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool" to be figurative language? Is he not in heaven? do we not draw near to God through him? Is it not the joy of our hearts to know Jesus is there in the presence of God for us? one touched with the feeling of our infirmities? Did not Stephen declare "I see the heavens opened and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," and has not the apostle declared him to be sat down, from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool; the words "until" and "till"

in these passages are lost sight of, and again, Ezekiel 21, 27, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn: and it shall be no more, "until" he come whose right it is; and I will give it him."

Are we to understand the "enemies made his footstool," to mean, made spiritual, regenerated, saved; some expositors would have us do so, but we would rather take the plain word of the Lord, "I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment, for the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come, and I will tread down the people in my anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth."

The Kingdom of Heaven, or Gospel dispensation, was ushered in by joyful accents, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," Not so the Kingdom of Christ. The great day of wrath precedes the day of blessing. The heading up of all the iniquitous Anti-Christian systems in one, under one head, emphatically called in Dan. ii. 11, 36, "The King."

The Jews will be in their own land, still in unbelief, they will have resumed a national standing; the bone having come to its bone, and covered with flesh and skin, evidently showing them a body politic, (but still without life) and being "replenished from the east, their land will be full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures; their land is also full of horses, neither is there any end of their chariots; their land is also full of idols." "Therefore thus saith the Lord God: because ye are all become dross, behold, therefore I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem, as they gather silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it, to melt it; so will I gather you in mine anger and in my fury, and I will have you there, and melt you. Yea, I will gather you, and blow upon you in the fire of my wrath, and ye shall be melted in the midst of the furnace, so shall ye be melted in the midst thereof? and ye shall know that I the Lord have poured out my fury upon you." Ezek. 22. "Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness, and the destruction of the transgressors and of sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed." Isa. i. 27, 28. "It shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die."

We might go on to show that Israel after the flesh will experience yet great and awful judgments, in their own land, that God is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to another, and that although hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.

But still Grace is manifested, "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: I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, the Lord is my God."

Yes, the breath from God enters the body, they live spiritually, they stand up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. It is grace, sovereign, unmerited grace, that will work this mighty deliverance. Then will their mouth be filled with laughter, and their tongue with singing, then will they say among the Gentiles, the Lord *hath* done great things for us, whereof we are glad. They will be in the land of their long promised blessing: the joy of all lands. "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken, neither shall thy land any more be termed *desolate*; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." Isa. lxii. 4. Then will be the literal, and blessed fulfilment of Isa. lvi.; "For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles, like a flowing stream: then shall ye suck, ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you: and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."

The Gentiles also who had been witnesses of their desolations, and instrumental to a great extent in causing them; who had trodden down their land, and often exulted in their degradation, will be gathered to behold their glory, and to share in it; "Rejoice ye Gentiles with his people," "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof:" thus the whole world at large are called to share in the joy of Israel in *that day*; then to him "every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess to the glory of God the Father." How is it we hear (as I have heard this week,) "this subject don't concern us, we don't wish to hear any thing about it," by persons of long standing in the professing Church? Does it not argue a great lack of Bible reading, a great departure from truth in the public teachings, aye, more; does it not directly or indirectly charge the all-wise and gracious Spirit with folly in occupying so much of our Bible with this subject. May the divine Spirit arouse the sleeping Church by his sent servants, crying, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

J. CHISLETT.

Memoir of Emma Lane.

DEAR BROTHER.—You will favour some of the readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, by inserting in the January number the following brief account of the experience and death of Emma Lane. I trust

that you will feel encouraged while you read, and other dear servants of the Lord who preach on Lord's Days in the afternoon, to meet such cases as the following.

Emma Lane was the second daughter of George and Jane Lane, members of the Particular Baptist church, Meopham, Kent. At the age of thirteen, it pleased the Lord deeply to convince her of her state as a sinner (at this time she was in the Sabbath school at Ash). Her father one day seeing her in tears, asked her why she wept? She said, "Am I prepared, should I be called to die?" (The church bell at this time announcing the death of some one). The change was manifest. A female teacher said to the writer, "Have you had any conversation with Emma?" I said,— "No, not particular." "I wish you would, then," she said, "for I do think that there is some good thing in her." From this time, opportunities were taken to converse with her; and it was found that her earnest cry was, "What must I do to be saved?" On hearing a few thoughts delivered from the words, "Who maketh thee to differ?" one evening, at Ash, the Lord was pleased to bless them to her soul.

She continued under the parental roof, and in the school, until the summer of 1850, when, in the providence of God, she was removed to London. Here, for a while, she was deprived of the privilege of hearing the word of life, which was a great trial to her mind;—being compelled for a while to go to the Established Church;—but here she could get no comfort. Having an hour in the afternoon on Lord's-day, she would run to the prayer meeting at Crosby Row Chapel. But during the time of her living in London, which was two years, she wrote several letters to her teachers and friends, which speak the state of her mind. In a letter dated November 10, 1850, she writes:

"Dear Friend: I hope you have not forgotten me, though I live in London; for I often think of you at Ash, and sometimes fancy myself there. But though here surrounded by strangers, what a mercy that I have a very near Friend. Yes,— 'the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' O, the amazing love of Jesus to such a poor worm as me. You would like to hear, dear friend, of the dear Lord's gracious dealings with this poor worm. I have had such a sight of myself, and of my vileness, that I was almost driven to despair. All my sins rose up before me, and I thought no one was ever like me, and felt there was no mercy for me. I was afraid to look in my Bible; but, I know not how it was, I took my hymn book, when these lines caught my eye:

"Did I a world possess,
That world I'd now resign,
To feel thy pardoning love,
And victory over sin:
To find thy love within my heart,
And feel my every sin depart.

"Yet I will not despair;
But to my Lord I'll flee;
He'll bring salvation near,
And I his face shall see:
On yonder throne his name adore,
And shout, 'I'm sav'd to sin no more.'"

"These last lines were so blessed to my soul, that I fell on my knees, and told my dear Jesus all my trouble; and like poor Christian, when he

got a sight of the cross, I felt my burden removed. But satan tells me at times it is a delusion."

In another, dated February 22, 1851,

"Dear Friend: You have heard—no doubt—that the dear Lord has opened a way for me to hear the gospel preached in its purity. O, how different to that dry formality in the church! There I could not get a crumb, but now I get a feast. O, I want a heart to praise my God for all his mercies towards me. I want more love to Jesus. For

'To hear the sorrows he has felt
What but an adamant would melt?'

Oh yes,—

'Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.'

"Oh may he 'melt this heart of mine.' I cry out with the poet—

'Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with thy blood,
So freely shed for me.'

But may I say, 'for me?' Sometimes I can, and burst out singing,

"Compared with Christ," &c."

While our young friend attended the prayer meeting at Crosby Row she became acquainted with a young female, a member of the church there; and it appears by this means that she heard of the preaching at Mount Zion chapel, City Road; and although living in Lower Thames Street, and her time very limited, yet we find her running to hear the word of life. In another letter she writes.—

"*Sunday Evening.*—Dear Friend.—I have been to Mount Zion this afternoon, and have had a most blessed season. I do not know whether you ever heard Mr. Banks; if not, I am sure you would like him. Oh, the subject was so blest to my poor soul; oh it was not half long enough. I should like to have the whole of the day as I used to do. I have been to see the Great Exhibition; but while I was there I thought, 'what is all this? Compared with Christ, nothing.'"

In another she writes.—

"Dear Friend.—I hope you and your's are well, as, through mercy, this leaves me. But longing more and more to cast in my lot among the dear people of God, for with Ruth I can say, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Do send me some *Cheering Words* when you can: I have commenced taking the *Earthen Vessel* this month. Have been to Mount Zion this afternoon; have had a good season. An unworthy worm,
EMMA LANE."

I have taken out these few extracts to let her speak for herself (if you think them worth notice) while she was in London.

Last summer she was down at Meopham for a month, and Emma was found to be in presence what she was in letter. The house of God, the people of God, and to talk of what Jesus had done for her was her delight. She returned to London with her mistress in July, but was soon brought back ill: from this affliction she was raised for a while sufficient for her to attend the means of grace, till within a fortnight of her death. The last time the writer conversed with her was about a fortnight before she was taken ill; she then opened her mind freely upon the sub-

ject of baptism, and expressed a desire to join the church. The last day in October she was at Meopham, and walked over to Ash in the evening. This was the last time Emma worshipped with us on earth—she was taken ill going home, and before that day fortnight was taken home to join the church triumphant. She died November 13, 1852, at the age of seventeen years.

Such was the nature of the disease which in a few days brought our young friend down to the grave, as not to allow her to converse, being at times delirious. One day her mother, being out of the room, heard a gentle rap, went to her, and asked her if she wanted her; she said, "Don't you hear that beautiful singing? I do not wonder that Eleanor Pope so longed to be gone." Being asked if Jesus was precious, she said, "Can he be otherwise?" She would often break out singing, and at times would have the tune distinctly, though not able to speak the words. A short time before her death she sung her favourite lines—

"Oh what in yonder realms above
Is ransom'd man ordained to be!
With honour, holiness, and love,
No angel so adorn'd as he."

Thus lived and died Emma Lane. Her mortal remains were consigned to the silent grave on November 17, 1852, without pomp, but not without hope of a joyful resurrection. We could truly sing,

"She is not lost, but gone before."
Your's truly,
THOMAS GILBERT.

The Spiritual Riddle Solved.

(See *Earthen Vessel* for Nov. 1852, page 261.)

THE writer of the above must be one who was betrothed unto the Lord for ever, (a) and loved with an everlasting love; (b) but was manifestly married to his spiritual Bridegroom seventeen years ago in Zion, (c) when he was "born from above." (d) Three years after his conversion from sin and satan to the Lord, he had two spiritual children given him about the same time, according to those words in Isaiah lvi. 7, 8, 9. The boy, or male soul, when "born again" was five years older in nature, and the girl, or female soul two years younger in nature than the natural age of the spiritual father; so that the new-born souls were "as boys and girls playing in the streets of the city of Zion." (e) The man and woman married literally one year after they were become citizens of Zion, and the wife had a spiritual offspring six years after her conversion. (f) She outgrew her father and husband in the divine life by being made ripe for glory, and was carried to the bosom of her heavenly Bridegroom before her spiritual father or her natural husband, so that she "came to her grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." (g)

This, my dear Mr. Editor, I presume is the spiritual solution of the Riddle; and may God the Holy Ghost condescend to bless us with a sweet enjoyment of our eternal union to our *Bouz*, a knowledge of our calling, and a lively assurance of our ultimate victory over death and sin, with a full entrance into the joy of our Lord. MIZPAH.

(a) Hosea ii. 19. (b) Jer. xxxi. 3. (c) Jer. iii. 14; Cant. iii. 4, 11, (d) 1 John i. 13; Ephes. ii. 1—3. (e) Zech. viii. 5. (f) Isaiah lx. 4. (g) Job v. 26; Rev. xiv. 13.

SHORT SERMONS:

OR,

SOMETHING FOR BELIEVERS TO THINK UPON.

No. I.

I WAS early awake one Sabbath morning—felt inwardly sorrowful at the darkness and destitution of my mind, when the following words spoke in me, and with much freedom and force, I gave utterance to them; with some little assurance that they were indited by the Spirit of all truth:

"I'll go where I have gone before,
I'll knock, and wait at mercy's door;
The Lord will ~~there~~ himself reveal,
THE LORD will there my heart unseal."

It was not long before I approached the mercy-seat; and in so doing, realized a soul-reviving application of this text—"HIM *hath* GOD exalted with his right hand, as A PRINCE and A SAVIOUR, for to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins." Acts v. 31, 32.

In this holy Scripture you have two fundamental principles for meditation. First—"The exaltation of Christ, as a Prince and as a Saviour." Secondly,—“The benefits flowing from that exaltation—*repentance and forgiveness.*”

JESUS CHRIST exalted as a Prince and as a Saviour: the first character has to do with his Person, *what he is IN HIMSELF*—A PRINCE: the second has to do with his work; what he is unto his people—A SAVIOUR.

Why is he called a Prince? Because of his *descent*—He is the eldest, the only, the much beloved Son of his Father: because of his heirship: because of his sovereign government of all creatures and things in the kingdoms of the world,—Zion more especially; and because of the largeness, the fulness, the freeness, the benevolence of his heart and his hands. He is indeed a Prince. Abraham was called a "Prince of God," because of the largeness of his possessions. Jacob was named a "Prince of God," because of his prevalence in prayer. Solomon was styled a "Prince of God," because of his pre-eminent knowledge and wisdom. Take these as types. The possessions of our Prince are immense: the prevalence in intercession, and the wisdom of our Prince, are infinite:

"With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer."

The dear Redeemer is not only exalted as a PRINCE, but also as a SAVIOUR. There are seven distinct names given to him by the Holy Ghost, expressive of his perfect work and character. Take them as they stand in the Word, and think upon them distinctly and collectively. (1) His name shall be called "*Wonderful,*" or *Secret,* expressive of his inlaying in the bosom of the Father, in the womb of the virgin, and in the hearts of the regenerated children of grace. And how wonderful—past all comprehension—are his works and his ways! 2nd., *Counsellor* is the second name, referring to the part he took in

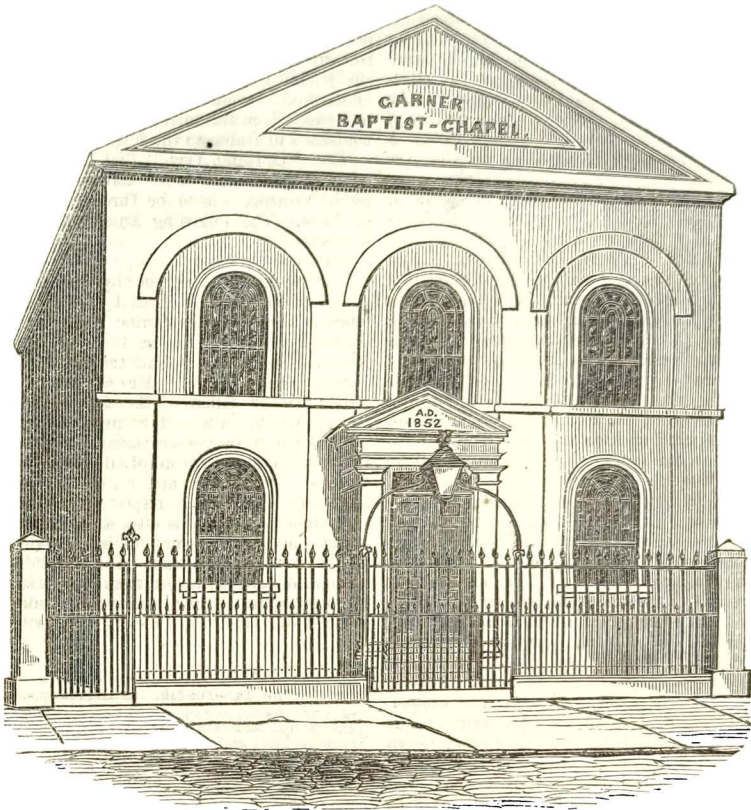
the eternal councils, the wisdom he communicates, as, also, to the intercession he carries on in the high court of heaven. He is also expressly named "THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE." Beside these names in the Old Testament, there are two in the New Testament—"JESUS, *he shall save his people from their sins:*" and "EMANUEL, *God with us.*" I leave this short thinking-bit with you by quoting a few words containing the ancient church's description of him: "*My BELOVED is white and ruddy,* the Chiefest among ten thousand."

Particularly, he is here affirmed to be "white and ruddy;" a due mixture of which colours composes the most beautiful complexion.

1st. He is *white* in the glory of his Deity, and *ruddy* in the preciousness of his humanity. "His teeth are white with milk, and his eyes are red with wine." Whiteness (if I may so say) is the complexion of glory. In the appearance of the Most High, the "Ancient of Days," it is said, "His garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool;"—and of Christ in his transfiguration, when he had on him a mighty lustre of the Deity, "His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light," which, in the phrase of another evangelist is, "White as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." It was a divine, heavenly, surpassing glory that was upon him.

2ndly. He is *white* in the beauty of his innocency and holiness, and *ruddy* in the blood of his oblation. Whiteness is the badge of innocency and holiness. It is said of the Nazarites, for their typical holiness, "They were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk." And the prophet shews us that scarlet, red, and crimson are the colours of sin and guilt; whiteness of innocency. Our Beloved was "a Lamb without blemish and without spot." "He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," as afterward will appear. And yet he who was so white in his innocency, was made ruddy in his own blood; and that two ways: *Naturally,* in the pouring out of his blood, his precious blood, in that agony of his soul when thick drops of blood trickled to the ground; as also when the whips and thorns, nails and spears, poured it out abundantly: "There came forth blood and water." He was ruddy by being drenched all over in his own blood. And *morally,* by the imputation of sin, whose colour is red and crimson. "God made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." He who was white, became ruddy for our sakes, pouring out his blood an oblation for sin. This also renders him graceful; by his whiteness he fulfilled the law; by his redness he satisfied justice. "This is our Beloved, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

Our Suburban Churches.



Garner Baptist Chapel, Clapham.

A HYMN to be sung at the Opening of Garner Baptist Chapel, January 4, 1853.

Composed for the occasion by W. O.

ALMIGHTY and omniscient Lord,
This building's rais'd for thee and thine,
Where thy great name may be ador'd,
Thou triune God of love divine.

Come, then, and consecrate this place ;
And here thy blessed name record ;
Here let us feel thy matchless grace,
Through our redeeming, reigning Lord.

Spirit divine ! with power and love
Descend, and shed celestial rays ;
Breathe on our souls, immortal Dove,
And fill our hearts with joy and praise.

Feed by thy word, cheer by thy grace,
Let pardons flow through Jesus' blood ;

Call in thy ruin'd, ransom'd race ;
Thus here make known that thou art God.

Our trust is fix'd on thee alone :
Thou art our Hope, our Boast, our all ;
Oh, look propitious from thy throne,
Let blessings still in Garner fall.

Let this and that man here be born,
By thy renewing grace and love ;
Thus with thy power this place adorn
With all things needful from above.

And all the honour shall redound
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
And we will still thy praises sound,
With all the ransom'd, blood-bought throng.

IF, in the heart of "that great city" — the British metropolis — there is a lack of pure and powerful gospel preaching, it is not so in the suburbs. In every direction, small churches are gathering under young and pro-

1853.

misg ministers — ministers that have sprung out of our larger churches — ministers who are countenanced, encouraged and helped on in their work, by the fathers, and men of long and useful standing. These are good signs.

B 2

Brother Sneath, of Peel Grove Chapel, on the north side of Bethnal Green, is labouring steadily with good acceptance, and success:—brother Robert Bowles, (and the church under him, in the large upper room, at 72, High Street, Poplar), is also standing in the affections of a devoted and thriving people. An interesting report of the first anniversary of his pastorate we hope hereafter to give. A well-written paper, beautifully detailing the happiness attendant on brother John Glaslin's anniversary, and their prospects at "The Tabernacle," Islington, will be found below. Brother John Hazleton, and the friends at Mount Zion Chapel, Nelson Place, in the City Road, are so crowded, that they are literally crying out, "Give room, for the place is too strait for us." We speak carefully, when we say, that neither of these men are "stand-stills" in the ministry; they may never reach the almost enviable position of the pastors of Hill Street, Dorset Square, or of the Surrey Tabernacle; but, that, as they advance in years they will increase in usefulness, is the faith of all who have observed the gifts bestowed upon them. It well becometh us to acknowledge the carefulness and kindness of Zion's gracious KING, even in these small beginnings of better things.

Moreover, we have the almost new cause, and the new chapel, at Clapham, (a neat front view of which heads this article). Clapham, indeed, presents a field for an energetic, faithful, and devoted minister of Christ's gospel. Thousands upon thousands of immortal souls populate this immense district; and brother Ponsford, of Zion Hill Chapel, in Courland Grove, has, for years, borne witness to the truth in this south-western suburb; but, there is ample room for "GARNER;" and we can earnestly pray that brother George Elven's labours there may be instrumental, under God, of raising the dead, healing the wounded, bringing back the wanderers, of building up, and feeding "the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood."

Garner Baptist Chapel

stands in a quiet, open, respectable, yet eligible spot. As you approach near to Clapham Common, from the City, "Wirtemberg Place" lays a little off to the right. We have been privileged to view the building in company with Mr. William Odling, (a Christian gentleman, who, in the order of Divine Providence, had his footsteps directed to take up his residence in Manor Street.) His heart has been moved, his hands have been strengthened, and his way has been made plain, to build this neat, commodious, and convenient "*House for the worship of a triune Jehovah.*" We have been informed that the whole plan—external and internal—originated with himself, and was acted upon by the architect, our brother Bland, of Lisson

Grove; under his persevering, daily, and zealous superintendence, the building has been reared; and, certainly the friends to gospel truth in Clapham owe a debt of gratitude to our friend Odling, for, (as an instrument under God,) whatever spiritual benefit may be derived from this new plantation, which, we trust will realise to the full the blessings contained in Isaiah, xxvii. 2, 3.

The "Opening Day," that is, the day when "Garner" is to be thrown open for public worship, is fixed for Tuesday, January 4, 1853. The following arrangements are announced:—

"Three sermons are to be preached. That in the morning, at eleven, by Mr. Robert Alldis, of Somers Town; that in the afternoon, at three, by Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle; that in the evening, at half-past six, by Mr. John Foreman, of Hill Street, Dorset Square. Mr. G. Wyard, of Soho; Mr. W. Allen, of Stepney; and Mr. George Elven, the present minister of Garner, will take part in the devotional services of the day. The attendance of all who love the truth as it is in Jesus, and its establishment according to analogy, is respectfully-solicited. Collections will be made after each service in aid of the building fund. Dinner and tea will be provided in the vestry and chapel."

The Lord permitting, a faithful report of the proceedings of the Opening Day will be given in our next.

The Tabernacle, Islington.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—We take the earliest opportunity of thanking you for inserting the announcement of our anniversary in your "Vessel" for November last; and also of thanking those friends who so kindly and liberally responded to our call; truly, "the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad;" and thinking that a brief account of our meeting will be interesting to your readers, it is with much pleasure we apply ourselves to the task, in the hope that it may tend to speak forth the praise of Him "whose mercy is so great."

The day of our anniversary was indeed wet and gloomy; yet, notwithstanding, the people remembered Zion; for our meeting was well attended. Our brother, Mr. Meeres, of Bermondsey, preached in the morning from Deuteronomy xxxii. 4, "His work is perfect;" and most clearly did he show that the works of Jehovah were perfect, in creation, providence and grace. The Lord was evidently with him, and a sweet savour attended his remarks. At the close of the service he congratulated us on so good an attendance, and said, that "the Islington people gave good proof they were not afraid of water." Our highly esteemed friend, Mr. Foreman, whose presence amongst us quite cheered our hearts, preached a most instructive and encouraging discourse in the afternoon from Joel iii. 16, "The Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem," &c.; and although the attendance of the friends was so great as to render it impossible for us to accommodate all of them with sittings, yet not an individual attempted to leave the meeting until the blessing of the Lord had been entreated, and the service finally closed; a circumstance worthy of remark.

In the evening came our pastor, whose heart had been inditing a good matter, and he spoke well of the things "touching the King" from Psalm

lvii. 7, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise." Thus we spent the day, and retired to our homes at night to meditate on the goodness of our God, not the least of whose mercies is a preached gospel. On the Tuesday evening we held our tea-meeting, and although the weather was still wet, upwards of 200 people sat down to tea; in fact, so numerous was the attendance that we had considerable difficulty in providing for them; and had our friends been commissariat officers of Her Majesty's forces seeking provisions for their several troops, scarcely could they have displayed greater zeal; and the rapidity with which the cups and the plates flew about did certainly remind one of a bread and butter war; and our worthy generals occupying the centre of the meeting, quite ready to take up their armour strengthened the idea. After tea, our esteemed brother Curtiss, of Homerton Row, kindly undertook to preside, who, in his opening address, was considerably affected from the fact that no less than three of the generals present had been under his training, viz., Sneath, Coles, and Glaskin. Brother Scraith entreated the blessing of the King of Zion; after which, brother Alldis was called in to take up his piece of armour—"the helmet;" Coles, "the breastplate;" Field, "the sword;" Milner, "the shield;" and Newborn to gird up his loins. And thus the battle was set in array, and most ably did these worthy generals fight for the honour of King Jesus, "the Captain of our salvation," and proved themselves to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, who well knew the use of the "armour." After which, came our brother Wyard, with a calm and peaceful countenance, and putting aside these warlike weapons, proclaimed peace through the blood of the cross, his subject being "the feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;" and a most interesting and happy meeting indeed it was, and sincerely do we hope that a future day will evince that on that evening "the arrows were sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies." It was, however, a source of regret that so many of our friends were compelled to stand the whole of the evening, and others to return home through the crowded state of our meeting, an inconvenience we hope soon to remove, as we are contemplating building a more commodious and suitable chapel; and that the Lord may prosper the work of our hands we ask an interest in the prayers of our sister churches, that at Islington, also, the gospel of the grace of God may continue to be faithfully proclaimed. In the hope that the blessings of that gospel may be enjoyed by you, I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your's for Christ Jesus. On behalf of the church, H. HALL.

December 10, 1852.

Carmel Chapel, Pimlico.

Four professed believers in our Lord Jesus Christ were baptised by brother Stenson on Lord's-day evening, November 28th, 1852, who, with one other baptised believer, were received into membership with the church on the following Lord's-day afternoon; and after the administration of the Lord's Supper, it being the last ordinance day of the year, the church and congregation, according to the custom observed of late years in Carmel, remained and took tea together, which being ended, hymns (see below) written for the occasion, were sung, and three of the brethren presented petitions to the paternal throne; after which the evening service commenced: the surplus from the tea-meeting, amounting to £4, has been distributed among the necessitous members of the church.

I.

Precious, ever precious Lord,
Now thy saints with one accord
Meet to call upon thy name,
Meet thy goodness to proclaim.
Here within this house of prayer
We have had delicious fare;

We have fed on angels' food,
And have drank the Saviour's blood.

Here thou hast thy kindness shewn,
And hast made thy glory known;
Here our needs have been supplied
Through the Lamb that bled and died.

Lord of hosts, and God of grace,
Dwell within this sacred place;
Keep us all in unity;
Bless with gospel liberty.

When the toils of life are o'er,
We shall reach that happy shore
Where the saints for evermore
Sweetly God in Christ adore.

II.

Eternal Father! God of grace!
With royal favours crown
This day, this people, and this place,
By sending blessings down.

Sweet Saviour, Prophet, Priest and King,
Thy name in us reveal;
And while thy praises now we sing,
May we our sonship feel.

O, Holy Spirit! Dove divine!
Descend with heavenly power;
Upon our waiting spirits shine,
To cheer this solemn hour.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Be praise and glory given,
By all the blood-redeemed host,
While on their way to heaven.

III.

Oh, how delightful 'tis to view
The church in Jesus blest!
In him she proves each promise true,
And finds in him her rest.

In unity, in love, in peace,
Dear Lord, may we abide;
Our faith, our hope, our joys increase,
And all our movements guide.

Lord, may thy truth be long maintain'd
Within these hallow'd walls;
And by it be thy church sustain'd,
When trouble her befalls.

Our pastor and our deacons bless;
Their lives prolong, preserve;
And help them with all faithfulness
This church of thine to serve.

Before we part, Lord, bless us all;
Warm every heart with love;
Fill mercy's vessels (great and small),
With treasure from above. J. S.

LINES

Written whilst standing on the grave of a beloved sister.

WHILE I weep, ye bending willows,
Listen to my plaintive sighs;
While I mourn that earth's cold pillow
Rests the darling of my eyes.

Sweetest, fairest of creation,
What could here thee so annoy,
That thou left thy habitation
For to taste unmingled joy?

Was it that thy heaven-born spirit
Panted perfect bliss to prove,
Born a kingdom to inherit,
And to swim in seas of love?

Rest, then; rest beneath the cypress,
And the yew-tree's silent shade,
Till thou rise in perfect newness,
In thy Saviour's image made. A. S.

A Visit to the Church of Christ at Crosby Row,

AND A WORD TO THE PASTOR.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS: I cannot refrain from expressing to you the pleasure I had in again meeting your friends at Crosby Row. For they have commended themselves to my conscience and to my affection, as the friends of Christ, the lovers of truth, and as a band of men whose hearts the Lord has not only touched, but evidently filled with tokens of his love, and enabled to distinguish between the things which differ with a clear eye, and a discerning mind. The occasion of my visit, you know, was to preach the morning sermon of your eighth anniversary, held on the 21st of November; when proofs manifold were given to my soul, that the time has not arrived (let the enemies say what they may to the contrary), for Ichabod to be written either on the pews or the pulpit of Crosby Row Chapel; for the glory of Jehovah-jireh is still seen within her walls, illuminating the minds, gladdening the hearts, and comforting the souls of the seeking and sorrowing seed of Jacob. The words of my text,—“*But, O Lord of hosts, that judgest righteously, that triest the reins and the heart, let me see thy vengeance upon them: for unto thee have I revealed my cause,*” (Jer. xi. 20), had been powerfully impressed upon my mind during the preceding week, and were opened up to me in the following order:

1. To consider the simplicity and sublimity of the prophet's address—“*O Lord of hosts.*”

2. To notice the substance of his acknowledgement—“*that judgest righteously, that triest the reins and the heart.*”

3. To observe the solemnity of his appeal—“*let me see thy vengeance upon them.*”

4. To shew the solidity of his assurance—“*for unto thee have I revealed my cause.*”

First, the simplicity of his address appears in the brevity of the sentence, “*O Lord of hosts,*” whom he sublimely describes, as “*great in counsel, and mighty in work,*” being “*the great, the mighty God, the true God, the living God, and an everlasting King.*” See chap. xxxii. 17, 19; and x. 10, 16, &c. He that is our God is the Lord of hosts; being Lord of all the heavenly host, the angelic host, the redeemed host, the ministerial host, and the earthly hosts. For even frogs and flies, locusts and lice, are under his command and control, as well as winds and waves, satan and sin, death and hell.

Our precious Jesus, our adorable Immanuel, is not only the Husband, the Redeemer and Deliverer of the church, but he is “*the Lord of hosts, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*” Psalm xxiv. 8—10. The God-Head of our glorious Christ is established upon an eternal founda-

tion; for if the works of creation make manifest the eternal power and God-Head of the Creator, how much more does the mightier work of redemption make known the eternal power and God-Head of Israel's Redeemer. (See Isaiah xlvii. 4; Jer. l. 34.)

Secondly, notice the substance of his acknowledgement, “*that judgest righteously, that triest the reins and the heart.*” Verily, the Judge of all the earth must do right! for all his ways are judgment, and all his judgments are just, being according to the law of truth and righteousness. The Judge of Israel hath no respect for persons, outwardly considered, whether rich or poor, wise or unwise, noble or ignoble, great or small, master or servant, prince or peasant. The sentence from his mouth proceeding, is irreversible; and from his judgment there is no appeal. He searcheth the heart, trieth the reins, testeth the sincerity of those that profess to love him, and proveth them by sore temptations and terrible visitations in righteousness; and all in order to bring them where Hannah stood, when she acknowledged—“*The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed.*”

Thirdly, observe the solemnity of his appeal—“*Let me see thy vengeance upon them.*” Not, let me have my vengeance upon them. The righteous should remember that “*vengeance is the Lord's, and he will repay.*” Happy are all they that find refuge and shelter, while under oppression and persecution, in the Saviour's appeal, “*Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry night and day unto him, though he bear long with them?*” Luke xviii. 7. The believer, while under divine tuition, dreads using carnal weapons for his defence against the daring host of his deadly adversaries. With David he exclaims, “*My defence is of God, which saveth the upright in heart.*” Psa. vii. 10. And he feels as David did concerning Saul when he said, “*But mine hands shall not be upon him.*” The great Searcher of all hearts knoweth that the writer hath often stood here, saying, “*Let them curse, but bless thou.*” Remember, my brother,

“*Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.*”

Fourthly, shew the solidity of his assurance, “*for unto thee have I revealed my cause.*” Yes, unto thee only, exclusively, continually, and unreservedly, have I revealed—made known—set forth—spread out—or opened my cause. Verily, there is safety only here, in unbosoming all our secret afflictions, anxieties and apprehensions into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. How frequently do we err, through forgetfulness of the important lesson laid down by the inspired prophet Micah, “*Trust ye not in a friend: put ye not confidence in a guide: keep*

the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom," (vii. 5.) Blessed be our glorious Lord, he understandeth well the every cause of his chosen,—however complicated—and in his wisdom joined with power, he thoroughly pleads, and honourably maintains, all the causes of his elect.

Although I regretted leaving home on the Lord's-day morning, yet I rejoiced in spirit that I was, nevertheless, found in the noisy place "of drawing of waters." It appeared to me that the word of the Lord did enter into the souls of many, and gave them peace, while they were enabled to enter into the word, and give praise to Him whose eyes are never withdrawn from the righteous. At any rate, I know one instance.

Since the above was written I have seen your remarks at the close of the "Earthen Vessel" for December, and I feel staggered by the still lamentable cry of loss sustained by conducting that periodical, (which by this time ought to be rather remunerative than otherwise) and the fearful amount of responsibility attached to your labour therein, "almost burying you in death and disgrace."

My brother, bear with me when I say, that if your statement be according to truth, then, in the name of the Lord you are called upon to discontinue so dishonourable an engagement, for that which leads to "death and disgrace" must be dishonourable. But your persuasion and resolution more than stagger me, they wound me, they grieve me; I feel jealously concerned, my brother, for your honour, for the honour of the church at Crosby Row, and for the glory of our dear Redeemer, therefore I pray and beseech of you for Christ's sake to reconsider your resolution, and become, not a mere hawker or pedlar, lest you find your task not only to be "heavy," but your reward to be vexation in the end. Consider my brother, are you not well assured that your call to preach the gospel of Christ, and as pastor to feed the flock of Christ, is an honourable calling? But can you for one moment think that to become a hawker of unsaleable goods is an honourable calling? No, no; these things are contrary one to the other. Did I not know the church of Christ at Crosby Row, I should judge that either they were unable or unwilling to maintain you as their pastor ought to be maintained, or that they had lost all care and concern for your conduct and character. The case appears to me to stand thus: that the income you receive from the church, together with the advantages arising from your extensive and profitable business, ought to enable you to stand clear and free from those incumbrances and embarrassments which must necessarily arise out of obligations falling upon you in conducting the "Earthen Vessel." If I err in judgment I hope you will set me right in truthfulness.

However, I would only say, and that with the sincerest motive and purest affection, before you go tramping the country for pence, first get your commission from heaven, and afterwards get it countersigned by the members of the church, then I shall fully understand the matter—that your labours at Crosby Row are no longer required. Though I have conferred with none upon this subject, yet I know I speak the mind of many of your best friends, of whom I am but one. Your's in all truthfulness.

JOHN STENSON.

May we Direct our Prayers unto the Holy Spirit?

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—On perusing Mr. Chislett's letter in the *Earthen Vessel* for this month, I find him commencing with the following paragraph:

"How cheering for a minister of the gospel to listen from time to time to his Christian brethren pouring out their hearts in prayer to *God the Spirit* for his divine and all-sufficient teaching to be given to his servants, that they may be able to bring out of the treasury things new and old." Now, dear Mr. Editor, I cannot find, from Genesis to Revelation, either precept or example for directing our prayers to the Holy Spirit, or that ministers are his servants. I know it is become an almost universal practice in our churches, and almost all our ministers habitually set us the example; but for myself, I must confess that when I hear a minister so pray, so far from administering to me any cheering sensations, it operates quite differently, simply from a conviction in my mind that it is altogether unscriptural, and, therefore, entirely wrong.

The great Redeemer himself says, "When ye pray, say, *Our Father*." And again, "Whatever ye ask the *Father* in my name, he will give you." And again, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, shall not your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" But, Mr. Editor, it is plainly manifest in the divine Word, that the Holy Spirit is given as a Quickener, Reviver, Guide, Comforter, Revealer, Sealer, Teacher and Remembrancer to the living church. He is also the Author and Inditer of all true and earnest prayer; but we nowhere read that he dictates in the hearts of God's family petitions to his own Person, but rather "turns their eyes" as Hart sings, "to Jesus and his blood," and enableth the soul to supplicate the eternal Father in his precious name, and for the sake of that mighty "Him" with whom the Father is well pleased. I must therefore say, I am more cheered when I hear a servant of God in prayer directing his petition to God our heavenly Father, in the name, and for the righteousness sake of Jesus Christ; because such a prayer accords with the whole economy of salvation, and suits the broken-hearted, and them that are ready to perish. Or it is very well to direct the prayer to our Lord Jesus, if the Holy Spirit lead the soul to fix upon his divine Person, with a "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me," &c.; and this I believe is often the case; for he is said to take of the things of Christ, and shew them to the children of God. I am quite aware that we read of praying *in* the Spirit, or Holy Ghost, and of our heavenly Father giving the Holy Spirit to them that ask him; but nowhere, that I know of, do we find an example of prayer being addressed to the Holy Spirit abstractedly. I do not set myself up as having perfect knowledge in this matter, or to attempt to dictate to others; but I merely submit the matter, Mr. Editor, to your consideration, and (if you please) to the consideration of your numerous readers, in order that the subject may receive that consideration and attention which it appears to me to demand; and if the practice can be justified and established by the word of truth, I am quite open to conviction in the matter. Probably some of our brethren in the ministry will bring their minds to the serious consideration of the subject, and give us the advantage of their superior knowledge and experience in the matter; while I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your's very faithfully, for truth's sake,

TIMOTHY THE ELDER.

November, 1852.

Communion with Jesus.

A Universal Catholicon against all the Wounds and Disorders to which we are subject.

A SPIRITUAL LETTER

BY THE LATE MR. BLACKSTOCK.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND:—There was no need of any apology for what you call "troubling" me, as I am always glad to hear from you, and feel desirous to administer to your comfort and consolation. For the length of my days, I have had many trials, though, blessed be God, not one too many. I have been from my childhood in the school of adversity; and though I have ever been slow to learn that which is good, I have certainly received some lessons of instruction from my heavenly Father, for which I might well be thankful.

I think it is now almost two years ago, since I had the following Scripture impressed upon my mind—"And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday." I think the impression was from God, because I have so often felt bowels of sympathy for the poor and afflicted of God's flock. When I see a soul thirsting for instruction, to give that instruction I feel willing to spend and be spent; and, through God's mercy, this is my delightful element.

I do not calculate upon long life in this world: I often think I may be much nearer my end than I am aware of. I am ashamed to think how little I have said and done for my Redeemer to any good purpose, and feel the solemn weight of those words of the wise man, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." O, I blush to think how many precious hours I have wasted. I cannot but mourn over the leanness of my soul, and over the barrenness of my profession, for years past. O Lord, endow me with thy heavenly grace, that I may, as becomes a redeemed sinner, be directed to thy praise. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for sending afflictions to drive home my wandering affections, and my fugitive thoughts.

I am ashamed to own that I have sometimes thought myself hardly dealt with:—what with the opposition of the world, the neglect of the church, and the chastening rod of God; but I can now, from my heart's core, bless God for the whole. Nothing else could have driven so shipwrecked a rebel to the threshold of his sanctuary. I have now many troubles, and some comforts. I am thankful for both; both are equally necessary. Jesus' grace softens my hard heart, and melts my frozen affections. I have now and then a few minutes when I envy no man. He gives me pardon, peace, joy and comfort. I occa-

sionally hold the *King* in the galleries of his grace; then I live upon my Saviour's smiles, and lean upon his arm. O blessed, blessed Jesus! wherefore is this? Why all this love to so obstinate a rebel?

"If Jesus kindly say,—

And with a whispering word—

'Arise, my love, and come away,'

I run to meet my Lord."

I think I may say that hymn expresses where I am at this moment—268th Gadsby's Selection. I wish you to read it when you have an opportunity; and may my most lovely and loving Redeemer drop upon the handles of the lock his sweet-smelling myrrh! Do you want to know what will give relief from the cares of the world? what will end the legal conflict? what will banish envy and every evil work? what will enable you to overcome the evils of your own heart, and subdue corruption? I tell you in one sentence, *Communion with Jesus*. I am a living witness that it is a universal catholicon against all the wounds and disorders to which we are subject. If you would rise above your legal conflict; above your doubts, fears and inward troubles; if you would be divinely happy; if you would live above men and devils, seek communion with the Friend of sinners! Other gifts or communications may be helpful in this or that difficulty, but *this* is the wine of life,—rich nectar,—this is gospel manna—this is everything.

But perhaps you are ready to say, "I thought you would have tried to come down to my case and circumstances; whereas your statements afflict me. You write so much of comfort, when I have nothing but envy, strife, doubts, fears and misery." I write for your comfort, however low you may be in your feelings, or however small your hope may be. If such a wayward, unbelieving, treacherous and abominable wretch as I should, after so much leanness, darkness, desertion and misery, find sweet communion with Jesus! If the grace of Jesus be so free; if his bowels of sympathy be so tender; if the love of his heart be so great, as to indulge such an abominable sinner as I am, surely there is hope that he will, ere long, appear for you. The following is the language of that great man of God, Mr. Hart; it contains a most wholesome piece of advice, to which I set my seal:

"If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,

If cares distract, or fears dismay,

If guilt deject, or sin distress,

The remedy's before thee—PRAY."

Whatever trouble oppresses the mind, may you and I be able to take this line as an aphorism—

"The remedy's before thee—pray."

Here is multum in parvo. It is to be regretted that there are many sermons preached now-a-days which have not so much whole-

some advice as is contained in that line. But upon the subject of your soul exercises I would say, Faith is the special gift of God—all its actings are produced by the special sweet operations of the Spirit; when *he* works in us we believe the gospel testimony, we take hold of the person, obedience, blood, and fulness of Jesus. At such times we are lifted above ourselves, and enjoy forgiveness, peace, rest, light, life and comfort. Then it is we bring forth the fruits of true holiness in some good degree; we love Jesus, his image, and his people; we enjoy communion with our heavenly Father, and find a settled rest; it is sweet living, and it must be blessed dying in such a frame; but when for the trial of faith, and for the exercise of our graces, in love and faithfulness our heavenly Father gives us a little sting, we sink with our own weight, in our feelings we fall back from our gospel privileges, and sink into sensible bondage under the law; we experience darkness, desertion, guilt, bondage, and misery; satan tempts, and indwelling sin rises up against us; we grieve, we doubt, we distrust the providence of God; we pore over our maladies and our miseries; we feel envy, strife, anger, uncleanness; we murmur, fret, rebel, and think *this* is wrong, *that* is wrong, everything is wrong; the Bible lies dusty on the shelf, secret prayer is neglected, and the gospel testimony does not refresh us. The apostle unriddles this when he says, "where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." Now what is the matter? Why, the eye is not single—self, self, self has usurped the throne. God sends afflictions; these sanctified, mortify us to the love of ease, pleasure, sin, the world, and satan. Now grace softens, humbles, melts, and meekens us; we are ashamed of ourselves; the Spirit helps us, and we look to Jesus, and all is well; the world can charm no longer,

"Quick our idols all depart,
Jesus gets and fills the heart."

We see now what has been the matter—we have been in league with the world and sin. O lovely Jesus, bring and keep us near thy blessed bosom that we may not stray.

To be able to say with St. Paul, "It is no longer *I* that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me," is the privilege of every believer; yet but few are favoured to understand and enjoy it! perhaps Paul himself could not say it feelingly at all times. I am not acquainted with any one who can at all times say so. I have, through God's mercy, been there sometimes. It is when the faith of assurance is in exercise. I can then see and feel that in Christ I stand complete before the Father, all my sins are forgiven me, I am eternally justified in Christ, grace has given me a new heart and a better mind, I would never sin more in thought, word or deed, I would live

as holy as God is holy if I could—but there is this heart-plague of mine—*sin*—this is my greatest enemy, I disallow it, I disown it; such is the working of the grace of God in me that were my power equal to my will I would cast all sin out of me, or Jesus should do it for me; no lust should find quarter within me. Thus, by the grace of God, my conscience is purified, thus sin is separated for a few moments from my best affections. It is my infirmity, my soul is made a partaker of another nature, and longs to get rid of sin altogether. I say, therefore, according to my standing in Christ, and by virtue of eternal union to him, by the great favour of God "it is no longer I that do it," it is this usurping monster sin; and my soul longs for the arrival of that blessed hour when I shall for ever have done with this heart-plague.

I have not left myself paper enough to describe the two principles—sin and holiness in the believer. The new man loves God, Christ, and heavenly things; the old man loves self, the base world, which is merely satan's toy-shop, and all manner of sin; hence our contrarious thoughts, desires, affections, feelings, &c. As for politics, my friend, I can say from experience they are a perplexing subject. If I wanted to make a fruitful soul lean I would try to smother him with politics; two contending politicians are to me, if professors, like two dogs barking at a bone: leanness, leanness is all a child of God will get by tampering with politics. "My kingdom is not of this world." The throne of grace is the place for a child of God to obtain redress.

May your garments be always white, and your head lack no ointment. My love to your mother, brother, and sisters. I remain, your's respectfully,

C. BLACKSTOCK.

Potten, June 11, 1834.

The Spiritual Wine-Press.

[There is sometimes more sound divinity, more savory meat, to be found in one short paragraph of some of the old writers, than sheets of modern authors will give you. As often as possible, under the above expressive title, we hope to furnish a page of soul-edifying and faith-confirming extracts.]

O, how infinitely sweet is peace! What is sweeter than peace? Alas! Gold is but dust, pleasures are but toys, wit is but a flash, beauty but a blast, honour but a rattle, life but a vapour. Oh, but peace is the sweeter than the sweetest, and better than the best of all those! first, because he that hath peace with God, may come boldly to God; [Heb. 4, 16.] secondly, he that hath peace with God, hath communion and fellowship with God. [1 John 1—3.] "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." Thirdly, he that is at peace with God, is the Son of God. Peace is of all others

the most sweet; Oh! it is the wine to comfort us, and bread to nourish us; it makes a man live comfortably, and die cheerfully.

See then, whether you be in the narrow way that leadeth to life, or in the broad way that leadeth to death; whether your hearts be chairs for vice to sit in, or thrones for grace to rule in; whether you are one of Christ's spouse, or the Devil's harlot; whether you are the heirs of heaven or hell; whether you be Satan's bond-man, or God's free-man; examination is the beaten path to perfection. "Not many mighty, not many noble are called." 'Tis seldom that the diamond of a great estate is set in the gold ring of a gracious heart. Oh! how many thread-bare souls may there be found under silken coats and purple robes! they who live most downward, die most upward; a sight of ourselves in grace, will certainly bring us to a sight of ourselves in glory; those sins shall never make a hell for us, that be a hell to us.—WM. DYER'S "Believer's Golden Chain," 1687.

We seem to complain of the sins of Judas, and of the Jews, and seem to hate them and to spit at the mention of them, and can we love our Judas' sin, that set them all at work, and put Christ to death? And yet how many are there that had rather have sinful self-satisfied, than to have sinful self-crucified? O, sin is that mark at which all the arrows of vengeance are shot; were it not for sin, death had never had a beginning; and were it not for death, sin had never had an ending.

Man began to be sorrowful, when he began to be sinful. The wind of our lust, blowed out the candle of our lives. If a man had had nothing to do with sin, death had had nothing to do with man. Oh! did sin bring sorrow into the world? Oh! then let sorrow carry sin out of the world. Of all evils sin is the greatest evil, [Romans 6, 23.] "The wages of sin is death," Oh! it is worse than punishment, banishment, imprisonment; sin killeth body and soul, it throws the body into the cold earth a rotting; and the soul into the hot hell a burning. O, for the Lord's sake, think of this, and weep for this betimes. Nothing can quench the fire that sin hath kindled, but the water which repentance hath caused; if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. A saint is not free from sin, that is his burden; a saint is not free to sin, that is his joying; sin is in his soul, that is his lamentation; his soul is not in sin, that is his consolation; if you will not sin in your grief, then grieve for your sins.—WM. DYER, 1687, *oper. cit.*

"I am the Way."

THE still small voice, "I am the way,"
Now whispers to my soul;
'Tis Jesus bids me to obey,
And listen to his call.

Dear Jesus speak, I'll hear thy word
So sweetly spoke to me,
Like Samuel, who said, "Dear Lord
Thy servant heareth thee."

Thus Jesus speaks, "I am the Way
Of righteousness divine;
I'll lead thee to eternal day
Where glories ever shine.

"Thy sorrows now shall turn to joy,
Thy tears shall flow in love,
When walking in the narrow way
To me thy Friend above.

"In pain the sinner's joys all end;
But pain with thee is joy,
When I the Comforter shall send
To help thee on the way.

"How light shall be scorn and shame,
And sin's sad bitter strife,
When 'I the Way' declare thy name
Upon the book of life.

Thus heaven begins with thee below,
When walking in the way;
Salvation's wells for ever flow,
And are the pilgrim's stay.

When in the gloomy vale of death
Thy body lies like clay,
Thy spirit draws ethereal breath,
In me, "I am the Way."

"Come, enter in," will be the voice,
"To mansions in the skies;
With angels, saints, who all rejoice
With heavenly extacies."

"My blood has wash'd away thy sins,
My righteousness thee cloth'd;
My Father bids thee welcome in,
So beautifully robd'."

Thus Jesus spake, "I am the Way
Of righteousness divine;
I'll lead thee to eternal day,
Where glories ever shine."

Thy voice, dear Jesus, melts my soul;
I unto thee will cleave;
Thou art my Safety, Peace, my All,
Say, "Thee I'll never leave."
Stonehouse, Nov. 17, 1852. T.

God in Christ, our Supreme Good.

WHEN all my friends their faces change,
I'm not surpris'd, or think it strange,
Nor creatures rashly blame:
'Tis God ordain'd it to the end
I may the more on Him depend
Who always is the same.

Welcome, my friends!—my friends you'll be
So long as God does wisely see
Your friendship will be best:
When he sees meet to pull me down,
My friends shall change, and on me frown;
In this I'm also blest!

Farewell my smooth and easy way,
Since God ordains that as my day
My strength shall also be.
Lord, grant me this; let all the rest
Be managed as thou seeest best,
I'm happy still in thee.

Farewell enjoyment of the mind;
How oft, alas! do Christians find
All discompos'd within:
Yet cannot changes of the mind
Change their dear Lord; he's still the same
As he has ever been.

This is the sum of every bliss—
A God in Christ! what joy is this!
It cannot be express'd.
This God, this Christ, I still esteem
My ONLY good; for I in him
Have everlasting rest.

History of the Old & New Dissenting Churches

IN THE METROPOLIS AND PROVINCES.

No. II.

The Formation of a New Testament Church at Birmingham

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

In a note some time since, I promised to give a sketch of a month's labours in the Lord's vineyard, with a few observations of things as they appear. The time is come, when the aspects that surround Zion need careful investigation, as the clouds that hang over us seem big with darkness.

The first Sabbath in September, I took leave of my dear people at Crowborough, having engaged to visit Birmingham for two months, to assist an effort making to open and establish a Baptist interest in that densely populated town. Before I proceed, I would just review the footsteps of divine providence that led me thither.

In June, 1850, I was preaching at Zoar Chapel, Hastings, where I had supplied once a month for some time. After the morning service, I was met by the late Mr. M—, of Birmingham, who was on a visit to Hastings, stating the pleasure and spiritual profit enjoyed in the service of the morning; and blessing God for the solemn realization of the truth preached. He then told me, he was the only surviving trustee of a chapel that had been taken to make way for the railroad constructing in Birmingham, for which they had received £2000 compensation; a piece of ground had been purchased, and he was returning the next day to lay the foundation stone of the new chapel; and then pressed me for a promise, that whenever the chapel was finished, I would come down and open it. After the evening service, he again pressed upon me the same request, to which I replied, that if the Lord spared me, I would come.

I heard nothing more till May, 1851, when I visited Hastings again, having discontinued my monthly visits to preach. The friends then asked me if I had heard from Mr. M—? I had not, and expressed my surprise. They then informed me he had written about Christmas, enclosing them £5 toward their current expenses, desiring Christian regards to me, stating the chapel was in course of erection, and he was anticipating the pleasure of my visit about May. But the latter end of January, 1851, Miss E. M—, his daughter, wrote, stating the decease of her dear father, after about a fortnight's illness. I of course concluded I should never see Birmingham, and thought but little more of it; however, in this I was mistaken; in the month of July I received a letter from a Mr. C—, of Birmingham, stating the late Mr. M—, when in Sussex, had heard some good men whom he highly approved, especially one, whom he had invited to open their new chapel. They had obtained my address, and had written to say the chapel was nearly finished; and they wished to carry out the desire of their deceased friend. As the hand of providence appeared so plain, I consented; and in September, 1851, I accordingly opened the new chapel, preaching from Isaiah xliii. 1—3. Much interest was excited; the Lord's presence and blessing enjoyed; and many have never forgotten that day. I stayed two Sabbaths, and preached to increasing congregations. In May, 1852, I was again invited, and spent three Sabbaths with them. My mind was led to speak very plainly upon the Lord's ordinances, which several Baptists among them were living in neglect of; and others fighting sadly against them. There was no church; and the opposition of some, who hated believer's baptism, seemed to forbid the hope of one being formed upon strict Baptist principles;

especially considering the indifference of those who were Baptists, who thought all those who contended for ordinances as contending for the shell, while they were contending for the kernel. I would just say, the kernel is within the shell. If the shell is cast away, the kernel is in danger. In every dispensation, God has had his truth hidden within. Some are contented with the outside, and think nothing of the kernel; they are wrong! Others want the kernel alone; rejecting God's wise institutions; they also are wrong! God grant we may be found among them to whom he has endeared his institutions by breaking them to us, and making them the channels of his divine communications. The living cannot feed upon the shell; they must be led through the external to the living realities wrapped up in them.

God, in his providence, had brought several members of distant churches here; and on my visit to open the new chapel, they felt the truths precious which the Lord enabled me to speak; and on my second visit, they again seemed blessed. As there was very little hope of a Baptist cause being established at Salem, the name given to the new chapel, they felt constrained to make an effort. In June last Gooch St. Chapel was opened by Mr. Cozens, of Willenhall, and I was invited to come down. I felt reluctant till I heard that some opposers of the Lord's ordinances had said, "they would sooner see the place (Salem) dwindle to nothing than it should become a washhouse." This determined my mind; I accepted the invitation for two months, commencing September 12th. I left home on September 9th to spend the night at Cowden, that I might be near to the Edenbridge station. About one o'clock in the morning I was seized with inflammation of the bowels and stoppage, and was in an agony of suffering for twenty-six hours, so that, instead of going to Birmingham, I was carried home on Saturday, and, being very ill, had to learn some solemn lessons through suffering instead of preaching on the Sabbath. This visitation made me pause: it was a sudden arrest from the hand of God. My mind was most painfully exercised with regard to my position; I could do nothing but cry, "Oh Lord, shew me thy way; make use to know the way I should go, for I lift up my soul unto thee." As to eternal things in my own soul I bless God for his divine support; I enjoyed a quiet resting, as a guilty helpless sinner on the blood of atonement; these words were my solid stay, "I know in whom I have believed," but very many conflicting things, circumstantial trials, and this strange arrest, weighed down my soul, as I knew not which way to take.

On Friday, the 17th, I again left home for Birmingham, which I reached safely on Saturday afternoon, far from being well, and on Sunday the 19th, opened my commission from Mark xvi. 15, 16. I spake as the Lord gave ability, and it was very evident the Lord's presence and blessing was felt. After several preliminary meetings with the friends for the relation of the Lord's dealings with them, according to their earnestly expressed wishes it was determined to organise them as a church. An application to this effect was made to the churches of which some of the friends stood members, to which they kindly assented, bearing testimony to the Christian character of their respective friends. Accordingly, on Tuesday, October 5th, a public service was held, when brother Cozens, from Willenhall, preached from Ezekiel xliii. 10, 11; he made some striking remarks on the features of those to whom the house should be shewn, the

house itself, its laws, ordinances, the way into it, &c.; truly describing a gospel church and its members. After which, I called upon the friends that were to compose this little society to rise, and, after taking a review of their spiritual state and standing according to their confession, called upon them to lift up their right hands to signify they received each other in the Lord: this was solemnly done. I then read the articles of faith upon which their church federation was founded. After which, I desired them again to rise and lift up their right hands to God that they were mutually joined upon that declared faith, and, by God's help would maintain, propagate, and exemplify their declared principles in this present evil world: this they did, and a solemn moment it was felt to be not only by the parties concerned, but by all present. I then gave them the right hand of fellowship, as a gospel church, calling upon brother Cozens to do the same, to which he cheerfully responded. I then broke bread with the newly-formed church, in which ordinance many other brethren from other churches participated.

In the evening I preached from Zech. viii. 11, 12, stating my mind had been led to those words by analogous circumstances—several of the friends having been members of churches now defunct—and solemnly remarked upon the design of the institution of churches, that, according as by the old economy God designed to make known himself, through the Levitical dispensation by the Jews to the world, so, by the ingathering his people from the world into his church, his name might be declared, his truth perpetuated, his glory exhibited, and his grace manifested; and when a church ceased to answer the great designs our God may justly remove the candlestick out of its place, and, though he cast not off his people, he may disband them, as he did the Jews of old.

I then prayed the second part of my subject might prove prophetic in the experience of the church here, and the spiritual blessings couched in the language of the text might be long enjoyed by them to the glory of a triune God and the happiness and increase of the church.

Thus ended a day that will not speedily be forgotten. Eleven dear friends were joined into fellowship as a particular baptist church, which number will very shortly be increased. There has been a gradual increase in the attendance ever since I have been here, and the solemn attention gives promise that the set time to favour Zion is come. May our God water this little plant. So prays

JONATHAN UPON THE HILL-TOP.

(To be Continued.)

Baptist Church, Poplar.

[The following is the report we have referred to in our remarks on "Our Suburban Churches."

THE first anniversary of the ordination of Mr. Bowles, as pastor of the above church, took place Lord's-day, December 12th; on which occasion, the following interesting services were engaged in: Mr. Felton, of Deptford, preached in the morning from Hebrews xx. 11, "For both he that sanctifieth and they which are sanctified are all one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Mr. C. W. Banks, in the afternoon, from Nehemiah ii. 20, "Then answered I them, and said unto them, The God of heaven he will prosper us; therefore we, his servants, will arise and build; but ye have no portion, nor right, nor memorial in Jerusalem." Mr. Bowles, Jeremiah xx. 9, "Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones; and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

We were favoured with a good attendance on each occasion, and the Lord abundantly blessed each of his servants with much power and liberty, so that it was "a day of refreshing from his presence."

On the Tuesday following, was held the first annual pastoral tea meeting, with a public meeting after the tea. Mr. R. Bowles presided. A goodly company had collected, so that our meeting was crowded to excess. The following ministers were present: Mr. J. Wells, Mr. Chislett, (East Lane, Walworth), Mr. Collins, (Greenwich), Mr. Bracher, Mr. Chivers, Mr. Shipway, Mr. Searle, Mr. Fenlon, Mr. Martin. Mr. Banks was prevented from being present, but sent a good substitute (Mr. Chislett). After singing, Mr. Chislett engaged in prayer; feeling deep interest with, and much earnest supplication for the infant cause, and for special divine blessing on the object of the meeting.

A report was next read of the interests and progress of the cause since its formation. Mr. Kirkness and Mr. Hawes supported the report; their observations shewed their warm-hearted and Christian feeling to the cause. The subjects spoken to by the ministers present were as follows:—Mr. Wells took the first, namely, "The means God generally uses to bring a man into the ministry." Mr. Bracher, second, "What a man's ministry must consist of to be of service to the church, and the glory of God." Mr. Chislett, third, "What will keep a man in the ministry faithful and immovable?" Mr. Collins, fourth, "Why is a stated pastor preferable to an occasional one." Each of the above servants of the Lord were blessed with much freedom in handling their subjects. The following two subjects remained untouched—fifth, "How a man can best prove his ministry to be blessed of God." Sixth, "How a people can best keep a minister among them whose ministry is blessed of God."

We deeply regret to state that time would not allow the other ministers present an opportunity to take their part in the meeting. After singing, Mr. Shipway, with deep impressiveness concluded in prayer.

P.S.—In the course of the evening Mr. Carbines, one of the deacons, suggested the propriety in reference to the building fund of a new chapel, that money be raised on the same principle as that carried out at Dacre Park Chapel, namely by £1 shares on good security at £5 per cent. His suggestion received the recommendation of the meeting. Mr. Carbines will bring out a prospectus as early as he can make it convenient.

December, 1852.

R. DOWDALL.

Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; grapes come not to the proof till they come to the press; spices smell best when bruised; young trees root the farther for being shaken; and gold looks brighter for scouring. Such is the condition of all God's children; they are then most triumphant when most tempted; most glorious when most afflicted; most in the favour of God when least in man's, and least in their own. As their conflicts, such are their conquests; as their tribulations, such their triumphs. They live but in the furnace of persecution; so that heavy afflictions are the best benefactors to heavenly afflictions; and where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest; and grace, that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is then most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it away.

Notices of New Books.

A Tribute to the Memory of the late Joseph Irons:

With some account of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, and Selections from his Correspondence.

A NEAT volume, entitled, "*A Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Irons, &c., &c., by Gabriel Bayfield, Minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, Commercial Road, London,*" has run through one edition, and the second is now selling at the City Press; and by Mrs. Irons, of Grove Lane. Mr. Bayfield has evidently well searched the study of his departed friend; and every letter, with all the various scrolls of paper he could find, having been gathered together, from them he has compiled not only a generally interesting, but, a really useful book. No portrait is given; but every feature of the good man, may here be traced. As a Christian—as a Father—as a Husband—as a Preacher—as a Pastor, and as a Bishop—you have him in body, and soul; in mind, in motive, and in method. We purpose to walk very carefully through this little spiritual garden, not critically to find fault, but for the purpose of gathering any little sentiment, sentence, or expression, that was evidently indited by the Spirit of Truth; and as calculated to feed, nourish, comfort, and edify the Church of God. We perceive the volume is "entered at Stationer's Hall;" nevertheless, we feel fully persuaded that neither editor, proprietor, nor printer, will object to our giving our poor readers, a sweet morsel or two from so rich a treasury—rich, because it only aims to exalt the glorious master of so useful a servant.

In this first notice of the volume, we will only quote Mr. Irons' own words recording his first departure from his father's house.

"During my early days, nothing particular transpired more than the youths around us generally meet with. I was instructed in my father's business—a builder, acting under his direction, and feeling it my duty to assist him therein, having, at that time not the most distant expectation of following any other profession. I endeavoured to obtain all the information I could, hoping that it would be of use to me in after days; but in the providence of God, I was quite unexpectedly removed to town, and well do I recollect my dear father saying, as I was leaving his roof, 'There's poor Joseph going to that wicked London. My heart bleeds while I bid him good-bye. I fear it will end in his ruin.' Then, taking me by the hand, said, 'My dear son, you will be far away from a father's eye, and a father's counsel; but never will I cease to pray for you, that God may preserve and prosper you, although surrounded with all that is wicked.' Little did he or I think that the journey would be for my eternal welfare—that the Lord would meet with me in the great metropolis, that 'I was to be born there.' In the kind providence of God (and how wonderful are His ways and His dealings with the children of men!) I was brought up to London when about eighteen years of age, surrounded with every temptation; and oh, the mercy! A thousand thanks to my God, 'for His mercy endureth for ever.' He led me (or I should not have gone) to the

Church of St. Mary Somerset, Thames Street, to hear the Rev. W. Alphonsus Gunn, in the year 1803; and while listening to that eloquent and truly faithful preacher of the gospel—a stranger to Christ, to myself, and the minister, the Lord the Spirit directed the arrow into my conscience, and brought me to a saving knowledge of divine truth; before, a rebel; now, a repenting sinner! O that day, that hour, that place, that preacher! I shall never entirely forget. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, and forget not all His benefits.' His love to me, how great, how conspicuous!"

The letters, which we hope to notice hereafter, contain good counsel for Christians in every state—but for ministers especially.

Death of the late John Rogers,

OF FOOT'S CRAY.

A useful and honorable member of the Church of Christ, at Foot's Cray, Kent, has been somewhat suddenly removed to the Church triumphant, under painful circumstances. While engaged in preparing for some public movement, an accident occurred, whereby his hand and face were severely burnt; which accident terminated in his death. A sermon—entitled—"Glimpses of the Christian life," preached at Eynsford Chapel, by J. Whitmore,—and published by request, through Richard Baynes, of 28, Paternoster Row, has been forwarded to us. The text—"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," &c., &c., [Rom. xiv. 7—9.] is worked out with considerable thought and truthfulness: at the close, we have a statement respecting the closing scene of Mr. Rogers's life; from whence we extract the following:

"On the Sunday before the accident to our departed brother (a happy day to him and others) he appeared to be ripening for glory, and to enjoy the sweetness and blessedness of religion. He seemed to be so bappy in his own mind, so earnest in prayer and singing, that it was quite delightful to be in his society. After the morning service, when he reached home, he said he had a circular letter written by Mr. Lewis, late of Chatham, which he should like to read. He did so with great warmth of feeling, and talked of the happy seasons he had enjoyed there under Mr. Lewis's ministry. After dinner we went to the Sunday school till three o'clock, then retired into the chapel to partake of the Lord's Supper, it being the first Sunday in the month.

"Oh! how uncertain is everything here! Little did his brethren think then it would be the last time they would be privileged to meet together on earth—but so it was. He was called upon to offer up the first prayer; he prayed so sweetly and fervently that several remarked afterwards how much they had enjoyed it, his spirit seemed to be in heaven. Tea was provided in the vestry for the members and friends who liked to stay. He was one with them, and appeared to be in that happy frame of mind, to have that inward joy and peace which can only be experienced by those who have through grace believed. He remarked to one of the brethren, who talked about retiring into winter quarters, he said, 'Talk

about winter quarters for the Christian ! why, this is not our rest, we must be up and be doing ; our rest is in heaven.' While the friends were preparing to go into the chapel, he sang

' And if we meet no more
On Zion's holy ground,
Oh may we reach that blissful shore,
Where Christ our Saviour's found.'

And another,

' In Paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits ;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.'

"He appeared so enraptured he could scarcely leave off. After the evening service he returned home, and began to sing again, and to repeat some of his favourite hymns. He asked Mrs. Rogers and a friend who was staying with them to repeat some to him. He was asked if he had noticed that in the life of Dr. Gordon, "Deathless principle, arise" &c., 561, Rippon's; Mrs. R. got the book and read it to him; also the 562nd, 'Thou art gone to the grave,' saying it was a favourite hymn of her's. The coincidence was very remarkable, little did these dear friends think then his end was so near, that he would so soon

' Go to stand before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown.'

"How true it is, 'His ways are not our ways, neither his thoughts our thoughts.' On the following Tuesday, November 9, he met with a sad and painful accident, the particulars of which are generally known. The friend who has kindly furnished me with the information here given, visited him on the following day, and was privileged to have some profitable conversation with him. On Thursday morning he wished to have read to him the 77th Psalm, repeated again himself the 19th verse, 'Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.' He also requested to have read the 103rd Psalm. Mrs. Rogers then prayed with him, and he afterwards poured out his soul in supplication to God with that earnestness and warmth of feeling that it was almost feared his bodily strength would be exhausted. He prayed for the cause, the Church, the School, the family, his friends, himself in his affliction, and that, if his life was spared, he might live a more earnest, useful, and devoted life than ever he had done.

" * * * On the following Saturday evening he repeated the subject of the Lessons for the Sunday School, Luke xiv., The great feast, saying, 'I shall not be able to talk to you much about it to-morrow, read it to me now.' When the 21st verse was read he said, 'It is the poor that are invited to come, and not only invited, but it is "compel them to come."' "

" Then he said, 'We may go, poor sinners like us, unworthy creatures like us, who feel our need of a Saviour, for us there is room. What a mercy ; is it not ?'

" He repeated that hymn,

" Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet."

" On Sunday he was greatly concerned about

the school, and anxiously enquired how they had all been employed, who opened the school, &c. In the afternoon he said he should like to see his son before he went to the school. He was called. He gave him some good advice, told him to go and make himself useful, to do all the good he could, and prayed that the Lord would be with him and bless him.

" On Monday and Tuesday he was in very great pain. He suffered intensely, and his mind was often very wandering. It was indeed painful to his friends and relatives to see one they so dearly loved, in such a state of suffering. Still it was thought his hand looked better, and his friends flattered themselves with the hope that he would be again restored to them. He often requested the Scriptures to be read to him. 2 Cor. v.; Psalms xxxix., xci., cxix., about the middle, were portions of his own selecting.

" One morning he tried to sing part of the 103d Psalm, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul !' When he was collected and was a little easy, he appeared to be in a happy frame of mind, used often to repeat some hymns and portions of Scripture. He was asked if the time appeared long. He said, 'Yes, it does ; I cannot fix my thoughts on any subject ; I am so roaming, I lose myself.' At another time he said, 'I shall be very glad when I get out of this mystified state.' He continued thus wandering and restless all that night.

" On Wednesday morning he said he did not think his hand had been making much progress, for the pain had nearly left it, and, to the great disappointment and distress of his friends, when the doctor came, he found that one of the arteries had burst.

" A physician was immediately sent for ; as soon as he came and saw the hand, he said unless it was amputated he could not recover. To this he consented, and bore it indeed with Christian fortitude. After the operation was over, he turned to his elder brother who was with him, and whispered, 'Just strength enough, and none to spare.' All through his illness he shewed what a privilege it was to be a Christian, in being enabled to bear with so much submission and patience the most intense suffering. In his affliction, as well as in health, his example was worthy of imitation. May we have grace to follow him, even as he followed Christ ; and to labour for the salvation of souls as he did.

" He said to a friend standing by his bedside, 'I have no doubt but my heavenly Father has some wise end to answer by this affliction ; justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. We must look up to God for health and strength. We know where to look, don't we ? I do pray that I may have patience.' He repeated often those lines,

" Jesus hath help'd in time of need :
This emboldens me to plead."

" And often did his heart breathe out fervent prayer to his heavenly Father, for help and strength to bear the pain he had to endure.

" The last day of his life he could scarcely say anything. He was collected in his mind only for a very few minutes together ; he said once, to those standing by his bed watching him, 'O, look what a beautiful place ! can't you see ?' A little time after, he thought he was at a prayer-meeting, and asked his brother to conclude, and

let the friends go, for the days were drawing in; and then sung himself,

"Though creatures fail, the Lord's the same,
Then let us triumph in his name."

"So that up to this time his thoughts seemed occupied on divine things; afterwards he was exceedingly restless, till about ten o'clock, when he fell into a sound sleep, and never woke in this world; at a quarter past three o'clock his happy spirit took its flight to those regions of bliss, where

"He will bathe his weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across his peaceful breast."

"For the first time in my life, I fell upon
my knees to Pray;"

OR,

THE GOSPEL OF THE DAY,

AND

The Gospel of Christ Contrasted!

HERE is something that we like! something that savours of life, the life of God in the soul of a poor sensible sinner. We found the following sketch in a new work, just come to hand,—entitled, "*Cottage Tracts, for distribution in all Cities, Towns, and Villages,*" Vol. I. Published by Aylott & Jones. The Editor, in his preface to this volume, says,—“it is desired that these tracts should go forth through all cities, towns, and villages, in search of sinners.” One paragraph in the preface, will be sufficient to convince every enlightened reader of the soundness, both of the head and the heart of the Author of these "*Cottage Tracts.*" He says:—

"Scattered as the Lord's people are, throughout all places, they are to be gathered to Christ, and no other either can or will be. The Lord Himself has drawn the boundary line, 'Cast out the bondwoman and her son; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free.' The children of the free woman must, and shall be, gathered unto Jesus, who is the Christ, and not one of them shall be found wanting in the day when the Lord maketh up His jewels; and who can calculate their number? for they have been gathering from age to age in all parts of the world, and they are still now being gathered in places far distant from each other; for the Lord's hand is not shortened, and He provides the means He has ordained for the accomplishment of this, His purpose of grace."

Toward the end of the volume, we have a tract, headed, "*Day Break; or, the Dawn of Day.*" It is a dialogue between two females: one of them, a woman awakened to a sense of her state, describes herself in the following manner:

"One Sunday I determined I would try what going to a place of worship would do for me; and to the surprise of my family, started off by myself about sermon time, to hear a minister that preached not very far off from us. He took his discourse from the account of the Publican and the Pharisee. He told me much about myself and my sins; so that one minute I felt like the Publican, and tho

next minute like the Pharisee, and between both I felt quite undone. I went home more miserable than ever, saying to myself all the way, 'I shall never be like Mrs. Watts; I am like the proud Pharisee and the wicked Publican, I can never be saved; I shall die in my sins and be lost.' All this time I said nothing to Mrs. Watts of what was in my mind; for I judged if she knew what a wretch I was, she would turn me out of the work, and not keep such a sinner in her employ. One evening I returned home from work very wretched, I found my husband had come in before me. I said to him, 'John, I am very unhappy.' 'What is the matter now?' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'the truth is, I am a great sinner.' 'Well,' said he, 'I always told you that, but you would never mind me. I often advised you to give up your bad ways, but you only railed at me.' 'Now,' said I, 'you have no need to talk like that, for I am very changed in my ways of late; and you must have noticed it too; but I am unhappy in my mind; I want God's pardon for the past, and grace to live better for the time to come. I want to be like Mrs. Watts.' 'Oh,' said my husband, 'for the matter of that, there is no good in being over particular. I think Mrs. Watts is one of the too strict sort; but if you give up drink entirely, and mend your temper, you will do very well. There are thousands worse than you are, even now; but there is a chance for everybody, and a merciful God over us all.' 'O, John,' said I, 'that will never do: that is the devil's religion. God says we must be born again, we must have our sins pardoned; and till I feel all this, I can have no right hope of heaven.' My husband said no more, and I went up to bed; and for the first time in my life I fell upon my knees to pray. But what to say I did not know, till at last I said, 'O, Lord, open my blind eyes.' I suppose I repeated this twenty times. I got into bed, but I could get no sleep, my sins seemed too heavy for me to bear. Towards morning I dozed off, but soon awoke, as though a voice said to me, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' I was awfully frightened by these words. I did not know that I had ever heard them before. I pondered upon them all that day, and up to this present time all my trouble is, and ever since has been, How can I prepare to meet God? A shopmate of my husband's told him to advise me to attend a place of worship the other side of our hill, where he said it was very likely I might get good to my soul, and peace of mind; but I feel no better, my burden is just the same, sometimes heavier and sometimes lighter, but here it is all the while.

"Does the minister preach the gospel?" asked the visitor.

"Oh that he does," replied Mrs. White. "He is a very fine man, and preaches wonderful discourses. He tells us we must put our whole trust in God; that we must cling and cleave to Jesus Christ; that we must watch and pray; and that the reason we are unhappy is, because we do not live up to our privileges, and make use of our faith; and that if we love Christ, and cast ourselves upon him, and put our whole trust in him, he will without fail save us at the last."

"And pray, Mrs. White," enquired the visitor, "how do you feel after hearing these discourses?" "Why, for the most part I feel very unhappy," replied the poor woman. "I try to follow the preacher into my own feelings, but I find nothing whatever in me that answers to what he says, but a few desires that rise and fall like the tide, sometimes weak and sometimes strong; for the cares and toils of my family are too mighty for me, and I cannot lead the life the preacher advises, so at times I go out of the place without a blink of hope, and ready to go out of my mind; ay, sometimes tempted to drown myself, for I think there can be no hope for a sinner like me. Mrs. Watts, too, has left the town, so I cannot talk to her now if I would."

"My friend asked the visitor, 'Do you know the meaning of the word gospel?' A few moments silence, and the visitor continued, 'the meaning of the word gospel is good news; but I cannot dis-

cover one word of good news in all you have just told me this preacher says. A dear man of God, (the late Rev. Mr. Nunn, of Manchester) now in glory, was in the habit of saying, 'the gospel of the day is a word of two letters, D O; but the gospel of Jesus Christ is a word of four letters, D O N E.' Now I am very much afraid your preacher is a man for the two letters." "Well, but we must surely do our part," retorted Mrs. White. "And we have done our part," answered the visitor, "all we can ever do if we live till the judgment day; and God himself tells us so, 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.' We cannot mend that, it is past our cure; we are born sinners, we live sinners, and who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." "But may I ask what fault you find with the preacher?" said Mrs. White. "This great fault," replied the visitor; "if what you say of him be true, he does not preach the gospel. It is no good news to me if I am a poor, broken-hearted sinner, sensible of my lost and ruined state, to be told I must begin and carry on the work of grace, and Jesus will finish it. It is no glad tidings to me to be told God will only love me as I love him; and that only as I cling to Christ he will cling to me; and as I trust him he will bless me. Surely this is no good news to a broken-hearted sinner, crushed under a sight and sense of his inability to think even a good thought." "Certainly," said Mrs. White; "if I am to speak for myself, I feel every day more and more that I can do nothing." "Then," replied the visitor, "the gospel of Jesus Christ tells me he has done all, and this is good news to my soul. I feel, like you, that I can do nothing, so I want a God that can do everything. A Three-one God, a Jehovah, mighty to save, who, we are told in the Bible, loves his elect, his chosen people from everlasting. I feel I want a Jehovah-Jesus, whose blood cleanseth from all sin; who, as God's servant, and the servant of the church, did the work for all God's children, and left them nothing to do but to bless and praise him for all he has done. And I want Jehovah the Spirit to reveal all this to my heart, and give me the warm feeling of it; and, from a sense of love and gratitude for such a salvation, teach me to walk in the ways of God, and live to his glory."

"Well, all this does sound very sweet to me, I must say, said the poor woman, as the tears stood in her eyes. "I do feel so very helpless, such a great sinner, that if I am ever to be saved God must do it all." "Then this," said the visitor, "is good news, glad tidings to a poor sensible sinner, that tells of a salvation planned and performed before we were born, therefore we could not possibly have had a hand in it; a gospel which tells me that God has secured the salvation of a sinful child of Adam like me, not because of my merits, but because of Christ's merits; not for any good I have ever done, or ever can do, but because God has chosen me in Christ, with whom he is well pleased, and in whom I stand accepted and beloved by God as much as Christ himself (see John xvii. 23), and the feeling sense of our ruined, helpless state, is the sign given us in this gospel that these blessings belong unto us." "Ah," said Mrs. White with increased emotion, "if THAT is a true sign, then these things belong to me; for I do not think there is a wretch alive so wicked as myself. But that saying of the old gentlemen about the two letters and the four letters contains something very wonderful to me, for the two letters describe my feelings, and the four letters is what I want to make me happy."

The late Mrs. Ann Last, of Ipswich.

"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." 2 Cor. v. 8.

HOWEVER painful and distressing to flesh and blood may be the separation of near and endeared relatives, yet, if they possess the grace of our

Lord Jesus Christ, we must and ought to rejoice in their full and perfect deliverance from all the ills of this sinful world, and more especially for their entire freedom from sin, and perfect conformity to the divine mind. For this glorious conformity the believer labours, agonises, contends with the powers of darkness, incessantly prays, and most devoutly longs, willing rather to be "absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." The passage to the tomb is not always that of protracted affliction; the wheels of nature sometimes suddenly stop, and the journey has terminated, when, perhaps, many weary steps were expected, and painful scenes anticipated. But the time has arrived for the child to be at home—the Father sends and there must be no delay; he in love commands that they "be absent from the body." What is called, and is really to us "sudden death," is but the "appointed time," it is no unexpected occurrence to the Lord, neither has he hastened the period; it is *his* time, and consequently the best time. The parent, therefore may resign the child, and the child the parent; the wife the husband, and the husband the wife, to be "present with the Lord."

These thoughts are suggested by the unexpected removal from the church militant to the church triumphant of Mrs. Ann Last, of the Fore Hamlet, Ipswich. On Lord's-day, October 31st, 1852, she was in the enjoyment of more than her usual state of health and she had been thus favoured for some time prior to her decease. She attended the house of the Lord on that day for the last time. After the duties of the sanctuary had terminated, (the evening service of which was conducted by her bereaved husband, in the absence of their pastor), she retired for the night; and after performing the last maternal duties for her infant, laid her head on her pillow, scarcely sighed, shut her eyes on the light of this world, and opened them on the bright vision of an eternal day. So sudden was the transit, that no assistance could be rendered by her husband, though present with her in the chamber. Little did our esteemed brother expect, when preaching Christ's holy gospel to his fellow members, that at the close of his ministerial engagement, so severe a trial awaited him, and his now six motherless children. But, the same God who very mercifully hid from him this trial till the appointed time of its revelation, has, and will still, mercifully sustain him and his.

The writer of this short account, was, on the evening of the decease of his esteemed friend and fellow member, engaged in the metropolis, in improving an almost similar instance of sudden death; being that of the mother of an esteemed brother in the ministry; and had to announce, during that service, the sudden death of another member of the same church, during the Sabbath. Mrs. Last was not an obtrusive, but retiring believer; the "root of the matter" was in her. Her death, though sudden, was safe; she is "absent from the body, but present with the Lord." May the Lord raise up many like her to fill up the waste places of Zion. Her funeral sermon was preached by her pastor on Lord's-day November 14, 1852, to a congregation that highly esteemed her, and deeply sympathised with her bereaved husband and family, from Heb. ix. 27, 28. W.

An Encouraging Letter to a Departing Saint.

DEAR COUSIN.—I fear you have thought me unkind in not writing before. I have not had an opportunity. I have not forgotten the last visit I had with you. I hear, from dear sister, you are still this side of the river of death, and you know not how soon you may be called to pass through Jordan's cold streams. You have not passed this way before; but Jesus, the Forerunner of his people, has removed all the obstacles out of the way, magnified the law, satisfied the demands of divine justice; he has finished the work the Father gave him to do, and now he is in the midst of the throne, as our conquering and reigning Lord. There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits to welcome travellers home. I rejoice in the pleasing thought, when you are called to resign your fleeting breath, you will be received by him into everlasting habitations; and I trust, when passing the river of death, you will sing, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I love to contemplate upon the dear Redeemer as our skillful Guide, who knows all the way from Jordan's brink to Canaan's shore; yes, he has passed through the gloomy grave, and risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. The excellent Swain who is now tuning his harp to the praise of grace divine, says,

"Why should we shrink at Jordan's flood,
Or dread the unknown way?

See, yonder rolls a stream of blood,
That bears the curse away.

"Death lost his sting when Jesus died:
When Jesus left the ground,
Disarm'd, the king of terrors fled,
And felt a mortal wound.

"And now, his office is to wait
Between the saints and sin;
A Porter at the heavenly gate,
To let the pilgrims in.

"And though his pale and ghastly face
May seem to frown the while,
We soon shall see the King of grace,
And he'll for ever smile."

Watts, referring to the same subject, says

"Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring."

Although you feel it very painful to have your mudwall cottage shaken and taken down, yet in that house which is eternal you will, with all the redeemed, remember all the way God led you in the wilderness, and acknowledge it was the right way unto the city of habitation. But some might say, "there will not be time for each one to do this." Oh yes, an everlasting eternity before us sailing over the sea of God's everlasting love; fresh beauties continually arising before our admiring eyes, as good old Ralph Erskine says,—

"So great the song, so grave the bass,
Melodious music fills the place."

Cheer up, beloved sister in Jesus; there

will be no rocks nor quicksands in the heavenly world: Bunyan says in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, Christian don't fear when passing through the river of death. The bottom is good; it will not be moved. But this vain world will soon lay in white ashes. Oh what a mercy, like Daniel, to "rest, and stand in our lot at the end of our days!" how much we are indebted to Him in causing us to love his dear name. Eternal thanks to Father, Son, and Spirit for such wonderful love displayed in drawing us with the silken cord of divine love.

"Drawn by these cords we onward move,
Till round his throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet."

Mr. Shenstone once said in prayer, I think it was the last time we were at the Lord's table: "Blessed be God for divine grace that sweetly forced me in." I do rejoice that you have been enabled to follow Christ in his delightful ways. You have with his saints celebrated his dying love; but to all appearances, you will soon be transplanted to the garden above. Well, it is in infinite wisdom. Moses the man of God says, "He is a Rock; His work is perfect." I love to think of the portion your beloved minister preached from when I was down: "In that day I will raise up the plant of renown." Oh, this lovely plant! And your pastor said, (which did my soul good,) that our beloved Christ, the plant of renown, was raised up from everlasting in the mind and purposes of God. Sweet truth.

"What a garden will be seen,
When all the flowers of grace
Appear in everlasting green,
Before the Planter's face.
Christ is their Shade, and Christ their Sun,
Among them walks the King,
Whose presence is eternal noon,
His smile eternal Spring."

I hope these afflictions which you are called to bear will be sanctified to your dear husband; you have lived together many years; may he with you be prepared to wear crowns of glory when time shall be no more.

4, Sussex Place, S. BULL.
Livermore Road, Dalston.

"It was remarkable that Ralph Erskine, who had no equal in his day in describing Christian-Experience, should be left to such horror and darkness, that though the most experienced ministers were sent for, all their attempts to comfort him were in vain; he refused all arguments offered in his favour, until it pleased HIM that will shew himself a Sovereign to break his chains, and set him at liberty. He then cried out, "victory! victory! victory!" Some do but increase the pain of those distressed persons by the method they take to comfort them. Though it is particularly the duty of ministers to attempt to strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, yet only He that will never break such bruised reeds can do it, and in such trials we will hearken to no voice but his.

THE CONVERSION OF

The Author of "The Sinner's Friend."

A tract, entitled "THE RICHES OF DIVINE GRACE: as Displayed in the Conversion of J. V. HALL, Author of the 'Sinner's Friend,'" has been issued by W. H. COLLINGRIDGE. It appears that Mr. J. V. Hall, gave a relation of his experience at a meeting held in the city of Norwich, in 1839; this account of his experience, with a preface, is now made into a little book; and its contents clearly prove that whatever blunders the writer of "The Sinner's Friend" has made in his little work, the Lord made none in truly and remarkably taking him from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of grace and peace and righteousness. Perpetual intoxication was the author's master sin before conversion. His struggles between despair and deliverance are worthy of extensive perusal, and therefore we quote an extract from them. He says, (speaking in the third person),—

"After an indulgence in drinking some days, having come to his senses, he began to reason with himself upon his guilt and folly, surrounded with blessings, yet abusing the whole; and, in an angry, passionate manner, he muttered, 'Oh! it's no use for me to repent; my sins are gone too great to be forgiven.' He had no sooner uttered these words than a voice seemed to say with strong emphasis, 'if thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven.' The poor man started at what he believed to be a real sound, and hastily turned round; but seeing no one, he said to himself, 'Surely I have been drinking till I am going mad.' He stood paralysed, not knowing what to think, till relieved by a flood of tears, and then exclaimed, 'Surely this is the voice of mercy once more calling me to repentance.' He fell on his knees, and half suffocated by his feelings, cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The poor wretch was broken-hearted; and now his besetting sin appeared more horrible than ever; but it must be conquered or he must perish. Then commenced a contest, more terrible than that of conflicting armies—the soul was at stake—an impetuous torrent was to be turned into an opposite course. He now began to search the Bible, which he had once despised. Here he saw that crimson and scarlet sins could be blotted out, and made white as snow; that the grace of God was all-sufficient. He refrained from intemperance, commenced family prayer, and hope again revived; but his deadly foe still pursued him, and he was again overcome.

"Now his disgrace and sinfulness appeared worse than ever; and with melancholy feeling he cried out, in anguish of spirit, that he was doomed to eternal misery, and it was useless to try to avert his fate. His cruel enemy took this opportunity to suggest to his mind, that he had so disgraced himself, that it would be better to get rid of his life at once—frequently the end of drunkards. The razor was in his hand; but the Spirit of the Lord interposed, and the weapon fell to the ground. Still his enemy pursued him, and seemed to have new power through his sin of intemperance. He would sometimes refrain for days and weeks, and then again he was as bad as ever. Hope seemed now to be lost; and especially when, one day, after having been brought into great weakness through intemperance, death appeared to be very near, and his awful state more terrific than ever. Not a moment was to be lost; he cast himself once more at the footstool of his long-insulted Creator, and, with an intensity of agony cried out, 'What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy truth? Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be thou my helper.' He sank down exhausted—he could say no more. That prayer was heard; and a voice from heaven seemed to reply,

'I will help thee: I have seen thy struggles, and will now say to thine enemy, hitherto hast thou come, but no further.'

"A physician was consulted as to the probability, or possibility, of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a vulture, had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared, that if this poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice, but the very inclination for strong drink, would subside in a few months. Oh, could you but have seen the countenance of that poor man, when the physician told him this; hope and fear alternately rising up, whilst he grasped the physician's arm, and said, 'Oh, sir, be careful how you open that door of hope, for, should it be closed upon me, I am lost for ever!' The physician pledged his credit, that if his prescription was punctually followed, the happiest result would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of steel; and eagerly did the poor slave begin to devour the antidote of his misery. Every bottle was taken with an earnest prayer to God for his blessing to accompany it. He commenced taking this medicine on the first week in March 1816, and continued until the latter end of September following; and, to the honour and glory of the Lord God Almighty, who sent his angel to whisper in the poor man's ear, 'I will help thee.' For the glory of God be it spoken, that from the latter end of September, 1816, to the present hour, (upwards of twenty-three years), not so much as a spoonful of spirituous liquor, or wine, of any description, has ever passed the surface of that man's tongue."

On Passing the Ruins of Snow's-Fields Chapel.

"Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory! And how do ye see it now?"—Haggai ii. 3.

I PASSED by those ruins, my heart heav'd a sigh,
For there have the saints of the Lord been made glad;

The tear-drop of sympathy moisten'd mine eye,
For there has the burden'd one wept and been sad,
And there has the arm of the Lord been made bare
While sinners and saints have fell down with the sway:

The heart of the rebel hath breathed out a pray'r,
The burden'd one's sins have been rolled away.
The standard of Calvary has there been display'd,
There hell's mighty prince has had many a blow,
The prodigal there has been richly array'd
In garments of righteousness whiter than snow.

Oh, sacred abode! there the children of God
Have worshipp'd Jehovah, Three Persons in one;
Rejoic'd in redemption, by merit and blood,
The merit of life-blood and Jesus alone. [sigh!]
Then chide not the tear-drop; oh, chide not the woe
Why should you, ye saints? for your God did not frown;

'Twas breath'd, that while temples of vice are rear'd high,

The hallowed temple of God is thrown down.
But, blessed be God that our temple remains!
Nor time can demolish, nor weapon lay low;
That temple is our's through Emanuel's sharp pains,

Even our's, who delight in his services now.
And him who did labour these ruins within,
Is sav'd the sad sight; he hath gain'd that abode,
While those whom his labours to Jesus did win,
Rejoice for his sake, and press onward to God.

HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM.

Although Snow's Fields is down,
And Pastor Francis dead,
In "Paragon" of old renown
We've "Chivers" in the stand.

* Now called "Ebenezer" in Bermondsey-new-road

Perfection :

A Funeral Sermon occasioned by the Death of Mr. W. Holmes of Hoxton.

By Mr. T. D. WOOD,

OF WILDERNESS ROW CHAPEL, GOSWELL STREET.

“Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers.”—Job viii. 20.

THERE is somewhat of a singular coincidence in reference to the occasion of my attempt to preach what is called a Funeral Sermon for our brother Holmes. The last time that I was called to attempt such a thing, was on account of the death of my highly esteemed and venerated brother, Mr. John Lucombe. The matter of that sermon became published, and in the Lord's providence it fell into the hands of my brother and sister Holmes. That was instrumental, by the providence of God, in bringing about the connexion which existed between them and myself as regards our Christian association. Little did it at that time, doubtless, enter into the minds of either of us; and little—when that pamphlet fell into the hands of brother Holmes, and he read the Funeral Sermon—little had he any idea that the next Funeral Sermon I should preach would be concerning himself.

I have had my thoughts directed to the subject on which I should speak, on leaving his house the last time I saw him alive; feeling assured that I should see him no more in the body; and my thoughts, somehow or other, were exercised in reference to the matter of what I should say concerning him after he was dead; and the words struck my mind, “Behold, how he loved him!” Then the words, “He is not dead, but sleepeth;” after that the words, “Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.” I thought I should speak from these; but when examining the word of God on Thursday, somehow or other these words seemed to force themselves upon my attention, and fix upon my mind, so that I felt desirous, if the Lord would help me, to say something from them this evening.

You will perceive, in the words of the text there are two distinct characters spoken of. Now, I propose first to speak a little from the subject presented to our attention in the words of the text; after that, to say a little concerning our departed brother; and, thirdly, say a little to the bereaved relatives.

I. First, we will endeavour to notice the subject before us in the words of the text.—“Behold!” Our attention, you see, is called up here—our solemn consideration, and our strictest and deepest research and investigation into the subject is demanded by the language, “Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers.”

Now, my friends, this text is so compre-
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hensive that it takes within its range, either in the one branch or in the other, every individual that is in the house of God—me and you, young ones—the middle aged and the old, male and female, the believer and the unbelievers. This text has a mighty range; it is of vast importance—it is exceedingly extensive. We will endeavour to notice, first, the character considered in the first branch of the subject,—“Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man.” Here you will see that there is a negative rejection; consequently, there is a positive possession. On the other hand, there is a declaration that God will not help the evil doers, and, consequently, they are totally without it.

Now, we find in reference to the first part of the subject, that there are two things present themselves to our attention. The first is the character spoken of; and, secondly, the non-rejection of that character, on the consequent certain possession—because, you see, it must be either one. There could be no sense in the idea, that I will not cast away what I am not possessed of. So that the plain inference proves the possession of those whom it is said God will not cast away. Character—one of the most essential parts of the Word of God, and one of the most important matters for us to understand. The character here is stated to be “a perfect man.” “Man” being in italics, it means perfect person, which will take in either male or female—young or old. “Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man.” The question may immediately arise in your minds, Alas! then, if this is the arrangement, that God's possession is a possession of only perfect ones, and that the others are to stand under the other arrangement, then, alas! alas! woe unto me, for I feel not perfection. This is the matter for us to examine. I understand, my friends, the character here spoken of is the character of one whom God is possessed of; and the characters of the latter sentence those of whom he is not possessed: that is, not in the same sense,—there can be no mistake about this,—that there are perfect men, as the text speaks, in the world. “Mark,” says the Psalmist, “mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.” I am bound to declare, upon the authority of God's Word, which I think I shall be able to prove to your minds; I am bound to declare, that unless our state, and unless our characters, yea, and unless all

come into the description which we have before us in the words of the text—unless we do so, woe be unto us; we either must be considered so in God's sight or not. If we are considered so in God's sight, that constitutes our perfection—if not, then woe be unto us! Perfection—what is it? We have not to contemplate perfection according to the reasoning faculties of fallen man; we have to contemplate the perfection of the saints of the Most High God, as the Scripture speaks of, and unfold that perfection. We may, then, speak of this perfection as wearing a three-fold aspect. I say, there are perfect men, or perfect characters, as considered in the view which God has of them, and in which he speaks of them. There can be no mistake. Now, then, speaking of a perfect man, what can constitute an individual a perfect man? Why, a perfect state and condition.

And first we notice, this perfection stands in that of which the words are themselves expressive. For what is the term before us? It is a term of the superlative degree, "perfect." No word can express the idea of that which is good, of that which is complete, of that which is superlative in every sense, than the word in our text does. Therefore the Holy Ghost here has used the idea of perfection—"A perfect man." Now can this perfection be found in our fallen nature? Can it be found in my natural condition? Oh no, my friends; it is a mistake if I think to find in my outer man, fallen, old, corrupted man—if I think to find perfection there. Yea, my friends, imperfection is stamped upon everything below the skies. Perfection is to be found in reference to the interest of the Most High God, superlatively considered, in one and one place alone. Why, our bodies are corruptible, that is, imperfect; they are mortal, that is imperfect; they are weak, that is imperfect: they are dishonourable, that is imperfect. Therefore the Holy Ghost, in speaking of a man of God, says, "There is not a just man upon earth that liveth and sinneth not." "The righteous falleth seven times a day." But Job was a perfect man. I must not look, then, for perfection in my sinful nature—perfection is not to be found there till that nature shall undergo that change for which He who is my perfect Head has taken possession of that nature that he might be a quickening Spirit, to renew, remodel, and reconstitute it, in a way in which perfection indeed shall be stamped upon it. But perfection never was stamped upon our fallen nature. Well, then, where is it to be found? It is to be found somewhere: and a perfect man, a perfect state, we have to speak of. And what is that? That state which the children of the Most High God have, by virtue of alliance and affinity to Him who has rendered them so. Hence it is said, "he hath perfected for ever them whom God hath

sanctified." "He hath perfected for ever." How must we look at this perfection? If we look in reference to what is there intended to be conveyed to our minds, we find the glorious matter of salvation by and through the doing and the dying of the suffering Lamb of God exhibited to our view. "He hath." How? By his work, by his assumption of our nature, by his death on Calvary's tree, by his bloodshedding, by his atonement, by his resurrection, and by his ascension, "he hath perfected for ever whom God hath sanctified."

Perfection, if we carry our minds back rather more than 1800 years ago, we there find a Babe in the manger of Bethlehem—a Babe thought nothing of, unknown, disregarded, and contemned, by those who did know him, excepting by his own parents—born in a manger in Bethlehem—it comes forth, and gradually moves onward step by step. What was to be accomplished by this child to whom I am alluding? Why, my friends, for four thousand years prior to this period the world had lain completely under the curse of a holy God, the sentence of a broken law, the power of flattering and delusive sin, in the hands of a powerful foe. This was the state in which all mankind have laid, and in which all mankind still lay; this is the state in which we lay by virtue of our union to our fallen head. What was this state but a state of imperfection truly? What was the work the Lord Jesus Christ came to do when he came, silently assuming the nature of the virgin? Yea, my friends, when God does anything he does it in a way which stamps ignorance upon the wisdom of all flesh. When God does anything he does it by means so insignificant that it is to our view contemptuous. But, however, we may look at the action and the work of God we see in the progress of the nature thus assumed by incarnate Deity—the recovery from the condition in which we, as fallen sinners, lay; reinstating us far superior to that state from which we had fallen; for perfection is not a term used in reference to the state of our first parent in his primæval standing in the garden of Eden. I am not aware that his standing or character there are spoken of under the idea of perfection. It is spoken of under the idea of uprightness, but not of perfection; but in reference to the interests of the people of God, of whom our text speaks. They are spoken of as perfect; but how perfect?

(To be continued next month.)

"God saves men in a way of free love and grace, because none shall miss of salvation. As God will punish and condemn all the proud, all the wicked, that none shall escape, so He will also save all that He hath a mind to save by free grace, because they shall not miss of salvation."—*Bridge*.

The Anti-Popish Crumpeter.

No. II.

United Prayer for the Overthrow of Antichrist.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR SIR—Before I resume the history of Francesco Madaia, I wish especially to call the attention of your readers to the issuing of a paper by the Edinburgh Society of Protestant Young Men, entitled, "GENERAL UNION FOR PRAYER FOR THE DOWNFALL OF ANTI-CHRIST." This paper proposes, that from the 6th to the 14th of March, 1853, be spent in united, fervent prayer to Almighty God, for the arresting and overthrowing the great Anti-Christian powers: the necessity for this, is based upon the fact, that "a wide-spread conspiracy has been formed on the part of Popery against the liberties of the whole Protestant community.

Whatever difference there may be, Mr. Editor, amongst us Protestants, in point of doctrine and discipline, I think there can be but one feeling as regards the proposed meetings for special and urgent prayer; for I am quite sure if *Christians*—men of faith and of the Holy Ghost—are gathered together for the express purpose of supplicating the Throne of Heaven, much good to their own souls, at least, shall result therefrom. Acting under the influence of this feeling, I would suggest that our Churches do meet for special prayer, from six till eight, on Lord's days' mornings, March the 6th and 14th; that in the afternoons and evenings of those days also, there shall be meetings held for the same purpose. Then, as regards the evenings of the week between the 6th and the 14th of March, I would suggest that the several Churches of our faith and order do unite, and hold meetings every evening from seven till ten, both for prayer and addresses, expository of the secret progress of the Papacy, and of the evident fulfilment of prophecy. These aggregate meetings should be widely published; and conducted in a truly Gospel spirit; and, satisfied am I, that they would be productive of real benefit. What think you, Mr. Editor, of the following plan? First,—let there be a public meeting of our pastors and of our people, convened together, say, on Monday evening, February the 14th—(if no better place be offered, let it be in Crosby Row), at that meeting, after prayer has been offered, let an arrangement be made as to *where* and *when* the different meetings should be held, from the 7th up to the 15th of March. Suppose, for instance, the first, on Monday evening, the 7th of March, be held in brother Wells's Surrey Tabernacle: the second, on Tuesday evening, at brother Williamson's, Notting Hill: the third, on Wednesday even-

ing, at brother Allen's, Cave Adullam, Stepney; the fourth, on Thursday evening, at brother Bidder's, Jamaica Row; the fifth, at brother Chislett's, East Lane, Walworth, on Friday evening; the sixth, at brother Hazelton's, Mount Zion, City Road, on the Saturday evening; and the last, at brother Felton's, Deptford, on the Monday evening, the 15th. At *each* of these meetings, arrangements should be made, that after prayer has been offered, some Christian brother, or brethren, be appointed to address the people on the nature, the spirit, the designs, the past, and the present doings of the great Mother of Harlots. Let these brethren take up *known facts*—let them shew and prove to the people—as you did, Mr. Editor, in Claremont, the other evening—the sufferings of God's persecuted saints, and the satanic influence now powerfully working against the Protestant faith. I am certain such meetings would be followed by great and blessed results to our Churches; and who can tell, but that God might make the speakers and supplicants, on those occasions, to be "fishers of men?"

The paper to which I have referred, is too long for insertion; suffice it, to say—it proves on Scriptural authority—that united prayer by afflicted Churches has always been the means which God has blessed for their deliverance—**BRETHREN,—LET US MEET AND PRAY.**

The Delusions of the Jesuits.

If your readers, and our Churches, Mr. Editor, need any proof of the necessity of such a step, I would inform them that enlightened men, Christian men, who write to us from Germany, Bavaria, Tuscany, France, and all parts of the continent, declare the wide-spread of the Papacy, and its determination to inundate our lovely England by all means in its power.

A writer from Germany, gives the following account of

A Jesuit's Sermon.

The missions of the Jesuits continue in Germany, and I can give you a specimen of a Jesuit's sermon. Father Rigger preached, in a small town in Silesia, on the judgment of the world. After he had unfolded the punishments of hell, he seized hold of the crucifix attached to the pulpit, he said—"Beloved little Jesus, allow me yet one question, 'Is there then no mercy for sinners?'" Upon which he answered, in the name of the

image, in a subdued tone, "Oh, yes! if they pray 36,000 paternosters, which may also be changed into masses, which are more effectual." The father continued—"Now, dear little Jesus, still one question: 'There are yet many heretics, are they also eternally lost? Is there no salvation for them?'" The little Jesus answered—"Oh, yes: when they return into the bosom of the church, which alone can save, then there is heaven upon earth, and in heaven there is joy over every sinner that repents." Once more the father asked—"Now, dear little Jesus, still one question: 'Is there no forgiveness for the teachers of heresy, who lead others astray?'" Then the little Jesus was full of wrath, and answered with a deep voice—"No; and all who are not Romish priests shall be cursed, and given over to the devil, to fearful martyrdom, and to the punishments of hell."

THE CRUEL SUFFERINGS OF

The poor Protestants in Tuscany.

In my first letter, which you inserted last month, Mr. Editor, I commenced, and promised to furnish, a complete history of the persecution now raging in Tuscany. I gave you a rapid sketch of the state of things in general; and now come to particulars.

Your readers must not mind my carrying them back a few months: this I must do, in order that the *Earthen Vessel* may contain a perfect record. At the same time all the present movements shall be joined with the notice of circumstances which formed the first links in the chain.

A letter from Florence, printed in the little volume which Partridge and Oakley have published, entitled "*The Prisoners of Hope*," graphically lays open the true state of things in Florence. Read this extract.

"Francesco has been in prison nearly five months, Rosa almost four; and nothing is as yet decided. The same severity continues; and no one is allowed to see them. Poor Rosa is very ill; she very much wishes to be allowed to see her own doctor, but is not permitted to do so. Poor I——is, also, still in prison, and nothing is known of him. There is another man in prison THROUGH THE CONFESSION OF HIS WIFE; she, poor thing, did not intend to betray her husband, but it was dragged out of her that he read the Bible; and though the *gensdarmes* found nothing, not even his Bible, they, nevertheless, carried him off to prison. This is another instance that the PRIESTS are spies of the Government.

"The severity against the Evangelici is increasing every day; spies are watching all the suspected houses. Were two even found together reading God's precious Word—for that crime they would instantly be marched off to jail. We heard, to-day that sixty are in prison for affairs of conscience! were they

murderers they might be permitted to see their friends, but in matters of conscience, greater severity must be used, and they are denied this consolation. How gladly, alas! would I give your sympathising message to the dear prisoners, in bonds for the truth's sake, had I any means whatever of doing so; for, truly, it would cheer their hearts to know how many have fellowship with them in their sorrow. In general, all that passess within those gloomy walls partakes of the stillness of the grave. Still, we do hear that, in their examinations, they boldly confess their faith, and that really they implicate themselves. Like all the rest, they decidedly declare that they do not belong to the Roman Catholic Church. When asked—Did they try to convert? They replied—No one can convert but God. Still, if any one asked us what we thought of such and such a passage, we simply told our belief. Francesco is in a most spiritual state of mind; he truly glorifies his Master."

"When the Government has finished with these, they will, most probably, lay their hands upon others. We have, at length, found out the *source* of all this trial to the Madiai—a servant, who had lived with them some time, and whom her mistress thought to be converted. T——thought the same, but S——and I did not; in fact, there were very different judgments about her. When this girl was discharged from the service of the Madiai, she went home to the Lucca, and her mother-in-law found out that she had prohibited books, and IN THE CONFESSIONAL made this known. The girl was called up, and either through fear or bribery,—the latter we rather think,—she has betrayed all that she could betray: thus, you see, the PRIESTS have an interest in condemning, and the Government, to please them, will do their worst. No one knows how many witnesses they have contrived to get, nor of what kind but all this long time they have been occupied in trying to get depositions to make out a case. Are you not tired of these details of sorrow? Nevertheless, they work the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The desire for the Bible is more earnest than ever; the desire to understand it, more ardent than ever. Yours affectionately, K. D."

The Persecution in Tuscany.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Captain Trotter, — who has recently returned from Florence, has been addressing Protestant meetings in various parts of London, during the last few days. The utmost confidence may be placed on his testimony; I therefore give you, Mr. Editor, the substance of one of his speeches, descriptive, as it is, of the

Condition of Madiai and his Wife

at the time that Captain Trotter left Tuscany; and I sincerely hope that the perusal of these

papers, will be instrumental, under God, of exciting fervent prayer to heaven, and of bringing into action a zealous movement in defence of the faith once delivered unto the saints.

My conviction, Mr. Editor, is, that there are no churches less active, in *defence* of the gospel, than are those churches which you represent. I love sincerely your principles, because they embody the essential elements, and the foundation doctrines, and necessary discipline, of the New Testament; but, in times like these, I want to see you unitedly, openly, boldly and zealously confronting the blood-thirsty foe, who, with increasing power, craft, and enmity, is stealing his marches on highly favoured Christendom. Let your readers ponder the following details, and then, with the editor of another monthly, ask,—

“WHAT CAN BE DONE?”

“Captain Trotter said he felt gratified at the remembrance that prayer had, throughout all Christian communities, been made for the poor suffering Protestants at Florence. Captain Trotter proceeded to give a graphic account of the circumstances which had led to the present state of things in Tuscany. He could testify, from his own experience, that there were in Tuscany very many indefatigable Bible readers, besides the persecuted Madiai. And that Word was exercising a marvellous and powerful influence upon all who perused it. God had blessed the living truth to multitudes who were once sitting in the shadow of death. He was aware there was a report that poor Francesco had passed into eternity. He prayed God that the report might prove untrue; and he trusted that a continuation of efforts for the release of these persecuted Christians might be successful. With reference to Francesco, he was still suffering exceedingly from confinement, and his brain was so affected that he had a notion—an erroneous one doubtless—that it was the intention of his persecutors to poison him. Rosa Madiai was confined in a miserable cell, in which a bench, a stool, and a table were chained to the wall, and were the only pieces of furniture she had. Although the sufferings of the Madiai were fearful, there were yet those in Tuscany who were the subjects of still greater suffering. No Tuscan subject was permitted to enter any place of worship whatever except a Roman Catholic Church. Notwithstanding all these persecutions, however, God had not in Tuscany left Himself without witness. There were present in that kingdom, at the very lowest computation, 20,000 individuals who were dissatisfied with the Roman Catholic Church, were now hesitating as to their future religious course, and were now studying closely the Bible as their guide and counsellor. To shew the persecuting spirit of the government, he might mention that an individual had been lately appointed to the office of public executioner at a guillotine from Lucca, when, in cases of religious offences, it should be employed. He begged to state that he made that assertion advisedly, and would stake the respectability of his character upon its veracity. Those persecuted Christians worshipped the God

of their fathers in spite of all their trials, in the mountains, the dens, and the caves of the earth; and in secret conclave they lifted up their hearts to God, and not seldom partook of the elements of the Lord's Supper in commemoration of the death of their Saviour. Many of these poor unfortunate persons were seized in their beds at three or four o'clock in the morning, and frequently at the hour when engaged in devotional exercises the police would suddenly enter and lead them off to prison. Among those who had been lately seized was his own particular friend Guarducci, and the government were determined, if possible, to sustain the charge of Bible reading which had been brought against him. He was a man who could have committed no other offence but that which the government found against him concerning the law of his God; for he never engaged in politics, or called himself by the name of any party. But he did profess to be a believer in God's holy Word; and for so doing he was ruthlessly seized at an early hour in the morning by a party of eight of the agents of police.”

Latest Information from Tuscany.

The following is from a correspondent in Tuscany, whose statements are of undoubted authority.

“SIR, I forward a letter I received this morning from Florence, by which you will see that poor Madiai is still alive. * * * Would that the case of the Madiai were the only instance of persecution! But you will see, by the accompanying letter, that many others are suffering for conscience' sake; and who can tell how many are pining away in prison, of whom we know nothing.

“Yours truly, R. H. H.”
London, January 15th, 1853.

“Florence, January 3rd, 1852.

“I have been waiting to write to you, day after day, in the hopes that the Madiai were free. Alas! they are still in bonds.

“We saw Rosa on new year's-day: found her in better health, and cheerful, excepting when she spoke of her own unworthiness in not bearing better the trial she had undergone; and rejoicing rather that she was honoured to suffer for the cause of Christ. I will describe to you her frightful costume; in which, nevertheless, she looked well and dignified. Her chemise is of course material (sailcloth); then she wears a knitted worsted garment, over which is a brown duffie robe (such as is worn by the Franciscans); over all is worn the livery of the prison; *i. e.*: a broad yellow and white striped coarse linen material, the skirt tight as a sack; and on her head she wears a close skull cap of the same, fastened by a tape under the chin—no hair being seen. She has coarse hose, and great thick shoes. She told us that when she was brought from Florence, instead of being conveyed at once to Lucca, they kept her a night and half a day in the common prison at Pistoja, which, she said, was a most

filthy place; and the food they gave to her was most loathsome to eat.

"About ten days ago, M. Colombe, the Swiss Minister, chaplain to the Prussian Legation, obtained leave, through the king of Prussia, to visit, *once*, the prisoners. When we saw him on his return, he was so much affected that he could not, at first, speak without great emotion. He said he had never met with any one so completely living above the world as this child of God, Francesco Madiati. He said to M. Colombe, that he felt he had done with earthly things, as he believed it was God's will that he should die for his cause; and he had therefore tried not to think of his dear wife and her sufferings, *except when in prayer*. He said 'this blessed season (Christmas) fills my heart with love to my Saviour, my friends, and my enemies, for whom I ever pray.'

"Persecutions are going on here. Thirty persons are now in the Bargello, on religious accusations. Guarducci is still here. Another case, similar to the one last year, has taken place. A bible-reader was taken dangerously ill: his doctor (as he was bound to do) gave notice to the priest, who hastened to the bedside of the sick man. The latter thanked him for coming, but said he had no need of his assistance; that he had, he hoped, made his peace with God, through the mediation of Jesus alone. The priest was furious, and sent off for the police, who now surrounded the house."

A WATCHMAN, &c.

The Spiritual Wine-press.

The Mystery of Faith Opened Up.

Now, there is this evidence of faith, that a christian who doth believe, he accounteth absence and want of fellowship with Christ and communion with him, as one of the greatest and most lamentable crosses that ever he had; as is clear Psalm xiii. 3, "Lighten mine eyes," saith David, that is, let me behold, and be satisfied with thy face, and the motive he bachelth it with, is this, "lest I sleep the sleep of death." David thought himself a dead man, if Christ 'd withdraw his presence from him. Also it is clear, Cant. iii. 1, (compared with the following verses,) where absence from Christ and want of communion with him, was the greatest cross the spouse had, and it is clear from John xx. 11, 12; where Mary had a holy disdain of all things in respect, and comparison of Christ. But I will tell you what an hypocrite doth most lament, and that is, the want of reputation among the saints; that is the great God and idol among hypocrites, and that which, (when not enjoyed) hypocrites and atheists lament most; the world and the lust of their eyes, when they want these, then they cry out, "They have taken away my gods and what have I more?" But the christian doth

endeavour to advance that necessary work of the mortification of his idols, according to that word, 'Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.' Faith it purifieth the heart. The mortification of a christian as long as he is here below, it doth more consist in resolutions than in attainments, his resolutions go far above his performances. We would say this, that those christians who never came this length in christianity, to make that universal conclusion and full resolution, 'What have I to do any more with idols?' they may suspect themselves they are not in the faith. For a christian that is in Christ, he is universal in resolutions though he be not so in practical but defective in performances.

"A Christian may have big resolutions with weak performances, for resolutions will be at the gate of heaven before practice come from the border of hell, there being a long distance betwixt resolution and practice, and the one much swifter than the other. I would only speak this one word to you, and desire you seriously to ponder it. What if within twelve hours hereafter a summons were given to you—without continuation of days—to compare before the solemn and dreadful tribunal of that impartial Judge, Jesus Christ, what, suppose ye, would be your thoughts? Will you examine your own conscience? what would be your thoughts if such summons were given you? I am persuaded of this, that your knees, oh ye hypocrites, would smite one against another, and your face would gather paleness, seeing your conscience would condemn you; that 'you had been weighed in the balance and found light.' O think ye that ye can both fight and triumph in one day? Think ye your lusts and unmortified corruptions so weak, and faint-hearted an enemy, that upon the first appearance of such imaginary champions, as most part of us are in our own eyes, that your idols would lay down arms and let you trample on them? Believe me, mortification is not a work of a day, or one year, but it is a work will serve you all your time, begin as soon as you will; and therefore, seeing you have spent your days in the works of the flesh, it is time now that you would begin and pursue after Him, whose work is with Him, and whose reward shall come before Him."—"The Mystery of Faith opened up," by ANDREW GRAY, of Glasgow, 1660.

The Sovereignty of God,

As seen in the various Characters and Conditions of the Ministers of Christ.

MR. W. PALMER, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Foot's-cray, has published—through Houlston and Stoneman,—a funeral sermon entitled, "The sovereignty of God." &c. The death of Mr. John May, and Mr. John Rogers, gave occasion to the delivery

of this discourse. The subject is branched out in various departments with much thought and carefulness; the following is one of the branches.

"James and John were named Boanerges, signifying *sons of thunder*; James was called Barnabas—a *son of consolation*; and Archippus a *fellow soldier*. Some serve their generation principally by their *tongues*, as Whitfield and Elliott; others by their *pens*, as Owen, and Gill, and Horne. Whitfield was an apostle in the pulpit, yet his writings are few and without energy, leaving us to wonder how he could be so powerful in another capacity. But 'unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of Christ.' Great writers have not always been great preachers, as might be instanced in Foster and Gill; nor great preachers either the most splendid or voluminous writers; whilst some like Bunyan, Goodwin, Howe, Jay and Chalmers, have shone from the pulpit and the press. Some are taken away upon the threshold of the ministry, and in the opening of life, like Spencer of Liverpool; others are long-continued. . . . Some are shifted from place to place, amidst scourges, and tears, and losses; while others, comfortably nested for life, like Shirley and Jay, live long and die among the people they first went to. Some appear to do a great deal of work in a short time, and to effect magnificent reforms; while others resemble Hosea, who lived under four reigns, and was nearly eighty years in the ministry, but who wrote only fourteen short chapters, and whose ministry left the people wicked. What differences too in their tempers, dispositions, courage, zeal, &c. What contrasts were Luther and Melancthon, Toplady, and Cowper, Watts and Knibb, and others, that might be named; yet all belonged to the 'church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven,'—each had his peculiar gift, with his measure of usefulness, in his own time and within his own sphere. So it is still. And in it all we see divine sovereignty accomplishing a unity of purpose by diversity of means. 'For Thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleaseth thee.'"

Short Sermons.—No. II.

GILGAL AND BETHAVEN. HOSEA IV. 15.

"Come not unto Gilgal, neither go up unto Beth-aven."

There are two things to be enquired here.

1.—What this *Gilgal*, and what *Beth-aven* was.

2.—The reason of the prohibition, why they must not come to *Gilgal*, nor go to *Beth-aven*.

For the first.—*Gilgal*. It was a most famous place in the borders of Israel, famous, heretofore, for many things. I know of no one place that there are more glorious things

spoke of than of Gilgal, except Jerusalem itself. It was famous for these things.

First.—There was that great Circumcision after Israel came out of the wilderness, when God rolled away their reproach, from whence it had the name of Gilgal. For we are to know that the forty years wherein Israel was in the wilderness, none of their children were circumcised. God was so indulgent to his people for that time, because they were to remove up and down according as God should require, they knew not how soon: now, if their children should then have been circumcised, they could not have carried them up and down so readily. But yet, it seems it was an affliction, for God said he would roll away the reproach of Egypt from off them, and therefore commanded that they should be circumcised. Now when they came over Jordan, as soon as ever they came to set foot upon the land of Canaan, or presently upon it, then God required them to circumcise their children. And if we observe it, it was a strange command, for they were now come into the very mouth of their enemies; and all the people of Canaan, all the kings and princes of the country, were gathered together to fight against them; and yet now they must circumcise even their fighting men—those that had been in the wilderness so long—all those that were under forty years old must now be circumcised; and though they were even in the very mouth of their enemies, and, by the reason of their soreness after the circumcision, they could not be able to stir out against them, yet they must come to it. Thus we see God will have his worship regarded rather than our own safety when he pleaseth. And upon this the place was called *Gilgal*: the text gives the reason. Joshua v. 9.—"This day (saith God) have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from off you, wherefore the name of the place is called *Gilgal* unto this day." The word *Gilgal* signifies to roll—the Hebrew letter *Gimel* being doubled and interposed, it is *Gilgal*. This is the first thing observable of this place, that there was the great circumcision.

Secondly.—There was the first Passover that was ever kept in the land of Canaan.

Thirdly. In *Gilgal* there the manna ceased, and the people were fed with the bread of the wheat of the country of Canaan: there God gave them that first possession of Canaan to eat of the fruit of the land, that they should not have any need of such extraordinary providence of God to feed them by manna; but they should eat of the fruit of the land. This was in *Gilgal*, as appears Joshua v. 12.

Fourthly. There did Joshua pitch those twelve stones which they took out of Jordan, for a memorial and perpetual remembrance of that great deliverance given them by God in drying up the waters of Jordan from before them until they were passed over, as appears Joshua iv. 40.

Fifthly. Joshua himself, together with the camp, kept much in Gilgal, and that after Jericho was taken, after Ai was taken, after the five kings were slain, yet Joshua kept there. Joshua x. 6. Yea after the whole country was possessed, yet still he kept at Gilgal together with the camp, as appears Josh. xiv.

Yea in the sixth place. At Gilgal the angel of God appeared unto Joshua, Josh. v. 13, and told him he was captain of the host of the Lord, and bade Joshua loose his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stood was holy. The angel of God appeared to tell him that he went before as the great captain of the host of God to give him possession, and the place was holy.

Seventhly. at Gilgal Saul was anointed king, and thither he and Samuel often repaired. 1 Sam. xi. 15.

Eighthly. Gilgal was the place for sacrificing; the tabernacle, the propitiatory was much at Gilgal, as appears in 1 Sam. x. 8, and 1 Sam. xv. 21. And verse 33 of that chapter when Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, it was in Gilgal, and the text saith, "It was before the Lord."

Ninthly. At Gilgal Elijah and Elisha came often, and there they prophesied, as 2 Kings ii. 1; and iv. 38. You see how famous Gilgal was, and yet though Gilgal in these nine particulars was such a famous place, God gives his people a charge that of all places they must not come to Gilgal. I will give you the reason of the prohibition bye-and-bye, only I must first tell you what Beth-aven was. Beth-aven was no other than that town which so often in Scripture was called Bethel, which Bethel signifies the house of God; and it had that name given unto it by Jacob, upon God's extraordinary appearing to him when he fled because of his brother Esau—Gen. xxviii. This place was before called Luz; and it had that name from the abundance of almond trees which were there; which that word Luz signifies; but upon God's appearing unto Jacob it changed the name, and it is called Bethel, the house of God; and a very sweet note we may have from thence, and that is this: "That God's appearing to his people in any place puts a more honourable respect upon it than all the pleasant fruits than can grow in a place. A garden or orchard, if they were filled with almond trees and the most pleasant fruits there can be, yet they are not so delightful, they should not be so delightful to our hearts, nor would not be if our hearts were right, as the house of God, where God appears to us. If God appear to us in any place, though it should be a wilderness, it should have the honor rather than the most pleasant garden in the world, where we have not the like appearance of God to us. God appearing makes that place the house of God: wherever God appears, there is the house of God, and that will make a place far more delightful than

all the beautiful and pleasant fruits in the world possibly can do. Thus you see what both places were; but now they are charged they must not come thither. Beth-aven, it is no other place than Bethel, and if you will know the reason of the change of the name from Bethel to Beth-aven, I shall shew you in giving you the reason why they must not come to Gilgal nor to Beth-aven.

Now the reason why they must not come thither, it was, because they were such famous places before God's true worship, yet now they were become the primest places for idolatry in the whole land, therefore there is a charge here not to come to Gilgal nor to Beth-aven. So in Amos v. 5; there you have the like charge almost in the same words, "Seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal." There it is called Bethel; though (saith God) it hath the name from my house, and once there was a glorious appearing of mine there, yet now do not seek to Bethel, do not so much as enter into Gilgal.

The reason why they must not come to Beth-aven appears from the change of the name: it was once Bethel, and now it was Bethaven; and the difference betwixt these two names, Bethel and Beth-aven, is wide and great: Bethel is the house of God, and Beth-aven is the house of iniquity, the house of vanity, the house of labor, and the house of affliction—for it signifies all these. That which was my house, which I did once own, being corrupted, it is no other but the house of iniquity and vanity, and the house that brings affliction. Beth-aven was one of the places where Jeroboam set up one of his calves—one of the most eminent places for the calves; and he took the advantage of the conceit that the people had of the holiness of that place, to set up one of his calves there, and thought, thereby, to prevail with the people so much the more. Now God charged them that they should not come there.

Whatsoever places have been heretofore, yet when they grow corrupt in God's worship they lose their honour. Rome heretofore hath been a famous church, as in Rom. i. we find that the faith of Rome was spread abroad throughout the world, and so they will yet plead for the glory of Rome, because once it was famous. But it is no matter what it hath been, what is it now? If once they are corrupt in themselves they lose the honour of what they once had. Oh let us take heed unto ourselves in this. It is true, England hath also been a famous place for religion, and travellers that have come hither have blessed themselves, and blessed God for seeing what they have done, they never saw so much of God as in England. But if we shall corrupt our ways and grow to be Idolaters and superstitious, we may by God's just judgment be made as infamous and vile as any people upon the face of the earth.

The Distinct Personality—the Essential Deity—and the proper Worship of the Holy Ghost.

LAST month, a Correspondent, signing himself "Timothy the Elder," questioned the scriptural authority for addressing the Holy Spirit distinctly in our prayers. We considered "Timothy's" evidently ignorant and weak state of mind, might be the condition of many who are, nevertheless, sincere, and deeply concerned to be made wise unto salvation. We also anticipated that such a query would draw forth the minds of some of the Lord's servants in defence of that most vital point—the essential Deity, and proper worship due unto the Holy Spirit; as, also, the great privilege of the saints in especially praying unto the Great Revealer of Christ, and the Comforter of the Church. We have not been disappointed. Our brother William Bidder, first stepped forward in this noble work: then came a letter from the venerable and valuable Arthur Triggs. These we now subjoin; but our brother Chislett's—brother Thomas Attwood's, our own, with some others, must wait.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR. — Observing in your miscellany for this month a piece written by one of your correspondents, calling himself "Timothy the Elder," whom I should have suspected to be Timothy the younger, rather; for to stumble over such a plain, Scriptural truth as that of presenting prayer and supplication to God the Holy Ghost, shews, that if aged, his optics are dim. But as he says "he doth not set himself up as having perfect knowledge in this matter;" for which I give him credit; and as he desires information, and tells us that he is open to conviction, I therefore proceed to convince him (if the Lord please) that though, as he says, he cannot find from Genesis to Revelations either precept or example for directing our prayers to the Holy Spirit (query, hath he minutely examined the whole of the premises that lie between the two extremes) that others can. Prayer consists of invocation, petition, confession, thanksgiving, blessing, &c. I would first ask Timothy if he believes in the Godhead of the eternal Spirit, and that he subsists in the Godhead a distinct, divine Person, equal and eternal with the Father and the Son; if so, then he certainly has an equal right to all spiritual worship above and below, in common with the other glorious Personages in the unity of the divine nature.

For the divinity of the Father, see 2 Thess. i. 1; for the Son, see Heb. i. 8; for the Spirit, see Acts v. 3 and 4; Heb. ix. 14. In proof of their unity see Deut. vi. 4; Zech. xlv. 9; 1 John v. 7. This is that adored Majesty that exists in Personalities Three; in essence One; and who saith, "My glory will I not give to another, nor my praise to graven images." If the Lord the Spirit is not an object of prayer, I ask, why of praise? for he is praised equally with the Father and the Son: see Isaiah vi. 3; Rev. iv. 8; Ps. lxxxix. 5, 1863.

—"The heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord." Doth the Holy Ghost perform no wonders?—what is every vessel of mercy but a wonder? Psalm cxlv. 10.—"All thy works shall praise thee," &c. Doth the Holy Ghost do no work? See Phil. i. 6; and 1 Peter ii. 9.—"That ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you," &c. Is it not specifically the work of the eternal Spirit to call elect sinners from darkness to light, according to ancient settlements, and his office in the economy of grace? Thus, then, we see he is praised in common with the Father and the Son.

Next, let us see if prayer is to be directed to him also, by divine authority; for Timothy saith No; neither by precept or example. "To the law and to the testimony;" this decides the controversy; this settles the matter.

First, then, for the precept; Matt. ix. 38. The direction of the Master who could make no mistake,— "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." By the Lord of the harvest there, is meant God the Holy Ghost. Compare with Acts xiii. 2 and 4. As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. So they being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Selicia," &c. One proof is as good as a thousand, though more may be added.

Next, the example: see Cant. iv. 16, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out." What is meant by those figurative expressions, but the Holy Spirit and his fruits? See Ezek. xxxvii. 9; compare with John iii. 8; also xx. 22.

Again, 1 Thess. iii. 11,—"Now, God himself and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you." Here God the Holy Ghost is first invoked as one of these Almighty Directors. Further see also 2 Thess. iii. 5,— "And the Lord (the Holy Ghost) direct your hearts into the love of God, (the Father), and into the patient waiting for Christ." Is this praying to God the Holy Ghost—or is it not? Also, Rev. i. 4 and 5,—"John to the seven churches which are in Asia— Grace unto you, and peace from Him (the Father), which is, and was, and is to come, and from the seven Spirits (the Holy Ghost who is one in his Person, but his gifts and graces are various, and by this number seven, shewing his fulness and perfection, as the Almighty Minister in the church of the first-born) which are before his throne, and from Jesus Christ," &c. Here, then, again, are the Holy Three equally invoked.

See you not, then, Timothy, that the object of prayer addressed by the apostles, (and they are our example), is the Holy Three in One, the Spirit equally with the Father and the Son, and so a fit object of prayer with them, which otherwise he would not be?

With our apostle do I pray, and wish that the hearts of God's chosen ones may be comforted, knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgement of the mystery of God, (the Holy Ghost), and of the Father, and of Christ.

Once more, (though I fear I trespass the limits of a periodical), the apostle closes the last epistle to the Corinthians thus — "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen." Here are distinct things asked, and of the Persons in the Godhead distinctly, as equal objects of prayer and divine worship.

From the above premises, I therefore fearlessly assert that it is perfectly consistent to pray unto Jehovah in his Trinity of Persons distinctly, according to their economical offices in the adorable plan of mercy, and cannot but suspect that man who objects to do so, as not an orthodox Trinitarian.

I now hope Timothy sees his mistake; and if so, we shall bless the Lord together, saying, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

Rotherhithe, Jan. 14, 1853. W. BIDDER.

P.S. Is the Holy Ghost a Comforter? and may I not ask him to comfort me? A Guide? and may I not ask him for his guidance? A Teacher? and must I not ask him to teach me? Who is it that sheds abroad the Father's love in the heart, and reveals our precious Christ, but the Spirit? and may he not be asked for the mercy, by a poor, sensible sinner, who feels his need of his gracious renewings and sealing power! Preposterous! surely. Will he reject the petitioner, and disregard the petition? No: certainly not. I hope to be enabled to petition him daily, until mortality is swallowed up of life; and let all sensible sinners do likewise. Amen.

DEAR BANKS.—Since giving you an answer in reply to Timothy the Elder, I have been perusing a work by an old worthy now in heaven, who, when on earth, used to pray to Jehovah in his adorable Trinity of persons, and to each distinctly according to their economical offices in the covenant. I forward you a few of his petitions distinctly directed to the person of God the Holy Ghost, verbatim, as the original, should you deem them worthy of a corner in the "Vessel." He expresses himself thus—

"Oh thou Holy and Blessed Spirit, from whom proceed all spiritual life and light; thou art the Conveyer of them from Christ, the Fountain and Head thereof, to thy church and people. I bless thee, O Holy Ghost, that thou hast communicated this life and light to my soul. I beseech thee to lead me to look to, and believe on, Jesus for my complete and everlasting discharge from all sin. Lead me by faith to view the everlasting virtue and perfection of Christ's most precious blood-shedding. Help me to believe without the least doubt or wavering my union with Christ. I ask it for the honour of thy name; to whom, with the Father and the Son, be everlasting praise. Amen."

Again:

"Oh Holy Ghost, I beseech thee to shine on my mind, that I may apprehend spiritually what is revealed in thy word concerning thy personality, deity, names, titles, offices, and work, that I may give thee equal worship and glory with the Father and the Son. Teach me to honour thee by committing myself wholly to thee for carrying on, perfecting, and crowning with eternal glory what thou hast already begun in me; and the glory shall be ascribed to thee as co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and the Son in one Jehovah, to whom be unceasing praise. Amen."

Again:

"Oh thou Divine and Eternal Spirit, who proceedest from the Father and the Son. I believe in thy personality, and confess and acknowledge thee to be, by essential union with the Godhead, co-

equal and co-eternal with the Father and the Son. Thou art uncreate, incomprehensible God and Lord, who livest in the possession and enjoyment of all essential perfection and blessedness. Thou art the Lord and Giver of all spiritual life. Help me to give thee thy true and proper glory for thy own work within me, giving me to know Jesus and the power of his resurrection. Keep me ever looking up to thee for thy life-giving influences and inward anointings. O thou holy-making Spirit, sanctify me throughout in body, soul, and spirit. I ask it for the honour of thy own grace. And to thee, with the Father and the Son, be equal praise for ever and ever. Amen."

Again:

"Oh thou blessed Spirit, do thou possess and fill my spiritual faculties with the knowledge of God the Father and of his Son Jesus; and admit me into free, full, high, and intimate communion with the Father and the Son. Fill my heart with gratitude to thee for all I know of thee, and for that communion which I have had with thee in consolation, graces, gifts, and spiritual blessings until taken up to enjoy uninterrupted fellowship with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in an eternal heaven, and to give honour, and glory, and blessing, and praise to the Three in Jehovah for ever and ever. Amen."

Again:

"Oh Holy Ghost, I bless thee for all thy divine teachings, gracious quickenings, comfort and strengthenings. Keep, oh keep my eye on Jesus till I see him in eternal glory. I ask it for the honour of Christ the Conqueror of death, to whom, with thee and the Father, be equal and unceasing praise. Amen."

Once more:

"Oh thou Holy Ghost, thou dwellest in my soul as my earnest of glory. Lead me through thy blessed teachings into real communion with Christ, and shed abroad in my heart a sense of the Father's free and everlasting love. Thou hast given me in communion with the Father and the Son joys unspeakable and full of glory. I desire most earnestly on earth and in heaven to join with the whole election of grace in giving unceasing glory to thee with the Father and the Son, as the one Jehovah, who art essential blessedness, and the fountain of all blessedness to thy saints, to whom he praise and glory in the highest. Amen."

Who is there of all the blood-royal family on earth who feel their need of the continual anointings of God the Holy Ghost, would object to the manner of the foregoing petitions, or the phraseology, but would, upon perusing the same, exclaim, "Lord, so teach me to pray, until prayer is turned into praise. Amen." W. BIDDER.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

MY DEAR SIR: I come unto you in the love of the truth. Having seen the statement of "Timothy the Elder," will you allow me to answer his question by asking him one I that is, if I feel it in my heart, as I often do, to use the following petition, saying, "O, thou eternal Spirit! thou Testifier of the Lord Jesus! thou who art the Quickener, the Teacher, and the Guide of thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus: thou Holy Spirit of truth; do thou guide me into all truth, comfort my heart, and direct it into the love of God, and into the patience of Jesus Christ; and also by thy teaching I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, the fellowship of his sufferings being made conformable to his death."

I ask Timothy to produce one Scripture to prove that I am wrong, or that doth condemn me for praying to the Spirit, as I have stated. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth," for such the Father seeketh to worship him. There is one Jehovah, and his name One; "and there are Three that bear record in heaven: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One;" distinct in Person, but not abstracted, as saith

Timothy; but each Jehovah, yet one Jehovah; each God, yet but one God; and the children born of the Spirit, are taught the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ. If Timothy is a Father, doth he forbid his children to ask questions, favours, or petitions of their teachers, or instructors? And as he hath searched the Scriptures, and cannot find in them what others do, let him say what chapter and verse he finds "the divine Word, the Divine Spirit, and the Holy Spirit abstractedly."

In addition to these hints, I say that Timothy, by his statement, brought to my mind things that transpired many years since, when some who were thought to be pillars in the church, hearers of that great man of God, Dr. Hawker; but that they might be manifest (1 John ii. 19) began as Timothy doth to cavil about praying to the Spirit, saying, as he doth, it was not right, nor in accordance with the Scriptures: I write this, being an eye and ear witness. Afterwards, the Person of the Spirit was denied by them, saying he was only an emanation; nor did they stop there; but the Person, self-existence and Godhead of the Son of God was also cavilled at, and set aside. I being young in the ways of the Lord was greatly exercised, they being older than me, I considered they knew better than I did. But the Lord in great mercy shewed me that old men are not always wise; and I shall not forget, when the Lord the Spirit spoke into my heart the words of the Lord Jesus, "I and my Father are One." This made me rejoice in the Father, Son and Spirit; so I do still, and ever shall. I write this in love to the brethren and sisters in Christ; not to trifle with the record of the Spirit, the manifestation and testimony of Jesus the Son, and the revelation of the Father.

The Lord bless and instruct you in the mystery of the gospel, is the heart's desire, Mr. Editor, of your's, in our precious Lord Jesus,
Jan. 6, 1853.

A. THOMAS.

Spiritual Consolations under Bereaving Dispensations.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. BLACKSTOCK.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I have just received the melancholy tidings of our Christian friend's death, which very much surprised me, as I had always built up myself with the expectation of long life for our departed. How short-sighted are we poor, miscalculating mortals! I feel *this death*; then *well may you!* And I believe that when the God of heaven strikes such blows as these, he intends we should feel them.

"For us they sicken, and for us they die."

I need not tell you that from the very first time we met in the vestry of Soho Chapel, to the last time we saw each other, our friend behaved in the most kind and affectionate manner. How warm and fervent that friendship was, I need not tell you. When two hearts are set for friendship, when friends have long grown together, and one of them is taken away, I know what a rent it makes, what a void it leaves. I know, by sore and sad experience, what pangs rend the heart of the survivor. I dare say you will deeply enter into what Dr. Young says in "Night the 2nd,"

"Too warm I cannot be;
I lov'd him much, but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish half conceal'd,

Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green and gold,
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

Some hearts are prone to friendship, and friendship is sweet; but alas! we make idols of our friends; and in our eager haste to grasp, we crush and kill our comforts.

When I have felt the pangs of parting, I have been almost ready to envy that class of mortals, who can find scores of friends, and part with them as easily as say Good-bye. I trow you and I are made of different stuff. For years I have lost one friend after another, until I feel myself quite a broken merchant.

As a kindred spirit I sorrow in your sorrow; however, I have often thought if the Lord takes all my earthly jewels across the river of death, the next thing will be I shall want to follow them. Departed friends, for us, leave the world all the poorer; these are the pins that bind our tabernacle to earth; when they are gone we shall want to ascend after them. I find no friends like the old ones. Age is not the season to make friends. I often think I am like one who has outstood the market. When our friends are gone we get dirt cheap to the rising race. A friend is a rare bird: what the commonalty have to offer is a mere apology for friendship. There is here and there one that, however many acquaintances they have, want only *one* friend. Here we fix; and how deeply we strike our fibres! We learn afterwards how deeply, when our gourd is torn from us; it is enough almost to make one envious of those who find a friend almost in every new face. But our deceased friends do *not* leave us, their shades seem to haunt us still—we seem to meet them in our silent walks—they career past as if to remind us of what we have lost. Our Christian friends gain more than we lose in the final parting. They are taken away from the evil to come; their body is gone down to the place of a skull, but the soul rests upon its glory bed; the bird has reached its safe nest; the traveller has got home; the tossed mariner is in the fair haven; "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." They no longer sip at the muddy streams, but drink at the fountain head; they are with Jesus, nor could it be better with them; they gaze upon his lovely face, and bask under his everlasting smiles; here they had little or no rest, being hunted by men and devils; but oh! how sweetly do they rest there! they are safe and subject to no annoyance; they are rich, though they seem to have left us poor as beggars. When they are ready, Christ gathers his lilies that they may bloom in Paradise. Do you wonder at Elisha crying out after Elijah "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof?"

Some Christians are bound to each other by no common bond of unity. They can't part so easily as some can. What would our

friends say to us now could they speak to us? Why, they would say, "My friends, weep not for me; 'press forward towards the mark for the prize of your high calling in Christ Jesus;'" follow them, and you will soon be with me; I am gone a little before, but you are drawing after as fast as time can move, only a thin veil parts us."

How divinely sweet is that friendship that is to be consummated in heaven! Then Jesus will be all in all; and we shall love one another neither too little nor too much. The family will there enjoy friendship without its thorns and briers, and without the fear of that word—*parting*. We shall meet again; they cannot, would not, come to us, but we shall go to them. I do not think Christ altogether upbraids our tears, for if we love Him that begat, surely we shall love them that are begotten of Him. Let, therefore, the secret, silent tear fall for a faithful and true friend, but "sorrow not as if there was no hope." "He mourns the dead who live as they desire."

May the Lord Jesus comfort you, and bear you up, and not leave you until you can say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord:" he takes our friends that he may get more of our hearts.

My dear friend, may the Lord bless and sanctify this stroke to you, and grant you sweetest fellowship with him.

"Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?"

I am glad you have written to me—make as free as you like. I would fain pour the balm into your soul; but who on earth can apply the balm for the wounds made by a departed friend? here we are, miserable comforters, and physicians of no value. I have sometimes found the memory of a deceased friend to scent like a rose. My dear Maria had the following couplet, which she had worked on a sampler that now hangs by me; the words are—

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear:
The absent claim a sigh—the dead a tear."

I am as usual in the old beaten but rough pathway of much tribulation. I begin to long for home; my list of friends gets very short, and I seem to have few binders to earth; I sometimes long for one shine more, and then everlasting rest. But time admonishes me to finish. My dear friend, yet let me remain your sincere and affectionate friend,

EDWARD BLACKSTOCK.

Watford, 1849.

Emigration:

IS IT RIGHT FOR GODLY MEN TO EMIGRATE?

THE above question is pressed upon our attention by "H. T." and others. Our answer to the query is earnestly sought. We shall

give it briefly in the following manner: and First—We consider that no God-fearing man "with a family," for whom Providence hath made, and is still making, sufficient provision, ought unduly to seek for a removal. Humanly speaking, there are dangers, deprivations, and disappointments to be encountered: consequently, no man should, simply for the sake of gain, heedlessly enter upon so important an undertaking. But

Secondly—If a godly man's way is hedged up—if temporal losses and disappointments have crippled his energies—if no prospects of success here open before him—and, if the means for emigrating are, or can be possessed by him, then, certainly, Australia is such an open field, and so desirable a scene as, we think, no honest, persevering man can be ultimately disappointed in. We are gathering material for sound and useful information. The following

LETTER FROM ADELAIDE

has just come to hand. We give it almost verbatim, because the writer to many Christian friends in London is well known.

"To our very dear and much esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marks and your dear family. Grace, mercy, and peace from our covenant God in Christ Jesus be multiplied unto you; with every blessing in love flowing unto you through the loving heart of our dear Redeemer, be ever your's richly to enjoy, and your's. In June last I received a letter from you dated 20th January, which we felt happy to receive. I am happy to find you were pleased with what information I gave you of this now interesting colony: new developments are daily rising, with inexhaustible riches of gold in these Australian regions that bid fair to eclipse all former precedents in California or any other part of the world. We have an Assay Office in Adelaide, where the gold (the diggers being home) is sold at £3 11s. 6d. an ounce. Since these gold findings have taken place there has passed into the Assay Office, Adelaide, the amazing sum of eight hundred thousand pounds, sterling value, within six months past; and the guarantees of gold dug in nine months, and sent away, is more than twenty ton weight! Talk of the merchants of England—they will be richer than ever. But, mind you, capitalists must come over in shoals with redoubled vigour; and men will make this the golden arena of England. Men of business habits may soon achieve a fortune here, who will persevere: here is an open space for industrious men. Our language is, dear friends, 'Come over and help us!' We love our countrymen, particularly the Household of Faith. We want you all here; all our dear friends we parted with in England.

"Whilst I am now writing this, the escort is passing before me on their way to bring back from Mount Alexander to Adelaide four tons of pure gold. Our escort are brave men, well equipped, and many dangers they have to encounter in a long journey.

"To return from my digression. I am glad to have some spiritual consolation from you. It was a source of unmingled pleasure to us to hear that you, and dear partner in life, were added to the church of our dear friend and brother, James Nunn. God bless you all: go on and prosper. My dear friend, I look to our dear Lord's church, though under its different pastors, as one—one on earth, and one in heaven. A citizen of Zion is no mean thing. Certainly we are isolated from you in presence, still some times very near in communion at our Father's throne. We look over at you

in our mind's eye; walk with you; see you in your house, shop, in the church, with many others whom we love.

"And now allow me to say to you that I am heartily sorry that ever I should have believed James —, so as to cause our separation from you as a people; but what has been done I trust was for the best, and for the furtherance of the gospel in Somer's Town. I have advocated my dear friend Nunn's cause many times, unknown to him or you. I should never have been instrumental in a division of the church had I not been misled, had not a false representation been made to us both at our home and in the church. Before I left England I went to Mr. Nunn and expressed my feelings to him; and since we have been in Adelaide we, through mercy, have been enabled to say that we do love our dear friend, and I am sorry I should have caused him any sorrow.

"We this day have had such weather here, as has been unknown before: a great hail storm. I mention this because it is unaccountable; and so cold, I am almost unable to hold my pen. We want a man of truth here; send out one. We have heard no minister of truth of our faith since I wrote to you, and are not settled yet. We feel obliged to you for information from Mr. Allids, and the friends at Beulah; they see now, when too late, their error; but, Marks, cannot the church of Christ be amalgamated? why so many different causes? The Baptist church has been so divided amongst itself, that it has lost its strength; its little petty bickerings and strife raises contentions. Away with it all, I say. Let Christ be all, and man nothing.

"Brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ, we covet your earnest prayers and supplications, that our God will be pleased to strengthen us with all might in our inner man, and cause his church to flourish in this land, that we might have an Elijah sent here to go in and out before us. It is our mercy to have the Word of God to go to; a throne of grace, open to every enquiring, and oftentimes wandering, mourning sinner. Well, then, are we brethren in Christ? Let us ever be found waiting in pure affection in the very love of God toward each other, for one is our Master, even Christ.

July, 22, 1852. JOHN AND ELIJAH DANIELS.
Gillies Street, Adelaide,
South Australia.

A Word for Pastors

AND YOUNG PREACHERS OF THE GOSPEL.

WE are going carefully over the *Memoir of the late Joseph Irons*; the second edition of which we noticed last month; and now repeat it is to be had of the editor, Mr. Gabriel Bayfield, Camberwell Green; and of Mrs. Irons, Grove Lane.

Before we proceed we may record one solemn fact—Mr. Pope, so many years a deacon at the Grove, departed this life on Tuesday, January 4, 1853: he has not long survived his much esteemed pastor.

The church at the Grove have sent an invitation to Mr. Jay, of Birmingham, to become their pastor: a considerable majority are anxious for his settlement amongst them. Mr. Jay has replied; but nothing definite is yet supposed to be known; although we know more than we shall yet publish. We highly esteem Mr. Jay: he has many steady, faithful friends in London; and should the Lord direct him to settle at Camberwell, (although some might leave) many would be gathered together to hold up his hands.

We return to the *Memoir*. Good old Griffith Williams's conduct to his (then) young Joseph, and Joseph's success in the ministry, are here given, because they are valuable records of grace in its fruitfulness, and of the faithfulness of God unto his servants in all their labours for the glory of his great name. The memoir says—

"Mr. Irons, speaking of Mr. Williams as an affectionate minister of the gospel, says, 'It was his kind pastoral attention which first induced me to open my mouth at a prayer-meeting; and well do I remember him taking me by the hand in Gate Street Chapel, saying, "I want you young ones to come forward." I confess that I had no power to resist the pressing invitation he so affectionately gave, and for the first time opened my mouth for God, in that hallowed place, in prayer. He was also the first to encourage me to blow the gospel trumpet; and when he introduced me to preach my first sermon, said, "Go in the name of the Lord, and consider the whole world your parish." It was this, under God, that encouraged me: to his counsel and advice I feel much indebted; he was ever ready to advise, and he could speak from experience; for he knew much of the way, and I feel that I cannot be too grateful for his great kindness to me, which continued up to the time of his departure.' It appears, from a memorandum, that the Rev. Griffith Williams was called to his eternal rest July 1, 1826, aged 71 years; and Mr. Irons preached a funeral sermon on the occasion at Grove Chapel, from Matthew xxi. 3, 'Call the labourers, and give them their hire.' Mr. W. had been the faithful and affectionate pastor for a period of thirty-six years in one part of the Lord's vineyard, enjoying uninterrupted peace in his charge, and great success attended his labours to the end. He was indeed 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,'—'an able minister of the New Testament.' We find the following with his papers:—

"Thou shalt remember all the way that the Lord thy God hath led thee.' In the month of March, 1808, for the first time I opened my mouth for God, under the sanction of the London Itinerant Society, and by the advice of my pastor, the Rev. Griffith Williams, of Gate Street Chapel. The first place I was requested to preach at was a large room, over a smith's shop, in the village of Dulwich, Surrey; there I delivered the Lord's message in simplicity, and I trust godly sincerity, as he gave the ability. Feeling much of my own weakness, I could say with Paul, 'I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.' Surely no man ever felt more of the responsibility of his office than I did at that period. I said, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" Little did I think at that time that in the course of years, after preaching in various places, that my roving feet should be directed to Camberwell—that I should, in the order of Divine providence, in the fulness of time, be the settled pastor at a chapel not then erected in the Grove, and within two miles of the place where I delivered my first sermon in that humble upper room. How wonderful are the ways of God! How mysterious are his leadings! It must be the right way, according to the Divine plan, although to us often a rough path and a circuitous route.'

"Mr. Irons often spoke of this place. The pillar of cloud often led him through Camberwell to Dulwich, and ten years passed away before the same cloud marked his way to Camberwell, in the year 1818, when he found it tarry over it for so many years in such a conspicuous way."

It is worthy of deep attention that Mr. Irons, in his first setting out in the ministry, tried and laboured hard for the conversion of sinners; and in this God signally honoured

him. We rejoice at such displays of the Divine power as the following, which occurred at Watton, in Herts—

“One remarkable circumstance took place while preaching in the barn. The wife of a thatcher felt a desire to hear me preach, led by curiosity, because there was no small stir made in the village on account of the truths I fearlessly declared. She came, and the Lord was pleased to apply his word with power divine to her soul; and she gave full proof to all around that it was the work of God and not of man; it was not merely an external reformation, but the work of the Spirit on the soul; so that all who saw it, who knew the Lord, could not help exclaiming, ‘What hath God wrought!’ The change was so visible, that soon her husband, who was a most ungodly character, saw but hated the change; and such was the malice of the man, that he, with an oath, declared that if she dared to enter the barn again he would kill her. His solemn threats were in vain—the evening came for worship, she went. He said he would take her life from her when she returned if she did. She replied, ‘Will, you may take my life from me, but you cannot take away my religion; I can trust in God, and leave the result with him.’ Accordingly she went, seeking a blessing, and asking the Lord to protect her from the rage of her godless husband. After the service she returned to her cottage, but finding the door fastened, she obtained a key of a relative, which opened it; she found her husband asleep, and accordingly retired to rest; in the morning he appeared a little calmed down, for the Lord had so chained him that he did her no bodily harm; and, in the course of time, he so graciously heard and answered prayer, that her husband accompanied her to the barn. Although there was no real proof that he was converted by Divine grace, yet one thing is quite certain, from a bold blasphemer and persecutor he became a constant bearer of the gospel, and a decent quiet member of society. What a miracle of sovereign grace! I record this to shew ‘that the power of the Lord was present to heal,’ I did not work alone, and can say, ‘Is anything too hard for the Lord!’ No wonder that satan raged. Oh! what cause for gratitude, that such a weak instrument should be employed in his vineyard, and that God should so abundantly bless my poor labours.”

Nothing worth thinking about, or talking about but Jesus:

The Dying Conversion & Consolations

OF

William Leverett, of Bradford,

YORKSHIRE.

[The following brief narrative was written in a letter by Mr. James Hunter, Baptist Minister, to Mr. Hibbard, of Huddersfield, and kindly forwarded to us for insertion by Mrs. Hibbard].

MY DEAR FRIEND.—At your request, I now give you the following particulars concerning the late WM. LEVERETT. He was born on the 20th of July, 1833, in Brigstock, Northamptonshire. His father and mother both being members with us, he was accustomed to attend the chapel regularly, till the spring of 1852: illness, of a consumptive character, prevented him coming after that time. During the past summer the necessity of the new birth had been often set before him; and the awful position of those who lived and died strangers to God and themselves. But, instead of being softened under the word, he

seemed to grow harder and harder; and, though he felt that his body was sinking, he gave no signs of any concern for the salvation of his soul. I had spoken so frequently to him on the necessity of being born of the Spirit, that, in the end, he avoided me, and kept out of the room when I came. In this way he went on till the beginning of last October. One Monday evening, about this time, I had an opportunity of speaking to him. The Lord led me to speak of the blessedness of those who had Jesus to come and shelter them, and screen them, and protect them, and be with them when their souls had to leave this world. I spoke of the compassion of Jesus's heart, the value of his blood, the truth of his love, the blessedness of his friendship; and that Jesus, and none but Jesus, could be of the slightest use to poor dying sinners, who were going where friends could not accompany them, stand by them, or be of the slightest service to them: all, all, must be left behind; and if Jesus, who hung on the tree, did not then come and carry us in his arms, and bear us in his bosom, and spread his skirt over us, we must be poor, friendless, destitute outcasts for ever. The tears rolled down his cheeks as the word kept entering his heart: he dried them away, and seemed in deep thought. From that time his soul seemed aroused out of the sleep of death, and he felt himself to be without God, without a friend, a covering, a home, or a refuge. Lost! lost! seemed deeply engraven on his heart, as if he had never heard the solemn truth before.

The next day and for some weeks, his whole concern was how he might escape the wrath to come. To his mother he expressed himself in self-loathing terms; acknowledging his ingratitude for all the mercies he had received, and blaming himself as one of the worst of sinners. “I have been” said he, “going over the commandments, one by one; and it appears to me that, in one way or other, I have broken every one of them.”

The following lines, taught him, when a boy, by his grandmother, kept continually following him—

“Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies.”

Such has been the distress and anguish of his soul, under a sense of a broken law resting upon him, that, late at night, I have been sent for to pray with him. Before they sent he has said “I fear he cannot pray for me: I fear I am not the kind of sinner God would save: I fear he has not chosen me: I am an out-of-the-way sinner. What have I been doing all these years, but sinning against light.” And then he has repeated these lines, expressive of his feelings:—

“Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.”

He cared little for any book now, but the Bible. Give him what you might, it was soon thrown aside, in order to search the scriptures, to see if there was any hope for such a sinner as he felt himself to be.

One evening he remarked that he thought the 56th chapter of Isaiah was the best chapter in the Bible for him. Being asked why he thought so, he replied "the epistles are addressed to saints, and the Psalms are the experience of believers; but the 56th of Isa. seems to be for real bad, wicked people like myself." And then he went on to say that in it God was so condescending to reason with such sinners, by saying "why do ye spend your money for that which is not bread?—what I have been doing" said he "all my life." The first gleam of hope seemed to dawn on his soul, by the Spirit of God opening his eyes to see the love of Jesus to sensible sinners, as recorded in that chapter. The land of promise now appeared in sight; but he longed to be brought into its blessings. He now saw the fountain filled with blood; but wanted the Holy Ghost to come and put him in—feeling that if his soul was not plunged where the soul of the dying thief was plunged, he must be covered with shame and everlasting contempt; and feeling that he had no claim on the mercy of God, and that God might take him or leave him. This made him feel so anxious to have something given to him by God himself that might assure him that he was loved with an everlasting love, and that Christ had shed his blood for him.

Being asked one morning, "have you ever felt your soul melted and broken down before God in prayer?" "Yes," he replied, "in a particular way, this morning." On being asked what was the feeling of his soul at the time, he replied "a sense of being entirely lost: and a fear that God would not save such a sinner—such a shocking sinner—as I have been." John vi. 37, being quoted to him—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—he repeated the words, and turned them over again and again, as if he had heard them only for the first time; but the Comforter that was to relieve his soul had not yet come in such a way as to bring him out of prison by the blood of the covenant. This was on Thursday. Till the next Lord's-day his soul panted after the blessing he saw in John vi. 37.

On Monday, when asked how he felt, he replied, with pleasure and delight, that "on the previous night, when in bed, the Lord had opened up these words to him—'him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'—and had applied them with such power to his soul, that all fear of death was taken away, and that he longed to die and be with Christ, and had no wish to remain here, for I felt" said he, "that when my soul left this body, the Lord Jesus would then take me and

shelter me behind himself, and bring me to the Father, and tell him that he had shed his blood for me; and then the Father would say nothing against me. Oh! what a thing it was for Jesus to die for me: to come down from heaven and take such trouble with poor sinners; to endure so much suffering, when he might have let us perish." And this wonderful love of Jesus seemed to swallow up his thoughts, and to astonish and delight his soul. "It was so kind in Jesus—so generous," said he, "so compassionate—no one else would or could have done what Jesus has done." Thus he talked of the dear dying Lamb; and all he saw in Christ was new to him—glorious and cheering. It was remarked to him—"You did not always think of Christ in this way?" "No:" he replied, "last summer I knew that he had died, but cared nothing about it for myself—he had no beauty, comeliness, nor worth, for me; now he is worth ten thousand worlds—there is nothing like him—nothing worth thinking about or talking about, but Jesus! he his the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." When asked—"how do you feel?" his reply was "I want to love Christ more: his was such great love to me. Oh, that I could love him enough—look at what he has done! Who, but Jesus, would have died for sinners?" And then he repeated the words—

"O love divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me."

He loved to see those that he regarded as lovers of Jesus; and was anxious to hear others tell what God had done for them. Before the Spirit quickened him he could read newspapers and histories; but all now was thrown aside as loss and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus. The grace of God brought forth fruit in him, for all the money he had he gave orders for it to be given to the poor: so that bowels of kindness and charity were evident in him.

Some time after he felt the love of Christ in his soul, he found evil thoughts arising that he thought he had done with. These perplexed him much, and led him for a time to doubt the sincerity of his love to Jesus: he searched the word to find, as he expressed it, if any real child of God was ever troubled like himself; when Romans vii. (that blessed chapter that has kept the head of many a sinking child above water) was read in his hearing—"I find another law in my members warring against the law of my mind." he asked with much earnestness, "Was Paul converted when he said so?" And being assured that he was then a spiritual man who delighted in the law of God, the Lord made that word a blessing to him.

The day he died he enjoyed much of the

Lord's presence, declaring that promise after promise kept coming into his soul to comfort him; he spoke much of the great goodness of God in saving him, and declared that Christ was his only hope—his all in all. "Oh how good he is to me! precious to me! Oh, he is good to me," he kept repeating; but his strength failing him, one present went to prayer, and committed his soul into the hands of a dear Jesus, who gives his sheep eternal life.

"Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there."

In a few minutes after (about seven o'clock), he calmly fell asleep, I may say with confidence, in Jesus, on November 30, 1852.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
When on his breast we lean our head,
And gently breathe our spirits there."

May our heads rest on Jesu's heart in that
solemn moment. Your's in the truth,

To Mr. Hibbard. JAMES HUNTER.

THE LATE WILLIAM POWELL,

HIS LIFE, HIS CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE, HIS CALL TO
THE MINISTRY, AND HIS LAST DAYS.

(Partly written by Himself.)

THE first act of providence I shall name in reference to my person, were, 1st, to give me existence of poor parents by the name of Powell, in the parish of Berriton, near Petersfield, in Hampshire, in 1807; so that I am now just forty years of age. 2nd, to make me the favourite of a lady, and so give me the knowledge of reading in a little school. 3rd, to bless my already tender mother with the fear of God, so that by her I was kept from wicked company. The 4th, to take from me at the age of nine my father, by sudden death, and so leave me a pauper on the parish of Froxbridge, where also I was taught writing and arithmetic. 5th, I was placed in a farm house as odd boy, to get wood, fetch cows, and drive plough.

During these years, I had with my mother attended the Independent chapel; but the place of worship was now the church, in which a man, by the name of Thomas Howe, preached at least the doctrines of truth. But as to myself, I loved sin and worldly pleasure much better than going to church; so that on one occasion I hid myself behind the faggot-stack till the rest of the servants were gone, and then I went off to play. And indeed I know of no sin, except that of profane swearing, to which, according to my age, I was not prone. Then, 6th, during these years I was preserved three times from immediate death: first, from being gored by a cow, which laid me prostrate betwixt her horns, which coming in the earth, she could not press me to death as she aimed. Second, when alone, falling into a pit of water. I escaped by catching hold of a twig. And, third, when turning in at the end of the field, the fore-horse treading on my toe, beat me backward, went over me, and the other two followed; and by the time my mate could stop them, I was lying at the point of the share unhurt! Then, in the 7th place, when at the age of thirteen years, I was seized with rheumatic fever, and after three days illness I was carried home to my widowed mother, on whose bed my dreadfully pained and afflicted frame was laid for nine months, during which time my life was at the grave's mouth. At the end of this period I was placed in a chair, which, together with my bed, was my only place for about six years. My legs, through numerous abscesses and fixed joints, being of no use to me, except that to

procure a little motion, I would sit on a rudely constructed car of four low wheels, and force myself forward by my hands, which at last I laid by for the use of crutches, with one of which, and a staff, I walk to this day. By this much sitting, and a weak back, arose the deformity of my person.

Concerning religion in its experimental power, I had none; though from my thirteenth to nineteenth year, I had more or less of it practically and professionally; for, as for many years my only amusement was from reading, I picked up religion, which, being attended with sincerity, and the workings of a natural conscience, made me very holy, both in my own eyes, and those of certain neighbours. And being brought into connexion with Wesleyans, I evidenced some zeal and devotion; regarded the Sabbath and the Bible; which, as I could mostly get to no place of worship, was, with other books, my Sunday's employ, and on which I set much value, if I could but pass through the day without many worldly thoughts and words, for then was I in a state of salvation.

But, alas! mostly my thoughts from my deceitful heart more resembled the rushing cataracts of Niagara, than the docile pupils of Moses; for I had no control over them. Hence, my Sabbath day's peace was often destroyed, because my felt conduct was not square with the law, which was holy, just and good. I much laboured to get up a prop on this ground, but it was always washed away by the conviction that all was wrong.

But in addition to the observance of the Sabbath, I set much on going through the Lord's prayer without a wandering thought; but, alas! either in one petition or another, my mind, like a broken bow, would start aside; so that, though repeatedly tried, I could build no hope on perfect prayer. So ignorant was I as to what perfect prayer or spiritual worship was.

Thus I have shewn how, by providence, I was so afflicted as to be shut up for years, and also to go halting through life. But painful and great as this affliction, this temptation in my flesh still is, I often feel constrained to bless the name of the Lord for the same, inasmuch as I regard his providential apprehension of me, and a preservative from many awful crimes toward which, while yet a boy, my heart and the devil were hurrying me on; so that by it alone I have been kept from that open profanity and criminality into which many run, and for which they die. And of course I could never feel those cutting legal convictions for notorious sins of which I had not been guilty; for a man can never be convinced in his conscience of having done that he knows he has not done. But, observe, I do not now speak of spiritual convictions in a saving way, but of those only peculiar to nature, arising from the breach of the letter of the law; for I know that however differing in life, the heart of all is the same. Also, I have shewn that of religion I had none but that which was legal and fleshly, which, however, was good enough for the Wesleyan community, as, but from a local difficulty, I might have been a member with them; and as I moved among them, it must be allowed that I knew something of them, and their line of things. I knew but very little of men of sound doctrine, nor had I much feeling, save that of hatred, as I had been taught to believe that they were dangerous.

In union with some others I opened a prayer-meeting, and went far in a fleshly way; but there was little or no power; if any, it was that of an "evil conscience," spurring me on to dead works, and a something at the bottom which, like a worm, preyed upon my righteousness, that I could put no confidence in it, though I tried hard. I would indeed be religious, but I did not know how! I wanted to be saved at last, but I knew nothing of the way. I would glorify God, but I could not tell by what means; and consternation often arose in my mind, from the fact of doing and saying what I knew to be wrong by the letter of the holy law.

(To be continued in our next.)

Record of Recent Events.

BURIAL OF

Mr. Richard Pope, of Camberwell.

Twenty-five years Deacon of Grove Chapel.

WE have in another part of this number announced the solemn fact that Mr. Richard Pope, who, we are told, was nearly twenty-five years a respected and useful deacon of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, was no more. He expired at his residence, Camberwell, on Tuesday, January 4th, aged 55 years. On Tuesday, January 11th, his mortal remains were interred in the vault in the north aisle of Grove Chapel. The same grave contains the ashes of the deceased's two wives. A record of the death and burial of Mrs. Caroline Pope, his second wife, appeared in our July number for 1852—page 170.

Shortly after half-past three, the coffin, borne on the shoulders of eight men, and accompanied by a numerous train of mourners, entered the chapel, where a great number had gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect, and the solemn service commenced. Mr. GITTENS, the beloved pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Camden Town, read portions of John xi.; 1 Thess. iv., 1 Cor., xv., and offered up a most faithful and fervent prayer, suited to the solemn occasion. The 486th hymn having been sung, Mr. Gittens addressed the audience. The following is a brief outline of the address:

"There is something that is deeply impressive in the departure of the soul from the body. If in Jesus, the possessor there shall know no more of toils, troubles, trials, lust or pain. What ought this opening grave to suggest to us? A soul has parted from its clay tenement, and has entered into the immediate presence of God. The flesh that contained the spirit is left to moulder with its mother earth. I have tried sometimes to think what it must be to enter the immediate presence of God. But it is far beyond human comprehension. We are committing to the earth the body of a sinner; but it is a saved sinner. The strength of sin is the law, and this makes sin dreadful; and oh! what must it be for a sinner to enter the presence of that God of whom the poet has said,

"Ascends to heaven, not there to dwell,
But hears his doom, and sinks to hell."

"We know not how soon we may all occupy the same position as our departed brother, and how important it is that we should remember this! Death visits all; eternity comes to all; the bar of God is for all. Most animals when they die, crawl away into some hidden corner, and there unseen and unnoticed, end their days. But God has so ordered it man shall not die so; just that it

may bring to our minds the Scripture, "In dying thou shalt die;" and to point us to Him, in whom believing we shall live, though we be dead. Is the grave deep and dark? Look above it. Jesus left a napkin there to wipe the eyes of his weeping saints. This body is corrupt; and even to the dust it must go. But oh! when shall that day come? It shall soon come. The resurrection day shall come presently; I measure not by years, or months, or days. It may be one hundred, but we cannot tell. Our brother Pope has ceased to count days. There we shall all cease to count time; there it shall pass away quickly and roll on imperceptibly. No sooner shall the soul have parted from the body than we shall hear the trumpet sound, and, unconscious of days, and weeks, and months, we shall be sweetly and safely ushered into the presence of Emanuel. Jesus watches the dust of his saints: it is part of the purchase of his blood; and heaven will not be complete till every member of his body is there too. Yes, bye-and-bye when all is ready the trumpet shall sound, and wake the saints to glory. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'

We have only gathered a few sentences from Mr. Gittens's solemn address; we have room for no more. On Lord's-day, January 16, Mr. Gittens preached a sermon at the Grove Chapel, in improvement of the solemn event. The natural cause of Mr. Pope's decease was an abscess formed in the liver.

The Return of Mr. Thomas Stringer TO GRAVESEND.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir.—It has been thought that I and others at Zoar Chapel, Gravesend, occupy a position antagonistic to Mr. Stringer and his ministry. Such is not the case. In proof of which I sent the following letter to the person who manages for the friends at the Literary Institution, with a view to promote peace and good will amongst all. Your insertion of the same will oblige.

"To Mr. Pullenham.

"My dear Sir.—You ask my opinion concerning matters. I hereby give it frankly:—

"First. It is not comely in the eyes of the churches of truth to see the cause of pure truth at Gravesend divided as it is.

"It is somewhat strange that persons taught by the same Spirit, children of the same Father, redeemed by the same price, looking for the same heavenly home, and holding precisely the same principles, should be so much separated by circumstances of a trifling kind—things really beneath the heaven-born dignity of a Christian.

"Satan gains an advantage by disunion; he is non-plussed by union; 'Union is strength: disunion is weakness.'

"My opinion is, secondly, That the two sections should be united in fellowship, in love, and mutual forbearance scripturally and honourably; and that as Mr. Stringer is coming again to the town, the united church should be under his pastoral care; that this re-union should be as notorious and public as the division was; that in order to carry out the foregoing with consistency and honour to all parties concerned, two ministers or private Christians shall be appointed on your side *chosen by you*, and two ministers or private Christians on our side *chosen by us*. These shall consult together, and what decision they come to upon the subject shall be agreed to by you and us, and be considered by us fair and upright—you putting your opinions into the hands of your arbitrators, we doing the same with ours: their decision to be final. In the event of this being carried out, or indeed in any case, of course some quarterly payments must be made as a consideration for my liabilities; but in order that there may be no ground of improper motive in my movement in this matter, I should say that whatever your and our arbitrators shall agree upon as being a fair and equitable rate of payment, this I shall be willing to coincide with and agree to take. I shall be quite ready to withdraw from office that the united body may choose its own deacons, which, I think, would be a straightforward and satisfactory mode of proceeding.

"Now these are my opinions as requested by you; and I shall take a pleasure in asking our members to adopt them, if your fellow members are of the same mind with you upon the subject. I remain, dear sir, your's truly, J. C. JOHNSON.

"*Rochester, Kent, December 28, 1852.*"

Mount Zion Chapel, Nelson Place, City Road.

CLOSING THE YEAR 1852.

A VERY cheerful, interesting, and solemn meeting was held in the above place on Friday night, the 31st of December, from ten till half-past twelve, when upwards of a hundred persons were present for the purpose of reviewing the gracious and wonder-working hand of our covenant God towards us as a church and people during the year rolled away, and to intreat, by solemn and united prayer, for the continuation of the Lord's great loving-kindness and manifest favours in the opening year 1853.

Towards the little garden recently planted in the above place the good Lord has indeed dealt very graciously—he has done wondrously, while from week to week and month to month we have been engaged in looking on, and with admiring hearts and thankful lips, we have had reason to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" The approving smile, the consoling presence, and almighty hand of our Three-One Jehovah has been manifestly with us. He has done exceedingly abundantly above all we could have expected in fulfilling that gracious promise wherein he hath said, "I will make them, and the places round about my hill, a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season—there shall be showers of blessings."

We had just entered upon the past year (1852) when, by a kind and mysterious providence, our all-wise God directed the steps of our dear brother and now beloved pastor, Mr. Hazelton, to Mount Zion, which eventually led to his mutual and

cordial settlement over us in the Lord as an under-shepherd. Oh, the great goodness, compassion and care to his little flock of the great and good Shepherd of Israel in this, in so soon providing us with a servant of his own making, and sending him to feed our souls with knowledge and understanding. Zion still dwells upon the heart of everlasting love; and eternal praises be ascribed to our highly exalted and enthroned Immanuel, that he still lives to bestow such needed gifts upon his church in the wilderness, for the perfecting of his saints, for the work of the ministry, and also for the gathering in, instrumentally, of his blood-bought sheep into Zion's fold. Such an one—blessed be his name—he has raised up and brought amongst us.

By the leadings and teachings of God the Holy Ghost, and by constant study, meditation and prayer, he has been enabled to come forth as a good householder, and bring out of the deep mines of God things new and things old. Variety, greenness and savour has attended the word preached, so that on Zion's table Zion's rich provision has been placed, and Zion's God has abundantly blessed it; so that babes, young men and fathers in Christ have had their meat in due season. As the unsearchable riches of Christ have been opened up, we have been constrained to say,

"O let us evermore be fed
With this divine, celestial bread."

The great salvation of God, as standing in the love, blood and power of the eternal Three, in one Jehovah, has been opened up and set forth; the sinner's real state by nature faithfully described. The trials, exercises, temptations and sorrows of the quickened, heaven-born, heaven-bound family of our God have been experimentally set forth; the doctrines, experience and practice of the Bible has been insisted on in a faithful, consistent, and affectionate manner, and,—blessed for ever be the name of the Lord,—not without success; for the Lord has accompanied his own truth with signs following.

During the year, thirty persons have been added to us as a church, to all of whom we could say unanimously, "Come in, ye blessed of the Lord," with the cheering hope that they are of the Lord's adding. Twice recently, we have been under the pleasurable necessity of borrowing a baptistry—September 30th, at brother Newborn's, Bethesda, and December 23d, at our brother Shorter's, Mitchell Street; when on each occasion our pastor baptised three persons. These were solemn seasons to be remembered: twelve have been added by baptism, and most of the other friends have been unsettled for years, seeking for a fat and fruitful pasturage. These have come forward—having found little Mount Zion a house of bread.

The peace of God has ruled throughout the year; the God of love and peace has been with us; the place is still far too strait; we are waiting, watching and praying for the moving of the cloud, for the directing and providing hand of our gracious God; resting assured that, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city the watchman watcheth but in vain."

Brethren, pray for us, that peace and prosperity may still abide and abound. W. BUNNELL.

New Baptist Chapel at Yarmouth.

DEAR BROTHER.—I send you an account of our rise and progress as a little church, and also the opening of our new chapel, as brief as I can. Our rise was during brother Weldon's ministry, from 1841 to 1845. On coming to Yarmouth to see his daughter, he commenced preaching the gospel. During his ministry the Lord was pleased to call me. Although I was not called under him, yet his ministry, and especially his conversation, was greatly blessed to me in confirming me in those truths which God had implanted in my heart. I scarcely ever went to see him but I came away with the sweet experience of Christ's name as ointment poured forth. Others also gathered themselves about him to hear the word of life; most of which continued with him until the end of his ministry, which was the last Sabbath in 1844. For about three months previous to this, I assisted him in the morning service, and began altogether on the first Sabbath in 1845. And from that time until now the Lord hath kept us together, and I trust his presence has been with us. We worshipped first in a cottage, then in a room, and now in a chapel, which we have called "SALEM." On Lord's-day, January 9th, we opened it. Brother Poock, of Ipswich, preached in the morning from Heb. iii. 5, 6; and in the afternoon from Psalm lx. 4; brother Pegg, of Claxton, in the evening from 2 Thess. iii. 1.

The presence of God was with us, and his blessing upon us. Truly in Salem was his tabernacle; and many can bear witness to it.

"Now to the King Immortal, the only wise God our Saviour, be all praise and power everlasting, Amen." Your's dear brother, for Christ's sake, JAMES TANNER.

Colnbrook, Bucks.

ON Tuesday, January 4th, an interesting valedictory meeting was held in the Royal British School Rooms in this town, upon the occasion of Mr. Lingley's resigning the pastoral office over the Baptist church in the same place. About 130 persons partook of an excellent tea; after which a public meeting was held. By the time for commencing the meeting, the room was crowded with persons from the town and neighbourhood, all anxious to shew the interest they felt in the proceedings of the evening. Mr. Buckland, of Wrayebury, was called to the chair. After an appropriate hymn had been sung, and prayer offered, the chairman opened the business of the evening by an affectionate and appropriate speech, full of just and weighty remarks. He then called upon Mr. Hall, independent minister, in the name of the meeting to present to Mr. Lingley an expression of their regard, consisting of the following articles of plate, all weighty and suitably engraved—two salt spoons, six tea spoons, sugar tongs, and two table spoons, which he did, accompanied by a very suitable and interesting address. Mr. Lingley then addressed the meet-

ing, referring to his coming amongst them, being with them, and leaving them; expressing his affectionate regard for the people generally, and the great pleasure and satisfaction he had in accepting this token of their regard; and as, he observed, this would probably be the last time he should meet them in public, he took the opportunity of publicly shaking hands with, and saying farewell to, each of his ministerial brethren present. Mr. Gibson, baptist minister, at West Drayton, delivered a very appropriate address; and suitable hymns having been sung, the meeting was concluded by prayer.

The room was neatly fitted up, the provision good, and every one appeared highly gratified. The present was purchased by small contributions from a very considerable number of subscribers. The whole spoke loudly to the credit of all whose good feeling prompted them to take part therein.

Bexley Heath, Kent.

THE NEW YEAR.—GRATITUDE FOR THE PAST—HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

AN interesting meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Bexley Heath, Kent, January 3rd. About one hundred sat down to tea. At half-past six the chair was taken by Mr. Wallis, Pastor of the Church. Prayer was offered up by Mr. Bowers. Mr. Wallis made some suitable remarks, introducing the subject of discussion for the evening, namely—"The past mercies and future prospects of the Christian Church."

Mr. Noble, Independent Minister, observed that it was a wide subject—embracing the past, present, and the future: that the past excited gratitude, and the future encouraged hope.

Mr. Tanner, of Farnborough, gave an excellent address—carrying his audience up to the great white throne, and the glory to be revealed when every believer, perfect in Christ, shall sing unto Him that loved them, and washed them from all their sins in his blood, and made them kings and priests unto God, that they might reign with him for ever and ever.

Mr. Hosken, Baptist Minister, Crayford, gave a rapid sketch of the history of the church—its conflicts and its victories. Referring to the movements of the Jesuits, he confessed that no honest man could stoop to meet (by any counter-movement) the diabolical tricks and arts of Jesuitism. Their proper course was to be doubly on their watch, and to labour perseveringly to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ, relying on that Divine promise—"The word of our God shall stand for ever." They must remember that their all-conquering Jesus rode upon a white horse—an emblem of victory. As a warrior and a king he has a bow and a crown; and leads on the sacramental hosts of God's elect—"conquering and to conquer."

Mr. Pearce, of Lessness Heath, dwelt with great effect upon the excellent speeches already made, especially upon the magnificent flight of brother Tanner to "the third heavens." He (Mr. Pearce) did not oppose education; but, after all, there was no school like the school of Christ, as we had all seen that evening in the glowing and scriptural remarks of brother Tanner. Mr. Pearce could not but contrast that happy meeting and the glorious hopes and aspirations they felt and entertained when compared with a death-bed scene, where a poor sinner he had just visited

appeared to be passing into eternity, without God and without hope.

Mr. Jones, Baptist Minister, late of Chatham, felt sure that, as believers, we should be grateful for past mercies. The broad seal of Divine favor and approbation had been on us. God had highly distinguished us as a people; but we have still a battle to fight, with enemies as numerous as the diversified forms of error. Respecting popery he felt, with brother Hosken, that we cannot meet Jesuitism by Jesuitism; but God knew how to meet it, and had said that the man of sin should be "consumed with the spirit of his mouth, and destroyed by the brightness of his coming." He (Mr. Jones) thought that we had abundant cause of gratitude for the past; a good work and precious promises for the present; and a glorious future in prospect.

Between the speeches hymns were sung. The concluding prayer was offered up by the pastor. All felt it good to be there. PHILADELPHOS. Crayford, Kent, January 14th, 1853.

The Formation of a New Testament Church at Birmingham.

(Continued from page 17.)

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

In continuing the history of the New Testament Church formed at Gooch Street Chapel, Birmingham, it is our mercy to record that God has been pleased to give testimony to the word of his grace preached by his servant. It might be noticed, that the remarkable providence of God in leading me thither, and the gracious display of his divine mercy, has not a little encouraged the hearts and strengthened the hands of the little band.

The lawful captive has been delivered from the hand of the mighty, and the glory of grace shewn, in subduing the heart of the persecutor, and making such an one a praying soul; while in another instance the work of grace has been developed and confirmed, as was sweetly exemplified, in the relation of the Lord's dealings with the three friends who were baptized on Wednesday the 29th of December.

The chapel at Gooch Street not having a baptistry, an application was made to the friends at Heneage Street, for the use of their chapel for baptising, to which they very kindly consented. A very solemn season was enjoyed; and though the congregation was not so numerous as might have been anticipated, (the meeting of the Sunday School Union having been arranged for the same evening), yet it was encouraging, and the attention remarkable, while an address was given, an outline of which I send for publication.—

We meet here this evening for a very solemn purpose: to attend to an ordinance connected with our holy religion; and as the word of God enjoins us to be ready to give a reason of the hope that is within us, so we would be as ready to give Scriptural ground for that which we practise. Should we approach God in any ordinance he has not instituted, we might be met with "Who hath required this at your hand?" Should we neglect that which he has appointed, we might justly expect his censure and rebuke. But if we are found walking in his appointed way, that we may shew forth our love, we may certainly expect his smiles, and have very solid ground for expecting some token of his divine favour. (John xiv. 21). There

may possibly be present some members of the professing church beside those to which we belong; we affectionately ask you to weigh well the ground upon which we observe this divinely appointed ordinance, ere you censure our creed, or condemn our practice. We adopt a motto this evening, rather than take it for a text, though we would not wrest Scripture from its connexion; yet, just saying a word or two on its original intent, we may, without violence, make the intended use of it. Our motto shall be, "What saith the Scriptures?" As this is a New Testament Institution, we shall confine our remarks to that sacred book; and first ask, What saith the Scripture to the institution of this ordinance? Leaving the baptism of John, we beg your attention to Matthew xxviii. 19, 20. Here we have the commission given by Jesus to his disciples just before his ascension to glory. Again, Mark xv. 15, 16; again, Luke xxiv. 47. From the two first portions we have the field of labour pointed out; the subject of their ministry, and the ordinance commanded; which also very plainly shews who are the proper subjects to be baptised; and in Luke we have two distinct features of the ministry opened to us—repentance and remission. No remission without repentance, nor repentance without remission—glad tidings indeed to broken-hearted sinners!

Our next business will be to ascertain how did the disciples understand the commission given? We answer, their practice must exhibit that; and as they were commanded to tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, let us examine carefully the practice of these heavenly-inspired men; and we certainly can be at no loss to find out their practice as to the persons baptised, nor to the mode of administration. We call your attention first to Acts ii. 38. How did Peter understand his commission? What saith the Scripture?—"What shall we do? (was the enquiry of those pricked in the heart), Repent and be baptised." Again, Peter at Cæsarea. When the Holy Ghost fell on Cornelius and they that were with him, Peter asks, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptised which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptised in the name of the Lord." It is very plain here that the baptism of the Holy Ghost, instead of superseding the necessity of water baptism, was graciously granted to remove the prejudices that might have existed in the apostles' minds as to whether the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs of Christ with the Jews; and his commanding them to be baptised at once proves that the baptism of gifts was a testimony and qualification or right to believers' baptism. Acts x. 47, 48.

We next examine how did Philip understand the commission? What saith the Scripture? Acts viii. 5. Philip went down to Samaria and preached Christ unto them. Here is the subject, and in the twelfth verse it is written—"But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of the Lord Jesus, they were baptised both men and women." Again, the latter part of the chapter. After instructing the eunuch from the prophets Esaias, they came to water, and the eunuch asks "See, here is water; but what doth hinder me to be baptised?" A very plain inference that the ordinance of baptism was a part of Philip's teach-

ing. His answer also shews the proper subject—“If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.”

We next examine how the apostle Paul understood and practised! We claim your attention to Acts xvi. 14, 15, where at the river side Paul spake to the women that resorted thither; and the Lord opened the heart of Lydia to attend to the things that were spoken of Paul, and she was baptised. Also in the prison, when the Lord Lord shook both the prison and the jailor's heart, and brought him to cry, “Sirs, what must I do to be saved.” First he preached the gospel—hear the direction given—“Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. And he was baptised, believing in God with all his house.” Again, at Corinth he testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ. And though the Jews rejected his testimony, yet the Lord gathered Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, and many of the Corinthians hearing believed and were baptised.

From these statements we may learn the institution of the ordinance and the qualifications to a right participation therein—such “they were pricked in the heart;” “they gladly received his word;” “they had received the Holy Ghost;” “they believed the things spoken by Philip concerning the kingdom of God;” “the Lord opened Lydia's heart, and she was baptised;” “the Corinthians hearing, believed and were baptised;” “the enquiring jailor directed by Paul to Christ was baptised, rejoiced believing in God with all his house.”

JONATHAN UPON THE HILL-TOP.

(To be continued.)

Opening Day of Garner, at Clapham.

DEAR BROTHER.—I send you a faithful account of our leaving the old Garner, and opening the new Baptist Chapel in Wirtemberg Place, Clapham. Human judgment might say there was much that was unfavourable on the opening day: the weather was wet; and our esteemed brother Wells, being ill, could not preach for us. But we trust we have to do with a wonder-working, independent, covenant-making, promise-performing, immutable and almighty God, who is not dependent either upon elements, men, angels or devils; but all are dependent upon Him who made them; and he makes use of everything he has created to do his pleasure, as seemeth good in his sight; “working all things after the council of his own will.” If God be for us, what is there that can harm, or make against us? “Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness; and this God is our God for ever and ever.” He is the God of the writer, not only by creation and providence, but by regeneration, and by the Spirit's sealing, manifestation of adoption into his family, and by sovereign, invincible grace; this he has been privileged to say for the last thirty-seven years. In the year 1816,

“Jesus sought him when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;”

and, although he has travelled over the greatest part of England, and has been in places of worship of almost every denomination previous to his establishment in the truth, yet he, with many others who were crowded in the old Garner, never in any place experienced such overwhelm-

ing seasons of the Lord's presence as in it. It was indeed a Bethel—the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Many could say,

“My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.”

December 26th, the last Lord's-day we worshipped in it, was a day to be remembered: our only fear was whether we should be favoured in the new Garner as we had been under the old humble roof; but we have found God's promise as true to us as it was to Moses, “My presence shall go with you, and I will do you good.”

The opening service of the new Garner commenced in the morning, Tuesday, January 4, 1853, by singing a hymn composed for the occasion, which was printed under the engraving of Garner in the last month's *Vessel*. Mr. Wyard, of Soho, read suitable portions from the Old and New Testament, and fervently and solemnly invoked the divine blessing; Mr. Aldis, of Somers Town, took his text from Psalm lxxxvii. 3,—“Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.” He preached a solemn, encouraging, and sound gospel sermon. In the afternoon, — as Mr. Wells was prevented from being with us—Mr. Hazelton, of City Road, read and prayed, and Mr. William Allen preached from 2 Kings ix. 29, “And this shall be a sign unto thee: this year ye shall eat such things as grow of themselves.” He was heard with great satisfaction. In the evening, Mr. G. Elven, the present minister of Garner, read and prayed, and Mr. John Foreman preached from Exodus xxv. 8, “And let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them.” He commenced, proceeded, and closed like a giant refreshed with new wine. If ever a minister had the attention of his audience, our venerable brother Foreman had that evening; we heard many declare they heard with wonder, profit and delight. The sermon was taken in shorthand, we hope it will appear in the “*Vessel*.” The place was crowded to excess; we were told that many could not get in. We had the Lord's presence and blessing; numbers to dinner and tea; abundance of provision; and friends declared they had great enjoyment, and were well satisfied.

We say to all the ransomed race, “O magnify the Lord with us, and let us exalt his name together.” Several are anxiously waiting to follow the Lord in that despised ordinance of Baptism.

When this takes place, dear Mr. Editor, you shall hear from us again. Meantime, may

G arner's God descend and bless,
A s in the year that's past and gone;
R efresh, rejoice souls in distress,
N ew favours grant to those unborn:
E nlarge our coast, our efforts crown,
R ise, work, great God, and get renown.

10, Manor Terrace, Clapham. Wm. ODLING.

P.S. Gratefully would we acknowledge that a neighbouring gentleman (who does not worship with us regularly) was with us in the morning, and being satisfied with the neatness of the place, and what he heard, sent us £5, to encourage, support and hold up our hands, which is greatly need'd. Those whom the Lord, in his kind providence, has blessed with means, we trust will be moved to do likewise; for “the gold and the silver are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.” Friends wishing to support the cause of God and truth, by sending donations for the building fund of Garner, are respectfully informed the same will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Churchward, or Mr. Odling, as above.

The Ordination of Mr. Thomas Chivers

THE ordination, or recognition of a man as a minister of the everlasting gospel, and as a pastor over any people, is an event of deep interest to the churches of Christ. GOD THE FATHER chooses — GOD THE SON redeems — and GOD THE HOLY GHOST quickens, raises, qualifies and renders useful, the man whom heaven hath ordained to be an under-shepherd among the chosen sheep. When, therefore, a man is brought forward as one that is to be set apart as a minister of Christ's gospel, all the living in Jerusalem will be concerned to know what marks and evidences of the divine life, and of heavenly authority, are to be found in him who is thus held up, as one of Zion's faithful watchmen. In the case of Mr. Thomas Chivers, we can furnish some evidences of genuineness and of sincerity, not only from observation, but, also, from a little work just published by James Paul, entitled, "THE ORDINATION DAY: Being a Faithful Report of the Day's Services Connected with the Settlement of Mr. Thomas Chivers, as Pastor, &c., over Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New Road, on Monday, December 27, 1852."

Mr. William Allen, in the morning, gave a plain statement of "The Nature of a Gospel Church." Mr. Labern, the deacon, then read a detail of the circumstances which led them to choose Mr. Chivers; and the newly chosen pastor then, (in answer to questions asked by Mr. James Wells), related some of the dealings of God (in a way of grace and mercy) with him. From the first part of his answers, we quote the following sentences, as

An Epitome of Mr. Chivers' Call by Grace.

"Mr. Chivers said: My dear Pastor and Christian friends. It is about ten years since the Lord first met with me, and directed me to a solemn enquiry with regard to eternal things. I had never been led out to that extent of wickedness into which some of my poor fellow-creatures have fallen; yet I had the same elements within, and the Lord aroused me to a sight and sense of the solemnities of eternity, and I cried unto the Lord, 'Oh! how shall I grapple with that eternity which appears before me?' I could not think what had befallen me; I could not continue going to theatres, and card parties, and balls, and so on, but lingered at home. There was an 'aching void' in my soul which these things could not fill, and which kept me in a state of anxiety about eternal things, which how to find out I knew not. I went about for a time from chapel to chapel amongst the Wesleyans, who told me it was my own fault if I did not have mercy, because I did not pray and read the Word of God sufficiently; and that if I went on to do these things, by-and-by I should obtain mercy. Bless the Lord, there was great truth in that, though not in the way in which they meant it. For a long time I had been a persecutor of the dear children of God, and I was ashamed to speak to my aged parent, who is now present, on the subject, as I had said on previous occasions when he had spoken to me of salvation, 'that I had rather go to hell ten thousand times told than have such a Saviour as Jesus Christ.' Oh how great a mercy it was that our blessed Lord did not take me at my word, and cut me down as a cumber of the ground! In my city engagements I encountered two or three professors, and thought surely they must be good people and know something of that which I wanted to learn; but, alas! I found them physicians of no value, knowing nothing of that Saviour whose name is 'as ointment poured forth,' to my poor soul. One day I entered a chapel in the Dover Road, and the minister took for his text,

'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' 'Yes,' thought I, 'this is what I want to know.' I listened to it with all the eagerness of a dying mortal for a way to be pointed out whereby I might obtain salvation, but found the preacher knew nothing of the plague of his own heart, but was exhorting sinners to do that which they were utterly incapable of performing. One of them told me to go home that night, and cry unto the Lord, and continue to cry till he answered me. This I endeavoured to do, and quite flogged myself to keep awake, till my poor body was worn out with crying to the Lord for relief. This anxiety was kept up for some time without relief. Next I went to hear Mr. Hammond, of Romney Street, Westminster, by the desire of my parent, and, strange to say, he took for his text the same words as the Wesleyan had taken, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' His discourse afforded me some relief, and encouraged me to hope. But at last my uneasiness became so great, that I was obliged to break the matter to my parent, and seek his advice as to where I should go. He advised me to go and hear brother Wells—my late pastor. I said, 'I would not go and hear a man who sent everybody to hell that did not believe as he did;' and so my anxiety went on, and I became weaker and weaker by reason of my broken rest. At last, one Sunday night I thought I would go and hear Mr. Wells and creep in somewhere. I went in, but brother Barnes said to me, 'What do you do there?' 'Oh!' I thought, he sees I am an hypocrite: it seems I had got into a part which belongs to seat-holders only. So I went across the way and heard a discourse from 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.' But the man actually represented all his weapons in such a way that they must be considered carnal; and, ignorant as I was, I had a secret witness within me that he was not speaking the truth. I was then laid up for five or six weeks on a bed of sickness, and I feared it would terminate fatally. I resolved that if it pleased God to raise me up again that I would go and hear brother Wells. When I recovered I did go, but I avoided Mr. Barnes this time. I went up the right hand side of the gallery, and brother Wells rose up and announced his text, 'Men and brethren what shall we do?' Here appears to me an illustration of the sovereignty of God in not permitting me to hear the first time I went to the Tabernacle. During the discourse I hardly knew whether I was on earth or in heaven. Blessed be God, brother Wells so entered into my feelings that what he said fell with immortal power into my soul; he said, 'people tell you "only believe," and "only believe," but,' he said, 'I never felt it such easy work to believe!' I went on, brethren, from time to time crying 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and I believe I shall need the same cry till my happy soul shall enter into the presence of that God who has loved me and given himself for me."

In Mr. Chiver's answers there was nothing extraordinary; but there was that which recommended itself to the consciences of God's people; and without one quarter of the trouble, persecution, and opposition which some of the Lord's servants are called to endure, he stands before the churches as an acceptable and promising testifier of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Mr. John Foreman's charge in the afternoon, was an affectionate, a faithful, a fatherly address. The greater part of it is contained in the work we have referred to—"The Ordination Day."

Mr. James Wells's "SERMON TO THE CHURCH" in the evening, (which we have just carefully read), is, to us, the best part of the day's business. He took for his text, "They shall not be ashamed; but shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

The firm conviction of our mind is, that could

that discourse be carefully read, and be well digested, by all the members of our churches, it would be the means of doing a vast amount of good. If all the ministers feel as we do, they would petition that a neat cheap edition of what we will call "JAMES WELLS'S GOSPEL CAUTION AND COMFORT FOR THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST," be issued, and that all the friends to truth be earnestly requested to read and circulate the same. While we thus write—and write from the best of motives—we know the petty jealousies now so prevalent, will prevent the adoption of our suggestion: nevertheless, undaunted by any man's supposed pre-eminence, or pomposity, we are resolved to do our utmost to send it through the lengths and breadths of our land; because we know it is a sterling, wholesome and savoury piece of gospel stuff; such as thousands of God's Israel in our day will be glad to possess and ponder over. We can only find room for one of his introductory paragraphs: he says:

"An outline of my sentiments upon church government can be soon told; but a detail would take a larger space of time than we have this evening to spare.

"Your minister's authority to preach the gospel is from the throne of God; but his authority to be your minister proceeds from your choice of him; while your right to choose for yourselves is in that liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free; and I trust that both the chosen and the choice are of God.

"Our good brother in the morning denounced monthly Church Meetings; and I fear, in most cases, they may justly be denounced. But of course each church is at liberty to follow any order in the management of its affairs it thinks proper. The order followed by most of our Baptist churches is essentially bad. The deacons made useless, the minister trodden under foot, the members grieved, and a few evilly disposed persons putting down everything that ought to reign and prevail; and all this mischief arising from one circumstance, viz., the deacons not being allowed to fulfil their office; every paltry and private affair of the members must be paraded before the church, instead of being settled by the minister and deacons. Well may many who have been members of such churches declare they will never again join ANY church. Churches should fix upon a proper order of management; choose men of spirituality, of business abilities, with time at their command for every purpose of their office. The church would not only thus maintain their own rights and liberty, but also their own peace and credit, and make their minister a happier man."

Christ in the Christian,

OR "THE BERMONDSEY PILGRIM."

A two-penny Tract is now publishing by Houlston and Stoneman, entitled—"The *Bermondsey Pilgrim*: a Funeral Sermon for, and a brief Memoir of the late Mr. James Styles, who was for upwards of sixty years a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; and fell asleep in his arms, December 24th, 1852, aged 82 years. Compiled for the benefit of the widow: by CHARLES WATERS BANKS."

In the preface we are told there is nothing new in this sermon: it is, perhaps, one of the plainest ever preached by a plain man; and, bad it not been for the urgent wish of friends, and in the hope of benefitting a poor widow in Israel, it would have never been issued.

"Old Father Styles," as we were wont to call him, was a great favourite with many christian people. He was very fond of frequenting prayer

meetings. Even our cheerful and kind-hearted City Missionary was glad, sometimes, for the old man to unite with his congregation, on Saturday evenings, in fervent supplication for divine blessings. The good old saint's loud and imperfect prayers are now turned into high, holy, and heavenly anthems of praise. We are sure many will be glad to learn a little memoir of "Old Father Styles," is printed. The following extract is from the funeral sermon: the text was—"But, if Christ be in you, the body is dead, because of sin," &c.

"In the first place we have to notice the highest privilege of the real believer in Jesus: 'CHRIST IN HIM.' By this is not meant Christ in him personally; for Christ is now present in heaven; but Christ in him by revelation, by implantation, by application, and through the exercise of a living faith. The Lord Jesus Christ is given to all his dear people by revelation. I am a living witness to the truth of Paul's words, when he says 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' And this is especially the work and office of the Holy Ghost, 'To take of the things of Christ, and make them known' to sensible sinners. It is something like a man with a sick friend: he takes him to a physician; he says 'there's a man that understands your case—one that can do you good—one that can restore you to health.' When the law has entered into a sinner's heart, he then feels himself to be poor, weak, vile, helpless, and wretched. But the Holy Ghost, in the Lord's own time, leads him to the cross of Christ; and there, by faith, he beholds 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away sin': and that holy view of a crucified Redeemer produces in him the very sentiments Watts has written, where he says—

"My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

"Discoveries—by faith, through the inward teachings of the Holy Ghost—of the person, work, suitability, sufficiency, and glory of the Lord Christ, are the foundation and the formation of a real believer's hope and expectation of heaven. These discoveries, in some, are more frequent than in others: in some they are more plain and powerful than in others: in some they are more transforming and conspicuous than in others: but in all the regenerated family of God, the dear Redeemer is made known by internal, experimental, and soul-attracting views—"This is the will of Him that sent me: every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, hath everlasting life." This Paul connects with his own soul's salvation, in 1 Cor. xv. 8.—'and, last of all, he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time; for I am the least of the apostles, &c., but, by the grace of God, I am what I am.'

"What sin-condemning heart-healing views of Christ, Daniel, Isaiah, Peter, and the beloved John were favoured with! and both my first and second deliverances from guilt, condemnation, unbelief, and slavish fear, were from express openings of the person of Christ in a preached Gospel, through the power of the eternal Spirit: that Spirit first awakened my heart; planted Godly fear in my soul; drew me to the mercy-seat; made salvation a weighty matter, a deep, an all-important concern; and then he led me to the place where the ambassador from heaven unfolded the word; 'being confident of this very one thing, that he, which hath begun a good work in you will perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ.' Under that discourse, in a way never to be fully described, Christ was revealed in my heart, and peace was found."

The Good Physician in Guy's Hospital.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—

On reading Maria's affecting Elegy on the Ruins of Snowsfield's Chapel, I felt constrained to send the following account, as an antidote to heal the breach in some measure. If you will insert it in the February *Vessel*, I shall feel obliged; and may the true account prove a balm to all mourners that have read *Ichabod* on Snowsfield's.

Just step *incog.* to the accident ward of Guy's Hospital, and there you may read as follows:—
"Jehovah Shamamah."

At the same time that the chapel was laid in ruins, a poor woman—a dear friend of mine in Surrey—was conveyed to the accident ward in that hospital, under the most appalling circumstances of pain and danger. These great bodily afflictions suddenly called into exercise all the skill and attention of the most celebrated doctors in the hospital; and the Lord was pleased to bless the means used, and to restore the sufferer to a great degree of health: so that she is now come out, and is now brought home to her husband and family. She was hastily taken away from her comfortable home by the pressing determination of the doctors, and suffered most extreme pain all the way to London; and, indeed, all thought that she must die before she reached the hospital: and this was not the greatest distress of her soul—as she had nothing before her but going where hope never comes, and leaving—as she felt for ever—a tender-hearted and God-fearing husband in great distress of mind; and also five most affectionate children in sorrow—never expecting to see them again. The dismal prospect of death was awful to her to the last degree. She had been some years in a state of soul-bondage and spiritual distress—convinced of sin, but could not obtain mercy. It was now dark indeed, and Jesus not come; and on being taken to this solemn place—the accident ward in Guy's hospital—she could see nothing but death speedily for the poor body, and death eternal for her poor soul. Now overwhelmed in unutterable anguish, the pains of hell gat hold upon her; she found trouble and sorrow, and could only sigh out—"O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me."

At length, while the house of God was taking down, *the child Jesus tarried behind*, and poor Maria knew not of it. As she passed the ruins, with all the fullness of Jehovah's love, grace, and mercy, Jesus broke into her poor distressed soul; and, under the doctors in the accident ward, the Lord delivered her soul from all her fears. The set time of special favor was come; and the Lord melted her heart with full and frec-manifested mercy. Sealed by the sweet and soft-anointing power of God, the blessed Spirit filled her heart with love to Jesus, his people, and his ways; turned all her sorrow into joy; sweetly led her soul into green pastures of God's everlasting love, and healed all her diseases. Thus she feels a sweet remembrance of the sacred spot—once a place of heavy dread.

Grape Gleanings of the Vintage.

Destroy it not: a blessing is in it.

Dear old Francis: it makes me think of the

man dead, touching the bones of Elisha, and reviving.

Is *Ichabod* written on the ground where once sounded the voice of love and mercy, through the merits of Jesus, to the comfort of many distressed souls, *many years*?

Wipe your weeping eyes, Maria, as the above statement is a well-known matter of fact, to which I am a living witness, proves that in the hospital is written—

"Jehovah Shamamah."

J. RAYNSFORD.

January 15th, 1833.

Communion with God.

From "Penitential Cries," by Mr. Shepherd.

ALAS! my God, that we should be
Such strangers to each other!
Oh that as friends we might agree,
And walk and talk together:
Thou know'st my soul thou dearly love
The place of thine abode:
No music drops so sweet a sound
As those two words—My God!

I long not for the fruit that grows
Within these gardens here;
I find no sweetness in the rose
When Jesus is not near.

Thy gracious presence, O my Christ,
Can make a paradise;
Oh what are all the goodly pearls
Unto this Pearl of Price?

May I taste that communion, Lord,
Thy people have with thee?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
Oh let Him talk with me!

Like Enoch let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the heavenly guards,
Upon the King's highway.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
Oh come, my Lord most dear;
Come near, come nearer, nearer still,
I'm well when thou art near.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
I languish for thy sight:
Ten thousand suns, if thou art strange,
Are shades instead of light.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
For till thou dost appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.

Come, Lord, and never from me go;
This world's a darksome place;
I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy face.

Those falsely called "the sweets of sin,"
Are bitter unto me;
I loathe the state that I am in:
I long to come to thee.

But O! wilt thou receive me now?
I'm coming to thy door;
I bring thee nought, no dowry, Lord;
I come extremely poor.

There's no such thing as pleasure here:
My Jesus is my all!
As thou dost shine, or disappear,
My pleasures rise or fall.

Come, spread thy savour on my frame;
(No sweetness is so sweet);
Till I get up, to sing thy name,
Where all thy singers meet.

"A Call to National Humiliation" has just appeared: written at "Bicker," published by Aylott and Co. It will be well, if this wholesome exhortation be carried into practice.

Chamber of Sickness, a Paradise for the Soul.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—It is seven weeks last Sabbath since I heard a sermon from the mouth of man; that was from your's, at Crosby Row; but such openings up of my heart, and such displays of grace, love, and mercy, have abounded towards me from my God since I have been shut up in this chamber as I cannot tell out. This chamber has indeed been a Patmos to my soul. Very near have I been to the chambers of death; so near that I did not expect to have been here now to record what I do; but how often has my poor faithless heart wavered in looking forward for the hour of death, fearing I might be left to grapple with the monster without the sweet presence and support of my God. O, I have trembled at the thought. I have felt like one of those whom Paul speaks of, who, "through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage;" these fears are groundless, and spring from the devil and unbelief, to bring in hard thoughts of our ever-loving Friend, and mistrust of his faithfulness. Ah, my brother, our extremity is his opportunity; when heart and flesh fail, then he displays his strength. I think I see myself now laying as I did, expecting soon to be summoned into his dear presence; every thought and desire of earth or earthly things had vanished from my soul: my wife and children weeping around my bed; and my soul holding intercourse with Jesus, the only object then of my desire. O, such love, such grace, was poured into my soul, that I never shall be able to describe. My brother, one sup of this love is worth serving twice seventy years for, in this dreary wilderness. I have not only had a sup, but my soul has been overwhelmed; my soul has been baptised into the love of God; for surely, overwhelming means baptising. My dear Lord came and opened up to my soul his grace and deep humility, in becoming Immanuel, God with us; then his sufferings, then his sorrows, and his patient endurance of pain, affliction, and sorrow, to redeem my soul: overwhelmed with such a sight of his love, that I wept like a little child at his dear feet; and his Father, and my Father, has sent down sweet love tokens into my soul of his grace, in loving me and drawing me out of the world and from the love of sin, to love his holy and righteous law; for though I cannot keep them, I love them, because they appear to me to be the transcript of his perfections, or a revelation of his holy mind. O what a Holy God is our God! External and internal, all purity and perfection. Here we get some view of the preciousness of our adorable Jesus, who came forth in a parallel

with this divine love, so that my soul can, when rejoicing in Jesus, rejoice in a righteousness every way suited to this great and holy law; and by calling him mine, I call his righteousness mine, and by the imputation of his blessed righteousness, my otherwise guilty soul becomes righteous even as God is righteous; and it is these blessed truths my soul has been more established in this Bethel than ever.

I have seen for many years that no righteousness but the righteousness of Christ can justify a sinner; and no fountain can wash the black man white, but the fountain of blood; but my brother knows well the difference between a speculative knowledge, a lip's assent to these divine truths, and that which springs from a soul experimental view given by God the Holy Ghost, bringing the soul to stand righteous before God. Who can tell out these divine blessings fully? I cannot. Paul was obliged to finish by crying out—"O, the heights and depths of the love of God!" A sight of these blessings, by faith, has humbled my soul in the dust before the Lord; in these seasons, it is no hard matter to take our crowns and lay them at the dear feet of our heavenly Conqueror, and cry,—*"Not unto us; not unto us; but unto thy great name be all the glory."* I think I hear my brother say, Amen! amen! I have had some thrusts from the enemy, but have been enabled to plead Jesus Christ as my wisdom, justification, sanctification and eternal redemption. In these blessed seasons, the enemy is as still as a stone; and sin and sorrow is no more felt in the soul.

Thus, my dear brother, I have given you some faint view of the condescension of our ever loving Lord in the chamber of affliction, to one of the vilest of his children. Our brother Langham and Tanner often pay me a visit, and their breathings ascend up to God for me, and sweet answers often flow into my soul, bringing pardon, peace and reconciliation through the blood of our dear Immanuel. One evening especially, after our brother had left me, the Lord did open the windows of heaven, and pour down such a shower of grace and love, that I longed for my last sigh to come, that I might

"Clap my glad wings, and tower away,
To mingle with the blaze of day."

Fervently and affectionately could I then pray for my brethren; these are the seasons when we esteem them very highly for their work's sake, when the Lord blesses our souls by their instrumentality; there is a knitting of soul to each other that the world, with all

its friendships, are strangers to. May the Lord God of Israel so bless your ministry and petitions into the heart of thy people, that they may experience more of this divine knitting of soul. I shall soon be at home in my Father's house; but while I remain here I must still pray for the prosperity of Zion, that peace may be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces. I appear

as though I had nearly finished my course here, and my God hath enabled me to keep the faith, and truly I can say, that the sweet doctrines of grace which has been burnt into my soul for so many years, are now my prop and my stay; and they appear dearer to me than ever.

I still remain your loving brother in Christ,
RICHARD EVE.

The Anti-Popish Trumpeter.

No. III.

IN our Supplementary number, which has just been published, we noticed a new work recently published by Houlston and Stone-man, entitled,—“*The coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth: or, the Political Events of the next fifteen years described in accordance with Prophecies in Ezekiel, Daniel and the Apocalypse. Shewing also the important Position Britain will occupy, during and at the end of the awful conflict.*”

We have given, in the Supplement, sufficient proof to convince any careful mind that our author is no novice: he understands his ground: he is enabled to measure his work by, and draw his conclusions from that unerring rule, THE WORD OF GOD. The times in which we are now living are plainly described; and then, by the light of prophecy, the writer aims to discover, and to lay before us, a humble prediction of the events which will be connected with the history of the next fifteen years. The first event is “*The seizure of Constantinople, and overthrow of Turkey, by the Emperor of Russia.*” being the literal fulfilment of the latter part of Daniel xi. 40. “*War between France and Austria—overthrow of the latter, and consequent destruction of the Papacy,*” is the second event herein recorded as occurring within the compass of the next fifteen years. “*As Turkey had yielded to the Papacy its secular and ecclesiastical power,*” says the author of this work, “*so Austria has supported this two-fold authority more than any of the other powers, and therefore shall suffer a more signal punishment.*” Austria is the two-horned beast described in Revelations xiii. 11, &c. The following paragraph is full of interest:

“*France, though herself one of the doomed toe kingdoms, will be the scourge and destroyer of the two-horned beast, and preparation is being rapidly made for the accomplishment of the work. Already are the two powers placed in hostile relations, and a speedy war must ensue. The result of this will be the final overthrow of the ‘bloody house of Austria,’ and the annexation of its territory to France. Then comes the fall of Babylon. Austria, her supporter, and now only real prop, having been destroyed, she must of necessity perish. The time will then have come when*

the ten horns ‘shall hate her, and make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire.’ The account of her overthrow is contained in the eighteenth of Revelations, and is of the most fearful and awe-inspiring nature. It is not for us to describe in detail the events which will produce and accompany her death. These are not indicated fully in the prophecy; we are only told that the powers of Europe will be the agents, and that even they themselves will be filled with fear, and wonder when they behold her desolation.”

Other events are in detail; and then comes the question of vital importance to us—“*WHAT WILL BRITAIN BE ABOUT ALL THIS TIME?*”

Most glorious, to our minds, is the answer given; because it illustrates the rich grace and mercy of a covenant God toward this highly-favored, this long-privileged, land of our nativity. Most glorious also, because the answer confirms the cherished impression of our hearts, that Britain will still be signalled as the great field from whence THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS will be carried into all the nations of the earth, until God's predestinated, love-embraced, blood-redeemed, heaven-born family, are all gathered out from amid the ruins of the fall. Oh, brethren, fight manfully the good fight of faith—THE CONQUEST IS CERTAIN: yea, we say, fight gratefully: for great has been the goodness of the Lord toward us; and as the clouds gather over other nations; as destruction falls upon other countries, this garden of God's gospel—(infested and surrounded though it be with roaring lions, ravenous wolves, and poisonous serpents,)—shall be preserved, and shall prosper in the great Mission which the “Sovereign Ruler of the skies” has committed unto her. With the following extract we must for the present close our notice of this work. In close connection with the detail of the woes of other parts of the world, the writer says:—

“*But what, it will be eagerly asked, is Britain about all this time? Surely she must have an important part to play in this direful game of war. No such thing; so far as we have yet gone, Britain is exempted from the fray, though her proximity to the scene of the unequalled struggle will keep her in a continual state of alarm, and her rulers,*

anxious and watchful. But yet, though beyond the eddies of the whirling vortex, she must not, can not, will not be idle. She has a mission to fulfil, and she must feel straitened till it is accomplished, a mission of the strongest necessity, and she cannot evade it—a mission of the noblest nature, and she will not shun it. To her, to the whole Anglo-Saxon race, of which she is the head and representative—is the task assigned of carrying forward the religious, moral, and social progress of the world, and in this, she must be well assisted by her children in the west and south. America is to be united with her in the noble work, and Australia must grow in strength for the same purpose, and thus supported on each side by a strong and stalwart son, the brave old empire will feel equal to the task. Talk of America and Britain going to war! the thing is impossible; nature forbids it, and the Bible forbids it too. When they do fight, it will be on one side, and against a common foe; but they have a far different battle to fight and win, in these coming years, than the sword or cannon can accomplish. The great moral contest of spiritual freedom and social morality must be sustained, and the cause must unite them and us in an eternal bond of brotherhood. A people must be prepared for the Lord, that his kingdom may be populated when it is established, and Britain with her sons is called on to rear, cherish, and protect them. But to be more definite; the next event, though not in chronological order, will be—Britain rapidly extends her Eastern possessions, prevents the occupation of Judea, and completes the first stage of the restoration of the Jews.

The many and severe wars which our country has had to sustain, in order to preserve her Eastern territories, have by many been considered as too dear payment for their possession. We do not here, however, enter on this question, but beg to inform such, that a far higher purpose than commercial interest or extended empire is to be served by the presence of the British power in the East. So far, indeed, as she herself is concerned, this may have been the real aim; and now that she is in possession, the physical advantages which accrue from them, will be a sufficient incitement to their retention. To preserve the East Indian market, and keep a path open to it, Britain will strive much and do much; but while her rulers may think they are merely serving the nation, they are really accomplishing one of the grand designs of God, and evolving events, while they cause her to take measures for the preservation of this distant part of her empire, will really and only produce occurrences which will facilitate the great design of Jehovah. Both God and Britain had a special design in the annexation of the Indian territory to the lion power, but these designs were as different in nature and object as the finite is from the infinite. While Britain thought only of wealth and conquest, God thought of his ancient people, and of his covenant, and placed the British Lion in the East to prepare a way for his ransomed, and to become their protection in the infancy of their restoration. Such is God's design, and he has enlisted the energy of the Anglo-Saxons in its accomplishment, by making it their interest to bring it to pass. The value of these lands to the nation, is the inducement he has given it to retain them at all risks; and one means of their retention, which will by-and-bye become very obvious, will be to do that which will tend immediately to the accomplishment of Jehovah's long promised purpose, the restoration of the Jews. The idea has long been held, by those few who do believe in a restoration, that it must be preceded by a conversion. This is erroneous. The Jews will return to their own land in as great ignorance regarding Christ, as when they left it. They will be converted; of this we are assured; but it will be subsequent to their re-establishment in Palestine, and by the immediate operation of the Divine Being. In the many passages of Scripture which speak of this people acknowledging the Messiah, we can never identify the agency to be employed

in bringing about the change as HUMAN. The Lord invariably speaks of it as his own work, and to be done, as only Divinity can do it, all at once. The veil is to be taken away, the blindness is to be removed, and this, after they are brought back to the hill of Zion; "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. THEN ye shall know that I am the Lord." (Ezekiel xxxvii. 12.)

Another Letter from Francesco Madiat.

[OUR SUPPLEMENT contains so fully the particulars arising out of the Tuscany Persecution, that the "WATCHMAN'S LETTER," (with many others,) is reluctantly withheld. It will be seen from another part of this month's VESSEL, that a "New Testament Protestant Association" has been formed. From their meetings and movements we shall be able (if spared) to gather much material for the edification of our readers, and the furtherance of the good cause. The following is the last published letter from Francesco Madiat.]

"Most respected —, I reply to your letter, to one so very dear, and I humble myself with all the respect due to your rank. But as to a sister in Christ Jesus I take the liberty of writing these two or three lines. In the first place, I continue as usual—rather better than worse. The future is in the hand of God; my spirit is calm and firm as the house planted upon a rock. I have no hatred to the world, and feel myself quite separate from it, and have submitted all to the holy will of God, even to the sacrifice of my flesh, which is the most difficult of all sacrifices.

"As to my wife, I am sorry that she suffers so much grief for me. But she knows that it behoves us to relinquish husband and wife, brothers and sisters, father and mother, &c., for his name's sake. This ought to rejoice and reconcile her, that I suffer willingly for the name of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, Friend, and only Mediator between God and man; Christ came in the flesh, born of the Virgin Mary, and died on the cross, to redeem from their sins all who shall believe in him, and with sincere heart ask of him pardon for all their sins. So may it be with me.

"When you go to Lucca I pray you let this be read by my poor afflicted wife, and say to her all these things as in my stead. I salute with my high regards Mr. — and all my acquaintance, imploring for them blessings the most precious, as well spiritual as temporal, and that the peace of God may descend upon their families and relatives, as the smoking flax from the earthly Jerusalem which is never quenched. Amen. If I answer not your letters and Mr. —'s, it is a sign that I am worse. While I am as well as I am now I will reply to them.

"There is nothing else for me to tell you. With high regards to yourself and the Signora, your cousin, I declare myself your faithful brother in Christ our Saviour. Amen.

"Volterra, Jan. 20."

"FRANCESCO MADIAT.

Such of our readers as have not the opportunity of reading the current events of the day, will be pleased to learn that the question of the Tuscany Persecution has been brought fairly before our British Parliament, and Lord John Russell indirectly assured the mover, Mr. Kinnaird, that the Government would do their utmost to promote and to maintain religious liberty throughout the world. Lord John has recently written a powerful letter to Sir Henry Bulwer, our Ambassador at Tuscany. Our noble Queen and her Government are evidently alive to the importance of this matter; but we think the Tuscany persecution but the precursor to a more terrible and final struggle on the part of the Papacy

History of Old & New Dissenting Churches

IN THE METROPOLIS AND PROVINCES:

With some Account of the Puritans & Prime Ministers in the Gospel Kingdom.
No. III.

STEPHEN CHARNOCK AND CROSBY HALL.

[We shall not in this paper, give the history of Crosby Hall—once a sacred spot where THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST was proclaimed—although an interesting account of its rise, its progress, and subsequent downfall, is now in our hands. Stephen Charnock was the second servant of Christ that ministered there; and from a rich volume of experimental divinity by Charnock, (published by Nelson, Edinburgh and London,) with an original introductory article, we select the following beautiful record of the famous Author of "Discourses upon the Existence and Attributes of God." A series of Articles, embodying "the Choicest Crumbs of Charnock's Christian Creed," we hope soon to commence.]

"Stephen Charnock, B.D., was born in the year 1628, in the parish of St. Katharine Cree, London. His father, Mr. Richard Charnock, practised as a solicitor in the Court of Chancery, and was descended from a family of some antiquity in Lancashire. Stephen, after a course of preparatory study, entered himself, at an early period of life, a student in Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was placed under the immediate tuition of the celebrated Dr. William Sancroft, who became afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Although there is too much reason to fear that colleges seldom prove the spiritual birth-places of the youth that attend them, it was otherwise in this case. The Sovereign Spirit, who worketh where and how he wills, had determined that this young man, while prosecuting his early studies, should undergo that essential change of heart which, besides yielding an amount of personal comfort, could not fail to exert a salutary influence on all his future inquiries, sanctify what ever learning he might hereafter acquire, and fit him for being eminently useful to thousands of his fellow-creatures. To this all-important event we may safely trace the eminence to which, both as a Preacher and as a Divine, he afterwards attained,—as he had thus a stimulus to exertion, a motive to vigorous and unremitting application, which could not otherwise have existed.

"On his leaving the University he spent some time in a private family, either as a preceptor or for the purpose of qualifying himself the better for discharging the solemn and arduous duties of public life, on which he was about to enter. Soon after this, just as the civil war broke out in England, he commenced his official labours as a minister of the gospel of peace, somewhere in South-wark. He does not appear to have held this situation long; but short as was his ministry there, it was not altogether without fruit. He who had made the student himself, while

yet young, the subject of saving operations, was pleased also to give efficacy to the first efforts of the youthful pastor to win souls to Christ. Several individuals in this his first charge were led to own him as their spiritual father. Nor is this a solitary instance of the early ministry of an individual receiving that countenance from on high which has been withheld from the labours of his riper years. A circumstance this, full of encouragement to those who, in the days of youth, are entering with much fear and trembling on service in the Lord's vineyard. At the time when they may feel impelled to exclaim with most vehemence, *Who is sufficient for these things?* God may cheer them with practical confirmations of the truth, that their *sufficiency is of God.*

"In 1649, Charnock removed from South-wark to Oxford, where, through favour of the Parliamentary Visitors, he obtained a fellowship in New College; and, not long afterwards, in consequence of his own merits, was incorporated Master of Arts. His singular gifts, and unwearied exertions, so attracted the notice and gained the approbation of the learned members of the University, that, in 1652, he was elevated to the dignity of the Senior Proctor,—an office which he continued to hold till 1656, and the duties of which he discharged in a way which brought equal honour to himself and benefit to the community.

"When the period for his proctorship expired, he went to Ireland, where he resided in the family of Mr. Henry Cromwell, who had been appointed by his father, the Protector, to the government of that country. It is remarkable how many of the eminent divines, both of England and Scotland, have spent some part of their time in Ireland, either as chaplains to the army or as refugees from persecuting bigotry. Charnock seems to have gone thither in the capacity of chaplain to the Governor, an office which, in his case at least, proved no sinecure. During his residence in Dublin, he appears to have exercised his ministry with regularity and zeal. He preached, we are told, every Lord's day, with much acceptance, to an audience composed of persons of different religious denominations, and of opposite grades in society. His talents and worth attracted the members of other churches, and his connection with the family of the Governor secured the attendance of persons of rank. By these his ministrations were greatly esteemed and ap-

plauded; and it is hoped that to some of them they were also blessed. But even many who had no respect for his piety, and who reaped no saving benefits from his preaching, were unable to withhold their admiration of his learning and his gifts. Studying at once to be an "ensample to the flock," and to "walk within his house with a perfect heart," his qualities, both public and private, his appearances, whether in the pulpit or the domestic circle, commanded the esteem of all who were privileged to form his acquaintance.

"The restoration of Charles, in 1660, put an end to Charnock's ministry in Ireland, and hindered his resuming it elsewhere for a considerable time. That event, leading, as it could not but do, to the re-establishment of arbitrary power, was followed, as a natural consequence, by the ejection of many of the most godly ministers that ever lived. Among these was the excellent individual of whom we are now speaking. Accordingly, although on his return to England he took up his residence in London, he was not permitted to hold any pastoral charge there. Nevertheless he continued to prosecute his studies with ardour, and occasionally exercised his gifts in a private way for fifteen years, during which time he paid some visits to the continent, especially to France and Holland.

"At length, in 1675, when the restrictions of the government were so far relaxed, he accepted a call from a congregation in Crosby Square, to become co-pastor with the Rev. Thomas Watson, the ejected minister of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, who, soon after the Act of Uniformity, had collected a church in that place. Mr. Watson was an eminent Presbyterian divine, and the society which he was instrumental in founding became afterwards, under the ministry of Dr. Grosvenor, one of the most flourishing in the city, in respect both of numbers and of wealth. It may not be uninteresting here to insert a few brief notices respecting the place of worship which this congregation occupied, being the scene of Charnock's labours during a principal part of his ministry, and that in connexion with which he closed his official career.

"The place in which this humble Presbyterian congregation assembled was a large hall of Crosby House, an ancient mansion on the east side of Bishopsgate Street, erected by Sir John Crosby, Sheriff and Alderman of London, in 1470. After passing through the hands of several occupants, and, among others those of Richard III., who thought it not unfit for being a royal residence, it became, about the year 1640, the property of Alderman Sir John Langham, a staunch Presbyterian and Loyalist. A calamitous fire afterwards so injured the building, as to render it unsuitable for a family residence; but the hall, celebrated for its magnificent oak ceiling, happily escaped the conflagration, and was converted into a meeting-house for

Mr. Watson's congregation, of which, the proprietor is supposed to have been a member. The structure, though greatly dilapidated, still exists, and is said to be regarded as one of the most perfect specimens of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century now remaining in the metropolis. But, as an illustration of the vicissitudes such edifices are destined to undergo, it may be stated that Crosby Hall, after having witnessed the splendours of royalty, and been consecrated to the solemnities of divine worship, was lately—perhaps it is still—dedicated to the the inferior, if not ignoble, uses of a wool-packer.

"After saying so much about the building, a word or two respecting the congregation which assembled for years under its vaulted roof, may not be deemed inappropriate. It was formed, as we have already said, by the Rev. Thomas Watson, the ejected minister of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. This took place in 1662, and Charnock was Mr. Watson's colleague for five years. Mr. Watson was succeeded by the son of an ejected minister, the Rev. Samuel Slater, who discharged the pastoral duties with great ability and faithfulness for twenty-four years, and closed his ministry and life with this solemn patriarchal sentence addressed to his people:—

"I charge you before God, that you prepare to meet me at the day of judgment, as my crown of joy; and that not one of you be wanting at the right hand of God." Dr. Benjamin Grosvenor succeeded Mr. Slater. His singular acumen, graceful utterance, lively imagination, and fervid devotion, are said to have secured for the congregation a greater degree of prosperity than it had ever before enjoyed. A pleasing recollection has been preserved, of perhaps one of the most touching discourses ever composed, having been delivered by him in this Hall, on *The Temper of Christ*. In this discourse the Saviour is introduced, by way of illustrating his own command that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached unto all nations, beginning at Jerusalem," as giving the Apostles directions how they are to proceed in carrying out this requirement. Amongst other things, he is represented as saying to them—"Go into all nations and preach this salvation as you go; but lest the poor house of Israel should think themselves abandoned to despair, the seed of Abraham, mine ancient friend; as cruel and unkind as they have been, give to them the first proclamation of grace; let them that struck the rock, drink first of its refreshing streams; and they that drew my blood, be welcome to its healing virtue. Tell them, that as I was sent to the *lost sheep of the house of Israel*, so, if they be gathered, I will be their shepherd still. Though they despised my tears which I shed over them, and imprecated my blood to be upon them, tell them it was for their sakes I shed both; that by my tears I might soften their hearts towards God, and by my blood might reconcile them to God. Tell them, you have seen the prints of the nails upon my hands and feet and the wounds of the spear in my side; and that those marks of their cruelty are so far .rom

giving me vindictive thoughts, that, if they are led to repent, every wound they have given me speaks in their behalf, pleads with the Father for the remission of their sins, and enables me to bestow it. Nay, if you meet that poor wretch that thrust the spear into my side, tell him there is another way, a better way, of coming at my heart. If he believe, repent, and look upon him whom he has pierced, and mourn, I will cherish him in that very bosom he has wounded; he shall find the blood he shed an ample atonement for the sin of shedding it. And tell him from me, he will put me to more pain and displeasure by his unbelief in the virtue of my blood, than when he first drew it forth."

The Kingdom of Christ.

(Continued from page 6.)

THAT Jesus Christ is the Bridegroom spoken of in Matt. ix. 15, and in Mark ii. 19, will appear evident to every reader of the Scriptures. That he was once personally present with his people, his bride, and that he left them, (see Acts i. 9,) and is now *personally* absent from them, is also quite clear. The purposes for which he left, and the reason of his tarrying, is likewise clearly made known; and that he will come again, at a *set time*, as personally as he was with them in the days of his flesh; and as when he was taken up from them into heaven; is clearly set forth in the word of God.

But strange as it may appear, it is strikingly true, that as the Jews of old lost sight of, or misinterpreted the first advent, or incarnation of the Lord; just so, the churches, with their leaders in the present day, look over or misinterpret the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Did I not remember how very ignorant I was on this subject myself, after reading, and hearing, for years, I should wonder how persons could read their Bibles without seeing it as clear as any subject in the whole book.

And again, when I read Matt. xxiv. 42 to the end, and Luke xii. 45—47, and also the parable of the *ten virgins*, I cannot but be convinced that the inditer of the Scriptures was the Eternal Spirit, who saw the end from the beginning, and has given us the dark and painful state of the church, as well as her foundation and security. Did not our blessed Lord say to his disciples, (and when he spoke to them he also speaks to us): "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately." "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the *Son of Man cometh*. Watch, therefore for ye know neither the day, nor the hour when the *Son of Man cometh*." These texts of Scripture are often repeated, and taken as funeral topics, and treated as though they referred to death, and it is often affirmed

that they do refer to it. But where is the proof—either from their connection, or from the words themselves? When we speak of a person's coming, and we really expect them, will a message or a letter from them be a real coming? No: it is a disappointment. We speak of it as such, by saying, "our friend did not come." Shall we, then, because such expressions as "the Son of Man cometh," "so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be," "For the Son of Man shall come," &c.: I say, shall we, because these words are found in the Bible, spiritualise them away—give them another meaning—speaking of them as the Lord coming into the heart, or coming after the spirit at death, or coming to enlighten the dark valley. I believe that it is not only important that we have correct views on the plan of salvation, but also on other plain revealed subjects connected with that salvation? Some of the Lord's people say, "But it is non-essential; what does it matter to me? I am the Lord's, and when I die I shall go to heaven, and whether he comes or not I shall be all right." Does not such feelings argue plainly the evil tendency on the mind of such a perversion of God's truth. A friend and brother with whom I was in company not long since, when the subject was touched, said, "Don't let us have any of that?" Should we speak so of the speedy coming of an earthly friend? Or, would an heir to an earthly estate speak of his future earthly inheritance in such a careless, unconcerned manner? The spiritualizing system of the present day is dangerous! Another meaning is given to very much of the Word of God! "The trumpet gives an uncertain sound!" "The people are ignorant of the coming judgments, that will overtake the nations of Europe, and of the judgments that *must* begin at the house of God; of the fiery trial that is to try the church of God, and also of the future kingdom and glory to which she is sovereignly called, "after that she has suffered awhile."

This is the time of the bridegroom's tarrying. "While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." And is not the church slumbering? Not truly, as to disseminating her views, seeking influence, and exercising it when obtained—but asleep as to her real position; saying, peace, peace, when judgment is coming—saying, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked." There is to be a cry made, "Behold the bridegroom cometh. Who is to make the cry? Not angels, but men; men of discernment—men who know the truth—men alive to the awful state of things represented by the Lord, "At *midnight* there was a cry made." Men are not disposed generally to call the present time darkness, or night, much less midnight; and why? Just because they have spiritualized away the truth on this sub-

ject, and substituted human wisdom, reason, and philosophy: and these human systems, being man's own, he glories in them, to the despising of God's truth; but the time is coming, when his wisdom with himself, will perish before the presence of him, whom every eye must see.

Our dear Jesus once came and said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, he hath anointed me to preach the acceptable year of the Lord;" but when he comes again it will be "the day of vengeance of our God." When he appeared with his disciples he was in the form of a servant, but when he comes again he will have taken his kingly position and character, to which he referred, when to Pilate he said, "To this end was I born," and "who shall abide the day of his coming? He will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather the wheat into his garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

JOSEPH CHISLETT.

(To be continued.)

Summer and Winter.

"Thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm xxxiv. 17.

THERE can be little doubt but that the Psalmist refers primarily in these words, to the literal seasons, the natural summer and winter: but being taught as he was, by the same Holy Spirit who now condescends to be the teacher of his people, doubtless his mind grasped also those changes in the regenerated soul which are so aptly comparable to summer and winter. For it is well worthy of remark—and the closer you press the enquiry the more palpable will the fact appear—that throughout nature, and especially in the six days' work of the early creation, the Almighty has written out, as it were in hieroglyphics, the spiritual economy of the new creation in the regenerated souls of men.

Let us then for a few minutes notice the word before us in this aspect. "Thou hast made summer and winter."

I. Winter. We will notice this first, because it is known first in christian experience. And there are three other ideas, intimately associated with the thought of winter, to which we will direct our minds.

1. Insensibility. The soul seems unmoved, deathly, lifeless. The word enters not; the soil yields no produce; all seems locked in winter's grave. Oh, what an apt similitude of our natural state. It is true God made man upright, but he sinned, and "so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." God created man in a summer frame of holiness and obedience; but, by his disobedience he brought a blight over his happiness, and the worst winter which this world ever saw set in upon our guilty race.

2. Barrenness. There can be no real fruitfulness where there is no life of God in the

soul. Our hearts and our lives are but wildernesses while unrenewed by the Eternal Spirit. The apostle says we are by nature "earthly, sensual, devilish;" and if you seek for fuller description, he has given us in his epistle to the Galatians a dark catalogue of those black and rotten fruits, the best which a corrupt nature can possibly produce. So that not only are we barren, but worse than barren—our hearts bring forth the thorns and briars of sin.

3. Gloom. Winter and gloom are for the most part inseparable in nature; they are always so in the soul of man. What are a carnal man's enjoyments? at best but short-lived, and embittered with the gloom of uneasy reflections. What are his prospects? nothing but gloom. He hates to look forward. Death, the grave, and eternity, he would, if he could, for ever shut out of his vocabulary.

Let it however be remarked that soul-winter times are not altogether confined to our state of nature. No, no; God suffers his own people, after they have been made partakers of grace, to know this sad change in the soul.

Sometimes they feel very insensible and deathly, very barren, and very gloomy. Such a thick fog of doubts and fears will sometimes fill the soul that they are at a loss to understand their own state, or the dealings of God with them. But this is our mercy: though we have our winter states of soul, yet, bless the name of our covenant God, we have our summers too; for where peace has once taken possession, there it maintains its work; and as it is promised in natural things, so it is in grace, "summer and winter, seed-time and harvest shall never fail;" for God hath "set the day of adversity over against the day of prosperity."

II. Summer. Here also we may notice three features, which are conspicuously descriptive of this welcome season.

1. Life. This is communicated at regeneration, and maintained out of the fullness of life that is in Christ Jesus. So that, as the apostle says, "It is no more we that live, but Christ that liveth in us." This life is discernible in holy desires, thirstings, panting, waiting upon the Lord. Conformity to Jesus is a ruling passion to the renewed mind. Prayer is the throbbing pulse of this gracious existence; sometimes faint, but always more or less perceptible. It is most eloquent in God's esteem, when it can only express itself in groans; for then the Spirit itself maketh intercession with us. This life stands in contrast to our former insensibility. Now we are all anxiety, when grace is in exercise, and all earnestness in the things and ways of God. Just as life in nature gives animation and sensibility to our bodily frames, and the faculties and passions of our minds; so spiritual life pervades and influences the new man of grace in the soul, and causes its faculties

and affections to flow out toward a gracious God in Christ.

2. Fruitfulness. It is in the summer season of the soul that the fruits of the spirit, many of them, are sweetly produced. Look at humility and contrition of spirit, how are these discovered, when under the manifestations of divine love to the soul, with the recollection of our own base unworthiness, we are humbled and crumbled at the foot of sovereign mercy, and are overwhelmed with wonder, love, and praise, that we should have been raised to a hope in Jesus. How sweetly, too, does this hope unfold itself. Our sights of our own bad hearts do not always discourage us at such seasons, because our hope abounds, and it rests not on what we are in ourselves, but "hath entered into that within the veil, whither our Forerunner hath for us entered." And so with faith, and love, and joy, meekness, patience, long-suffering, brotherly-kindness, and other graces of the Spirit. How fruitful are we in these summer seasons! Oh, how softly, how gently, how tenderly do we walk before our God! No wrath, no law, no terror, but in the enjoyment of sweet peace, and cheerfully walking before the Lord in filial obedience.

3. Beauty. And is not such a season one of beauty. What can be more beautiful than to see a child of God walking in the light of the Lord's countenance, basking in the rays of divine favour? Happy saint! happy portion! happy service! happy season! The beauty of the Lord his God is upon him. Christ is his beauty. And in his approaches to a throne of grace and communion, he hears his Saviour saying unto him, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee."

To conclude. It is said in the words before us—"Thou hast made summer and winter." And truly it is God's sovereign favour that has made the difference. It was all winter; but our God has divided the seasons in our souls who have believed. He brought in a summer, and thus has made our wilderness a fruitful field. We have our winters now, it is true, but we have our summers too. And faith teaches us to anticipate the day when we shall know no more winters, but for ever live in one unending summer season of blessedness, beneath an unclouded sky of divine favour, invested with the beauty of our exalted Bridegroom, and bringing forth fruits to his glory throughout eternity. God grant that we may enjoy many summer seasons here below, and finally enter upon that which shall never end.

Bedford.

JOSEPH PALMER.

The Kingdom of Christ in Madagascar.

A GREAT and glorious change has taken place in Madagascar, the nature of which may be gathered from the following extract from a paper recently issued by the London Mission-

ary Society. At this moment this is well calculated to encourage true believers to unite in fervent prayer on the behalf of all who now suffer for righteousness sake.

"During seventeen succeeding years (that is, from the expulsion of the missionaries to the year 1851), the cruel and relentless Queen has pursued towards her Christian subjects the same oppressive policy. Many hundreds have been degraded and impoverished; hundreds more have been doomed to slavery; and between forty and fifty have suffered death for the sake of the Lord Jesus, in various forms of aggravated horror. Several have died by the sword or the spear; others have been precipitated from rocks, and dashed to pieces in their fall; and four have been burnt alive in the capital of Madagascar. But the number of the sufferers, and the willingness with which they have suffered, is in itself conclusive evidence both of the firmness of their faith and the extension of their principles; and from the latest and most authentic intelligence received, we learn that, during this reign of terror, *tens* have increased to *hundreds*, so that no less than FIVE THOUSAND (and, probably, a far greater number) have continued to study the Holy Scriptures,—to sanctify the Christian Sabbath,—and to assemble together on the mountains and in the caves of Madagascar, to unite in prayer to God, and in acts of love and obedience to Christ, as their Redeemer.

"And at length the faith and patience of the saints have triumphed! God has heard the blood of his martyrs from beneath the altar, and to his suffering church in Madagascar has arisen light in the darkness. The only child of the persecuting Queen, and heir to her throne, has learnt the faith in which the martyrs died; and the only son of the late Prime Minister (the bitterest foe of the Christians) has, it is reported, avowed himself the Christian's friend. To the young Prince has also been committed the government of the country; while the son of Ranharo (the late Prime Minister) has succeeded to his father's office; and as the first-fruits of this most blessed change, the ports of Madagascar are about to be opened to foreigners, and English missionaries, it is confidently expected, will henceforth be freely admissible to the country.

"It cannot be doubted that as the prayers of the faithful throughout the Christian world have been offered to God for the deliverance of his suffering church, so their joyful praises will now ascend with those of their rejoicing brethren, as fragrant incense before his throne."

MR. WILLIAM GILES, OF NETHERLEIGH HOUSE, CHESTER.—A correspondent informs us that the Royal Astronomical Society, of Somerset House, London, has very recently conferred the distinguished degree of F.R.A.S. upon Mr. William Giles, Baptist Minister, Chester. This is the first time we ever heard of a sound Baptist Minister being elected Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. We understand lectures on astronomy delivered to different Philosophical Societies at which some of the Fellows have been present, is the cause of the reward. Our correspondent sweetly closes by saying, "To win one soul to Christ, or to build up one in the faith and love of Christ Jesus outweighs all honours of this description." Nevertheless, we should be thankful to see many such able-minded men in the ranks of our Lord's most devoted servants.

Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF MR. BLOOMFIELD'S PASTORATE.

THE first anniversary of Mr. Bloomfield's Pastorate in this place was commemorated on Tuesday, February 8th, by a public meeting.

At five o'clock upwards of three hundred and fifty sat down to a well-provided tea in the chapel, and at half-past six the public service commenced, at which the pastor presided. Mr. Kent, one of the deacons, gave out a hymn, which was sung, and Mr. Bloomfield read the 67th and 100th Psalms.

Mr. PHILLIPS, the senior deacon, after offering prayer, read the following account of the Lord's dealings with them as a church, from the time of Mr. Stevens' decease to the present, embracing a period of more than five years :—

Christian Friends : at the request of our dear Pastor, and by the expressed desire of the Deacons—who consider it will be interesting to some who are present this evening—we shall give some account of the Lord's dealings with us for the last five years.

Upon the 6th of October, 1847, it pleased the Chief Shepherd, and Bishop of Souls to take our late dear and honored Pastor to his heavenly home. The Church was favoured with peace, and within six months after his decease, paid off the balance of the outstanding debt, £350, which remained upon this strong, well-built, and we may add, handsome place of worship.

Various brethren in the ministry kindly afforded us their services in supplying the pulpit. In obtaining supplies, we were guided as far as possible by the prospect of obtaining a proper and suitable person to become our pastor.

In the first instance, the minds of the brethren were directed to our esteemed and valued friend, Mr. John Cooper, of Wattisham in the county of Suffolk; the holiness of his ministry, and his views of truth being similar to that of our former Pastor, added to which, he had obtained a high degree of honor amongst us, from the time he first preached in this place,—about 14 years before Mr. Stevens' death. Accordingly, an invitation was sent him by the Church, to preach amongst us for three months, with a view to his taking the pastoral office.

To this application, we obtained a respectful, but a firm and unmistakable denial, accompanied by the intimation, that, although he declined acceding to our request, he should be happy to grant us such service, as might be consistent with his duty to the people of his charge.

Thus we went on for about, or rather more, than two years, supplied by many Ministers; some from Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire; one from Leicestershire; another from Yorkshire, with other ministers, some of whom are present this evening.

Learning by experience that a Church without a pastor does not thrive, but becomes less in number, and consequently weaker, the sense of the Church was taken in calling Mr. Geo. Murrell of St. Neot's, Huntingdon, to the pastoral office. This was carried almost unanimously. On this being laid before the Church at St. Neot's, they voted unanimously against his removal. Thus unsuccessful in two applications, the deacons and some of the members

of this church were attracted to the late Mr. John Player, of Saffron Walden in Essex. The question was put to him, whether, if the Church at Salem should give him an invitation to become her Pastor, he would accept of it.

This was replied to by letter in the course of about three weeks, giving us to understand he could not entertain the thought of leaving the Church at Saffron Walden, which had grown up under his ministry; and also the bad state of health which he endured, would furnish a further reason for him to decline our invitation, should the church agree in sending it. This was very soon confirmed by his Master calling him home by death, after a very short illness, proving that his work was done, and his official labours ended.

We have now brought down our history to 1850; and here it may be well for us to remark, that our difficulty was much increased by the recollection of the invaluable man of God, who, for so long a time, ministered amongst us in holy things, of whom it may be said, he was a noble man, a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian, and an eloquent minister of Jesus Christ; whose mind was not only comprehensive to receive the whole range or circle of revealed truth, but likewise capacious as a storehouse to retain it. To his memory the church has erected the tablet on the left of the pulpit.*

But to return to our immediate subject. From 1847, to 1850, although many aged members were removed by death, yet there was scarcely one who removed his membership to any neighbouring church, nor indeed do we remember one who did so.

We have thus endeavoured to give an account of our proceedings for about three years, being supplied by different ministers, who had their different admirers, "one saying, I am for Paul, another, I am for Apollos," &c., &c.; so, as it was very likely, and may readily be supposed, some circumstances of an unpleasant nature sprung up amongst us—circumstances which as a church we could not control—and as it is not our intention to render evil for evil, we will pass them by.

Some time before the summer of 1851, one of the members of this church being down in Gloucestershire, was directed to Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham. Our beloved friend, Mr. Bloomfield, was the

* The following is a *fac-simile* of the Tablet :

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE BAPTISED CHURCH OF CHRIST MEETING IN THIS PLACE, TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR LATE BELOVED PASTOR,

JOHN STEVENS,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, 6TH OCTOBER, 1847, IN THE 72ND YEAR OF HIS AGE.

HE WAS UPWARDS OF 50 YEARS AN EMINENT MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST, AN ELOQUENT ADVOCATE OF THE DOCTRINES OF SOVEREIGN GRACE, AS FLOWING FROM A TRIUNE JEHOVAH,

BY PURPOSE, PURCHASE AND POWER, AND AN ABLE AND SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER OF THE ANCIENT COMPLEX EXISTENCE OF THE SON OF GOD.

HIS WRITINGS REMAIN TO SHew HIS CAPACIOUS AND SANCTIFIED MIND, AND BY THEM, "HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

minister. In consequence of the pleasure and profit she derived from his ministry, a letter was sent by her to the Deacons of this place, who thought but little about it; and, if we are correct, sent back no reply.

After this, Mr. Cooper, of Wattisham, and Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, being in town, and speaking highly of our esteemed and valuable brother, Mr. John Bloomfield, a letter was sent, inviting him to preach on Lord's-day, August 23th, 1851, and also the following Lord's-day, September the 4th. This was Mr. Bloomfield's first appearance amongst us; and it was evident, from the first sermon he was enabled to deliver in this place, that the Lord was with his servant. There was a considerable addition to the number of hearers; and so numerous were the enquiries after Mr. Bloomfield, and so earnest were the solicitations of the Church and congregation for Mr. Bloomfield to come and preach for us again, that we sought and obtained his services for two Lord's-days, Nov. 9th, the 16th, and two Thursday evenings. Believing it to be of the Lord, by his making way for his servant in the hearts of the people, the Deacons seriously and prayerfully considered the matter; they also obtained the most honourable testimonials of Mr. Bloomfield's character, of his ministry, and of his views of truth, also that he was an unflinching and uncompromising advocate for strict communion. The Members of the Church continually calling upon the deacons, wishing them to obtain Mr. Bloomfield as their pastor, and there appearing to be but one mind in the body, after due notice a special meeting was holden on Lord's day afternoon, December 28, 1851, and the votes of the Church taken, when Mr. John Edgar Bloomfield was duly elected Pastor of this Church.

Such measures as were necessary being arranged, our dear Pastor having taken his farewell of Cheltenham, and the church at Salem having obtained his dismissal from the church at that place to us, he was received into this church as a member by one of the deacons on the first Lord's-day in Feb. 1852, the church having been four years and a quarter without a pastor. Scarcely had we become settled before the Lord gave testimony to the word of his grace; several became baptised on a profession of their faith, and others from distant churches removed their membership to us. The Lord thus prospering us, his hand being stretched out to us for good, it was resolved to close the chapel, it being dirty, for repairs, alterations, and improvements; during which time we engaged the large hall in the Strand known as Exeter Hall. In that place our attendance was good, and proved that we were right in taking so bold and decided a step.

On our return to our own dear Salem we considerably increased, and we are happy to say that, during the year of our beloved Pastor being with us, we have added to the Church by baptism 25; from other churches 14; making 39. Six have been removed by death; two have been withdrawn from, and eight have been dismissed to other churches: while we have several to propose to the Church for membership.

Our prayer meetings are well attended; and likewise on Thursday night, our night for preaching. The Lord, in sending his dear servant, has answered our united petitions, by sending us both prosperity and peace.

In conclusion, we would take this public opportunity afforded us by presenting our united and sincere thanks to those ministers who supplied for us, several of them at a very short notice, and, consequently, at a very considerable inconvenience to themselves in doing so.

To the only wise God, even our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

Mr. KENT then read and the congregation sung the well-known and admired verse of Cennick's—

“Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name
Nor half so sweet can be.”

Mr. BLOOMFIELD said he felt happy that he had no speech to make on the present occasion: he felt glad they had so many good men come to smile upon them that evening. He felt too much excited to say much, and was glad he was not called upon to make the attempt. He had great pleasure in calling upon his esteemed brother, Mr. John Foreman, who would address the meeting on

THE DESIGN AND IMPORTANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Mr. JOHN FOREMAN then rose and said—

My dear brother and Christian friends,—The bill drawn up for the present occasion, no doubt you have seen and read for yourselves. In accordance with the copy I hold in my hand, I see that I am to address you on “the design and importance of the Christian Ministry.” I also see that my esteemed brother Moyle is to accompany me. Now, if it took Joshua and Caleb to bring one bunch of grapes, how shall we get on who have to bring two such large bunches. In the first place, we have to speak of the *design* of the Christian ministry. If you will look at the 4th chapter of Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, you will find it stated very plainly. (Read verses 1 to 12.) It is for the “perfecting of the saints.” Here are two things to be noticed: first, saints; second, the perfecting of the saints. I take this word, “saints,” to mean those whom God the Father hath sanctified, and God the Son redeemed and was bound for in the council chambers of eternity: so that saintship does not begin with calling—calling is but the opening and unfolding the secret book of God's unalterable and immutable will. Again, we find Jesus Christ sanctifies his people by the shedding of his blood—drawing the line of his blood between the eternal throne, whereby they are enabled to plead with the Father. Hence the apostle says—“Christ, by one offering, hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified.” If a man is in debt, he is an imperfect man; but if a person comes and pays that debt for him, he is a perfect man. Thus, the dear Redeemer came and paid the liabilities of his people, and thus made them as perfect as though they had never offended; and what the Father could accept was suitable to us. When we consider that Christ perfects his people, it will imply something more. There may be some who are dead, deaf, blind, enemies, in opposition to God. But there must be no dead carcasses in the way—they must be made alive—and this *perfection* is the gathering of them. This then is the design of the Christian ministry—to seek out and find those whom God the Father sanctified, and for which God the Son died to obtain salvation, by turning them from darkness into light—carrying on the work of grace, or rather the evidences of the work of grace. Furthermore, the apostle says, it is for the “edifying of the body of Christ.” This word, “body,” is a systematic term which you will do well to look at. There are exactly so many joints and bones that compose the system—take any animal—and in each of its own species you will find their number

exactly corresponding. If it were possible that you should make an examination of five thousand persons, you would find them exactly to agree in number of limbs, bones, and joints. Should you find any variations, the subject thereof would be sure to be a cripple; and we cannot but conclude that the body of Christ is without accident, chance, or may be—so large and no more. It is not for us to signify how many or how few. We have only to guard God's honor: He will not be stopped by any man, for he says—"I will work, and none shall let or hinder." I take this word, "edifying," to mean to *build up*. Disobedience characterizes every man—true obedience is the Christian's mark; and for the bringing about this design the gospel is preached, and thus produces the fear of God. "Edifying" may also mean a *gathering*. For this end are God's ministers appointed to be, as it were, shepherds to bring lost sheep to the fold: they are a sort of kingdom-of-heaven men—to be useful in gathering the objects of God's love. Nothing would cramp and discourage me more than to know that I was useless in this respect; and I know of no greater pleasure than to see peace and unity in a church. This term, "edifying," may also be taken in another sense. When a child is young you take it and wash it, and feed it; and it is the pastor's duty to feed the young in the way to Zion. Another thing: there must not only be feeding, but instruction. Solomon says—"For the soul to be without knowledge is not good." It is like rearing a building, or training a plant. "Edifying the body of Christ." I hope your deacons and pastor will unite in this one grand object. The design of the Christian ministry is likewise to tell the child about the Father. Suppose a man had several children, who, by some sort of event, were scattered about—some in India, and some in other distant places of the globe—would not the parent like to hear of the children, and the children of the parent? So it is with the gospel ministry: the minister carries to God all he knows and feels of the dear children under his charge—not but that God knows already, but he likes to be told of them. He also brings intelligence across the seas from the Father to the children: He is a kind of tidings-bearer to the family. The Father says, "John Bloomfield, take a little of this and a little of the other; give this to one and that to another." And often, of a Lord's-day evening, the child goes home quite a different being to what he was in the morning. In the morning I have gone out with the determination to keep my hands behind me, and neither to speak or shake hands with any one; but a word from the pulpit has turned me inside out, and I have lost myself; and then it is that I have been really found. At such times I have been like good brother Paul—not knowing whether I was in the body or out of it. Secondly, we have to notice the "importance of the Christian ministry." 1. The importance of it lies in its being a *gift*. "He led captivity captive, and received gifts for men." All are under the same ministerial power; but we have different forms and gifts; yet all have their object—the perfecting of the same body. And Christ having fulfilled the covenant entered into by the Holy Trinity—"Whoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." 2. A second idea on the importance of the Christian ministry is the position, in

contrast to a very different ministry. In this ministry the holiness of Jehovah is maintained and his authority revealed. 3. The very design shews its importance: it is to gather souls to the Redeemer; it has for its end salvation by the proclamation of the gospel of the grace of God. If we would learn its importance beyond our own experience, we must ask the glorified spirits above—ask what they think. They would say the glorious heaven in which they now dwell belong to it. Before I sit down, I would make a remark or two in reference to this church. To both minister and people I would say, "I beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherunto ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering—forbearing one another in love—endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling—one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Some people say that this means the baptism of the Spirit; but that would be tautology—putting the Spirit in two places. Study peace, avoid strife, never look at a speckled face—until you have looked in the glass to see whether you have a speckled one yourself. If a brother offend sympathize with him, and thank God you are not permitted to offend that brother. In the 6th chapter of the 2nd of Corinthians the apostle says, "We then, as workers together with him." Yes; we must work together with Christ; at the same time we are not set to do God's work. When you are about to do or say anything in God's house, ask yourself—what do I mean? By so doing you will avoid much that might otherwise have tended to breed ill-feeling, or perhaps division. If a minister has anything to say to his people, or people to minister, let it be done in the spirit of kindness. I recollect the late good old John Bailey speaking of a friend who told him, after he had done speaking once, that his sermon would have been much better if he had not put it in a *case*. "What case?" asked John; but his friend did not tell him. Some few days afterwards, while preaching, he discovered himself very frequently saying, "*and in case*," "*and in case*." Now that was a kind way of telling him; otherwise than this, man has not any business to dictate to the minister *what or how* he should preach. And when John Bloomfield changes his views of truth, I hope he will be man enough to leave Salem. I always like a man to say, "I'll not stand in the pulpit to clog and burden the church." I would leave Mount Zion directly if I changed sentiment. Never would I agree to split or divide the church. The apostle continues—"Beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." What grace? Ministerial grace. Be reconciled to God's order: don't let big ones quarrel with the little ones: a little one is one, and a big one is only one; and the weak shall always stand by God's upholding power. "Giving no offence in anything," our aim and study should be so to speak and act as not to offend, "that the ministry be not blamed. In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God—[mark this brother Bloomfield.]—in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings—by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, 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 honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report—[and I don't know which is best for you: the one sets us to an examination, while the other is apt to make us proud.]—as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet well known, as dying and behold we live, as chastened and not killed, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as poor yet making many rich, as having nothing yet possessing all things." Now, my brother, I do not suppose you will have to pass through all that the apostle names; but the Lord sometimes sends some of these things to try a man, and shew what he is made of. The Lord bless you, my brother, and the church with you; and that you may long be a blessing to them is my fervent prayer. Amen.

Mr. BLOOMFIELD: I thank my brother for his very kind advice. When I entered this pulpit I boldly and fearlessly told out the great theme of my ministry. They have now heard me for twelve months, and I do not think I have kept anything back. I study to please no man. I faithfully declare my own thoughts: and I most solemnly pledge before this congregation, and the ministers now present, that should any change of sentiment come over my mind, I shall most willingly, and readily and immediately resign my pastoral office. I shall now call upon our brother Moyle to address you.

Mr. MOYLE then rose and said:

Dear brother, and Christian friends: after what has been said, there is neither room or time for me to speak on this important subject, the design and importance of the Christian ministry; I would but just make a remark or two. I had a thought as I came, of expressing my affection unto you as a Church. I am thankful to you for what I have heard this evening from your report. I have mourned with you, when you lost a Pastor, I lost a Father, a friend, an adviser; and I knew your loss was great, but not greater than God could make up; and if you found a difficulty in obtaining a suitable successor to the late John Stevens, I hope and trust, as I believe it did, that it led you more earnestly to call upon God to send you a faithful minister; and I do most sincerely express my gratitude to God, that he has sent you one. I think it is now about twenty years since, (off and on) I have been among you at Salem. I speak not boastingly or flatteringly; but during that time, I have never received anything but the greatest brotherly kindness and affection: and I do most cordially congratulate you on your present happy position. I will make a few remarks relative to the importance of the Christian ministry. Its importance, I consider, grows from the design. That passage of the Apostle's occurs to me, in reference to this subject, where he says "I endure all things for the elect's sake; that they may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus unto eternal glory." That appears to me the design: the elect of God obtaining salvation. Can there be a more important or noble design upon earth or in heaven, for our poor souls? Its importance lies principally and materially in the word FAITHFULNESS: "Be then faithful unto death."

Mr. Moyle then warmly congratulated the church and minister on their present happy condition, and hoped prosperity would attend them.

Mr. LAMB, one of the deacons, read a portion of the well-known hymn commencing

"With heavenly power, O Lord defend
Him whom we now to thee commend."

This having been sung, short addresses were delivered by Mr. Felton, and Mr. C. Smith, on

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CHURCH STATE.

Mr. FELTON, of Deptford, rose and said:—

Dear brother and Christian friends: I yield to none in respect to the memory of that dear servant of God who for so many years sounded the gospel trumpet in this place. I have reason to bless God that He ever led me to hear him. I can but look back and say his memory is embalmed in my heart. I can heartily join with my brother Moyle in his congratulations towards you as a church. May the Lord bless you, my brother Bloomfield. I have not known you long; but I have known you long enough to love you, and feel a sweet union of soul towards you. I shall not trespass long on your time. Our great brother Johu has given you a sweet address. He has nibbled at all four points. I am asked to say something respecting the privileges of the church state; I am glad it is not a state church. There are two things here which I wish to speak of—1. What is meant by a church state; 2. The secret and open state of that church. I should be sorry to suppose that one could not go to heaven without belonging to the church below. But can you go honourably to the laws of your Lord and Master? A church state is a gathered state. In the first place I observe, one of its privileges is evidential separation from the world. The world does not know us by our inside or secret parts. They judge us by outside appearances. There are many causes which hinder persons from joining churches. Some say, they are afraid, from the conduct of some churches. But a real disciple is not afraid to turn his back upon the world, and openly confess the Lord Jesus. This is the intention of the church state. I don't understand anything about persons going to heaven without acknowledging its privileges. Johnson says a privilege is an immunity, a public right; and we have a right to the Lord Jesus Christ. Another privilege is acknowledgement and confession of the Holy Trinity. Unbaptised churches cannot make open confession of the Trinity. The ordinance of baptism alone confesses the Holy Trinity. Another privilege is association of hearts, which causes unity. Another, we are called upon to receive all whom the Lord has chosen, and we are not bound to receive any whom he has not, and cannot refuse any whom he has. Another is a holy walking together with God in maintaining ALL his holy ordinances. Another privilege of the church state, and that they have here, is a faithful proclamation of the gospel. We live in time-serving days, and truth is going down in some quarters. Brethren, be thankful for your privileges.

Mr. Felton concluded with expressing his kind wishes for the welfare of pastor and church: and

Mr. C. SMITH, of Cumberland Street, rose to address the meeting. He said—

To make a speech, is out of my power. It would be enough for me to say, you have heard, and I presume most of you know what your privileges are, make use of them. As you have benefited by the ministrations of our dear brother Bloomfield, think of that head, by which he ministers to you. He has been told to tell you all; but it is a young head yet, and he can not tell you all. It is an everlasting fountain. When I first went out to preach, an old man told me to tell all I knew about the Lord Jesus Christ. I have told them all I knew

but I expect to know a good deal more yet. Pray for that head: and as God is the Spirit, pray him to fill it. You are privileged to have his heart. I hope he will always find this to be Salem. I can tell you an anecdote about Salem. When they were building a new Chapel at Tiverton, there was a gentleman who wished to act as sponsor; he was very anxious it should be called "Salem," I think he had previously been a member in this place. I said, I would rather it be Salem inside than out; but he said, "do let us have Salem up outside." So he got the wood and had "Salem" put outside. But the Chapel soon came down, for Salem was not inside. It is your privilege to keep that heart in peace. Remember, you are not to knock that heart about. Some heard-hearted professors love to knock their Pastor about, and wound him, and try him; but that is likely to send him to bed, and then you lose the benefit of his ministrations. It is your privilege to pray for him. It is your privilege to have his time. When he is at the throne of grace, he prays "Lord, help me for that people." So you have the privilege of his prayers, in secret, and you cannot tell when it is, nor how often he is wrestling and pleading with God for you. You are privileged to have a well. Come and drink of it. If you go into a chamber of affliction, you will hear the sufferer complaining that he cannot get out to attend the ministration of the gospel; let it cause you to value it the more. The previous speakers have spoken of their respect for the memory of your late deceased Pastor; not one has more reason to bless God for him, than me. The first time I heard him, was at Brentford; and I can look back at the spot now, with gratitude, though the place is pulled down. He took for his text, "As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word," &c. I was but a babe in grace then, and it was milk indeed to me. The next time I heard him, he preached from "Now are we the sons of God," &c.; and it was indeed a feast to my soul. Now, as you have chosen our brother Bloomfield for your Pastor, be as often with him as you can. The less you come, the colder you will get. I always feel disappointed and discouraged when I see empty pews, and but few people. Pray for him, up-hold his hands; and do all you can to encourage him. May the Lord bless, strengthen, and encourage you, my dear brother, and the Church with you.

Mr. GREENHALGH read, and the congregation then sung, part of a hymn from Mr. Stevens's Selection; and dresses were then delivered by Mr. Box, and Mr. Newborn: subject:

HOW TO PROMOTE THE UNION AND PROSPERITY OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Mr. Box said:

Dear Brethren: Allow me to sympathise with you in your pleasurable feelings in reference to the present occasion. I am to speak on the means for the promotion of unity in the Christian church. To this end I think harmony in action and object the principal thing. There will be no real union without principle, truth. In proportion as the love of the truth takes possession of our hearts, so there will be union one to another. There must be union in ordinances. What union can there be in a church where baptised and unbaptised believers meet together? I delight to know that you have remained a strict communion church. There must be unity of actions. Don't think all the work belongs to the pastor. There must be a working, walking, fighting, and a loving together. The command is to "do good one to another." We should promote union in three ways: By faith, prayer and usefulness. We can do nothing without faith. I believe that pride is often the root of discord in churches. Attention enough is not given to the words of Jesus, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart."

After repeating his congratulations to the church and pastor, Mr. Box resumed his seat.

Mr. NEWBORN, of St. Luke's, next addressed the meeting, as follows:

My dear brother: although I know not how to give flattering titles to man, I heartily coincide in all that has been said with reference to the church and minister in this place. I shall speak but a few minutes on the means necessary to promote the prosperity of a Christian church. I think you are in prosperity, and therefore need not any advice from me on the subject. It is impossible there can be prosperity without peace; and I can say with dear David, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." There is Salem at once. God has laid down certain rules, and these, if adhered to, will produce prosperity. We have every reason to believe that obedience to the commands of our Lord are productive of prosperity; while, where the contrary is practised, leanness of soul is the result. The apostle says, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace." I consider prosperity is a spiritual flourishing in the production of the fruits of righteousness to the praise and glory of a covenant Jehovah. Again, Prosperity, under God, depends upon the skilfulness of the shepherd. The injunction is, "Feed the church of God." They are to be fed, and ministers are appointed to feed them. The minister (or shepherd) therefore, should know what pasturage to lead them into. Another thing calculated to advance the interests and prosperity of the church is sound, useful, faithful deacons: much depends upon them. To the deacons of this place I say, you ought to be, and I trust you are, such men. For recollect, the first appointment of deacons was to stay murmurs—"Wherefore," (saith the apostle) look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom." My dear Christian friends, the members of this church; the prosperity of this church much depends upon you; your conduct will either promote or hinder its prosperity. In order to this end it is necessary that the whole of you should study the mind and will of the Head of the church. If you turn aside it is calculated to cause a gap to be made and confusion ensue. But while you live in the practice of the things laid down in the word of God your prosperity as a church is sure. A humble walk as Christian men and women is one of the best things to maintain the prosperity of the church. Wherefore, you are commanded to let that spirit which was in Christ rule and guide you. Paul said, "Be kindly affectionate one to another; in honour preferring one another; let each one esteem his brother better than himself." Lastly, I would remind you of the apostolic injunction—"Remember those who have the rule over you." In all your approaches to the throne of grace remember your dear pastor. I remember hearing of a minister who having to preach at a neighbouring place, he got there before service time, while the usual prayer meeting was being held. During the whole time he never heard one petition put up for the man who was to minister unto them that day. When the time came for him to preach, he gave out his text, but told the people he could not preach, for that he had left his notes at home. One of the deacons ran up to him, and asked if he should send for them. "No," says the minister, "I've left my praying people at home—they are my notes." We don't want notes; it is a praying people is required.

The bill announcing the meeting, stated that addresses would be delivered by Mr. Milner and Mr. Woodward, on "The duties of church members;" but from the lateness of the evening, (it being near ten o'clock when Mr. Newborn concluded), they merely repeated the congratulations of the former

speakers, and declined to enter upon their subject.

The doxology having been sung, Mr. Foreman pronounced the benediction, and the pleasant services were concluded.

The church's report we have inserted *verbatim*; but our space forbids us giving more than an outline of the addresses delivered on the occasion.

A little Cloud like a Man's Hand IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

ALL truth loving persons acquainted with the Midland, and Northern counties of England, must have been struck with the general state of the large populous towns in reference to experimental godliness, and the faithful preaching of the gospel of Christ. From Northampton to Newcastle there are but few towns where the pure gospel is preached, and where it is preached honestly in any of the large towns with populations from thirty to an hundred and fifty thousand persons, the congregations are miserably small. Leicester and Manchester have for many years been very highly favoured places; a succession of faithful men of God and ministers of Jesus for nearly a century have proclaimed a full, free, unconditional, and experimental gospel, and through the Lord's blessing there are many that receive the gospel as the power of God unto salvation; but Leicester and Manchester illuminated with gospel truth make the darkness of the surrounding district more visible and awful.

Within the last three years the writer has witnessed with very great pleasure, a little revival of truth in some large towns in the Midland counties, (*viz.*) Coventry, Nottingham and Birmingham.

For many years Coventry was something like Jericho—shut up—and the Lord's honest ministers, and plain experimental truth—shut out. From twenty to thirty years since there was a dwelling house opened for preaching the truth, and those highly favoured servants of God, the late Mr. Gadsby, Hardy, of Leicester, Fowler, late of Gower Street, London, and David Denham, used to preach in Coventry; the house full of hearers when these dear servants of God visited Coventry, encouraged a few truth loving friends to hire a small chapel; but alas! one zealous friend hated the ordinance of believers' baptism, and dear old honest friend Gadsby and the other ministers, Denham and Hardy preached all they believed, and sometimes the scriptural ordinance of baptism by immersion was contended for as a part of the gospel, but friend Riley hated the water, and being a man with a natural temper like a compound of dried charcoal and saltpetre, there was an explosion, the chapel was given up and the people scattered. For many years after this the

few lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus, went on Lord's days to Bedworth, (a village about five miles from Coventry,) to hear a faithful man Mr. Smith.

It was near three years since, a good friend to truth, living in Coventry, for many years a consistent member at Bedworth, was deeply impressed with the state of things around him; he thought much and prayed often over the desolation of Zion; and after some time opened his mind to one or two persons living at Coventry who were once members with him at Bedworth. The good man proposed they should meet in his sitting room on Lord's day afternoon for to read the word of God and prayer; the proposition was accepted, a few friends met, and this was a small beginning in the right direction. Some inconvenience was felt in the sitting room, and friend Barber offered the few friends a room up his yard. This was soon fitted up, and will seat an hundred persons. Some good ministers of Jesus were invited and the glorious gospel of the blessed God preached where martyrs bled for the truth, and the Lord has still a living remnant. After meeting together many months a church was formed upon the New Testament principles—strict Baptist, and Mr. De Fraine was invited to go over and preach on a Lord's day, that the church formed should be publicly recognised and a little truthful advice given to the friends. On the last Lord's day in October 1852, Mr. De Fraine was at Coventry, and preached in the morning from these words "the church of the living God." In the afternoon there was a meeting for prayer, and the Lord's triumph over sin, death, hell, and the grave, was enjoyed, while the few friends met at the Lord's table. In the evening the text was "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ, whether I come and see you or be absent I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel." This was a good day, the place was full, some hearts were melted, and a bond of gospel union felt which, it is hoped was the earnest of good things to come: friend William Garner, living at Rugby, a member of the church at Lutterworth, has supplied at Coventry for more than a year on the first and third Lord's days in the month. This room is well attended, the plain ministry accepted, and some friends are anxious to build a small chapel. When this subject was named to Mr. De Fraine, he advised them to learn wisdom from bees, they never swarm until the old hive is so full they cannot remain in it.

The friends at Zion Chapel, Nottingham, after passing through many severe trials have for between two and three years had the pulpit supplied with truth loving, truth living, men of God, and through the Lord's blessing the congregation is increased and it

is hoped the Lord's work is prospering among them more than for many years past. The Lord in mercy continue to bless his cause at Zion and bring many precious jewels out of the rubbish of this large populace town.

The readers of the *Earthen Vessel* have read within the last year that a few zealous God fearing persons have commenced another cause of truth at Birmingham.

"A LOVER OF GOOD MEN."

Consolation against the fear of Death:

As seen in the happy experience of THOMAS SOMMERFIELD, of Manchester.

ON Lord's-day evening, February 13th, a funeral sermon was preached by the request of the friends of Oldham Street Chapel, Manchester, for their late esteemed brother, Thomas Sommerfield, by Mr. Joseph Wilkins, from the words of Paul, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The preacher in his discourse said, that when in Manchester, last November, he had the pleasure of seeing the dear friend, whose death he was this evening about to refer to; and had he then known that he should be called upon to preach a funeral sermon for him, he should have been more anxious to have gathered from the lips of the dying such information as might have been useful on the present occasion, but he did not; nevertheless the widow and friends had furnished him with a few incidents in connexion with his life. He had been given to understand that in the early part of his life, friend Sommerfield was a Wesleyan, and a class leader among that body; but under a sermon of Mr. Gadsby, his eyes were opened to see the way of salvation more fully; and he was led to embrace, love, live upon, and act according to the doctrines of grace; was baptised by Mr. Gadsby about eighteen years ago, since which time his character as a christian had been unimpeachable; an honourable and zealous member of society, an affectionate husband, and father, one highly favoured with much spirituality of mind and great clearness in divine truth. His last affliction was long, being unable to follow his employ for eleven months previous to his death; but was by divine grace enabled to bear it with a great degree of child-like submission to his heavenly Father's will. At times his strong natural affections were twining round his dear partner and offspring, till again his mind was set at rest, with the kind promise of his heavenly Father where he has said "leave thy fatherless children with me; I will be an husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless." The preacher further said "the soul refreshing season he enjoyed when he visited him (at the time be-

fore referred to,) he should not soon forget; a stronger proof of the vitality of the religion of the cross, he never had the opportunity of witnessing." "It has been a comfort (he said) to my mind many times since, when thinking of the power and effect of the grace of God. The poor dying man said to me whilst there: "Sir, the gospel you preach is not a fable, for it has supported me under many trials, and now in the prospect of death I know all is well; for Christ is my salvation; and then he further added, though in such a weak state not able to go through the whole verse at once, yet in such an emphatic manner I scarcely ever shall forget, "I know—that when—this earthly—house—of my tabernacle—is dissolved—I have a building of God—a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

This season (Mr. W. said) he had many times alluded to in various parts of the land since that time; and he hoped the present attempt to speak to the honour of that grace that had borne our brother on through all his afflictions, and through death, and at last landed him safe above to the full enjoyment of that building eternal in the heavens, would, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, prove both useful and encouraging to those present. He spoke of the *house*, the *tenant* in this earthly house, the *dissolution*, and, lastly, the Christian's support in prospect of this. "We know we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

In conclusion, he said the church has lost a praying brother. Many times was our departed brother heard in the night watches to be wrestling with the Lord for a blessing upon Oldham Street cause. This, he hoped, would be answered; and that it would be as spurs to the living, that they may be encouraged with another strong proof that their hopes were not false, nor their faith vain in the Lord.

P.S.—Our readers will find in the March number of the *Earthen Vessel* for the year 1849, an account of Samuel Sommerfield, the son of the above Thomas Sommerfield. How truly blessed to see children and parents living in the same faith and dying in the same hope, standing on the same Rock, and now enjoying the same eternal weight of glory with Christ their Head! "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Christ in the Life:

A Brief Memoir of MRS. ELIZABETH ANN CONGREVE, who slept in Jesus, May, 1852, near the Cape of Good Hope, on her voyage to South Australia.

IN the *Earthen Vessel* of April last, a report was given of a farewell meeting at Rye Lane Chapel, Peckham, on the occasion of Mr. Henry Congreve, a deacon of that church for

many years, departing this country with his wife and all his children, (excepting one son), for Adelaide, South Australia. Mrs. Congreve died during the passage when off the Cape of Good Hope. She has emigrated to a better country than Australia, and is doubtless now in the possession of that which her soul most desired—the company of Jesus ;

“ There to behold his face,
And never, never sin ;
But from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.”

Her funeral sermon was preached by her beloved pastor, Mr. Moyle, on Sunday, January 23, from her favourite text, “ We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin ;” (Heb. iv. 15) ; on which occasion, the preacher dwelt very sweetly upon the Priesthood of Christ as a firm foundation for the believer’s hope, both in life and death—the dignity of the Person of the Priest—the perfection of his atonement, and the encouragement afforded by the tender sympathy of his nature, “ to come boldly to the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need.”

The following brief sketch of the life and character of the deceased was read at the close of the discourse :

“ Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Congreve was the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Jacobs, an eminent musician and organist of Surrey Chapel for many years. Both her father and mother were pious persons, and by them she was trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. From earliest youth she was brought to the house of God ; attending with her family the ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill at Surrey Chapel, and there she received religious impressions at an early age. Nothing, however, of a decided character was manifest until a sermon preached at Surrey Chapel by a minister from Wales, Theophilus Jones, powerfully awakened her to such a deep conviction of her sinful state as she had never heard before, and led her to seek for refuge, where refuge for the conscious sinner is alone to be found. And then, being brought, though with much diffidence, to declare herself upon the Lord’s side, her name was added to the list of communicants, and she continued for several years a member at Surrey Chapel, until her marriage, in 1825, and consequent removal to another part of London. Some time after this she was convinced of baptism, as to its true Scriptural import and administration ; and a fitting opportunity occurring in the removal of her family back to Peckham, (where they had formerly lived), she was baptised by Mr. Powell, June 30th, 1839 ; and on the following Sabbath, she was added to the church assembling in this place, where her husband had been a member for many years before. Here she found a home, and continued a member of this church for upwards of 13 years. God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to lead her, during a considerable portion of her life, through the deep waters of affliction. She bore the cross without repining ; it was richly sanctified to her soul. With her dear husband she passed through many trials, and at length the mysterious workings of divine providence directed their attention to Australia, and closing every other door, by an irresistible influence impelled them in that far-off land to seek a home. Strange as it would seem, her natural timidity and extreme aversion to a sea voyage, was

entirely overcome. She wished to be passive in the hands of God,

“ And know no will but his.”

“ The writer of this imperfect sketch regrets that the letter received from his dear bereaved sister does not enable him to give that full and complete account of the last moments of their dear departed mother which a future letter doubtless will supply. The following is an extract : ‘ I never quitted her for weeks, day or night, till towards the last, when the surgeon insisted upon it, and then alternately we watched by her side. Truly, oh truly, she slept in Jesus. So sweet a sleep, we scarcely knew when the last sigh was drawn. Firmly she relied upon the Stronghold for refuge. ‘ He is a Stronghold, I feel it,’ my dear patient mother exclaimed one day. I cannot say more in this letter ; you know how truly our dear mother walked out the Christian, lived on Christ ; ah, and died leaning on his bosom.’

“ The letter which contained the tidings of her death, does not state it, but no doubt her mortal body was committed to the mighty deep, there to await the trumpet’s blast at the resurrection morning, when, by the fiat of Him, who has declared ‘ the sea shall give up her dead,’ every atom of that precious dust shall be re-united—a perfect, glorified, and sinless body.

“ She has left behind her a testimony to the power of Divine grace—in her life, walk and conversation ; and though dead, she yet speaketh. Beloved by all who knew her ; a kinder friend, a more excellent mother, a more affectionate wife, perhaps never breathed. To her family, her death has been an irreparable loss. To those who lived with her, home has been stripped of its attraction, and in the words of her daughter, ‘ There is no consolation, but from that precious fountain, whose healing streams give us sweet hope of meeting, never more to part.’

“ She had a word in season for all occasions of difficulty, and how gently and how fitly spoken, shows often her words were made a source of consolation to her husband in their rugged path of mutual trials. She was never heard to murmur ; she had settled down into a state of sweet submission to the Divine will, and could truly say,

“ ‘ I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.’

“ She was diffident in conversation, in the presence of any but her most intimate friends ; but those who knew her most, can testify that it was her chief delight to talk about eternal things ; she had a humbling sense of her infirmities, which led her to the word of God for consolation. Her favourite text was that selected by herself for her funeral discourse, a passage which often had been made a comfort to her soul.

“ She was very regular in her attendance on the means of grace, very rarely failing to fill up her place at the prayer meeting, and other week-night service. For her pastor, Mr. Moyle, she had a very high esteem ; under his ministry, she was favoured with that sweet comfort in the word, and enjoyment of gospel privileges, which she had not known before.

“ One thing more is worthy of notice. The fear of death, that is, the article of death, had often been to her a source of many troublous thoughts, and frequently was that fear made use of, to her great discomfot, by the arch enemy of souls. How groundless her fears ! She passed through death without a sigh or struggle ; she felt her strong-hold, and the Saviour was with her. ‘ Happy saint ! may her life be our example, and her death our end.’

Reader ! Is Christ in our life ? Can we join issue with the Apostle, when he says, ‘ For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain ?’

G. T. C.

London Gospel Mission.

On Tuesday, February 8, 1853, the first Annual Meeting of this Society was held at East Lane Chapel, Walworth, and was of the most cheering and encouraging description.

Mr. W. Odling, Treasurer, presided, and opened the proceedings, by declaring his continued and hearty interest in the Society, on the ground of its establishment on free grace principles alone. He was privileged to take part in the proceedings at the first meeting at Shoreditch; and at that meeting he received an impression which he trusted never to get rid of. That God was there with his blessing, intending that great things should result from that movement: and that, notwithstanding the coldness and indifference which the Mission had met with, God had put his seal of approbation thereon, by making it instrumental in his hand of savingly converting the souls of sinners; and who that cannot tell the glory of a saved soul can estimate the value of the *London Gospel Mission*? Who shall say there is no need of such a Mission, when Popish error, persecution, Puseyism, cruelty, and ignorance, are uniting to inundate our Protestant religion, and seek to stay the progress of the Gospel?

Mr. S. K. Bland, corresponding Secretary, (in the absence of Mr. T. Jones, through serious illness,) read the Report, which, after recounting the origin, progress, and *struggles* of the Society, gave a heart-cheering record of several tokens for good in the blessing following the agents of the Society in dispensing the Truth. Several ignorant and hardened sinners had been brought "to know him whom to know is eternal life." One of these had passed joyfully into the presence of the unseen glory; and others had been brought out to hear the word and into fellowship with christian churches. A series of tracts had been commenced publishing, which the Committee trust they will be enabled to continue, by the free-will offerings of those who desire the progress of the cause. The Balance Sheet showed the receipts to the present time to amount to £34 7s. 11½d.; and the expences for Printing, Stationery, Postage, Rents, &c., £34 7s. 3d., leaving a trifling balance in hand.

Mr. Joseph Chislett, of Walworth, in a very earnest and warm-hearted speech, moved

"The adoption of the Report, and recognition of the great principle thereby enunciated, viz: the duty and privilege appertaining to all who *know* the truth to *make the truth known*."

He spoke emphatically upon the harmony of the *duties* with the *privileges* of the believer, illustrating this by reference to the word and the testimony, "we are exhorted," said he, "'to pray without ceasing,' and yet the christian cannot live without prayer. That new commandment is left us, 'love one

another,' and yet love to the brethren is one of the essential fruits of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. There is a deep pleasure in doing good—and even in endeavouring to do good—though we see no result. We do not know, shall not know, *must* not know all the result of our labours. Nevertheless, when instrumentality is raised up, it is a sure sign that God has something to do by it. And when the minds of brethren are impressed toward a good object it is the Lord's token of his own purpose; as of old, the Holy Ghost suffered not his servants to go into Macedonia that they might be ready to go when and where he should send them, and so going their mission was prosperous, *because* the Lord sent them. And some of this blessing has been vouchsafed to this infant Society; and we will say, that if but *one* poor man in a cellar, whose soul is before God valuable as the Queen's, had been brought from darkness into light, it is worth more than all the labor, expense, disappointments and opposition experienced.

Mr. William Allen, of Stepney, in seconding the motion, said—"He did not regret the up-hill work they had had; it was to him most pleasing to know the movement was both living and growing. We must expect opposition from all whose quiet or interest we disturbed. But he was glad, if in addition to positive good effected, some of the sleepy ones have been stirred up. And while speaking of real good brought about (said he) a benighted female who slipped into Twig Folly a short time since, hearing to profit, became a missionary to a man, a poor broken down backslider, invited *him* to come; he came; and he too was brought with weeping to the throne of mercy."

The resolution having been unanimously carried,

Mr. Messer, of Shoreditch, spoke to the following subject—"The desirability of opening places easily attainable, and in the most destitute neighbourhoods, for preaching the Gospel on Lord's-days and Week evenings; also, of establishing afternoon preaching in the various Metropolitan chapels." Mr. Messer said—"I approve both of the Society and of this sentiment emanating from it, as *very* excellent and altogether scriptural. I well remember taking part in that first meeting spoken of by the Chairman; and I do firmly believe that on that occasion, a gracious influence did descend from the Great Head of the Church, and in consequence of the continued outpouring of that influence, the working men of the Committee, the agents and the tract distributors have continued, through evil report and good report until this present; and they have nothing now to do, but to gird up their loins and go forward, 'for they shall see greater things yet.' Oh, to think of the salvation of a soul, raised from the depths of ignorance and sin by the touch

of Omnipotence, wrapped in the robe of righteousness, unimpeachable, divine, standing in the presence of Jehovah and his holy angels, forgiven, redeemed, glorified. May we shew our admiration of the joyful prospect by labouring in the cause below, and hoping to wave our palms, with the ransomed throng, when our time shall have run its last sand. Think of the two-millions and a quarter of deathless intelligences in the Metropolis and its suburbs. Think of the vast majority ignorant of God and his truth; and think of the crushing, withering influence of Popery, an every form of anti-christ; and then God give us all with singleness of eye to go forward in his service."

Mr. Hazelton, of City Road, spoke upon "The value of a continued distribution of gospel tracts, and household visitation, amongst the ignorant and those that are out of the way." In doing which, he enlarged on the proofs of God's hand and heart being in the Mission; and on that ground, the imperishable vitality of the life imparted, which would insure the accomplishment of all ends for which the Mission darted into being.

An expression of confidence in the retiring Officers and Committee was then passed; and the following executive appointed for the ensuing year:

President—Mr. William Allen.

Treasurer—Mr. William Odling.

Secretaries—Mr. Thomas Jones, 3, Spencer Place, Blackheath; and Mr. S. K. Bland, 15, Lisson Grove North, Marylebone.

Committee—Messrs Austin, Beach, Holmes, Male, Minton, Mote, Sindall, Stradley, Whitaker; with the Pastor and representatives of all Churches uniting with the Society.

The meeting closed with prayer and praise.

POPERY AND PERSECUTION.

IMPORTANT MEETING AT CROSBY ROW CHAPEL.

[The meeting here referred to, was not so satisfactory in its result as we could have wished; but the following report of it being furnished by a brother who was present, we give it entire, for the purpose of shewing an effort in the right direction has been made.]

ON Tuesday evening the 15th instant, a most interesting meeting was held in the above chapel for the purpose of expressing sympathy towards the persecuted Madiai, and to deliberate upon the propriety of forming a "New Testament Protestant Association," for the purpose of checking the inroads of the papistical party by a more vigorous promulgation of the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and by the presentation of earnest, united, and believing prayer to God on behalf of the cause of truth and righteousness.

The time announced for the meeting to commence was half-past six o'clock; before which every corner of the chapel was literally crammed, and many had to retire who were unable to gain ingress to the place.

To see such a crowd assembled, and so much interest exhibited, must have been highly grati-

fying to the esteemed pastor of Crosby Row, by whose indefatigable exertions the meeting was called together.

Amongst a number of ministerial brethren present we observed on the platform Messrs. Attwood, Banks, Chislett, Chivers, J. Wells, Bidder, Bloomfield, Williamson, Stringer, Messer, Allen, Collins, Wigmore, Chester, Langham, Searle, Ponsford, Holmes, Elven, Sneath, Wells, Bland, Thwaites, Minton, Edwards, Odling, Packer, Pearce, &c., &c.

The meeting was commenced by brother Attwood, of Camberwell, who read an appropriate hymn; which having been sung, brother John Wigmore, of Oxford Street, ascended the pulpit, and read 2 Tim. iii. After the reading of this important section of Paul's epistolary writings, solemn prayer was offered by brother W. H. Wells, of Mile End Road.

Brother George Hall, of Ipswich, was chosen to preside, and he opened the business of the meeting by delivering a peculiarly excellent speech characterised by a large amount of intellectual acumen, and by a deep-toned piety. Amongst a number of appropriate remarks, the respected chairman said, "The subject which we have to place before you to-night is a popular one. There are many subjects unpopular which ought to be otherwise. There are other points besides the five points worth talking about. Some men of truth think we ought not, as ministers, to meddle with those other points I have referred to, but I think we have. I am not disposed to designate any man heterodox who does not see eye to eye with me on all matters connected with theology. It was said by a great man of by-gone days, that 'every man was born with a pope in his belly.' It is easier to see other mens' errors than to detect our own. We can detect anything popish in others quicker than we can in ourselves. It is possible to have distorted views of men and principles. Even satan may be painted darker than he really is. Now we have nothing to do to-night with the Pope as a man, nor with his admirers as men, our object is to antagonise with principles.

"The very soul of Roman Catholicism is its love of temporal power. Previous to the reformation the wealth possessed by the Papistical hierarchy was enormous; and what they now desire is to regain the ground they have lost. The peculiarly destructive feature of Popery is *ambition*. Romanism is ambition embodied; it desires to grasp all—to have universal domination. Now Christianity is love, that is its distinctive feature. Love cannot persecute; but the papists have persecuted, and would do so again. Let us, therefore, go forth in our opposition to their deadly system by making known the truth."

The readers of the *Vessel* may form some idea of the address delivered by the Chairman from the meagre and imperfect extract from it we have given. We regret now that we did not take down from the lips of the numerous speakers the many good things which they uttered.

After the Chairman's address, brother Chislett, of Waiworth, was called upon to move the following resolution:

"That this Meeting consider it absolutely necessary that the attention of our churches should, in some special manner, be called to a consideration of the Cruel Persecutions now endured by many of the Lord's people in Tuscany, and other parts; and that our brethren in the ministry, and our dear

Christian friends generally, be earnestly invited to unite for fervent prayer on behalf of those persecuted saints, and for the protection and blessing of heaven on this our highly-favoured land."

He delivered a most earnest address; in which he sketched a feature of Popery as it exists among Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, and dissenters of every grade; and uttered some severe, but well-deserved remarks about those persons who profess to love the truth, but who gratify the Papal Hierarchy by quarrelling about trifles. He then, in a very forcible and impressive manner, gave his views of Antichrist; and whilst he urged the Christians of the day to be diligent in the propagation of truth, and to connect with that *practical* religion, he did not forget to remind them that "things would wax worse and worse" until the Lord should come, who would destroy every modification of anti-Christian error, "by the breath of his mouth, and the brightness of his appearing."

Mr. C. W. Banks seconded the resolution. He commenced by uttering a series of rich and appropriate sentences respecting the importance of addressing ourselves to the solemn work we were called as men loving truth to perform, in the spirit of humility and love. He then directed the attention of the people to the persecution in Tucany, and spoke sweetly sympathetically of the Madial. He also enlarged upon the idolatrous practices of Popery, and noticed the recent illumination of the city of Lyons in honour of the Virgin Mary, a course of procedure which he most ably and fearlessly, but in the spirit of pity, denounced.

The speaker then referred to the well-known fact of a member of Parliament for an Irish constituency being now in office, though he had on the hustings denounced Protestantism, and expressed his desire for its utter extermination. The connection of such a man with the Aberdeen government he thought indicated a want of attachment to our beloved Protestantism on the part of the heads of houses. The speaker, after having enlarged upon the importance of exalting our glorious Redeemer by the way of crippling the efforts of Papists and Tractarians, resumed his seat, as also did the previous speaker, amidst the warm greetings of the assembly.

J. Thwaites, Esq. rose at the close of brother Banks's address, and delivered some lengthy remarks in defence of non-conformist principles; and deprecated anything and everything like a manifestation of unkindly feelings on the part of Protestants to the members of the Catholic church. These remarks appeared to be superinduced by a misapprehension of the import of certain observations made by the excellent Chairman at the close of his opening address; and had the Chairman uttered anything laudatory of intolerance on the part of Protestants would have been very necessary; as, however, the Chairman had not afforded the shadow of a shade of such a desire existing in his mind, Mr. Thwaites' observations, though characterised by considerable intelligence and much warm non-conformist feeling, were a little out of place.

The second resolution:

"That a Society be formed, to be called, 'The New Testament Protestant Association;' having for its objects, Unity among the Churches, and the Promotion and Arrangement of Meetings for Special Prayer, and for furnishing the people with

useful information, by public and by printed addresses, relative to the movements of the Adversary, and the furtherance of all Scriptural means in defence of the Gospel."

was submitted to the meeting by T. J. Messer, of Ebenezer, Shoreditch, who delivered an address which did not appear to fall uselessly upon the ears of the people, if the warm applause which he received on resuming his seat, may be considered any evidence that his effort to undermine the citadel of Popery was not in vain.

Brother M. commenced, by expressing his gratitude to God for being permitted (though suffering some physical inconvenience as the result of his late severe indisposition) to be present at such a meeting, if it was only just to shew the people on which side he was. He then playfully referred to a little interruption given to his friend, brother Chislett, by a Pædo-Baptist in the gallery, whilst he was addressing the meeting. He stated that brother C., by referring to infant sprinkling, had no intention to drown any differing brother in the waters of the baptism, or to give any offence whatever; nor had he—the speaker—any such desire; but truth compelled him to say, that Rbantism was a sort of foundation stone on which both Papists and Tractarianists rested; and he believed, that were it removed, the efforts of both parties would be greatly crippled. He then offered some remarks upon what constituted a genuine church of Christ; in the course of which he observed, "Do you ask me what I mean by a church of Christ? I answer, *"A congregation of faithful men."* In this sense, the term *Ecclesia*, (church), is generally used. The word *Ecclesia* is derived from *Ec-cle-cao*; to call, or draw out from among others. Hence, a church is composed of men who possess a vitalized Christianity; who have started into newness of life by the touch of God's omnific finger, and who are faithful to their Lord. Now, before a man can be faithful to Christ, he must be made to love him; and he who lives in love, cannot persecute either Papists or Infidels. Such a man will, on the contrary, do good to all men, especially the household of faith. Now, if this position is a correct one, how could we designate the Papal party a church of Christ? He who dwells in love, dwells in God, and God in him. Such a man can injure no one *deliberately and intentionally*. The Church of Rome, as it is designated, has always been a persecuting church, therefore does not possess the loving spirit of Christ. Who—said the speaker—that is at all conversant with Ecclesiastical history, does not know, that 150,000 persons were immolated within the dark precincts of the Inquisition, in the short space of thirty years? That from the establishment of the Jesuit confraternity in 1540, by the celebrated Ignatius Loyala, no less than 900,000 perished by the ruthless hands of those persecutors of the saints? It is also a well attested fact, that 50,000 were hanged, burned and beheaded, under the notorious Duke of Alva, from the edict of Charles V., in 1559, in the low countries? We all know, more or less, about the thousands who fell in France on the revocation of the edict of Nantz—and also what our believing predecessors in this sea-girt isle endured at the hands of those malefic marauders, who moved at the bidding of the cold-blooded daughter of Catherine of Arragon, soon after that bloated monster of iniquity, Henry VIII., was summoned

to his account? I shall not be wrong if I say, that perhaps more than sixty-eight millions have been persecuted to death by Papists alone in different ages.

The speaker then referred to the existence of spiritual New Testament churches in the fastnesses of the Welch mountains, anterior to the arrival of the renowned Gregory, and concluded his address, by stating that the most effectual way to cripple the efforts of Papists of every grade, was fearlessly, affectionately and faithfully to make known the everlasting, unchangeable love of Jehovah to the church, the finished work of our all-glorious Christ, the imputed righteousness of the Redeemer as the cause of our justification before God, the final perseverance of the saints, &c., &c. He said Cardinal Wiseman feared not the promulgation of *Arminianism*; but when he found there were men in England who were up to the mark, or, as the north country people say, who were *brown-shellers*, men who would, if needs be, *die* rather than compromise an iota of the truth, then he trembled in his red stockings; for as in the days of Archbishop Laud, "who played such fantastic tricks before high heaven as made even angels weep," the Papal hierarchy did not fear the propagation of *Arminianism*, so it is now.

The speaker then moved the resolution, which was seconded by brother Stringer, of Gravesend, in a very excellent speech; which speech, together with a very animated, unique and soul-stirring address from brother James Wells, we regret we cannot report, not having taken notes whilst they were speaking. Many things uttered by both these brethren were peculiarly excellent, and made on our mind an impression that will not be readily effaced.

A resolution was moved just before the meeting closed, by brother J. Wells, and seconded by brother J. Bloomfield, relative to the propriety of calling a conference of ministers and deacons together, to deliberate upon the best methods to be adopted at the present crisis, which meeting we hope will be shortly convened.

T. J. Messer moved, and C. W. Banks seconded, a vote of thanks to the respected chairman, for the highly creditable manner in which he had performed the onerous duties which had devolved upon him; which motion, like all the others, was carried *nem con.* The doxology was then sung, and the crowd dispersed. May the seed cast upon the waters be found after many days. AMEN. FROM ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have been somewhat steady and careful in my speculation, but I have a few little things that have been for some time laid up in the Cave, and if you can find room in the hold or any corner of your VESSEL, I will send them out, in hope of some advantage; for we are most of us fond of gain, especially when it is of the best sort. I was at the meeting on the 15th, and many good things were said, but a great many would have been better not said at all. One thing in your bill struck me very powerfully, which I should have noticed, had it fallen to my lot; the words are as follows, "The Battle is the Lord's." Do we believe this? I think we have much reason to do so from Bible history. Read Judges 6th and 7th chapters, and you will find the Midianites and the Amalekites, and all the children of the East, lay in the valley like grass-

hoppers, for multitude; and their camels were without number, &c. Very alarming! But I think Gideon went down very quietly, with fear and trembling, to hear what they said; and I must say for myself, I have learned more in listening and watching, than I have by great noise—"The battle was the Lord's." The word of God abounds with historical facts of this kind; and has our God lost his power to dash in pieces Pope, Cardinal, Priest, Jesuit, and Tractarian, who oppose and persecute the lovers of truth? No, he shall be honored upon them, as he was upon Pharaoh, (if grace prevent not,) with an eternal destruction; while the poor, trembling, and fearful saint shall be saved with an everlasting salvation. He will reign for and in his people, and against his and their enemies. Nevertheless, he has said, "I will yet for THIS be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them"; and again, "the judgment is God's, and the cause that is too hard for you, bring it to me, and I will hear it." Then in my mind, the first thing to be done, is to try to get all the ministers of God's truth, in and about London, of one mind in this cause. You may smile, and say, this is too hard for us to do; but is the battle the Lord's? and has he said (and will he not do it?) "the cause that is too hard for you, bring it to me, and I will hear it!" Then get as many as can be found of one heart and one mind in this cause, to meet and fervently enquire of Him that has said "I will yet for this be enquired of," &c. I say again, if there are but a few, let that few meet in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, under the influence of God the Holy Ghost, send up their cry to the God of our fathers, that he may constrain our beloved brethren in the ministry of the truth, to come and help us in obedience to our Lord's command, who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And when this is done as an example to our flocks, then let us impress upon their minds, the importance of lifting up their voices in earnest prayer to our covenant-keeping, and covenant-performing God and Father, for his name's sake, to confound the supposed wisdom, malice, craft, and devilish deceit of Pope, Cardinal, Jesuit, and Tractarian; and if we can unite in one universal cry to the God of Heaven and Earth, it will have a better effect than making a long apology, and then think we have made the best speech, and pick at each other, and at last end in nothing, except confusion.

If you can find room to stow the whole of this, I may send you more of my little stuff; and when God shall lay it upon the hearts of all the people, as he did upon the Jews, I shall have no objection for us to do as Mordecai, lay it before the Queen.

WM. ALLEN.

Peel Grove Chapel.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Hoping it will be interesting to the readers of the "Vessel," we send you an account of the Lord's doings with us at Peel Grove Chapel, Bethnal Green. We have now been nearly a twelvemonth under the pastorate of our dear brother Sneath, who, through much trouble and affliction, has been honoured by his Master in dispensing the gospel to a remnant sojourning in this part of the vineyard; he has obtained, we trust, many seals to his ministry; you will rejoice to know that thirty-two persons have been added to our church; sixteen of whom have received the ordinance of baptism from him; so that at the present time our church numbers forty persons; for these mercies we desire to express our humble thanks to Him that has helped us hitherto, and trust him for mercies to come.

I send you a short statement of a recent baptism which took place on December 1st, at Homerton Row Chapel, (kindly lent by brother Curtis), when six persons (three males and three females) were permitted to follow Him (who redeemed them) through that path which is the privilege of all who value their Lord's commands. Two of the number

were husband and wife; they had long been convinced of the necessity of doing so; and through much weakness were strengthened and enabled to put on Christ. Two others were brother and sister, of whom we say, truly, it is the Lord's work. The fifth candidate was one who had walked for years as a humble believer, but through the preaching of the word at our chapel, was constrained to come forward and witness a good confession. And last, though not the least, a poor and humble sister; though in great despondency, and feeling her own infirmity, trusting in Him that hath said, "I will deliver;" and, "from me thy help cometh," ventured with, "Who can tell, and why not me?"

On the subsequent Sabbath, our pastor received them into full communion with four others, already baptised, in the presence of a large assembly of people. We felt that the Lord was with us on that occasion: it was an evening that will be remembered, we trust, throughout a long eternity.

May the great Head of the church still continue to bless and increase our number with such as shall be saved. We also pray that you may be blessed in your ministry and in your usefulness; and we also desire to thank you for the various favours we have received from you,

RICHARD LAWLESS.

Re-union at Gravesend.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—As the Lord in his great mercy and good providence has united us together at Gravesend, (and I sincerely hope it is to live and die together,) we had a public tea meeting on Thursday, February 3rd, 1853, to congratulate each other, and establish union; and O, that this desirable end may be answered, so that Immanuel's revenue of praise and glory may be extensively augmented! Upwards of one hundred and twenty sat down to tea, and all appeared glad to see each other present. Between six and seven o'clock others came in to hear and see; so that we had a good assembly. My esteemed and dear brethren, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Bidder, and Mr. Felton (who has always stood by me in the spirit of love and the love of the truth), very warmly and affectionately dilated largely on the important subject of union and communion. Brother Felton and brother Bidder taxed the great subject of union up to its grand original—shewing the unity of the three glorious persons in the one Divine essence—Jehovah—in the great and glorious matter of the redemption, justification, and everlasting salvation of the elect church of God. Also the mysterious, hypostatic union of the two natures—human and divine—in the one glorious person—the Christ of God, together with the ever-blessed, inseparable union subsisting between him, as the great Head, and his people, the members of his mystical body—from all which flows sweet communication between God and sinners, under the Spirit's influence, through the mediation and merits of our precious Jesus; together with fellowship and communion enjoyed among the saints, with and in the truth as it is in Jesus. Ah! these are noble topics—worth dwelling upon and hearing at all times—far superior to so many old wives' fables of the present day.

Brother Nichols warmly acquiesced with these important and never-dying realities; and then brought the high subject down into practical existence and perpetual operation in the church and among all who "love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Ah, brother Banks, this, this is what we so

much want among us, who profess to be the one family of the most high God; especially in these fearful days, when the Lion stands with jaws extended, and only waiting for permission to devour. But oh! in this matter of union and communion in and among the true churches, what an awful deficiency we witness! Not so with our formidable enemies. No: they are confederate together with one consent. Oh, then, for union and communion among real believers! Upon the whole, then, we had a very cheerful, heart-gladdening, and, I trust, God-glorifying meeting. And God Almighty grant it may be only the certain harbinger of brighter and better days. And his most blessed name, Father, Son, and Spirit, Zion's Covenant Jehovah, shall have all the glory, for ever and ever.

Lord, may long and lasting union,
'Mong thy saints on earth abound;
Oft in sweet sincere communion;
May our souls with thee be found:
Till in glory,
With eternal life we're crowned.

T. STRINGER.

The formation of a New Testament Church at Birmingham.

(Continued from page 45.)

HAVING proved from the word of God how the divinely-inspired apostles understood and practiced with regard to the ordinance we are met to observe, we next claim your attention to collateral evidence, on which, though we, as Non-conformists, place no reliance, yet as it is taken from the formula of those who are found observing a very different practice, seems to demand a more than passing observation.

One branch of or part of the professing church we now refer to are those who do not so much found their practice on what the Bible enjoins, but tell us their religion is the religion of the Prayer Book. They do not interpret their Prayer Book by the Bible, but their Bible by the Prayer Book—another specie of Popery and Romanism! It being the method of those belonging to that creed to interpret the word of God by the fathers, as they call them. Let me claim your attention then, while, from your own oracle, we establish our practice.

In the catechism of the church of England it is asked—"What is required of them who come to be baptized?" *Answer*.—"Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God," &c. Can any thing be more conclusive as to the subject? We seek no more—we can be satisfied with no less; nor dare we administer the ordinance to any who do not, at the least, profess to be the subject of these qualifications. We then claim your suffrages, and from your own formula justify our observance.

We next examine the mode of administration. First, we place the testimony of the word of God—[I refer to Matthew iii. 16.—"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water," &c. Again, John iii. 23.—"And John also was baptizing in Enon, near to Salem, because there was much water there." And again, Acts viii. 38.—"And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he

baptized him.]"—I leave the criticism of the word *baptism* to the learned, only just stating that Dr. Carson pledges his literary reputation that the word Anglicised *baptized*, in the Greek, has two meanings, one of which alone is connected with ecclesiastical use, and in this sense it has no other meaning than immerse, dip, or plunge; and that, in the secondary sense, it has no connexion with a religious rite at all. But the meaning may be most strongly demonstrated by the signification of the ordinance itself; and if my hearers would ponder the words of the apostle, (Romans vi. 4.) they would discover in the ordinance a most beautiful representation of a death unto sin, the world, and its vanities, and a resurrection—a new birth unto righteousness, or emerging to walk in newness of life, in new associations—exemplifying to the world 'we have shaken hands with you,' and to the church of God 'we have found fellowship with you.'

But again we bring forward the prayer book, and, from the catechism and rubric, bring collateral evidence to the truthfulness of our practice. In the former it is asked—"What is the outward and visible sign or form of baptism." *Answer*—"Water, *wherein* I was baptized." Here, undoubtedly, immersion is plainly taught.

Again, why those huge unsightly founts which are found in most of the parish churches of our land, if sprinkling be right? Surely the large concavity was not needed to hold the little basin of water usually deposited there when the priest sprinkles. Let the rubric speak. "If the health of the child admit, the priest shall discreetly and warily *dip* the infant in water, in the name," &c.

We ask you that are churchmen, who fear God, either to substitute, or practice more consistent with your own formula, or leave and join those whose creed and practice are more consistent with the Bible and your own declared principles.

A meeting of the protectorate of Cromwell was called "an assembly of divines at Westminster to legalize infant sprinkling," which, till that time, had been connived at rather than countenanced. At that assembly, the casting vote in favour of infant sprinkling was given by the chairman of that assembly; and thus the vexatious question was settled. But subsequently, when Charles II. was restored, the act that had been passed respecting this and many other things, among the protectorate were repealed: and at this present day infant sprinkling, though it has so largely obtained is neither agreeable to the law of God nor of the land.

We would here tarry a moment to meet an objection pressed upon our attention by those who oppose our practice—"You Baptists make a great deal too much of the ordinance of Baptism, and act very unchristianlike in excluding from the table of the Lord those whom you believe to be the subjects of grace, because they do not see with you respecting Baptism." This objection we would for a moment weigh well. From whom does it come? From two quarters. From our friends the Pædo-Baptists, and from all the other practisers of infant sprinkling classed together. We answer the former by the question—Do you not often taunt us by saying, in refusing to baptise your infant offspring, you deny them a blessing and privilege to which they have an undoubted right? Will you tell us what this privilege and blessing is which we deny to our

children? We wait with some degree of anxiety your answer. But from this statement so often iterated, we throw back the charge of making too much of baptism. It is very evident you make too much of the ordinance, since you affirm there is some spiritual blessing or privilege which we deny our infants, and which your offsprings partake of by participation therein.

To the others we reply, this charge comes with an ill grace from you, when we examine what you connect with it. Let us again examine your formula. "What did your godfathers and godmothers do for you in your baptism!" After avowing that three things they promised for you, it is directly stated you are by baptism made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven: and does not every minister of the Church of England, as well as of Rome, expressly declare, in the baptism of infants, that they are by that act regenerated, and look up to God, and declare that the infant sprinkled is thus regenerated, and made a part of Christ's mystic body? How a godly man can thus solemnly and wilfully deceive their blind votaries, and tell an official lie in the face of God and man, I must leave to God and their conscience.

We now declare that we connect nothing saving with the ordinance: nor does the Bible. This plainly declares Simon Magus was baptised, and yet was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; plainly proving that baptism is not saving. Again, that it is not necessary to salvation, the thief on the cross proves. He was snatched from the jaws of perdition by our dying Lord, and carried with him to eternal glory, a miracle of grace without it; thus proving it is not necessary to salvation. But what do we make of it? Just what the Bible declares. It is the expression of our faith in, and love to, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose institution it is. It is an act of obedience, prompted by love to his blessed name, for his matchless grace to us. His love's constraining power we feel, his word is our guide, and we obey, hoping for our Lord's smile and blessing. The hymn,

"Jesus, and shall it ever be," &c.,

was then sung; after which, one male and two females were baptised, in solemn silence, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The following letter, from one of the dear friends baptised, is inserted, to shew that God will make good his word of promise to his dear children, John xiv. 21.

"DEAR Mr. M.—I trust you will excuse the liberty I take, in addressing a few lines to you; but I feel constrained to do so. Since I sit under your ministry several times of late, I have felt such solid comfort in my soul, such love flow out to my crucified Saviour, as I never before felt; and such a blessed assurance that he has shed his most precious blood for such a worthless worm as myself, that all the world, I think, could not persuade me to the contrary. It is now full thirteen years since I first felt convictions of sin; and never could I feel that satisfaction, till within the last few weeks, although many times I hoped I should. Never shall I forget last Thursday week, when I heard you preach from those words, (Heb. vii. 25), 'Wherefore he is able,' &c. The words, when you read them, seemed to

thrill me; and you spoke so sweetly of Christ's uttermost. Oh, dear sir, my heart was so filled with his love, that I could scarcely help speaking out: it was a blessed discourse indeed, but unbelief sprung up. Is it from the Lord? But the precious teeming out of his mercy in his loving, long-suffering, mediatorial and priestly capacity, was so sweet and powerfully felt, that all fears fled away, and I could truly exclaim, 'Great is the peace of thy children.' I again looked back at what a sinful creature I had been, bow wonderfully the Lord had led me, what extreme feelings I had been the subject of; and I saw the hand of the Lord weaning and making me sick of the world. Truly that evening, with light sent down from heaven into my soul, I had a view of the world and all its vanities, and I exclaimed in my heart, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Oh, dear sir, what I want is to live upon a felt Christ. I want to feel him a solid Rock beneath me. Yes, he knows I want to feel for myself that he is living in me my all in all. But alas! sometimes I do not even feel to want him. I am not desiring nor having—asking nor receiving—hoping nor fearing. Oh, nothing do I dread like this unfeeling state. The language of my heart of late has been, Lord, make me sigh if I cannot sing; Lord help me to groan if I cannot speak: do let me feel some signs of life. I could say much more, but time will not allow. May the Almighty God go before you, and the God of Abraham bless you abundantly in your labours in his vineyard, is the prayer of a poor polluted worm,
E. P."

Excuse this long scrawl.

JONATHAN UPON THE HILL TOP.

Mr. Corbitt's Removal from Manchester.

We have been requested to give insertion to some particulars relative to Mr. Corbitt's removal from Manchester; beside this request, we have a long letter from Mr. Corbitt, explanatory of this event. We cannot possibly insert the whole of it; but, as many of the churches may wish to be satisfied on this point, we give the following extract from the letter sent to us by Mr. Corbitt.

As to my reason for leaving Manchester, it should be known, it was always understood by my people, that, should the Lord ever suffer another upset about the place of worship as had been twice before, and if it could not be settled on gospel and lawful terms, so as to continue in that chapel, I should never go to another place in Manchester; but take as a warning from the Lord that I was to remove from that city. Things of this nature have transpired, and every gospel and lawful expedient was resorted to by my affectionate friends, but to no effect. The owner of the chapel sent to us the following propositions, as the only agreement of our holding the place: First, that he would let us have it as our own, if we would take it at what he stated was the cost price, namely, £550, which my friends thought too much for them to meet. Secondly, the proprietor proposes, in writing, that the sum of £7 10s. 6d. should be paid him quarterly, as a consideration for rent; "the key to be kept at his house; we to fetch it when we wanted it, and carry it back when done with it. He would keep the chapel clean, and we pay the expenses. We to be accountable for all damages, broken windows, and so forth. No Sunday School to be taught or brought into the place." A public meeting was then called of church and congregation, to consider these proposals, which was publicly read, and unanimously rejected without a dissenting voice;

my friends, the members of the church, knowing that I could not go to another place in Manchester, without violating my conscience, dared not persuade me to do so, though they were sorry at my departure; and to shew their good feeling towards me, it was unanimously voted, that a public collection should be made for me, and that I should preach my farewell sermon in the Chapel in Ford Street, on the 26th of December, 1852; being exactly five years to a day since I began in Oldham Street. On the appointed morning we came to the Chapel, the minister and congregation were standing in the street, the gate and door being shut. On application to Mr. Peter Berey, we obtained the loan of a good room in Great George Street, and there I delivered my farewell sermon; a collection was made as proposed,—and on Monday evening I met the Church, and after commending each other to the Lord, by prayer, and partaking of the Lord's Supper, the senior member, in a very appropriate speech, presented me with a purse, containing more than eleven pounds, expressive of the people's liberality and affection.

Mr. Corbitt then details at some length, the goodness of God towards him while he has travelled nearly a thousand miles, preaching the gospel at Doncaster, Birmingham, Leicester, and other places, and closes with the following words:

Thus, my friends, I have given you an account of how I have been engaged since I left Manchester; all praise to that God, whose grace, power, and love has been and ever will be sufficient for me. God willing, I am engaged to supply at Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, during the month of March; but know not in what direction I shall steer from there, the cloud having not as yet moved any further; and I hope to have grace not to consult flesh and blood; but to follow the calls in providence, until I feel conscientiously satisfied that the master saith "set you down here." The Lord bless you, my friends, and in a special manner, provide a faithful and spiritual minister for you, my affectionate little flock in Great George Street, Salford.
Your affectionately,
J. CORBITT.

THE LATE WILLIAM ALDERSON.—William Alderson was one of the late John Stevens's sons in the faith; and, for many years, he has maintained the position of pastor to a small Baptist Church meeting in Orman Chapel, Long Lane. He has preached the gospel of Jesus in many parts of London and the provinces; but the last few years of his life his bodily afflictions have been so heavy, he could labour but little. We saw him just before his soul stepped into the chariot which conveyed him to glory. He was then gazing on the Lamb in the midst of the throne; and he audibly said, "the colours of the Lamb are red and white." His mortal part was laid in Nunhead Cemetery on Thursday, February 17th. His son, (who is the acceptable pastor of the Baptist Church at Willingham, in Cambridgeshire,) Mr. Thomas Attwood, of Camberwell, and Mr. Edward Mote, of Horsham, conducted the services; and Mr. William Felton, of Deptford, preached his funeral sermon in Crosby Row Baptist Chapel on Lord's-day evening, Feb. 28. We hope to give an outline of it next month.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Henry Fulforth, (son of Mr. and Mrs. Fulforth, of Sturry, near Canterbury, and members of the Baptist Church meeting in Zoar Chapel, in this city,) has been quickly called out of time into eternity. This excellent young man was one morning setting out with his brother for a day's holiday in the country; he fell in the street; was removed to a neighbouring house; and in two hours was a corpse! An early day had been fixed when Henry Fulforth was to have been united to the daughter of another Christian brother in the same church. Two families, a large circle of friends, and an affectionate companion, have been plunged into mental grief; but we sincerely hope he has entered the kingdom where sorrow is not known.

A Dialogue between a Sin-sick Soul and Jesus.

MR. EDITOR.—Having an old book in my possession at present, I have extracted the following, which, perhaps, few of your readers have seen. If you think it worthy of insertion, you are at liberty to do so.

Beech Street, Dover.

D. KINGSTON.

“Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.” Psalm vi. 2.

Soul.—Ah! Son of David, help!

Jesus.—What sinful cry

Implores the Son of David?

Soul.—It is I.

Jesus.—Who art thou?

Soul.—Oh! a deeply-wounded breast That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.

Jesus.—I have no scraps; and dogs must not be fed

Like household children, with the children's bread.

Soul.—True Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp To lick their crumbs: O, Son of David, help!

Jesus.—Poor soul, what ail'st thou?

Soul.—O, I burn, I fry,

I cannot rest; I know not where to fly To find some ease: I turn my blubber'd face

From man to man; I roll from place to place To avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,

But still am drag'd and haunted with my grief. My midnight torments call the sluggish light,

And when the morning's come, they woo the night.

Jesus.—Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desire.

Soul.—Quench, quench, my flames, and 'swage those scorching fires.

Jesus.—Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?

Soul.—Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.

Jesus.—Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try

Thy pulse; where, chiefly, doth thy torments lie?

Soul.—From head to foot, it reigns in ev'ry part,

But plays the self-lov'd tyrant in my heart.

Jesus.—Canst thou digest, canst relish wholesome food?

How stands thy taste?

Soul.—To nothing that is good. All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff, I can digest and relish well enough.

Jesus.—Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?

Soul.—Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns.

Jesus.—How old's thy grief?

Soul.—I took it at the fall With eating fruit.

Jesus.—'Tis epidemical: Thy blood's infected, and the infection sprung From a bad liver; 'tis a fever strong, And full of death, unless, with present speed, A vein be open'd: thou must die or bleed.

Soul.—O, I am faint and spent: the lance that shall

Let forth my blood, let's forth my life withall: My soul wants cordials; and has greater need

Of blood, than (being spent so far,) to bleed: Jesus.—'Tis either you must bleed, sick-soul,

or I: My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,

Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains

Than these. Cheer up! this precious blood of mine

Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine.

Believe, and view me with a faithful eye! Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

ANCIENT of days, to whom all things are now, Before whose glory seraphims do bow

Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemished faces,

That uncontained, at once dost fill all places; How glorious, O how far beyond the height

Of puzzled quills, or the dull thick conceit Of flesh and blood, or the too fat reports

Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts! Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,

Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart; Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me

For showing sense, what faith alone should see: Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more

Of angel-measured leagues, from the eastern shore

Of dungeon earth, his glorious palace stands, Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands

Of armed angels wait to entertain Those purged souls, for whom the Lamb was slain;

Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her

buildings; The luke-warm blood of this dear Lamb, being spilt,

To rubies turned, whereof her posts were built; And what dropp'd down in a kind solid gore,

Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor: The brighter flames, that from his eyeballs ray'd

Grew chrysolites, whereof her walls were made: The milder glances sparkled on the ground,

And ground silled ev'ry door with diamond; But dying, darted upwards, and did fix

A battlement of purest sardonyx. Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round;

Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground; Pearl mixt with onyx, and the jasper stone,

Made gravell'd causeways to be trampled on. There shines no sun by day, no moon by night;

The palace glory is, the palace light: There is no time to measure motion by,

There time is swallowed in eternity: Wry-mouthed disdain, and corner-hunting lust,

And two-faced fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust, Soul-boiling rage, and trouble-state sedition,

And giddy doubt, and gogg'e-eyed suspicion, And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous fear,

Are banished thence, and death's a stranger there. But simple love and never-ceasing joys,

Whose sweetness never gluts, nor fullness cloy; Where face to face our ravished eye shall see

Great Elohim, that glorious One in Three, And Three in One, and seeing him, shall bless him,

And blessing, love him; and in love, possess him. Here stay, my soul, and, ravished in relation, The words being spent, now spend in contemplation.

From 'Quarles' Emblems.'

Redemption :

BY T. J. MESSER, BAPTIST MINISTER.

“Which things the angels desire to look into.” 1 Peter i. 12.

Nor all the magnificence of the heavens, nor the varied beauties of the earth, nor the most stupendous objects of the vast universe, call for songs of praise; or demand the warm homage of truly grateful hearts, half so much as the great and transcendently glorious work of redemption.

The eye gazes with indescribable wonder upon the beautiful concave sky, with all its fixed stars, and planetary bodies,

“For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.”

But the great truth that overwhelms the imagination of vitalized christians, and confounds all their reasoning powers is that he who “made all things, by the word of his power,” should enwrap his Godhead in the veil of humanity, and be at once the great architect of the universe, and the ransom of eternally beloved sinners! Should, to use the beautiful and expressive language of the great God chosen teacher of the Gentiles, “exchange the form of God,” for the “form of a servant and be made in, the likeness of sinful flesh!” It was the contemplation of this the sublimest of all themes, which prompted the sweet singer of Israel to exclaim “Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man that thou visitest him.” Psalm viii. 4; and a right view of the same lofty subject, induced a more modern Poet to cry out:

“Bound every heart and every bosom burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest sound, high planted in the skies:
Its towering summit, lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise flow for ever (if astonishment
Will give thee leave) my praise for ever flow;
More fragrant than Arabia sacrificed;
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.”

An additional illustration of the grandeur of the subject of this essay, may be found in the fact that all the heaven inspired seers, conjointly speak of the excellency of the Redeemer, and that all the angelic intelligences delight to contemplate the profound, but never to be fully developed mysteries of redemption; “Of which salvation, the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace, that should come unto you; searching what or what manner of time the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified before hand of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. 1 Peter i. 10—12.

When angel powers saw our beautiful world rise out of the plastic hands of their Maker
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God all redolent with beauty, and all teeming with life; being themselves a part of that glorious creation which bore such splendid marks of the wisdom, power and benevolence of the divine Creator, they shouted for joy, whilst all the “stars of the morning sang together.” What then dear readers, must have been their astonishment, when upon the introduction of moral evil into our world which spoiled the beauty of its intelligent inhabitants, and to a great extent disturbed the harmony previously existing throughout the unintelligent creation, and covered with disgrace and rendered worthy of eternal perdition poor helpless man,—they saw “the first born of every creature leave the abodes of ineffable light, to announce to the offender the certain arrival of a day, when an ample atonement would be made for all the sins of all the eternally beloved members of his church, by which clothed in his righteousness as with a garment, they should all stand rejoicing, when the final fire shall sublimate the earth, and all the mischief and misery caused by sin upon its surface shall pass away, like the mists of the morning to be seen and felt no more for ever? What again, must have been their emotions, when in the “fulness of time,” they beheld their Lord relinquish the “form of God,” leaving the brightness and beauty of the city of the universe, for the purpose of entering into a “body prepared for him” in which impeccable house of flesh, he might work out an everlasting righteousness, and die in the place of his eternally beloved, but law condemned people. This unfathomable mystery of love, Peter tells us, “angels desire to look into.”

To impress our minds with the fact that these holy beings look into this glorious work with the profoundest awe and reverence, we find two cherubs were fixed to the extremities of the golden lid of the ark, which is designated, “the mercy-seat.” These cherubs were placed there with their wings extended, to form a sort of canopy for the outbreathing radiance of the *Shecaniah*, or visible symbol of the divine presence and glory; and their heads were inclined to the ark, to shew us the intense solicitude with which angel hosts contemplate the mysterious realities associated with those symbols of the law. Here, if I mistake not, we are taught the soul-encouraging fact, that “Christ,” to use the words of an old divine, “is our true propitiatory, and his atoning blood, the mercy-seat that interposes between the demands of the law, and those who have broken

it, to shield them from its curse, and bring them within the bond of a new covenant, where mercy presides, and a dispensation of grace supersedes the temporal glory of the economy of Moses. The two tables of the law, the pot of manna, and Aaron's rod, all preserved in the ark, were intended to shew the completion of the law in Jesus, and that he alone is the Saviour of sinners—the accomplishment of the end for which the Aaronical priesthood was ordained, and the abolition of the Levitical order by the superior and unchangeable priesthood of Jesus Christ; and the manner in which Jehovah has provided for elect sinners, by giving them his Son, "the true Bread from heaven," of whom the manna was a type, as well as the extraordinary manner and distressful occasion on which it was unexpectedly and undeservedly bestowed; and its surprising adaptation not only to the necessities, but also to the taste of those who gathered it." "I am," says the great Head of the church, "the Bread of life." His origin is from above, and the provisions of his undeserved grace and mercy, are richer than angels' food to those who are made to rely on him; though to those proud Pharisees who stumble at the sovereign freeness of gospel grace, it becomes the "savour of death unto death."

By the redeeming acts of the Elder Brother of the church, the salvation of its members is secured. Their salvation was purposed by Jehovah, when he stood alone in the deep solitudes of eternity, before the cherub plumed his wing, or seraph attuned his praise. By the blood shedding of the ancient Head of the church, the souls and bodies of his people were redeemed; and by the irresistible operations of the eternal Spirit, all bought with blood, shall, during their earthly pilgrimage, be hallowed, "and made meet for heaven."

I may just remark here, that when the symbol of the mercy-seat was realised in the "Man of sorrows," then the substance of every ritual shadow was made apparent; and the only medium by which poor, helpless rebels could obtain the favour and love of God was clearly developed. Christ, and Christ only, is our propitiation, and faith in his finished work is made the grand test of obedience, and the proof that we are a part and parcel of his redeemed family; whilst for those who live and die ignorant of themselves, and of him, nothing is left but the ever-gnawing worm, and the horrible anguish of the cavernous abodes of unending prostration and despair.

Now, what haughty, self-willed unbelievers spurn, what the proud, rationalising secularists of the day laugh at and despise, the holy, happy intelligences of the city of light and purity contemplate as unsearchable. These pure beings desire to look into these things, not with an impertinent curiosity, but with the profoundest reverence; not as supposing them to come within the grasp of their

intellectual powers, but as making known a matchless series of wonders, which overwhelm mind whilst they felicitate it, and leave all its powers absorbed "in wonder, love and praise."

" 'Tis mystery all; the incarnate dies!
Who can explore the strange design!
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine:
'Tis mystery all; let earth adore,
Let angel minds enquire no more."

In the same incomparably beautiful passage in which St. Paul says, "Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." He adds, "seen of angels." They saw and adored him when they beheld him amidst the sunlight of paradise "in the form of God;" they saw him when he came forth from his pavilion of brightness, and they heard him utter those sublime words, "Let there be light!" they saw and worshipped him when he laid in the manger at Bethlehem, and, tuning their harps to more mellifluous strains, they poured forth the sweetest song that ever floated upon the breeze, that song which has cheered the hearts of myriads of sin-scathed men and women, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Yes, my readers, this was the song they sang when he was ushered into our sin-degraded world; and because peace was ultimately to fill the hearts of all his redeemed family, they announced the mission of their Lord and Master as the most glorious event that had transpired from the epoch of their creation, an event involving the eternal welfare of innumerable hosts of men, an event well worthy of their loftiest anthems of praise, and that throughout eternity. They afterwards gazed upon him with the deepest anxiety when he antagonised in the wilderness with man's direst foe; and they beheld him with indescribable satisfaction retire from the fierce onslaught a glorious victor. They kindly ministered to him in every exigency, deeply sympathised with him in all his sorrows, and hailed his every triumph with gladsome acclamations. They witnessed with inconceivable surprise his sorrow in "dark Gethsemane;" they heard him "pour forth strong cries and tears," and they afterwards hovered around the cross, astonished spectators of those tragic scenes of unprecedented debasement and distress, and probably watched with a vigorous but mournful curiosity every look and action associated with his agony and death.

" Oft wondering how, and where at length
The mystic scene would end."

When he was laid by Joseph of Arimethea in the cold sepulchre, they became the guardians of his tomb; and they witnessed his triumphant resurrection from its murky recesses, and when the last converse he held with his disciples reached its close,

" They brought his chariot from the skies
And bore him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried,
'Redemption's work is done.'"

There in his own domains, he now reigns the exalted Head of his mystic household, and in his glorified humanity receives the high and unbroken homage of the celestial world. Every blood-bought crown is cast at his feet, every palm of victory is waved in his honour, every golden harp is strung to hymn his triumphs over sin, and death, and hell, and one loud harmonious burst of praise from the glorified throng fills the celestial inheritance with harmony and joy.

“ O may we bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune our heart,
And love command our tongue.”

In the city of the universe our great redeeming Lord will carry on his work of intercession until the last vessel of mercy shall “touch the cross and live;” and then the startling cry shall be heard by those upon the surface of the earth, “Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet him.” Then those who are “alive at his coming” shall go forth with joy, together with his risen dead, to welcome his approach, and shall, after the sublimation of our earth by fire, reign with him in that heavenly kingdom where all will be assurance, bliss, purity, and glory.

Who that has been quickened into newness of life can think of these things without being the recipients of unutterable peace? Who that feels a scriptural assurance of an interest in his all-sufficient work, can forbear exclaiming, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!” Let us, then, who have tasted of his undeserved love, who have been made partakers of his distinguishing grace, however torn by anxiety, or beset by foes, lift up our heads with joy, for the hour of full redemption is at hand. The sounds of his chariot wheels are heard in the distance, and every thing connected with the movements of men seems to say as with a voice of thunder, “the coming of the Lord draweth nigh! “Blessed is that servant who, when his Lord cometh, shall be found watching.”

May, then, every humble believer in Jesus, whilst blest with an existence here, labour in humble dependence upon promised aid to promote his glory, cheered by the conviction that no failure will follow Christ's redeeming acts, that every sinner bought with blood must be quickened, justified, sanctified, and glorified, and bye-and-bye stand upon the gold-veined sea of glass, and sing without weariness for ever, “Worthy is the Lamb.” Amen.

The Anti-Popish Trumpeter.

THE NEW TESTAMENT PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

DEAR SIR.—If you will allow me to occupy a small portion of your space, this month, I will give a narrow outline of the address which I attempted to deliver at the second public meeting of the above Association. Fifteen minutes only being allowed to each speaker, it was quite impossible for me to give the meeting so much of my mind on the subject as I had desired; and it will be quite as difficult to compress it into a few columns; nevertheless, as the question is being constantly asked, “WHAT IS THE NEW TESTAMENT PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION GOING TO DO?” I am desirous that the feeble proposition made by myself should be fairly considered. If it be nothing worth, let silent contempt be poured upon it: but, if to enlightened and unprejudiced minds, it appear calculated to be useful, then let the Association aim to carry it out with all the energies a gracious Providence may bestow.

In seconding the first proposition, I said there were three opinions with reference to the existence of the Association; one against it; one neutral; and the other decidedly in favour of it. I am certainly one of the last-named class; fully believing that the time is now comowhen we are bound to go forth zealously in defence of every branch of revealed truth. In doing so, we must endeavour to avoid

everything like extravagance: there must be no fighting with shadows, but a positive dealing with existing facts. The Lord preserving me in my present position, and giving me health, strength, and the necessary means, I will tell you in what manner I, as a single individual, would endeavour to carry out the objects of this Association; what I propose to do might be done by hundreds in this land; and, with God's blessing, such a simultaneous effort in carrying forth the living, the essential, the soul-saving, error-destroying truths of the gospel certainly must do a vast amount of good. The course of action I propose has three several branches. First, as a Pastor, I would invite my people to assemble for prayer on special occasions; and at the close of these meetings would address them on such subjects as the movements of Providence, both in the church and in the world might suggest.

Secondly, as a Printer and Publisher, I would do my utmost to circulate among the masses of the people, striking and stirring tracts, illustrative both of the dark doings of the enemy, and the delightful developments of the gospel of Christ. I have already sent many thousands of truth-telling books into the world, and I dare to hope the hand of God has been in this small portion of my labour.

In the third place, it has been in my mind to deliver a series of lectures in various parts of the metropolis and the provinces, too. I would call them "LECTURES ON ANTI-POPISH, AND PURELY PROTESTANT LITERATURE."

A very small model of these Lectures I will here lay before you. There should be three distinct features in them. The first, *Critical and Condemnatory*. The second, *Analytical and Informatory*. The third, *Expository and Applicatory*. This is the programme.

Under the first head, we would critically look into the movements of men, their productions, publications, &c., and condemn all that is decidedly wrong; specimens of this department cannot here be furnished for want of room.

Under the second head, we would analyse all the reports reaching us from the various Catholic and Protestant countries, and present such a digest of the whole as might be deeply interesting and instructive to the people. So immense is the variety and the value of the information every day coming to hand—(information, too, connected with the best interests of our Master's cause and kingdom)—that I know not how to give, (in a monthly serial like this), even the smallest portion of it. I have at this moment laying close by my side, bundles of books, letters, pamphlets, &c., &c., all full of the richest displays of God's goodness to his poor persecuted people; but these productions are published at so high a price, that I am certain many thousands of our people can neither read nor hear of them.

I want no man to tell me that the everlasting salvation of the whole church of Christ is secured beyond the reach of danger; neither do I want any man to hinder me in the use of all those means which my most merciful Lord may put into my hands for the comforting, strengthening, and instructing of the poor of his flock among whom I am principally called to labour.

As a small specimen of this department of the Lectures, I will here give you an extract from a most spiritual and truly Christian epistle, recently published in this country, descriptive of THE SPIRIT AND CONDUCT MANIFESTED BY THE MADIAlS WHILE IN THEIR DUNGEONS.

PASTOR COLOMBE has visited both the Madias; and writes of them, in the EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM, as follows:

"The cell of Francesco at Volterra looks towards the south, and only light enters through a window high up, it is light and also clean. Although that day, the 24th, the weather was cold, the cell did not appear to me to be so. The regulations of the penitentiary are such as not to put any obstacle in the way of the friends of Francesco Madias furnishing him with clothes to preserve him from cold. The food given him is of a good quality, and suitable to his state of

health. It is true, he is at the infirmary, treated like a patient, and not like a prisoner. The doctor who attends him, appears to take a real interest in him. In hearing him address his patient in accents of affection and benevolence, no one would imagine that he was speaking to a convict.

"Rosa Madias has through the doctor's orders been excused from the regulation prison food. She is not constrained, like her companions in misfortune, to fast all the week, and only on Sunday to have a little meat, or wine; her friends are allowed to visit her four times a month, whilst her husband only sees Mr. C. once in the same space of time. The two prisoners are allowed, from time to time, some delicate food.

"It is true, that the cell of Rosa Madias is similar to those of all the other prisoners; it is dark and damp, to such a degree, that the things in it are covered with mould; but that is not the fault of the authorities; they have not wished to add to the severity of her punishment; this damp is probably owing to the building being still new. Rosa Madias could change her cell, but she keeps her own, because alas! all are equally inconvenient. They are still prisons; but, at least in the one she now occupies, she is not tormented, as she was formerly, by the noise of the weavers established in the part allotted to the men, and by the bad language they use when they are taking their exercise in the prison yard.

"I was anxious also to learn if the two prisoners had to struggle against annoying importunites. It is with joy and thankfulness that I have understood, that their religious convictions are respected, and that no effort is made to bring them back to the church of Rome. I know it is easy to hide the real state of things from a man who only sees them in passing; and from a single visit I should not have ventured to have spoken so decidedly, had not the Madias themselves borne testimony to the humane manner in which they are treated. It is true, they are considered as convicts of a peculiar kind, but they have made themselves loved and even respected, by all who know them. "We know well," said a subordinate officer, "we know well that it is not for such people that prisons are built." I have also the testimony of the respected Mr. C., the most devoted and tender friend of the Madias, who never misses an opportunity of visiting them; he told me, that he is ready to state, that the prisoners are treated with all the humanity their position will admit of, agreeably with the penal laws of Tuscany.

"I bless God that it should be thus, and I think it my duty to acknowledge in this unhappy affair, which has been such a scandal to the Government of the Grand Duke, that it has not sought by odious severities to aggravate the sufferings of the Madias.

"Such as it is, their lot is but too deplorable. To one in the full enjoyment of liberty, it is difficult to form just ideas of the misery of a prison, even the best of prisons. How hard must it be to be torn from liberty, from friends, from home, from all that forms the happiness of life and to be confined for long years in a narrow, dark cell, where the sky cannot even be seen; and, above all, how hard to be confounded by an

infamous condemnation with malefactors. The blow which has struck the Madiai is the more terrible, as they enjoyed all that domestic happiness which mutual affection, and a moderate independance, acquired by savings from the earnings of both of them, could give. To be prevented, too, from helping to aid each other bear this heavy burden, is to them a greater trial than all the privations and all the miseries to which those condemned to the discipline of a prison must endure.

"But, as I said before, so much unmerited suffering only serves to show the power of Christianity, when it is deeply rooted in the heart. I have found faith, hope, and charity in Madiai's cell. I went to take them consolation, but it was they who edified and comforted me; it was they who, in exchange for a few words of comfort and peace, have given me an example which, please God, shall not be lost, either to my ministration or to myself. I found Francesco Madiai at Volterra confined to his bed, very weak, and fearfully thin; but it would be in vain for me tell you, M. le Commandeur, how much of peace, serenity, and love there is in all his words; nothing of that feverish excitement which characterises fanaticism; all was calm, all was simple, all was true. The faith of Madiai is that of a simple little child; As I gave him the kind and affectionate wishes and salutations of his friends at Florence, 'And I also,' said he have felt the happiness of praying that this Christmas-day, when a Saviour was born, may be to all of them a day of blessing and grace. And I pray not only for my friends, I pray for all; for those who have injured me; for my enemies, if I have any, that God may bless them also, for by the power of grace on my heart I have no painful feeling against any one; and whilst he thus spoke the tears glistened in his eyes, and rolled down his hollow cheeks. Then he told me how his convictions, which have since become so firm, were first formed; how, for the last twelve years, he fed upon the Bible, and found in it all his heart had longed for. He was thus led to speak to me with the most touching affection of his wife, and the blessed influence she had exercised upon his religious principles. 'When you see her,' added he, 'tell her I love her, and that I never forget her at the throne of grace; but that I cannot write to her because my head is so feeble, and my hand so trembling. Besides I try to die to the world and to dwell as little as possible on the earthly happiness we enjoyed together; and I cannot look on those days without rending my heart; and if I dwell too long on the past, I might be tempted to murmur, and I should lose that peace which is my sole delight in prison. Tell her I have left her in the hands of our heavenly Father; tell her to think of the words of our Saviour, Luke xviii. 29, 30, 'And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left houses, 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.' Again he said, 'Do not think that I am weary, or that the days appear long to me in this prison. It is true that I can scarcely read, because my head is so weak; but I still have the privilege of prayer, and exercise it continually. But Jesus is with me, and I feel nearer to

him than when I had liberty. He keeps me here from many temptations, to which I might otherwise be exposed. The flesh is weak, but he does not leave me to myself; my very imprisonment is thus an additional blessing and favour.

I am exceeding happy to inform you that, Peter-like,

The Madiais are brought out of Prison.

This is a fact! The Grand Duke has been moved to grant them a full release. They have left Tuscany; and I have no doubt but that in a short time we shall have them in England; but further particulars on that head, I hope to give in another part of this or our next number.

The next event which is decidedly of much moment, is

The Great Effort now making to Romanize Protestant Germany.

From the shores of the Baltic, we have letters dated February, 1853, detailing a great movement making in Germany by the Jesuit Mission in order to drag down that people to papal power. The writer of the letters referred to, says, "surely this powerful popish attack on Germany 'is sufficient to awaken the most torpid Protestant to a sense of the necessity for counteraction.'" I will here venture to give you a portion of these details.

I grieve that want of room compels me to hold back a large amount of cheering intelligence from other parts of the world.

The Popish Processions in Germany

are described in the following brief extracts. We can only describe the meetings at *Ehrenbreitenstein*: they were conducted by the Jesuits in the following manner.

"Three eloquent preachers had been selected for this station, one of which daily occupied the pulpit, while the other two were engaged in the confessional; and their ministrations attracted, from far and near, congregations so vast, that the church being quite unable to contain them, the eager crowd not only filled the churchyard, but the roofs of the adjoining houses.

"One charm of Jesuit preaching seems to be, their habitude of addressing their discourses successively to distinct classes of hearers. Thus, youths and maidens, heads of families, the rich, the poor, the sick, the healthy, the sorrowful, and the joyful, find themselves specifically warned, admonished, encouraged, and comforted, as the case may be. Increasing auditories bore witness to the increasing interest excited by these addresses; but all was surpassed by the eighth and greatest day of the mission, viz., the 31st of January, when the mission cross was carried about, and finally planted, escorted by a procession of 6,000 persons!

This ceremony over, a sermon was preached, of which, however, scarce a fourth part of the

dense and eagerly listening multitude could catch a syllable; but they could probably all see the ghostly orator, and fancy would do the rest!

"Capuchin Friars are again to be seen in the Rhenish provinces, at Altenberg, and Millingen, while the Franciscans have called a Roman Catholic Inner Mission into existence in Silesia, Westphalia, and Bavaria; and in almost every district of middle and southern Germany, the pulpit and confessional are zealously occupied by a motley succession of Capuchin, Franciscan, Ligorean, Redemptorist, Lazarist, and Jesuit orators. Their public and private exertions are powerfully sustained by various societies, the Sisters of Education and of Mercy, and the recently established or revived convents, whose resuscitation is no equivocal sign of our times.

"If the perusal of this formidable array of well-organised Papal forces suggests just alarm to every reflecting Protestant, the following instance of Popish intolerance may well excite his indignation. The statement, which appeared in the *Oder News*, is as follows:—'A Roman Catholic inhabitant of Zedlitz, (not far from Namslau in Silesia,) aged sixty-two, and who had lived during the last thirty-two years in matrimonial contentment with a Protestant wife, was a short time ago taken dangerously ill, and sent for his priest to administer to him the consolatory rites of his church. But the meek minister of Christ refused to the apparently dying man both absolution and the sacrament, unless he would either send away his wife, or separate himself from her by removing to his relations.

"As the sick man hesitated to comply with the heartless demand, the priest took his departure, saying he would return in a few days, and *in event of finding his requisition had been complied with*, would perhaps dispense the longed-for rites to the submissive penitent; but, if disobedient, there remained nought for him but to pass unshriven into eternity, and of course, according to Popish ideas, into hopeless perdition!"

Would a Romish priest have ventured to propound such an alternative *openly*, in the Prussian dominions, during the reign of Frederic William III.? We trow not. But men and measures have mightily changed since then?

This mere skeleton of the Lecture, and of the proposed plan of effort, I must leave unfinished. If the proposition originated with a wise and gracious Providence, it will receive life and limbs for labour: if it be merely a figment of the human mind, none will be more willing to abandon it than is your humble servant for the truth's sake,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

[At the meeting above referred to, Mr. James Wells seriously questioned the propriety of such a movement. I subsequently addressed a note to him. The following is

Mr. James Wells's Views of the Association.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I regret that I was so misunderstood in my remarks at the public meeting at Mason's Court. I intended no reflection whatever either upon you or upon any one else; and hoped that, according to the laws of freedom and friendship, my words would have been taken in the same open and friendly spirit as that in which they were spoken. But no: a dark, a cloudy, and a gloomy shadow was thrown over them; and that which I intended as unfettered discussion was turned into wormwood and gall.

But now as to the question of whether you are right or wrong. I believe you are **WRONG** in some respects. You appear to be wrong personally and relatively.

First, personally; for I do not believe you will succeed either in the missionary or the anti-popish enterprise.

I believe you are wrong relatively; that, if people would follow you, you would draw them away to so many nothings.

I am more than ever convinced that we have at present neither materials nor adequate means for either missionary movement or anti-popish operation. What may be brought to light by private conference of ministers I know not; but at present we have nothing evidencing a command from on high.

I admire the good feeling in your heart, and in the hearts of others; the end is desirable, but where are the means? Tracts!! what one Catholic will read them? Lectures!! who is able so efficiently to give them, as to make the least impression whatever upon the Catholic body?

Now, dear brother Banks, as a minister and as an Editor, the Lord has greatly blessed you; as a minister, there are hundreds of real Christians in town and country looking up to you; and as an Editor, there are many thousands looking to you; and I believe that the closer you are kept to these two departments, the more useful you will be: in these you mislead no one, nor be misled yourself.

I have neither time nor space to argue out these points, nor is it needful, as a hint to the wise is enough.

These, then, are my convictions. I may be wrong. You will no doubt judge that I am wrong; but you will give me credit for freely speaking my mind. Could I see with you as to the means of attaining the proposed ends, I should be one of the first to go to war with you, as I know I should have a good, sincere comrade, a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Your's truly, in the Lord, and with no feeling but that of sincere Christian regard,
J. WELLS.
6, St. George's Place, North Brxton. March 21st,

Mr. Thwaites on the First Meeting.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I think those readers of the "Vessel" this month, who were present at the "Great Meeting" held in Crosby Row, against the "Tuscan Persecution," will feel with me, that your report is not quite correct. From that report it would appear, as if some of us had no right to be present; I certainly understood the bills (calling the meeting) to invite all the congregations holding the truth in the district to attend for the purpose of discussing, if any, and what steps were necessary and most befitting the present crisis. You personally by letter pressed me to be present, and take the chair, and although I could not accede to your request to preside over the meeting, I nevertheless felt at full liberty to attend, and if needful to express my opinion; at the same time I confess that I went without any idea of saying one word, had not the Chairman in his opening address to my astonishment said, "That the church of Rome will not tolerate Protestants in Rome. Will you tolerate Romanists in England?" Such a doctrine proceeding from the Chairman of your meeting, required an immediate disavowal, by every real friend of true liberty of conscience; and but for such disavowal, the several congregations with

which most of us are connected would have been compromised by such a statement. How far this agrees with your report "that the Chairman had not offered the shadow of a shade laudatory of intolerance," I must leave those who heard that part of his address to judge; besides I have cause to complain, that if you comment upon an objection taken by me, you ought at least to have informed your readers of the nature of that objection and not have allowed your reporter to become an expert advocate.

It is not true that I am opposed, on the contrary I feel most anxious to take every scriptural means to overturn the doctrine and practice of the church of Rome, knowing from all history that the church of Rome has an insatiable thirst for civil power and persecution, and that she is unchanged.

But while I feel thus, I am equally jealous that in opposing Popery I avoid its persecuting spirit, relying upon God's truth as the best antidote for error.

I need not say to you, an old warrior for truth, how eagerly the Romanists will lay hold of that most unguarded statement of your chairman; and when you are brought nearer in battle, they will successfully fling back into your ranks your own heated metal—in other words, they will tell you, and all who are watching the issue of the contest, that Protestants can persecute, and that Protestant Nonconformists are not the exception.

The Dissenters of Southwark have some character for consistency; and I as one of them had rather incur your displeasure than give up the great principle of freedom of conscience.

You will, I am sure, in justice to me, insert this in your next "Vessel." I am, dear brother, your's truly,
J. THWAITES.

[We still think our brother Thwaites did not clearly understand the chairman's expression; but we will leave the chairman himself to settle the disputed point, should he feel disposed to do so.]

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE POWER, RICHNESS AND SUFFICIENCY OF SOVEREIGN GRACE, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE EXPERIENCE AND

HAPPY DEATH OF SARAH TUCKER, AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN YEARS.

Who entered into rest March the 9th, 1830.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

THE following is a brief account of my dear sister Sarah's frame of mind, during her last illness; written chiefly from notes taken at the time, and partly from recollection.

In the beginning of October, 1829, my dear sister caught a severe cold, which was attended by a cough, and continued until the beginning of November; and although every possible care was taken of her, we found that her complaint rather increased than otherwise. Her medical attendant advised change of air; she accordingly went to Chardleigh.

Still, she continued just in the same state of health; but, of course, became weaker during her stay at Chardleigh. She received a kind and pressing invitation to visit her dear friends the Misses Puddicombe, at South Borey, which she was very anxious to accept, and about the end of November she removed thither. When she had been there a few days only, I received a short note from her, wherein she expressed herself as follows:

"My dearest Mary Anna.—I do indeed enjoy many privileges here. There is a very pious man called William Shardon, who frequently comes here of an evening, and reads a portion of Scripture, and then engages in prayer. He tells us we have a free salvation given us through

Jesus Christ, and that if we ask we shall receive, and knock, it will be opened. Oh, my dear, could I but have faith to call him my Saviour! but I feel I am a great sinner, and often when I would offer a prayer to my Lord, I feel I have nothing to say, or my thoughts are called off to worldly concerns. But the Lord will, I trust, have mercy on me, and then I shall have reason to say, 'I bless the Lord that I have been afflicted.' Write to me not of earth, but of heaven. Your affectionate sister, SARAH."

This induced me to think that the Lord had begun the good work in her soul. She continued at Borey until the 26th December, during which time I received several notes from her, similar to the one already mentioned.

On my dear sister's return from Borey, she was evidently under great concern regarding the eternal safety of her soul, and was constantly searching the Scriptures; yet she could not find any comfort. In the course of a week or two, she sent for an established Christian whom she knew a little of, (Mr. Bidder), who lived at Moreton, and asked him if he would come and see her occasionally, and expound the sacred word to her, which he very kindly and cheerfully promised to do. During his first visit, she expressed herself as if not a little puzzled respecting the glorious doctrine of the Trinity and incarnation; sometimes with doubts whether she was interested in the salvation of our God. She would often say, "Oh, that I could trust more simply in Jesus!" After a few visits, however, the Lord marvellously delivered her mind, gave her a spiritual apprehension of the Three that bear record in heaven in their conjoint offices in the economy of redemption, and of their dwelling bodily and substantially in Christ; and from that time I believe she was no more puzzled respecting these things.

This, observe, was just at the beginning. After this, oh, what progress! She would sometimes speak of temptations; and we know that none but God's children speak of these. Whilst the friend above mentioned spoke of the free grace of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, revealed in Christ, and expressed in him, the most unconditional to the greatest sinner, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," &c., she would say, "Well, why should I doubt! I have," she would say, "long seen there is nothing in myself but sin; I NEVER DID ANYTHING THAT WAS WORTHY THE TITLE OF GOOD: but I wish to trust more simply."

Many weeks before she breathed her last, she said to me at one time, "Oh, how happy I am! my feet are quite drawn above the earth: oh, happy, dear precious Lord Jesus." But she had sometimes alternate doubts and fears; but the Lord delivered her mind wonderfully from these, so that she said to the same Christian friend (Mr. Bidder) not many nights before she died, "Now I can trust; now I do trust." His reply was, "Well, my dear Miss Sarah, the Lord has done great things for you." "Yes," she said, "He has done great things for me."

On the Friday evening previous to her death, he came again; and on his entering the room, she said to him immediately, although she had great difficulty of breathing, "I am hastening to glory! none but Jesus. Oh, he is a precious Saviour!" The 52d chapter of Isaiah was then read and expounded to her by the servant of the

Lord, William Bidder. She could hear of nothing but Christ's most glorious righteousness. On the day following, the dear girl sent for me very early in the morning, and asked me to write to our sister in India from her dictation; and with great difficulty she signed her name to the letter. As soon as I had finished, she said, "Oh, its very poor; I have not said half enough about Christ."

On the Sunday morning, about half-past four, my dear sister was taken much worse, and sent for me immediately. On my entering the room, I perceived that a great change had taken place in her; it was with difficulty she breathed at all; and she had very violent spasms in her sides, accompanied also with cold, clammy sweats, which continued for some time. When she found herself recovering a little, she said, "Now I hope I shall sleep; if not, I shall fall asleep in Jesus." I therefore left her. At seven o'clock I again went to her, and found that the spasms had abated a little, but she had still the cold, clammy sweats over her, which continued from that time until her death. On my asking her how she felt, she replied immediately, as well as her breath would allow her, "Oh, I am so happy, so very happy; I am happy in Jesus. My doubts and fears are all gone. I thought I was dying when I sent for you this morning, and felt quite sorry when I found I was recovering a little. I was so very happy; I cannot tell you how happy. It was the Holy Spirit blessedly led me to see myself in Christ, but I know the Lord's time is the best time, and I would desire to wait for that."

In the afternoon of the same day, she desired me to read the eighth chapter of Romans to her. When I had finished, she said, "That is what I rejoice in; I enjoy that: oh, how sweet—there is therefore now no condemnation," &c., throughout the whole. Soon after this, three Christian friends called; and on being told of it, desired that she might see them directly. She appeared quite overjoyed to see them, and said,—"Oh, how it does delight me to see these dear people of God here." She talked to me as well as she was able. Among other things, she said, "Oh, I wish I could tell you how happy I am! I feel—oh, so very happy. My doubts and fears are all gone. None but Jesus. Now I have dying faith given me.

"Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!"
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

"I'm a debtor to mercy alone;
Of covenant mercy I'll sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring."

She then asked one of the friends who had called, to engage in prayer, which he accordingly did, and read the 23d Psalm. On reading the 4th verse, he remarked, "That is the reason we fear no evil, because the Lord is with us." And I never shall forget her happy countenance as she replied, "Yes; that it is."

A short time after this, she said, clasping her hands together, "O, I am so happy; I am sure the Holy Ghost is in the room: oh, keep him; keep him."

During my dear sister's illness, she would sometimes mention her belief in the doctrine of election with much pleasure; observing, "I am

sure, if it was not so, I should never have seen myself a sinner; I should never have thought of Christ." Frequently, also, after remaining silent for some time, she would say with much emphasis

"Oh, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers."

And again she would say, with a smile,

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ my Ransom died."

On the day before my dear sister's death, Mr. Turner called; and on my asking her if she would like to see him, she replied, "To be sure I should. I am glad to see any of the Lord's dear people." Mr. Turner accordingly visited her, and spent some little time in praying with her, and read the 17th chapter of St. John, making some few remarks upon it. The whole of this day she was extremely ill, but very cheerful and composed. On the evening, she said to my father, "Oh, my dear father, I wish I had breath to tell you all I think of Mr. Turner—I do love him so very much!" Soon after this, the servant of the Lord, William Bidder, called, and read and expounded that sweet portion of Scripture to her, "Happy is the man that hath the God of Jacob for his help, and whose hope the Lord is;" which she seemed to enjoy exceedingly, although she was suffering great bodily pain; and observed, "This is nothing, compared to what my dear Lord suffered for me. May I be kept from murmuring;" still expressing her confidence in her Saviour's love, and saying,— "Now I can trust; now I do trust." About half-past twelve in the same night, I was again called to her in the agonies of death. She held out her hand to me, which was quite cold, and said,— "My dear Mary Anna, do you think I am going?" I told her I thought she was. She immediately exclaimed, "Oh, I am happy, happy, happy in my Jesus. Oh, my precious Saviour!"

"Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!"

"How much longer do you think I shall be here?—I hope I'm not impatient. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Oh, dear Lord, why are thy chariot wheels so long in tarrying? I hope I shall be patient." She then lay for some time in great pain, and again said, "Oh, how much longer? I hope I'm not impatient." She then desired her dear father, who was in the room, to come to her. When he came to her, she said, "Oh, my dear father, learn to die; learn to die." Again she said, "Blessed Lord, come quickly. Oh, I'm suffering agonies in my head! Oh, my dear Mary Anna, it is the back part of my head; what can I do?" I answered her, by saying, "My dear, now is the time to trust your God, and rest upon his name." As quickly as possible she replied, with much firmness, "Oh, I no: I can trust him. None but Jesus." She then once more said to her dear father, "Learn to die;" and in less than five minutes, her happy spirit had taken its flight to the regions of glory,

"To join the victor's song,
And hear the victor's palm."

25th March, 1830. MARY ANNA TUCKER.

The Immutable Purpose and the Good Pleasure of our Covenant God:

The substance of a Sermon by MR. JOHN CORBITT, late of Manchester.

"He will save, he will rest in his love."

I. "**HE will save.**"—This is a divine determination, and stands as a bulwark against all the combined forces of sin and satan; as a pillar against which the weary worn-down pilgrim may lean in the greatest weakness and distress; yea, it is God's stopping stone, that prevents his chosen from entering the borders of despair. The devil may roar, the world allure, and sin rage, yet this eternal foundation stands sure,—"**HE WILL SAVE.**" Oh yes! bless his dear name, he will work, and none shall hinder; he will do all his pleasure, and that is to save his people from their sins. This glorious "will" is the Christian's support; it has to do with everything that is future, as well as past and present: the Roman Catholics may reign and rule, as some say, and others fear; nevertheless, let the Christian remember this foundation stands sure; God can—he hath sworn he will—**SAVE.** We have, then, safety in this promise against every evil with which we are surrounded. We may fall into the hands of evil-disposed persons, as Jacob did into the hands of Laban; they may deceive us, change our wages ten times, reproach us, and hotly pursue us with revenge, slander, and lies; yet **THE LORD WILL SAVE,** and bring us out with substance; he hath willed to save us in his own time and way, so as best to show his powers, and get himself honour.

It is a glorious retreat (for a poor worn-down pilgrim, who, by trial and conflict, is all but in despair) to be brought to know that the Lord reigneth, and "will save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him."

Again. "*He will rest in his love.*" What a soul-reviving expression! what a majestic action! First in creation; for creation itself was an act of love. When, by his love, he had created all that was needful to be created, to manifest his wisdom, power, and glory, he ceased from his work and rested on the seventh day! and in reviewing his production he proclaimed it good—very good—so good, that he was perfectly satisfied with it; there he rested in quiet composure; nothing more to be done—the sun, moon, and stars were all arranged in order—every tree, beast, fish, and fowl; every element, earth, air, and sea, (all complete) contributing to the comfort of man, and fully satisfying to God; hence he loved it, and rested content in the admiration of it. But alas! alas! man sinned, and thereby defaced the created beauty of himself. A solemn change took place, but God was not moved or disquieted thereby; he still rested in his love. Man, by sinning, had become wicked; manifested his enmity; the dispensation was changed; but God was

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not moved. His plans of government were not disarranged; his affection for creation was not changed; he still rested in his love of it; and still sends down the rain on the just and on the unjust; he causeth the sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good; and down to the end of time he hath sworn there shall be seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night. Thus in his pre-eminence, self-existence, and unchanging faithfulness, he rests in his love of creation; and continues constantly to do good to the greatest of his enemies.

Again. *Regeneration is a sovereign act of divine love.* And he rests in his love in this; he always has had, and always will have, his chosen witnesses on this earth; he loved them with an everlasting love, therefore with everlasting loving-kindness he draws them to himself. His love having contrived the plan, and chosen the persons, his power executes, and he rests content in it, fully assured (let men and devils do what they will) "that his purpose shall stand; that he will see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. Thus he rests in his love: and such was the intensity of it, that when on earth he wearied himself, as man, in the execution of his office, (for this love prompted him on in the search of his chosen to the well of Samaria, and there, wearied with his journey) he rested himself in his love upon the well; and there he manifested his love to that poor adulterous woman that had had five husbands, and now was living with a man that was not her husband. Here the Lord is seen resting in his love, so as not to change the object of it because of her former bad conduct—so as not to wait for her worthiness in his execution of it; no, he rests in the choice Love has made, in the efficacy of it, and soon saw the glorious effect of it in turning her from the power of satan to God. He rests in his love towards his beloved, even to make them all willing in the day of his power.

Again. **GOD IS LOVE;** therefore he rests in himself. Oh wondrous love! he rests in himself, in his own wisdom, in his own power, in his own purity, in his own faithfulness, in his own doings! **GOD IS LOVE,** and he rests in his love; and they that dwell in love dwell in God, and God in them. Here God resteth; here the church resteth. The power of this love made Dagon fall down before the ark of God, notwithstanding the transgression and rebellion of Israel. He abode in his love to correct them severely, and to afflict the Philistines with omerods. The power of this love made the stupid obstinate cows leave their calves behind, and directed them lowing along the king's highway, dragging the ark in the new cart

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This is that love that healed the lepers, cast out devils, stilled the stormy ocean, increased the five loaves and two fishes, so as to satisfy five thousand persons. It was this pre-eminent, undeserved, invincible love, that called Zaccheus from the tree, and caused the whale to cast up Jonah on the dry ground. It is this love manifested to God's chosen that makes the devil cast floods of water out of his mouth to drown them, and it is this that makes wanton professors cast out the name of God's faithful ones, only because they, by this love, are made like good old Mordecai—too honest to bow down to Haman's presumptuous and pompous demand. In this love, which is just opposite to the creature's changeable love, God dwelleth; in this he acteth, in this he is satisfied, in this he resteth, and IN THIS I REJOICE. God is love, and dwelleth in love, and his people in him. Again, heaven is a place of love and a place of rest. Oh glorious thought! this is the lovely rest that remaineth for the people of God: here we shall see as we are seen, know as we are known, love as we are loved, be ever actively employed in this love, yet never weary; it will be a rest from toil, in the greatest activity, a rest without intermission or limit.

"Here we shall hear, and see, and know
All we desir'd while here below;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

Reader, may you and I be found there to join in the song. Your's in him.

JOHN CORBITT.

PERFECTION:

*A Funeral Sermon, occasioned by the Death
of MR. W. HOLMES, of Hoxton.*

BY MR. T. D. WOOD,

Of Wilderness Bow Chapel, Goswell Street.

"Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers."—Job viii. 20.

(Continued from page 26.)

IN what sense was Job a perfect man?—"One that feareth God and escheweth evil." And his perfection was the perfection which every saint of the Most High God has an interest in—that perfection which stands complete, of which he becomes a sensible participator, in that perfection in which he has an interest. My friends, it is not my realisation of the perfection of my interest in Christ secures that perfection—it is the perfection of my interest in Christ that secures my realisation thereof. Thus, then, as Paul has spoken concerning the perfection of the church of God, of their interest in Christ, that he hath, saith the apostle, "perfected for ever," (oh! what a term!) "perfected for ever them that God hath sanctified."

Now, though this perfection is a truth, and a truth which constitutes the perfection of those who have an interest therein, yet there

is something more in reference to the perfection of the state of a child of God; and that is the perfection of the work of grace in the heart by the Spirit of the living God. Why is it that the experience of the grace of God in the heart of a regenerated child of God can be said to be a state of perfection? We answer, because it is the work of God, and that is a perfect work. This is the first reason we assign.

Now, as certainly as God has bounded the period of our mortal existence, so certainly has God bounded and secured that existence to be under such circumstances that shall certainly secure to our hearts the great, the grand, and the glorious development by the unerring process, and by the peculiar dictates and impressions of the Spirit of the living God, of that interest which the soul has in Christ, recorded, made known and brought home into the heart of those who stand interested in this peculiar, this high and dignified interest of which I have endeavoured to speak. And why? He is a Rock; his work is perfect.

Then so far it is perfect, because it is of God. And what is this perfect work? The formation of a perfect principle; because it is of God; the formation not only of a perfect principle, but the derivation of that principle from a sacred, from a perfect source. That source is the perfection of my interest in the Son of God. Say you, Is there no imperfection in the work of the Redeemer? I leave you to answer that question. Is there perfection, or is there not, in the redeeming worth, in the dignified character, in the sacred Person and work of the God-Man? If there is not imperfection in the work of Him that thus assumed our nature, accomplished his triumphant career over the powers of darkness, took the highest seat in the realms of glory; if there is not imperfection then in him, consequently, the source from whence the Spirit of the living God derives that great and glorious perfection of the atoning worth and work of the Son of God, there cannot be an imperfect participation in the heart that realises an interest in that perfection. No; he is a Rock, and his work is perfect.

Oh, my friends, his nature is a perfect one; his heart and his love are perfect; his redemption is a perfect one; his atonement, his justifying righteousness, his glorious resurrection and triumph over the powers of darkness are perfect; his putting away of sin is perfect; his power over the devil is perfect; his intercession at the right hand of God is perfect. There is no imperfection in him; therefore, from that great source all perfection springs; well it may be called "fountains of living waters." It is the source of all good, the throne of Deity. If you contemplate it in its extent, it is an ocean boundless as Deity itself. If you speak of it as to its powerfulness, nought can impede its progress or stop

its career. It is the outbreakings of the divine perfection of the God-Man Mediator, rolling on with mighty force and in its un-stopped torrent, and wending its way in its downward course, till it reaches hither and thither the hearts of those for whom he is thus elevated upon the highest summit of bliss, occupies that throne, sways that sceptre, and says, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." Consequently, then, as this is the case, there is perfection. Where redeeming worth, where perfect and precious blood, where perfect righteousness and perfect justification, where all the glorious perfections of the God-Man Mediator are brought home in the realisation of the heart, this subject becomes a matter of peculiar interest to those who have an interest therein. So you see perfection! Oh, yes, it is a perfect work, perfect saint. Why? Because it is God's; it is God's work.

And again; why can it be called perfect in the experience, in the realisation of it?—Why? Because it is pure. A thing that is perfect, you know, must be pure. Let there be the least particle of impurity, and there is imperfection. Is there no impurity? No. And its purity may be discovered, as it is said, concerning the operation of this mighty principle in the souls of a believing, of a regenerated people, it is said, at the council of Jerusalem, by Peter "purifying their hearts by faith." Consistency of character is that which is becoming in every person; but consistency of character in a believing saint has an origin peculiar to that character that is under this influence; and therefore heart purification, by faith in the dear Redeemer, is by virtue of love to the Saviour; by virtue of affinity to the Redeemer; by virtue of close association to the Son of God; by virtue of the mighty operation of the Spirit of God, who has implanted that divine, that sacred and that perfect principle of his grace in the heart of a believing people; it is by virtue of that mighty operative principle that there is, we may say, in many respects, a sort of expurgation, there is a putting off the old man, a leaving the things that are behind, and a pressing towards the mark. There is a saying of the apostle, "that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, and be made conformable to his death. Not as though I had already attained or were already perfect, but I press towards the mark." Thus the apostle here is speaking of what it is to have imperfection stamped upon the old man; and yet by reason of the sacred principles operating upon his soul, it is that which acts like a mighty, impelling, stimulating principle which renovates the man, and makes the Christian character stand as distinct—comparatively so—as to the exterior, as he stands perfectly distinct in reference to the interior

matters of his soul. Thus, then, you will see that perfection of the child of God, or the saints of God, may be considered likewise by reason of its purity.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUTH:

THE TREATMENT IT RECEIVES, AND THE ATTENTION IT DESERVES.

"None pleadeth for the truth."—Isaiah lix. 4.

Thus the prophet in Jehovah's name brings a heavy charge against his professing people. Thus he complains of their great and gross departure from the truth. Vanity, lies, and iniquity, appear in the place of truth and righteousness. No wonder that such a people should displease the Lord, as expressed in verse 15. To what people or period do the words refer? Of whom does the prophet speak? The Jewish nation may be partly designed; but he is thought to intend the time and state that will precede the latter-day glory of the church, spoken of so much in the next chapter. But my wish is, to consider the words in connection with the time in which we now live; and though it cannot be literally said, "None pleadeth for the truth," as I believe a goodly number may be found, who both preach and practice the truth as it is in Jesus; but as the word *all* is often used for many, so the word *none*, may here mean comparatively few. And is there not sufficient evidence all around that such is the fearful fact?

Let us observe the truth, the treatment it receives, and the attention it deserves.

By the *truth*, we intend not so much the truth in civil concerns, worldly affairs, and civil transactions, as in spiritual and divine things; it is the truth of scripture, the truth of the gospel that is most important; the truth of doctrine, experience, and practice, is the most needed, and the most neglected. The truth of promises, precepts and reproofs is precious, profitable, and necessary. The Bible is the only inspired book below the skies, having God for its author, and truth for its matter, without any mixture of error. The gospel tells us of a triune God, whose love, blood and power is savingly and sovereignly extended to a chosen people; the doctrine of election, redemption, and conversion shine with celestial light; here we have the best of blessings for the worst of sinners; here is health for the sick, bread for the hungry, robes for the wretched, and riches for the poor; here is cleansing for the filthy, strength for the feeble, rest for the weary, and comfort for the mourner. Truth so cheering as this, made matter of sweet experience through the Spirit, may well be worthy of our best attention; the promises prove what is prepared for us in future; the precepts show

how we may best obey the promises ; and re-proofs are a salutary check to our sins.

How the above truth is treated our leading words pretty plainly suggest — None plead for it ; particularly the truth that testifies some only are elected, justified, regenerated, and saved. These great essentials in our day are not only neglected, but very generally rejected, both by preacher and other professors of religion. There is reason to think, with Dr. Gill, the great truth of justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ alone, is here meant ; false doctrine preaches justification by works which men have done instead of the perfect obedience of Christ ; or by duty faith instead of the faith of God's elect. The leading act of election is made to depend on the will of man instead of the will of God ; and the gifts of efficacious grace are changed into a worthless offer to all mankind. While very few plead for the truth, very many plead against it ; some who say they believe it, who hold it in their pulpits ; they fear it may offend the unconverted, displease the respectable hearer, send away some of their supporters, and leave them with less salary than they like ; and thus they are deterred from that faithfulness by which they should be governed while the truth is suffering in the house of its professed friends. Cold indifference, — what has it to do with this subject ? Is it not a cause of neglecting truth ? It is too lazy to take much trouble in pleading for it ; it is too fond of ease and idleness to act much on the side of truth, and seeks to cover itself by protesting against controversy. But zeal and wisdom teach us better things, and will help us earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and will remind us, as an able writer has observed, "The ministry of our Lord was a perpetual controversy and the apostles came at truth by much disputing." It ought however to be conducted in a christian spirit.

"None pleadeth for the truth." This great neglect is too often found in true believers, and may sometimes be owing to the ignorance or forgetfulness, which shews they ought to give more earnest heed to the things they have heard, lest at any time they should let them slip. Heb. ii. 1. Empty opinion, fleshly feeling, carnal reason, corrupt inclination, earthly affection, false charity, and popular custom, are among the enemies of truth, and the causes of turning from it. Titus i. 14. Peter himself was once sharply rebuked for indulging in such things, contrary to the truth of Christ. Matt. xvi. 23. However plausible, or seemingly right our wishes, words, ways may be, we may be sure they are really wrong at variance with the word of God ; some are so foolish as to give up truth for the sake of peace ; but peace thus gained cannot be the peace of God, and peace with man in this way is not worth having ; as for worldly professors, the truth is not in

them, nor have they received the love of it, nor will they endure it ; for they are men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth ; (1 Tim. vi. 5.) and so they are said to resist the truth. 2 Tim. iii. 8.

Having thus seen how truth is treated by many, how little they plead for it, and how much they are opposed unto it, let us a little further observe,

The attention truth deserves. The neglect of truth being so expressly resented by the Lord, plainly proves he requires a better attention to it from ministers and people ; and it being his own truth, concerning his own character and claims, no doubt it deserves our best attention ; it ought to be pleaded for, by being faithfully and fearlessly preached ; by being fervently and affectionately prayed for ; by being thoughtfully and thankfully obeyed ; and by prompt rejection of everything contrary to its counsels ; nor should we refuse to suffer in its defence if required ; for though it should cost us much, it will comfort us more : we should earnestly contend for it. Jude iii. And why should we not be as earnest for it as others are against it ? This was needful in Juda's time and is more so in ours. The present is a militant state, we should not fear and fly, but fight ; not with carnal weapons, but with all the armour of God : the sword of the Spirit in the hand of faith, will be of great use in this warfare ; they who fight for the truth, must fight with the truth ; the whole truth should be contended for ; truth undisguised by any alteration, addition or decrease, maintained. It is not enough that we have all the decrees, doctrines, quickenings, encouragements, and comforts of truth ; we want, and we must plead for all the commandments of truth as well. God's peculiar people should be zealous for good works, (Titus ii. 14.) and this should be constantly affirmed that believers may be careful to do them. (Titus iii. 8.) How shall we escape some trouble, some rod, some chastising stroke if we neglect such truth as this ? We are chastened now, if needs be, that we should not be condemned with the world. 1 Cor. xi. 32. Truth will be safe to follow, for it will not deceive : but lies are delusive and destructive ; but they that keep the truth are happy, for they shall enter the gates of the city of God, and not be cast out. Isaiah xxvi. 2.

"While in the word I read,
And men of truth decline;
My joyful powers shall join to plead
For doctrines so divine.

To our eternal God,
Let every saint arise,
Now to receive the sacred word,
So holy, just, and wise.

So shall they see his face,
And feel the word within ;
Enter his heavenly dwelling-place,
And fly from every sin."

Little Gransden.

THOS. ROW.

Salvation is of God.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS.—To write unto the saints of God, so far from being burdensome, is blessedness itself, when the heart is well warmed with Emanuel's love, and the soul lighted up with the ever-burning torch of divine truth. The Lord the Spirit graciously generate holy thoughts within my mind, and breathe into them the breath of heavenly life; then, as with the pen of a ready writer, will I most gladly communicate unto you of the things so communicated unto me. In thus doing may we be mutually instructed, profited, and comforted; and God in the trinity of his persons, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, be glorified. Amen.

He that crowneth the year with his goodness, and maketh his paths to drop fatness, crown your life with his loving-kindness, which changeth not; and fill your soul with his tender mercies, which fail not; so that in all your paths you may be helped to praise His faithfulness "who performeth all things for you," even as he hath promised unto you. Jehovah having embraced us in his love-thoughts, which from everlasting to everlasting immutable remain, has environed our path with his love-tokens, testifying in language pure and unmistakably plain, that as are his love-thoughts so are his love-tokens—a sure and sacred guarantee from heaven that:

"Our souls, though all hell should endeavour to shake,

He'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Hell's implacable hatred of holiness is openly declared by satan's dark devices and daring designs daily directed against the living soul, the praying soul, the seeking soul, the righteous soul, the humble soul, the trembling soul. Yet all the cruel craft and malice, the cursed rage and wrath of hell, can never hurt or damage, much less destroy, even one of the least of the Lord's little ones, so as in any wise to bring about the separation of the justified from the Justifier, the redeemed from the Redeemer, or the sanctified from the Sanctifier; in one word, the members from their mystic Head, in whom they are complete. Against all the accusations brought against us by our adversary we set in juxtaposition (as by the Spirit moved thereunto) the assurance given us by our glorious Advocate, who ever liveth to make intercession for us, which readeth thus, "Because I live ye shall live also," John xiv. 19. From which assurance we justly draw this conclusion, that He who overcame sin, death, and hell for us will surely overcome all these in us: and moreover, that all that believe in his dear name shall eventually overcome the world, sin, satan, self, death, hell, and fear by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony, which sweetly runneth thus, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." John x. 28. Ten thousand times ten thousand praises to his eternal name, the living saints shall never fall out of his hand, the living sheep shall never be plucked from his hand, the living stones, which are the brilliant jewels of his imperishable crown, shall never be thrown from his hand, nor shall any of the living seed be lost, on whatsoever waters tossed. Therefore let us greatly rejoice, remembering that

The seed of Christ is one, not seeds;

This seed shall dwell alone;

Their number, names, and sins, and needs
To him are always known.

Everything connected with the well-being and welfare of the church of God is solemnly and irrevocably settled for ever, so that we may warrantably infer that from first to last all is ordered well; and hence salvation is of the Lord, in the Lord, by the Lord, through the Lord, to the Lord, and ever with the Lord. Whatsoever, therefore, God willeth that he worketh; and in working out the wonders of his will he makes his heavenly wisdom known, nevertheless, we must observe that his wisdom is

hidden from the world which Meth in the wicked one. We must also remark that his work is honourable and glorious, which is secretly wrought in the inward parts of the new man; his wonders are high above all the principalities and powers of the earth, and his will is infinitely holy, by which all things are controlled and determined, so as to bring to pass with absolute certainty his unalterable purposes of grace and truth. No creature circumstances, nor carnal considerations, are ever suffered to enter within the precincts of "that holy place," whence cometh the salvation of the righteous. The solemn oath of the Father, the satisfactory obedience of the Son, and the secret operations of the Holy Ghost, alone bring about and secure the complete emancipation and salvation of all that are oppressed of the oppressor. Surely, my brother, this is a three-fold cord that cannot easily be broken. For He that hath sworn by himself saith, "In blessing I will bless thee;" and He that suffered the Just for the unjust declared unto his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also;" and He that hath sealed us unto the day of redemption, witnesseth with our spirit that we are "the children of God, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." This, also, is a three-fold cord that can as easily be broken as the rainbow be snapped asunder between the thumb and fingers of an infant.

It is a solemn fact, my brother, that the blood shed on Calvary has no recognised value to the soul till sprinkled on the conscience; and when sprinkled on the guilty, burdened, and trembling conscience, it speaks in the high court of heaven on behalf of the grace-distinguished sinner made to cry out in agonising distress and bitter lamentations, "Woe is me, for I am unclean and undone!" And oh! how the soul rejoiceth on discovering that this precious and all-purifying blood hath a voice in heaven that e'er prevails, and hath a virtue on the earth which never fails. The love, blood, and power of the triune God made manifest in the hearts of the tried and tempted followers of the Lamb, deeply exercised unto godliness in all its vitality, produce not only joy, and peace, and praise unceasing, but unbounded and unwavering confidence therein, which passeth the comprehension of lifeless professors, notwithstanding their professed knowledge and boasted wisdom.

Yet, alas! how oft do fleshly feelings, vain imaginations, carnal conceptions, doubtful disputations, corrupt desires, gloomy apprehensions and fearful misgivings, entwine themselves about the tempted soul, and entangle the trembling spirit in their fine-spun meshes, until faith, invested with the highest authority, speaks with a stentorian and irresistible voice, saying, "Take these things hence, satan." And then the triumphant soul, liberated by power divine, leaps like the hart, and bounds into the arms of Jehovah's faithfulness and love, and extracts the purest honey from the rock-like revelation made thereby, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." 1 John iii. 8. It is an experimental truth, that sovereignty seen shining in the salvation of sinners, creates solemn support in seasons of soul sorrow. And while the sacrifice of Christ affords a sweet savour to drooping spirits and fainting souls, the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost, inwardly realised, beget spiritual strength to withstand all the wily arts of the wicked.

Have you not found, my brother, that when the Lord has seen fit to lay you low, to hide his face from you for a little season, even for a small moment, that he has been mercifully pleased, notwithstanding all your restlessness and fretfulness, to unbosom his mind, unfold his wisdom, unlock his treasures, and unseal his word to you, in such way and manner, as to cause you to read and understand more perfectly his distinctive and declarative name, "Zaphnath-paneah," the revealer of secrets! Through grace, you long have known that we must be made to see our nakedness and empinances, to feel our vileness and wretchedness,

and to own our nothingness and worthlessness, in order that we may be brought sensibly and feelingly to know that Christ is our all and in all. And hence we learn, under the tuition of the Holy Ghost, that his righteousness, the royal robes of the redeemed, covers all our nakedness; his fulness filleth all our emptiness; his holiness meets all our vileness, and removes it too; while his worthiness is incomparably more than a match for our wretchedness; yea, his pre-eminence in all things so completely and gloriously triumphs over all our acknowledged nothingness and worthlessness, that we cannot but confess that what Paul declared to the Colossians, is incontestably true in its application to all the heaven-born saints, "ye are complete in him." Col. ii. 10. Surely, then, this is the whole of life, to know Christ, and him crucified, as all our salvation, and all our heart's desire. Indeed, there is nothing worth living for, but to know him, love him, serve him, honour him, praise him and glorify him.

May the Quickener of the mystic body of Christ continually illuminate our minds with the knowledge of Christ, possess our hearts with the peace of Christ, saturate our souls with the blessings of Christ, and actuate our spirits in every movement of life by the love of Christ. And may that mighty hand which skilfully guided and guarded us through the perils of the past year, safely conduct us through all the perplexities and intricacies of the present. Blessed be God, this truth is written, signed and sealed, for the godly generation scattered throughout the earth, "all his saints are in thy hand," then assuredly all their times, their trials, their springs, their sorrows, their all is in his hand. Therefore, believing this, whatever circumstances may await us, or calamities befall us, let us not fear, neither be dismayed, but rather rejoice, remembering that his arm is not shortened, that he cannot save, neither is his hand withered or weakened, that he cannot help. No, nor is his ear deaf, that he cannot hear the secret sigh ascending from the inmost soul, nor is his eye dim, that he cannot see the trickling tear that stealth silently down the sin-ploughed cheek; nor are the affections of his heart in anywise diminished, that he cannot feel tenderly the throbbings of the care-filled breast, yea,

"His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

May a grateful recollection of past blessings and favours, interpositions and deliverances, chastisements, corrections and instructions, which have attended our onward march thus far, deepen our daily dependence upon Him that remaineth, amid all the revolutions of time, vicissitudes of life, convulsions of nature, and tergiversations of mankind, "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." O, my brother, lean upon his arm, learn from his lips, look to his word, love him in his saints, long for his appearing, and you shall live where purity unmingled shines; where peace unbroken smiles; pleasures unbounded flow; plenteousness undiminished waits; praise unceasing sings; perfection unrivalled reigns, and perpetuity undying crowns the whole.

May the chief Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, the great Head of the church, the glorious Lord from heaven, the matchless Friend of sinners, who voluntarily gave himself a ransom for guilty worms, behold in us the promised travail of his righteous soul, and the joyous reward of his unparalleled sufferings. But has he not already said to thee and me, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; thou art mine?" I trust he has; and therefore we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me." Then,

Having God on our side, though man may deride,
We'll trust in his name, and tell of his fame;
Whose smile is the sign of his favour divine,
While his word is enough all foes to rebuff.

Doubtless we have found in seasons of deep distress, when sorrows have flooded our soul, that one

word of his almighty breath, one smile of his eternal love, has dried up the deep, and made the receding waters tell "they saw our God." In his fear and favour may we follow hard after him; and though we should be fed with the bread of affliction, and with the water of affliction, yet may we find in his presence fulness of joy, and unhesitatingly affirm that the faithfulness of God hath been our inviolable foundation, and impregnable fortress, amid the tempest and the storm.

To him that ruleth in the heavens, by his name Jah; that sitteth King upon the waterfloods; that leadeth Joseph like a flock; that keepeth Jacob as the apple of his eye; that teacheth Israel the statutes of salvation; that maketh the house of David to wax stronger and stronger; that lifteth the beggar from the dunghill; that looseth the bonds of his prisoners; that openeth and lighteneth the eyes of the blind; that bindeth up all the broken-hearted, and healeth all their wounds; that gathereth the outcasts of Israel, and filleth the hungry with good things; that doeth whatsoever he will with all his children, and teacheth them to trumpet forth his praises, saying, "He hath done all things well;" to him I affectionately commend both you and your's, praying him to fill you with the knowledge of his will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, and remain your's, in the highest relationship the God of heaven has been pleased to create—viz., brethren in Christ, beloved of God, born of the Holy Ghost. Even so. Amen.

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

THE SABBATH.

Sabbath! how I love thy dawning,
Though God's truth, I cannot hear,
Yet I trust in that blest morning,
When the Saviour shall appear,
I shall know a Sabbath day,
Which will never pass away.

Sabbath! anxious crowds are pressing,
To the sacred house of prayer,
Where the messengers of mercy,
God's pure gospel shall declare,
May dead sinners hear thee say,
Live on this blest Sabbath day.

Sabbath! 'midst thy solemn stillness—
Oft a whispering voice is heard,
Leading me by faith to Jesus,
To the fountain of his blood,
Which can wash our sins away,
Sins of this thy Sabbath day.

Sabbath! Jesus is my Sabbath,
Rest in him I frequent find,
From the fiery darts of satan,
From the sorrows of the mind,
Cease vain cares your harsh control,
God's the Sabbath of the soul.

Sabbath! though thy sun is setting,
One sweet thought remaineth still,
Christ the light, the Sun of heaven,
Shineth bright on Zion's hill,
Heaven's a place that knows no night,
One eternal Sabbath bright.

Sabbath! in that higher region,
Where no worldly thoughts annoy,
Where the saints in full fruition,
Drink in bliss without alloy,
Millions of years will roll away,
Yet never close your Sabbath day.

Sabbath! though the sinner wastes thee,
Sins array thy holy hours,
My poor heart will ever love thee,
And my soul, my joyful powers,
Long to burst this feeble clay,
Find eternal Sabbath day.

J. L.

Record of Recent Events.

ORDINATION OF MR. JOSEPH CHISLETT, AT WALWORTH.

THE Baptist chapel, in East Lane, Walworth, formerly the sphere of the labours of the late esteemed Jeffery Moody, on Tuesday, the 1st day of March, was the scene of happy and pleasurable excitement; it being the day fixed for the ordination of Mr. Joseph Chislett, as the chosen pastor to the church therein assembling.

The Morning Service

commenced at eleven o'clock, when T. J. Messer read the hymns. Mr. Charles Smith, of Providence Chapel, Shoreditch, read a portion of Scripture, and implored the divine blessing and presence on that solemn occasion.

Mr. George Wyard, of Soho, in a rather lengthy discourse, defined the nature of a true gospel church, of which the following is an outline :

Dear Christian Friends : Various are the circumstances which occasion our meeting together ; sometimes they are exceedingly painful ; at other times exceedingly pleasant ; some days of sorrow, other days of joy. You have had your day of sorrow here. I trust this will prove to be a day of joy. But a short time since, the mournful task devolved upon you, of conveying to the silent tomb, the mortal remains of one who had stood in your midst, faithfully proclaiming the truths of the everlasting gospel. Now the Lord has sent amongst you another pastor. This is a day of joy ; and Solomon has wisely said, " He setteth the day of prosperity over against the day of adversity." This is a kind providence towards you. You have not long been called to lament a widowed condition. Other churches have had to wait much longer. God has graciously heard and answered your prayers, and has sent you a man after his own heart—one of his own framing and making ; endowed with all gifts and graces, God saw fit to possess him with.

The services of this day are of an important character. There is nothing contained in the kingdom of Christ of a trifling or insignificant character ; all is of the highest importance and concern. Most of you have seen the bills of the day, and you know the different posts assigned to us on this occasion. I thought our brother Smith's prayer highly appropriate to the occasion. I doubt not but it found an echo in many of your hearts, which silently said—Amen, amen, amen.

I am announced to state the nature of the gospel Church. I presume the Church of which I have to speak is that of which it is written, " Yea, he loved the Church," &c. And again, " The general assembly of the first-born." That Church comprises all the loved of God the Father, the redeemed of God the Son, and the quickened of God the Holy Ghost. He who spake as never man spake has decreed their number ; and it admits of no increase. Sometimes we speak of this Church in a two-fold way—as the CHURCH TRIUMPHANT, and the CHURCH MILITANT. The Church in this two-fold condition is constantly receiving accessions.

I have not so much to do with the Church past or future ; my more immediate business is to deal with the PRESENT. That, is to define to you, as well as I am able, the peculiarities of the Church of God under the gospel dispensation. The Church is safe under any dispensation, or in any locality. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, are all engaged finally to gather them all

together, " without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." I shall take no particular text, but I shall first propose or suppose a question : What, then, is the material of which the Church of the living God is composed ? It is the Church of Jesus Christ. It appears to me we may come to a right apprehension of this subject by simply regarding the peculiar way in which they were spoken of. 1st. He addresses the Church at Ephesus as quickened, " You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." That is, dead in a state of nature, in which condition they were utterly incapacitated to form a part in the building of the Church of God. Hence, our Lord and Master addressed Nicodemus in the following terms. " Verily, verily I say unto thee, ye must be born again." In a natural state men are spiritually without eyes to see, ears to hear, hands to handle, feet to walk ; but when God the Holy Spirit comes and quickens them, they are made " living souls," and form a part of the living temple. 2. They are spoken of as those who believe. They are those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. There may be believers of a sort who will be lost to all eternity. Believing is not a bare assent to the doctrines of truth ; it is a holy recompency of soul on the finished work of the Lord Jesus. He that truly believes is one who can confess with the poet :

" Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling ;
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

3. Again : They are spoken of as baptised persons.—" As many of us as were baptised," &c. they were added to the Church ;" shewing that baptism must precede their admission to the Church. Not that the water is necessary to salvation, but obedience to the Lord's commands are the evidences and effects of salvation. No man will be damned for not believing, nor one saved for believing. That is, believing is not the meritorious cause of salvation, neither is unbelieving the meritorious cause of condemnation ; for faith is the sovereign gift of God ; and if God withhold the gift, he will not condemn for the non-performance of the act. It is the law that will condemn them. He that is born of the Spirit is possessed of a holy, active, spiritual life. 4. Again, the materials of this Church are termed, " the called." Called from nature's darkness into God's marvellous light, from distance to nearness, from bondage to liberty. It is of such material that the Church of Christ is composed. They are living stones, and so constitute a living building ; a spiritual house, to offer up spiritual sacrifices ; let the church therefore be formed of the same material now.

I now come to the official department. There are as far as I know only two offices in the Church of Christ : First, the pastor ; secondly the deacon. The business of the one is purely spiritual. The business of the other purely secular. And discontent, and division, and strife often arises in churches from the one wanting to assume the position of the other. I suppose the business of the pastor, under the hand of God, is to feed the church with knowledge and understanding. I pray God may answer that prayer of good brother Smith's this morning ; that while your pastor may be digging in the eternal mines of truth for a message to you ; you may be lodging a petition in the high court of heaven for him. You cannot pray too much for him. Now the business of the deacons I consider to be this, to look after these three tables—the table of the Lord, the table of the poor, and the table of the pastor.

With regard to the ordinances of the church, we

are in the habit of speaking of only two, namely, Baptism and the Lord's Supper; but I consider prayer, praise and preaching to be ordinances instituted by God. First, Baptism: that stands at the door; it is the only way into the Church. Baptism is rather without-side, and the Supper of the Lord within-side the church: the right way to the latter is by an identification with the church, and the right way of connection with the church is by baptism. It is written, "He that climbeth up any other way—." You know what purer lips than mine have said on the subject. I need not finish the sentence. But some have invented other ways of getting in; some have built an arch; some laid a plank across, that they may get over dry-footed; but that is not God's way. The Scripture order is,—“They heard, believed, were baptised, were added to the church, and then they broke bread.” With regard to the other ordinances—prayer, praise, and preaching, we have abundant proofs throughout Scripture. Our Saviour's admonition is, “Pray without ceasing.” I don't know anything more painful than to live without prayer: and I am never so happy as when so engaged. May the blessing of God rest on you all, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Mr. NEWBORN, of St. Lukes, then ascended the pulpit, and after congratulating the Church on their happy position, called upon Mr. Chislett for an account of his transition from darkness into light.

Mr. CHISLETT replied:

Dear brother and Christian friends: I feel this to be a solemn position in which I am placed to-day. I hope you will exercise patience and forbearance with me. I have not to boast of having been delivered from very great crimes, or of having gone on in a long course of evil; but I can testify of the power of divine grace. It was my honour to be born of praying parents, who took me to the house of God, before I knew the way myself. I early learnt to read, and constantly attended the Sabbath School, where I subsequently became a teacher. One Sabbath, while attending my class, I asked one of the scholars, “John, do you pray?” And the question returned to me, “Dost thou pray?” The thought struck terror to my soul. Christmas Day came during the following week, when a minister in a neighbouring village was to preach a funeral sermon for a good man—a waggoner—who was killed by the upsetting of the wagon he was driving on the road. I and some of my companions went to hear him. His text was,—“Seek him that turneth the shadow of death into morning.” He shewed death with all its terrors to the wicked man, but that to the righteous man it was a blessing. I went away with such feelings as I cannot describe. I went home and said but little to my companions. Things so went on until I heard a sermon on “Faith.” I was led to see I had none; and that without it it was impossible to please God. My mind was filled with the terrors of the law, and I could get no rest. I used to watch my little brothers and sisters off to sleep, and then get out of bed and pray God to enlighten my mind. For several months I continued in this state of darkness, praying night and day; seeking consolation, but finding none, until one Sabbath morning I intended going to hear the minister of whom I have before spoken, and to whom I felt some love. I left my class, and started off, having a mile and a half to go. When

I got about half-way there I altered my mind, turned back again, and went to the chapel where my father attended. I took a seat behind the door, and the minister took for his text, “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” And I could point to the spot now, as I have done many times before, where my burden was lost, my chains broken, and my soul filled with love to God and his dear saints. From that day I had a hope that I had an interest in the Redeemer's sacrifice. Within a few months I joined the church, and from that time to the present I have been connected with the Church of Christ; and though I have had much to lament—have often lived beneath my privileges, and grieved the Holy Spirit, yet my face has been kept Zion-ward, and I have not been allowed to make shipwreck of faith.

Mr. NEWBORN thanked Mr. Chislett for his very lucid statement, and asked him for a relation of the leadings of divine providence in bringing him—(Mr. Chislett)—into the ministry.

Mr. CHISLETT said:

I stated at the onset that I had nothing wonderful to relate. I have been told since I have been a man, that when I was born the news being taken to my father that “a man child was born into the world,” he exclaimed, “Oh, that he may be a man for the Lord!” Also, when the nurse dressed me, and carried me to my mother, she held me up in her arms and said, “Oh, that he may be a preacher!” But whether they forgot their prayers or not I cannot tell. I don't believe they did; though they did not carry out the means some would have used for that purpose. I had no early advantages in education: was early put to business, at which I toiled till I left my father's roof, when about 18 years of age. Several years after this I was in the habit of addressing the Sabbath-school in the Isle of Wight where I then resided. I used also to make a sort of speech at the annual gathering of teachers for several years. The church with which I was then connected thought I could be useful in speaking in the name of the Lord. One of the elders came to me and asked me to go with him to a neighboring village to speak. I said, “No I cannot preach.” I declined going; and he went away rather disappointed. He came again shortly after and asked me if I had made up my mind? I told him I had not. I could not preach. “Well, (he said) it is agreed that you and I go; and you must go.” I agreed to go on the condition that he should preach. We went—he spoke—and when he had finished his discourse, he announced that I should speak the next Sabbath. This made me miserable all the week. I knew not what to do. However I began to think about a text—about heads—and what to say. I made my first attempt to preach from the words, “Looking unto Jesus.” I talked something about the look of penitence, the look of faith, the look of complacency, the look of discipleship, and many other looks. Thus I began and so I went on carrying the gospel with others into four villages. Perhaps some of you have heard of Richard Knill who is now labouring in the city of Chester, in the Independent denomination. He came to the place where I then resided and delivered an address to young men, wherein he earnestly exhorted those who had

any talents to use them in the cause of Christ. His address had such an effect on me that I could not rest, yet I did not feel to want to labour. Some few days after this circumstance I was walking along the street, when I saw a group of persons standing, and on nearer approaching them I discovered that a man was addressing them in the open air. This so impressed me that I began to think that the Lord had a work for me to do. A person who laboured as a missionary to the sailors was in the town, at this time; I went to see him and told him my mind on the subject. He said "you are just the man we want; come with me to day." He enquired into my education; and subsequently sent me a letter informing me that he had a place for me as Home or Town Missionary which office I fulfilled for several years, from that time (twelve years ago,) till now I have been engaged as a missionary, till within the last two years when I was stated at Huddersfield. During this time I have met with much opposition from some professing christians, especially the Modern Calvinists, who have wondered how I dared to say what they did not, in reference to the purposes of God; and on this account I have been hated, and very much disregarded. When one door has been closed the Lord has opened another; and I have felt that "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

Mr. NEWBORN next called on Mr. Chislett for a definition of the doctrines he held, and intended to advocate there. To which Mr. Chislett replied as follows:—

I believe there is one living and true God, who is in himself infinite, eternal, self-existent, and independent; that he is the source of all wisdom, power, goodness, mercy, and truth; and that he is unchangeable in his nature, and in all his attributes.

I believe that the Scriptures, commonly called the Old and New Testaments, are the word of God, that they were written by holy men, inspired by the Divine Spirit, and that they contain the only infallible rule of faith and practice; and whatever is not based upon the Scriptures of truth, either in faith or practice, is human and not divine.

I believe from the Scriptures, that in the Godhead there are three Persons—the Father, the Word (or Son), and the Holy Ghost; and that these Three are one—one in essence of nature, one in purpose and design, and though in perfect unity, one; yet each sustaining a distinct office in the economy of salvation.

I believe that salvation by grace is not a display of wisdom and mercy to meet an emergency,—a something arising out of necessity—but that before the world began God did elect a certain number of men unto salvation, whom he did predestinate to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ of his own free grace, and according to the good pleasure of his will; and that in pursuance of this his gracious design, he did contrive and make a covenant of grace and peace with the Word and the Holy Spirit, wherein a Saviour was appointed, and all spiritual blessings provided, viz., the covenant was ordered in all things and sure.

I believe that God created the first man in righteousness (or holy) in his own image; every way capable of serving and obeying him; that

the law given him was suitable to his nature; but he sinning, all his posterity sinned in him; his sin and guilt is imputed to them; so that a corrupt nature is derived by his offspring, averse to all that is good, incapable of doing any good, and prone to every sin, and are also by nature children of wrath, and under sentence of condemnation, from which there is no deliverance but by Christ the Second Adam.

I believe that the Divine Word, who was with God, and who was God, was elected to be the Saviour of the elect, the Surety of his people, the Mediator of the covenant; and that in the fullness of time, or at the appointed time, he did really assume human nature; so that the humanity and deity of the Lord Jesus constitutes one glorious person, "The only Mediator between God and man." These two natures retain their distinct properties; the humanity not having become divine, nor the Deity human, and yet they form one adorable person, "Immanuel, God with us."

I believe that his taking our nature into union with his own was voluntary—"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God;" and that it was a prerogative belonging only to God. The manner in which this was done as recorded by the evangelists, is a proof of the perfection of that nature he assumed. "That holy thing which shall be horn of thee shall he called the Son of God."

I believe that Jesus Christ rendered unto the law a perfect obedience, and that he the Just One, was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him; that he died on the cross; shed his blood; "that he was once offered to bear the sins of many;" "that he laid down his life for the sheep," "that he bare our sins in his own body on the tree," so that the redemption by Christ Jesus is special and particular, that is to say, all those predestinated, and chosen by God the Father, are given to Christ, and such are taught to say "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his [the Father's] grace."

I believe, therefore, that God can and does forgive sin for the sake of what Jesus Christ did; Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.

I believe that the justification of the poor sinner is an act of God. He only can forgive sin, and he only can forgive the sinner. A perfect righteousness being wrought out by Christ, agreeable to the requirements of law and justice, God the Father approves of it, is well pleased with it, and sovereignly imputes it unto believers as their own. Of him, are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness.

I believe regeneration to be the work of God the Spirit; that it properly means a new birth, or being born from above, the work of God in the man. Conversion I believe to be the work of God through the man. Regeneration is a life given; conversion that life manifested. In regeneration man is passive—it is an irresistible work of God: conversion is the going up of the man to God in his desires and actions.

I believe in the effectual calling of God, by the means he has in his own power, ordinarily through the gospel, but not in all cases; and that free grace is the moving cause of it.

I believe faith, and every other gift, to be the work of the Holy Spirit in us; and that he is

pleased to use means of his own appointment to bring about the end.

I believe in the final perseverance of the saints; which is, that those who are predestinated by God the Father, unto eternal life, are also chosen, and called, and justified; and that such are preserved, "kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation;" and that while they are called upon to make their calling and election sure, it is God that worketh in them, to will and to do of his own good pleasure.

I believe that the church (or believers) are called unto obedience; and Jesus, the sole Head of his church, has left two ordinances, clearly revealed in the New Testament, to be attended unto until he comes again—namely, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

These ordinances are designed for believers only.

Baptism I believe to be immersion in water, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; which ordinance sets forth the sufferings, death, burial and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ; and also that the person, by being thus baptised, openly declares his faith in Christ, and that he is dead with Christ, and risen to walk in newness of life.

The Lord's Supper! I believe it is the privilege of the baptised person to unite with other baptised persons in Christian fellowship, and to partake together of bread and wine, as a symbol and sign of the broken body and shed blood of the Lord Jesus, according to the testimony of the apostle, "The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Christ's body broken by suffering and death; and the wine as the symbol of the blood of Christ, and also of the love of Christ, in shedding of that blood for the remission of sins; and likewise partaking it *together*—a part of the church as emblematical of the whole body of Christ: "We being many are one bread, for we are all partakers of that one bread."

These I believe to be standing ordinances in the church of Christ.

I believe that after death, the spirits of the saints are with Christ in heaven; and that the spirits of the ungodly are reserved in darkness and misery unto the judgment day.

I believe in the resurrection both of the just, and of the unjust.

The saints will be raised at the second coming of Christ, who, with Christ, will reign on the earth, when the groaning of creation shall cease, and the earth be restored, and that the wicked will not be raised until the thousand years are finished, when they will be raised and judged by that Man whom God hath ordained.

I believe in the eternal glories of the saints, and in the everlasting punishment of all God's enemies.

Mr. PORTER, one of the deacons of the church, then read a paper describing the way in which they were led to choose Mr. Chislett for their minister; but as it is of no particular interest to our readers, we shall not occupy our space with it.

The church having ratified the call in the usual way, and Mr. Chislett his assent. Mr. Wyard gave to pastor and deacons the

right hand of fellowship. After a word of admonition and exhortation, Mr. Newborn closed the morning service by prayer.

Afternoon Service.

Mr. C. H. COLES, of Brentford, read the third chapter of the first epistle of Timothy; and offered up an affectionate and appropriate prayer on behalf of the newly ordained pastor and flock.

A hymn having been sung, Mr. JAMES WELLS, of the Surrey Tabernacle, delivered

THE CHARGE,

of which the following is an outline:—

Your business, my brother, is immediately with your Maker and the souls of men; to negotiate between God and men. The words which I shall read as a ground for the few words I may speak to you this afternoon, you will find in the fourth chapter of Paul's second epistle to Timothy, and last clause of the fifth verse, "Make full proof of thy ministry." My intention is to notice these words under four heads or divisions:

- I. The nature and design of the ministry;
- II. How to make proof of your ministry;
- III. Some qualities necessary so to do;
- IV. The end of your labour.

I. The nature and design of the ministry of the word. First, look at its dignity. There is one thing that appears to me greatly to heighten this. The world itself came into being by the word of God. As though the Lord should say, I will give the world an example of my word. He said, "Let there be light, and there was light. Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and it was so. Let the waters be gathered together unto one place, and it was so. Let the earth bring forth grass, and it was so," and so on. This, my brother, is a typical epitome of the gospel. The apostle Paul in his ministrations sets the law on one hand, and the gospel on the other. So, my brother, you will have to use the law in connection with the gospel. The Lord keep you in this position, and you will be sure to succeed. Paul, in the commencement of the epistle wherein our text is found, lays down four rules, according to which he became a minister. 1. "Paul an apostle of Jesus Christ;" that is, a *sent one*. I believe you are a sent one. I am glad they left the Lord to make a minister of you. 2. "By the will of God." That is just where you like to be. If God be on your side, you will have no occasion to fear anything. 3. "According to the promise of life." You want to live a Christian life now. 4. "In Christ Jesus." This, then, is the way you are a minister. Paul addressing Timothy says, "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord." What is this testimony? The apostle goes on to tell us, "But be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the

power of God; who hath saved us, and called us, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." Now I trust these are your feelings, and that the gospel you will preach is the same as that spoken of in the text just quoted. You said this morning, you had "not to boast of having been delivered from great crimes," and so on. Yet you do not on that account think yourself any better than your brethren who have been left to go to greater depths of sin and iniquity, believing that we are saved "not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but it is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." This will be your aim, my brother "to abolish death." You will have to "abolish death" in the sinner. You will find a deal of death in the Lord's people. It will be your aim so to preach as to abolish this death. Look again at the height of this word—it is the word of the everlasting God. It is so high that when some of the high-flying Pharisees come to hear you, you will be able to bring before them something far higher than themselves. But when you bring in the name of the most high God, it will infinitely out-top all their pretensions. God being with you, these Pharisees will drop to the ground like sparrows shot, and wonder how it is that you knew where to find them. If you are sent to bring a Pharaoh or a Nebuchadnezzar down you'll be able to do it. The Lord keep you from the fear of man. Never mind if they say, "We don't like these high doctrines." You must aim to bring them down and wound them; and when they are down, pour in oil and wine, and they will stand on their feet like men. Such, then, is one feature of your ministry—height.

But secondly, not only is there height but *depth*. Peter saw in his vision "creeping things." There may be a poor thief crawling along here, or a poor filthy creature creeping along there like animalculæ in the mud. Now you must come down low enough to pick up the filthiest and the most degraded. If Satan has got hold of them, the gospel is deeper than hell, you must go down deep enough to rescue him. Let the gospel but touch their hearts, under the power of Jehovah, then the rich Pharisee and the poor thief meet together and embrace each other; "the brother of high and low degree" will bless God together. There were also in Peter's vision "wild beasts." Some of these will come and roar at you, and threaten to swallow you, chapel and all. Bye-and-bye the lion is changed into a lamb, and he now lays down quiet at your side. How? By the mighty

power of the gospel. I hope you will ever be kept from becoming a *mealy mouth* preacher; you must go right on. You will meet with rocks, and you must use the hammer; hardness of heart must be dealt with. Instead of the modern pen-knife of error, you must use the good old-fashioned axe of truth, with which you must pluck up, throw down, and destroy fleshly confidences, that sinners may be planted in the likeness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We will now say something of the design of the gospel ministry. Its paramount design is the glory of God: but beside this it has a two-fold design: First, the conversion of sinners; and secondly, the welfare of the saints. When the Lord lays sin upon a sinner's conscience, he has a desire after God's mercy. They are compared by Ezekiel to "*dry bones*." In God's own time he breathes upon these "*dry bones*," and they live. And having brought them into this state, his desire is to live and die with the people of God; and his song is,

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room;
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

And that was really and truly my state. Thus one design of the gospel ministry is the conversion of sinners. It is also for the welfare of the saints. There must be order in the Lord's house, and the Lord's word has its order. I was glad to hear you speak so well this morning of the "*covenant ordered* in all things and sure." If you get away from God's order you will get into trouble. It will not do to mix the mouldy oil of free will, with the golden oil of free grace. Thus, my brother, you must preserve the even tenor of your way, cleaving only to the truth, and caring neither for what men or devils say or do. And your enemies will say, "I wonder how it is that fellow gets on so well." But they don't see the man behind the wall, pouring in the oil, and lighting the poor traveller across the wilderness to Zion's hill.

II. Now we will notice Paul's advice,—"*Make full proof of thy ministry.*" We will notice five ways which, by the word of God, you may make full proof of your ministry.

1. To prove the truth of it in your own soul; and your ministry will be of little account if you cannot do this. You may preach from a text, and have a great many divisions; but if the soul be not vitally interested in the subject, you will not be able to preach from and for the soul. You have a great many evils to contend with. You will sometimes feel dead and dark, and the springs closed up. You will wonder what has come to you. You say,—"*I'll go and try to say a little this morning;*" and still you feel as rebellious as possible. You go to the pulpit; and you don't try to be

splendid, but go hobbling along, till at last you sit down very much dissatisfied with yourself. The people begin to move, and one and another are heard blessing and praising the Lord for the blessing they have received under the ministration of the word that morning. When you come to a Scripture upon which your mind seems to fasten for a text, ask yourself, what is the real meaning of this? What do I know of this in my own soul? If I possess these things, I may go forth with the twofold authority of my own experience and God's word. Then preach accordingly. There are three things necessary and excellent for a minister of the gospel: 1. A genuine, vital interest in the truths of the gospel: 2. A clear understanding; 3. A well disciplined mind. I have heard talk of *round* sermons, having neither beginning, middle or end; but the speaker leaves off only when he must. I hope you will not have any such sermons, my brother.

2. Demonstrate your position to the people of God.

3. Make full proof of your ministry in your usefulness. You say, "I cannot do that." Can you be content to have a chapel full of people without usefulness? You can be useful in the chamber of affliction. If sent of God, your aim and prayer will be to say something that shall be made useful to the conversion of many sinners. I was once walking with a gentleman in the country where I had been preaching, and he said to me, "Sir, you don't preach to sinners." I told him I should be puzzled to preach to anything else in this world.

4. "Make full proof of your ministry in your personal practice." There are some ministers who have no religion except in the pulpit. If your practice out of the pulpit does not agree with your preaching in the pulpit, you will give but sorry proof that you are a minister of God. In your pastoral visits, so act as to give proof that you are a God-sent minister. Again, let the sick chamber witness the sincerity of your conversation. You go to prayer; perhaps the unconverted are there; they never heard the word before; they cannot well leave the room; and who can tell what a word may do? I will relate to you an anecdote in illustration of this. I was invited to take tea with two servants—the one a lover of truth, the other a despiser of it. I did not know what to do about going. But I went. When I got there I knew not what to do. The devil said, "If you say anything about religion, she will only smile when you are gone." I said to myself,—"Am I to let this carnal person have all the talk, or am I to be deterred from speaking the word of God? However, I went on talking about God and God's people as though she was not there; and the Lord was pleased to send an arrow of conviction into the unconverted

girl's heart. Subsequently she was taken ill, and died triumphing in the Lord. So, brother, you know not what use the Lord may make of what you may say on such opportunities.

5. "Make full proof of your ministry" by avoiding all that is not profitable to your hearers. First avoid mixing yourself up with mere nominal associations; or else you will require a church meeting every week, to consider some question or another. Secondly, avoid lost time. Let no man rob you of your time. A time-stealer is as bad as a thief; yet I do not mean you to be unsociable. Do not be unkind or uncourteous in your expressions. Thirdly, make full proof of your ministry" by avoiding to make any speculative point a prominent part of your ministry; for although there may be twenty that like it, the rest will not thank you. I have had a great deal of it, but I keep it now for home consumption, because I could not find a market for it. Fourthly, avoid mere opinions, keep in solid essentials. There were several more points I wished to touch upon, but have not time.

III. We will speak a little here, of the qualities necessary to the minister, that he may make full proof of his ministry." First, Watchfulness: 1. That there are none get into the church but the right sort; 2. Keep those who are in as right as possible. When they come to you for admission into the church, search them well; see how they came by their religion, and if their convictions be real. You must watch to keep thieves out and honest ones in. You must watch your flock as a shepherd does his sheep, when wolves abound. Again, you must endure afflictions. You will need much patience. Do not be too ready to lay everything before the church. Many of these little things are sure to die a natural death, if let alone. You'll have some obstinate ones to deal with, like the man with his great coat, who persisted in keeping it on when the weather was warm, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, and who, after walking a little way, was glad to take it off himself. So, bye and bye, the warmth of your preaching will make them throw off their prejudices. You are to "do the work of an evangelist,"—a bringer of tidings. You must bring good tidings in the face of all opposition. I might say, lastly, "Make good proof of your ministry" with much courage and boldness. I shall expect to find you a bold preacher—bold as a lion. I want to see you mighty in the Lord. You must be like Job's war horse—(Job xxxix. 19—25)—"Hast thou given to the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" You must be arrayed in the thunder of the Bible—a Boanerges—a son of thunder; and these will roll into the consciences of sinners—a dreadful sound, "Canst thou make him afraid as the grasshopper?" I don't want you to hop into free-will; but

that you may "endure all things for the elect's sake." "The glory of his nostrils is terrible." Breathe out the solemnities of the eternal world. "He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men". So must you not sleep, but be up and ready: "Blessed is that servant whom when the Lord cometh, he shall find ready." I want you to say, here am I, ready to meet the enemies of the Lord God. Not afraid of men. "He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him; the glittering spear and the shield." So I hope it will be with you when your enemies set at you. May you be enabled to laugh at them, and not be afraid; and when satan fires his darts at you, may you be so clothed with the armour of God, that his quivers may not harm you, but rattle off you. "He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet." If you are one of God's war-horses, you will thus be preserved from fearing the noise made by unbelieving, truth-hating men. "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." I want you to be quick in smelling the thunder of the captains; there will be many thunderings against you; but if you are sent of God to preach his gospel, they shall not harm you.

IV. But what will be the end of your labours? It will be everlasting blessedness to the people who have profited by them. When cities and empires shall decay; and all that this world contains shall have passed away, then you and those whom God hath given, shall, with the millions of the redeemed family, meet around the throne, to spend a long eternity in pleasure and in praise. The Lord grant you a blessed and increasing interest in these things, and his name shall have the praise.

Part of a hymn having been sung, Mr. Wells concluded the afternoon service with prayer; after which, about three hundred and fifty persons sat down to tea in the chapel.

[We are compelled to defer an outline of Mr. John Foreman's sermon (in the evening) to the church and congregation, until next month. We have it prepared.]

The late William Alderson.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I send you a brief account of the late Mr. William Alderson, Baptist minister, for the purpose of inserting it in your "Vessel." The four verses I composed, and we sang them after I had preached a funeral sermon on the occasion from I Cor. xv. 57. When I had finished what is called the sermon, I stated that Mr. Alderson was a child of many prayers, he having been blessed with believing parents; but he lived without God in the world until he was about the age of seventeen years, when, by reading a book wrote

by the late Leigh Richmond, I think it was "the Dairyman's Daughter," he was brought to feel himself a lost ruined sinner, and without hope of interest in Jesus's atoning blood; nor was he brought to know the Lord as his Redeemer until he was favoured to hear the late Mr. John Stevens (then of Grafton Street) under whose ministry he was set at liberty, and by whom he was baptised and continued a member with the church under Mr. Stevens's ministry until the year 1832. But before this period he had been preaching the glorious gospel of God in many places to the comfort and establishment of many of the Lord's tried family; and it was in the year 1832 I was first favoured to hear him proclaim the Saviour's name to my soul's delight and edification at Salem Chapel, Stockwell, Surrey; and there, under his ministry, a strict Baptist church was formed of eight members on the 4th of December, and brother Stenson preached on the occasion from the words of our Lord "take heed unto yourselves;" and some wholesome advice was then given; and then on the 25th of the same month, Mr. Alderson was ordained as pastor over us, when Mr. J. Stevens gave the charge from the words, "Herein I give thee my advice," and a blessed time it was to many precious souls on that occasion: and after this the Lord added to the little church many others, and things went on pretty well until the Lord saw fit to move him into the country as a Home Missionary in Cambridgeshire for a time; then the little flock was scattered as sheep without a shepherd; but after a few years he was brought back again to London, and preached in Crosby Row, and in King's Court Chapel; afterwards in his own hired house in Chapel Place, Long Lane, where he ended his course, and entered into his rest, Wednesday evening, February 9th.

Thus I have given you a brief outline of about twenty-one years of his history as a minister of the gospel. And now I will say a word respecting his Christian experience; and on this point I well remember his telling me what a flood of joy and peace he felt within for some years, while favoured to hear the glories of Christ, as set forth by his pastor, and with what delight he began to preach the word. But on one occasion he was led to preach from Isaiah iii. 10; and directly after was called to experience great darkness and distress of soul for nearly seven years; and it was during part of those years that I was first favoured to hear him; and truly painful it was sometimes to sit and hear him. But the Lord had his hand in all this; for there was a few of his tried ones gathered around him from time to time, to listen to his precious doctrines, and found it good to meet around the throne of grace; and besides this, his own soul became so settled and stable, that he was not one of those that were tossed about with every wind of doctrine, but was well established in the truth as it is in Jesus, so that what he believed he faithfully preached; and his blessed experience of the Lord's goodness and grace, drew forth the affections of his flock towards him, which his natural manner would not have done, for he was rather severe in his way of expressing himself at times, but love covereth a multitude of our crooked ways and tempers.

I must draw to a close, or rather to the close of his career, and concerning his latter end. It was one of great suffering of body for years, so that it was painful to hear him. But oh, blessed be the Lord, he was much favoured with his presence, so that his soul was in peace; and as he lived upon Christ, whom he preached, so, when he came to die, he found him precious to his soul, and was enabled to glory in the Lord alone, and bid adieu to all below. And now, if any should ask what sort of a preacher was our departed brother, I say, in a few words, he was one of the few that dared to preach the ancient glories of the God-Man, Christ Jesus, the hypostatic union of the two natures in the one glorious Christ of God, and our union to him in everlasting love; and this he used to call supra-lapsarian grace, or grace above the

fall, and the covenant of grace made with Christ before all worlds, taking in all the election of grace, and by blood redeeming them; God the Spirit quickens them to newness of life, and grace keeps them looking to Jesus, whose they are, and whom they serve according to the gospel; and that they shall be preserved in the Lord's own way, until he calls them home to himself. And here I must stop, by just adding, may the Lord enable both writer and reader to follow him as far as he followed Christ; and may it please the Lord to keep us faithful, as he kept the departed, is the desire of your's, in the gospel of Christ,

3, Chrissell Street, THOMAS ATTWOOD,
Kennington, March 9th, 1853.

He's gone, he's gone, yes, gone to be
For ever with the eternal Three,
Where he will weep no more:
And we will join to praise the name
Of him whose love remains the same;
Yes, him we will adore.

Our brother's gone to be at rest,
And join to sing with all the blest,
In heaven's bright world above.
His theme was Christ, and Christ alone,
Whose blood did for his sheep atone,
The children of his love.

Oh, yes, he's gone to meet his Lord,
And take his blood-bought, free reward,
Triumphant in the skies:
No more temptations here to know,
No more the gospel trumpet blow,
Nor wipe his weeping eyes.

Then let us here unite to raise
To our dear Lord a song of praise,
Who died that we might live:

And when we him in glory meet,
We'll cast our crowns down at his feet,
And to him glory give.

On Lord's-day, February 28th, Mr. William Felton preached an able discourse in Crosby Row Chapel, from Rev. xiv. 21, in improvement of Mr. Alderson's death. We promised in our last an outline of the discourse, expecting some particulars relative to the deceased would have been given; but as there were none given, and our columns are full, we must defer the insertion thereof for the present.

Meeting at Willenhall, Staffordshire.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

DEAR SIR.—On Monday, March 7th, a large tea meeting was held in the British School rooms connected with the Baptist Chapel, Willenhall. At a glance, I should conjecture that no less than three hundred persons partook thereof. The upper room was densely crowded, and a large gathering below. After tea, the friends adjourned to the Chapel, where a public meeting was held. The chair was taken by their respected minister, Mr. S. Cozens, who opened the meeting with some remarks, meeting the objections often made against such meetings; and while admitting that considerable abuse must be deplored, yet the arguments generally used would, if carried out, be found to militate against every public association for any religious or benevolent purpose; and while obviating objections, he stated some grounds upon which such gatherings might not only be approved, but might be subservient to much good.

He was followed by our brother Mose, who for a moment took up the same subject; and adverting to the parties from whom the objection came, feared that many of them could swallow a camel with ease, yet could not get this little gnat down their throat. He then adverted to the object of the tea meeting, which he understood was to sympathise and help their beloved pastor in the late paper war, brought on by his unflinching advocacy of the doctrines of truth. He thought brother Cozen's opponent, Mr. Phillip Pugh, the champion of

Wesleyanism, was a crafty man, and displayed it in the same way as Louis Napoleon, who, in order that his subjects might not feel the tyranny of his power, nor look into the unrighteousness of his government, kept them continually busy upon any object with which he could engage their attention: so this Phillip Pugh, to keep his followers from looking into the worst, or at least as bad as popish domineering Wesleyan policy, which has been occupying thoughtful men among that body for some time past, must try and find them some other subject for the object of their thoughts. He then noticed the manner in which the attack on Mr. Cozens was carried on. Were his statements confuted, and did his opponent carry on this aggression in the spirit of enquiry of legitimate controversy? No, by no means; but descended to most paltry measures; and when he could not answer nor refute our brother's statements, he and his coadjutors began a series of caricatures; a course which rendered them too contemptible to be considered by many as worthy of notice. But our brother was not daunted with this; he still wrote till his opponent was fairly driven out of the field. In carrying on this war in defence of the truth, much labour had been bestowed, and very great expense incurred; and he should very much like that this meeting should be both a jubilee and a funeral—a jubilant meeting to commemorate the victory of truth, and, by help found, to sing a funeral requiem over any debt our brother might have incurred.

Mr. Phillips then addressed the meeting; and though not used to public meetings, he could not help saying a few words. He felt interested in this meeting, because the cause of truth lay near his heart. He had heard Mr. Cozens with spiritual pleasure and profit, when he had visited Gooch Street, Birmingham, and his heart was knit to him for the sake of the truths he preached; and he hoped the church of God might be benefitted by the labours of brother Cozens in this controversy.

Mr. Marshall then addressed the meeting, stating when he was first brought to B. he wandered from place to place to find where truth was preached, but met with disappointment. He was led to Willenhall, and there he found what he wanted, and his heart had been knit to Mr. Cozens ever since; and whatever little influence he might possess, or could command, he would cheerfully devote to the cause of truth; and his own wish was, that Mr. C.'s opponent might be brought to know the truth of God for himself, and rejoice to proclaim it.

Mr. Foster, the senior deacon, then arose and stated how the tea meeting had originated. It began with himself; and he had said but little about what he designed but to two or three; but he was glad to see so many there, and now wished to tell them, that after every expense was paid, he had to hand over to their beloved minister the balance, in a purse containing £15; and said something had been hinted about a collection. They did not want a collection; they did not intend to beg; whatever expense had been incurred by Mr. C. in this paper war, they would help him defray, and the printer should not go home that night without his money. Some of the friends here added their sovereigns, and others their half-crowns, making about £18 to assist the defraying the printing expense.

Our good brother Cozens, as well as his feelings would allow him, returned thanks for the kindness thus displayed. He had never found them a kind and liberal people since he had been among them. He had many places that opened before him, and some had thought he was unsettled; but he loved his people, and this noble act of kindness endeared them more and more to him; and he hoped, if it was the will of the Lord, to live and die among them.

Before, and between each speaker, the choir of instrumental and vocal performers played several pieces of sacred music, which enlivened the meeting.

Thus ended a very pleasant, and not an unprofitable tea meeting, after prayer by

JONATHAN UPON THE HILL TOP.

A Letter from a Free-Grace Baptist Minister in Australia.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR:—As you have undertaken to supply your readers with authentic information from our Australian colonies, allow me to present you with a letter I have just received from a free-grace Baptist minister, who left England for Geelong about three years ago. I am, sir, your's in truth,
25, Nelson Street, Bermondsey. W. MORAN.
March 21, 1853.

My dear Friend.—I duly received your letter; and from the lapse of time of my writing to you, and not having an answer so early as I expected, I was led to suppose that my letter had not reached you.

I was glad to hear that the two churches of Wickham and Heybridge were moving onwards.

I wish to sympathise with you in the present affliction of adverse dispensations. We live to prove the Saviour's words to be true, "that in the world ye shall have tribulation." If it do not come in at one door it will at another—if not upon our interest in the Lord, it will in the Lord's providence. For my own part I have been tried more in the latter than in the former. I frequently find myself like a crawling worm on the ground; but though Jacob is small, he rises again by the mighty God of Jacob.

In giving you a brief description of Australia, I would say, that in almost every direction it presents a scene (especially in the Bush) of ruffianism. There are not those comforts and conveniences as you have in England. My usual reply to all enquiries is, if you cannot live in England you may in this country. And I say, if one step would take me into England I should recoil at it, for I was a great loser in temporal matters before I left it. This country is a good place for young people; for, at this time especially, high wages are given to all tradesmen and labourers. And no doubt, my dear friend, as you say you are acquainted with two trades, you could obtain a situation in either of them, if you can possibly get out here. Whether Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne or Geelong would suit your purpose best I cannot say.

Blacksmiths are paid five shillings a shoe for a horse; carpenters have had £1 5s. per day. But it is not likely these high wages will continue, because of the influx of emigration into this colony. Provisions of almost every description are very dear. Flour has been £60 per ton; and it is at this time £40. It is sometimes feared there will be a scarcity, if we receive none from other countries. Farming and gardening is much neglected since the discovery of the gold diggings. The gold is found from 60 to 160 miles from us. There is a vast multitude there: some have met with great success, and others with scarcely any. It appears to be quite a lottery. Generally speaking they have to go a great depth for it; sometimes as much as seventy feet and upwards. After the top-soil is taken off, then comes a great mixture of earths, and then the quartz; both kinds being nearly as hard as iron. So, of course, there is a deal of hard labour attached to it, and the uncertainty whether they will come to a vein or not. One of my sons has been tolerably successful—from April to November he obtained \$360 in value. But the gold fields is a dreadful place; the very scene of all kinds of wickedness.

The first year of our being here was a very trying one; as we could not sow much of the land from its being a very dry season. Last year we had a pretty good crop. This winter we have had the greatest downfall of rain that has ever been known by the oldest colonist. We could not sow much, as it continued, with but little intermission, from the latter end of April until August. Our sowing season is in June and July: the harvest month is January.

The hot winds from the north are the most unpleasant we have. There is no real cold weather.

I have not yet seen any snow in this neighbourhood; now and then a little white frost, but very much wind from all quarters. The trees always keep green here, with the exception of fruit trees. I do not think the soil is so well adapted for wheat as some of the land in England, but in quality it surpasses it.

We are situated very pleasantly, close by Geelong Bay, which is a very spacious one. In many parts of the Bush much inconvenience is felt for the want of water, especially in the first parts of the summer season; but the towns are situated near rivers.

I might have observed, when speaking about gold, that it is all found in a molten state; no doubt occasioned by an eruption at some period of time; perhaps at the creation, for the Lord has done all his works in wisdom. I think this is a healthy country; we have double the sun you have in England, and very little foggy weather. On the 21st December we have nearly fifteen hour's sun. On the 21st June, rather more than nine hours.

My dear friend, I could have wished to have confined myself more to spiritual matters; but could scarcely give you any thing of a general detail of this country, even in the compass of a letter. I continue speaking on the Lord's-day to a few people; but the Sabbath is not much regarded here, particularly in the bush.

I conclude, by commending you to our most gracious Lord, and that he may direct you in his providence. We are all, through mercy, well. My wife sends her Christian regards to you.

I remain your's in the Lord,
Nov. 23, 1852, WILLIAM POLLKY.
Clifton, near Geelong.

The Kingdom of Christ.

(Continued from page 71.)

It seems a general opinion that at Christ's second coming the heavens and earth shall pass away for ever, the whole race of man become extinct, and both the saints and the wicked, or the quick and dead, be brought immediately before the great Judge to receive their final doom; and that all the wicked shall thence go into everlasting punishment and the saints into life eternal.

That such a view is not consonant with sacred Scripture must be evident to all who are well instructed therein.

The Scriptures teach that the Lord Jesus Christ, our crucified and risen Lord, will, in the latter day, appear in person upon the earth a second time with power and great glory, to set up and to establish his kingdom or government upon the earth, whilst the race of man is still continued in the flesh; and that he, with his risen saints (the just made perfect) will for a time appointed (called in Scripture a thousand years) maintain and exercise a visible and glorious rule and government over the children of men on the earth.

The book of Psalms contain ample testimony to this truth. Psalm x. declares his kingdom shall be established—"The Lord is King for ever and ever; the heathen are perished out of the land." Psalm xxii.—"All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the Governor among the nations. All they that be fat upon the earth shall eat and worship; all they that go down to the dust shall bow before him; and none can keep alive his own soul. A seed shall serve him; it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation. They shall come, and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done this." And is not the blessedness of his kingdom set forth in Psalm xxxiii.—"The word of the Lord is right, and all his works are done in truth. He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance?"

How suitably is the church comforted by the promise of deliverance from affliction, and by an assurance that the wicked who trouble her shall speedily be destroyed; in Psalm xxxvii. "Evil doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth; the meek shall inherit the earth, and delight themselves in the abundance of peace; the righteous shall inherit the land and dwell therein forever. Wait on the Lord and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it. If these promises are made to the church, have they ever been realised? And if they have not, when will they be realised? When did the meek inherit the earth? When were the evil doers cut off? And if this age is a time of election out of, and the poor of this world are chosen to be rich in faith, then the rich of this world are not chosen.

The truth is, the wicked men of the earth, now inherit it, it is their portion now, in its corrupt, changing, passing-away state, "I saw the wicked in great prosperity," &c. The poor are now chosen heirs of a kingdom and glory, yet, future; they are now children of God, and joint heirs with Christ, and when he comes to sit up, and establish his kingdom they with him shall take it and possess it, for it shall be given unto them for an everlasting possession.

If the church is to dwell in heaven for ever,
 "Free from a world of grief and sin,
 With Christ eternally shut in."

as some sing, and their experience here in this time state is poverty, "a poor and afflicted people trusting in the Lord," and they are taken away from poverty, pain, sin and sinners, at death to be in heaven for ever; then this Psalm is true. But blessed be his name the Psalm is true; and perfectly consistent with every other part of God's word.

(To be continued.)

Funeral Sermon for the late Mrs. Shindler.

The Saint's Choice of Christ, and Security in Him;—the substance of a Funeral Sermon for the late Mrs. Shindler, who died from the effects of drinking poison during a state of insanity. By Robert Shindler. London, HOULSTON AND STONEMAN.

While travelling home from a recent preaching tour, we read and prepared a rather lengthened notice of this eventful pamphlet: some portion of our notice is in type, but we are compelled to postpone this month all but the closing scene of Mrs. Shindler's life; which is giving in the following words:—

"On the morning of the fatal occurrence, she was engaged with the nurse in the kitchen, as she was better when employed, and chose to perform the more menial parts of domestic occupation. I had occasion to leave the school-room (which adjoins the sitting-room) a very few minutes, to get something out of the garden, and during that time she proceeded to my desk, which was kept locked except during school hours, and from a deep recess therein she withdrew a bottle containing an ounce of oil of vitriol, which had been procured for medicinal uses. On my return, one of the pupils informed me he thought Mrs. S. has taken something from my desk, though she appeared to be reading when there. I immediately searched, but missed nothing, the bottle being so secured that I do not remember seeing it from the time I put it there. I thought she might have taken some letters, as I had felt it necessary to keep such from her as related to my engagements, &c., disease having so perverted her previous faithful affection, that I was one great error. I interrogated her, but she coolly said, 'What do you think I have taken?' I got her to

walk with me to the sitting-room, and I resumed my post, but was immediately called, and met with the alarming statement, 'Mrs. S. has taken vitriol!' I rushed out, and there was the poor dear, half suffocated, half consternated. She had poured the draught into a wine glass, and swallowed it at once, and that in almost a moment of time. As the nurse was almost within arm's length in the kitchen, she called to her directly, 'O, Mrs. W., I have taken vitriol!' 'Taken what my dear?' 'Taken vitriol!' I instantly dispatched one pupil for chalk, and another for a surgeon, and gave her warm water till the chalk arrived, which I added. She frequently said, as she read our alarm, 'Never mind; it won't hurt me.' The doctor was promptly in attendance, and freely used the best antidotes, which operated well.

"As soon as she was quietly in bed, I went to her. As I stood at the foot of the bed, feeling deeply my position, and especially hers, these words sounded powerfully in my soul, 'All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.' Matt. xii. 31. I drew to her bed-side; she exclaimed 'O Robert! what have I done, what have I done, what have I done!' I repeated the sweet words that had just elevated my own mind, and persuaded me she was not out of mercy's power. She replied 'It is not for me; I'm an Esau, I'm a Judas!'

"In this state she continued that day; but in the night she seemed more softened, and was remarkably patient, though she suffered excruciating pain. In the morning, she several times expressed sorrow for what she had done, and said to me, 'O that the Lord would have mercy upon me, and take me home to himself! for I fear, if I recover, I may be left again.' Shortly after this, she seemed in fervent prayer, so that I could hear her in the adjoining room, with the door open.

"When the doctor came, and confirmed our suspicions respecting inflammation having commenced, our weak hopes gave way. I went to tell her the doctor's opinion, as I stood gazing on the suffering object of my affection, the words of my text were applied to my mind with such sweet power as to chase my fears, and give me a confidence which has never been removed: 'Mary hath chosen that good part, which—shall—not—be taken—away from—her.' I told her the doctor's sentiments. 'Oh!' she calmly replied, 'He said so when I was confined.' The nurse afterwards told her she could not live, and, said she, 'My dear I do hope the Lord will shed abroad his love in your heart, and that you will leave us some testimony that you are gone to be with Jesus.' 'I will if I can,' she replied; 'I do feel more hope this morning than I did yesterday.' Shortly afterwards, she said to a female friend in attendance, 'My meditation of him shall be sweet!' Not long after this having been lying with the nurse's hand in hers, she turned over, and was evidently engaged in earnest prayer. The nurse leant over her, but her voice was going. However, she distinctly heard her utter these words, 'O my sweet Jesus! O my dear Father!' So she breathed out her soul, without a struggle, groan, or sigh, I believe into the hands of a Covenant God."

Trials of this description are sharp indeed; in the hands of a merciful God they will be useful in qualifying the bereaved husband for much usefulness in Zion.

A Scriptural and Experimental Knowledge of Christ: a Funeral Sermon, preached by J. A. Jones: occasioned by the Death of Mrs. Mary Philpot. London: JAMES PAUL.

After a neat and pithy preface, we have here the gospel of God in its greatness and glory. The preface would almost lead us to conclude that Mr. Jones intends this, at least, as a model of his own funeral discourse. We had prepared a more lengthened review of this valuable sermon, which we must defer.

Godliness and Iniquity.

A SMALL volume has just come into our hands from the pen of William Garrard, the minister of York Street Chapel, Leicester, entitled, "*A Glance at the Mystery of Godliness, Contrasted with the Mystery of Iniquity,*" &c., &c. The work has been printed by John S. Fowler, Leicester; and is published by W. M. Clark, of Warwick Lane. We are well aware that by giving so prominent a notice of this work we shall incur the displeasure of some whom we have no desire to displease; but in so doing, we simply act out a feeling produced by the perusal of the work, which is, that it is our duty to furnish our readers with such notice; and also to give them an extract or two, illustrative of the true character of its contents. We certainly have been much interested, as well as instructed, by the pages of this small duodecimo; and, although we are not prepared fully to assent to all that Mr. Garrard has written, still, there is much that is likely to be useful, and to cause even thinking men to think again; and, perhaps, to think to some purpose. We shall not criticise. Our readers shall have a word or two, first, of the author himself; secondly, of his views of Godliness; and, lastly, a tiny morsel from his lengthy remarks on the mystery of Iniquity. These extracts we hope will answer two good ends. First, be edifying to such of our friends as cannot purchase the work, and sufficiently interesting to induce those who have the means to possess themselves of a copy. Thrown in, as it were, by accident, we have the following reference to the author's own experience when passing under the rod. We are so fond of such living testimonies to the power of Jesus' precious grace, that we cannot wrap them up in a napkin, or hide them on our dusty book-shelves. No, no: the work of the Holy Ghost in the heart of a vessel of mercy is of such infinite value to us, that whenever we find it described by one who has been, and is, the subject of it, we must (as long as God permit), give it out that others may read it too. Speaking of Martha's love to Jesus, the author says:

"When I was first convicted of sin, I wandered about and sat in 'solitary places,' moaning my sad condition, thinking no one on earth such a vile sinner as myself. O, the awful thoughts I had of death, hell, judgment, and eternity; wishing I had never been born, and envying toads and dogs, and the brute creation, thinking that they had no soul; but as for me, I felt, and believed, that I had a soul, and thought it was lost to all eternity, and thought I must be damned and go to hell. And sometimes thought I felt the fire of hell beginning to burn within my breast, afraid to look up to heaven. I heard of others that had been comforted delivered, and received gracious words from Jesus, Vol. IX.—No. 100.—May, 1853.

and I loved them; but I knew not Jesus, though I knew the doctrines.

"I cannot, in this pamphlet, tell you all I suffered, nor the many horrible temptations that I passed through, nor the many scriptures that were applied to my mind; but this I tell you, I prayed, longed, and earnestly desired, that Jesus would come my way, and make himself known to me, and sure enough at his own time, he did come my way. Yes he came to my house and took me by surprise; he came into the closet to me, and into my heart, with such fullness of joy that I cannot describe; and talked with me, as a man talks with his friend, I think for more than an hour; and the sweet, loving, and precious words that passed between us no one can understand but those who have experienced the same; at last my joy was so full that I could not contain, I broke out into heavenly mirth and holy laughter, till my strength began to fail me: 'Blessed are they that weep, for they shall laugh,' and indeed I had a feast of love. And if dear sister Mary had such a sweet feast of love at Jesus's feet, I do not wonder at her being deaf to Martha's scolding and brawling. When I first found Jesus, or rather, he found me, I had many sweet seasons of love, and for many months he was with me in my daily walks and the very air seemed to smell of heaven and love. But I have, of late years, drank deeply of the 'bitter waters of Marah.' Nevertheless, his words are still very sweet and precious to me, at times; and he comforts me with the breath of his Spirit in my soul, which compels me to love and obey his loving commandment from my very heart, which are not grievous, but joyous, for the gracious reward is in the work, in serving so good and so loving a master."

Another sketch of the author's own internal portrait—(as regards his outer man, we say nothing)—is given in page 36; it is beautifully expressive of that loyalty which, more or less, must live in every Christian's breast, in these (comparatively speaking) happy days of Protestant rule. Most deeply do we sympathise with William Garrard, when he says:

"I am neither democrat, chartist, or republican. I am one of Her Majesty's loyal subjects; I love my country; I pray for both the Queen and her councillors, and the peace of this realm. My motto is Scriptural—'Fear God, and honour the king;' and as a proof of this, I will record one circumstance of my life. When I lived at Dunmow, in Essex, I was strolling in some meadows, called the Downs, when I heard the bells ring the proclamation of our present illustrious Queen Victoria. I know not how it was, but it was so in truth; I felt inwardly moved by some secret impulse to hasten home into my chamber to pray for the Queen. After shutting the chamber door, I fell on my knees, and prayed earnestly and fervently for her with some liberty and access at the throne of God, that God would bless, preserve and direct her in all her councils, and give her a 'wise and understanding heart,' to rule over us in justice, equity and love; and finally receive her to his everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord: and while on my knees I fell into a flood of tears, praying that God would bless and preserve our Queen, so young and of

such a tender age. And I would believe that I was moved by the Spirit of God to pray for the Queen. And from this circumstance I trust she will be found at last, 'an heir of glory,' and of 'a crown that fadeth not away,' and that her call by grace to the hope of glory may be made manifest before she leaves this world.

"And further, I believe that whenever the Spirit of God inwardly moves any one to pray for either persons or things, that that prayer will be ultimately answered, though we may have to wait for its fulfilment. For prayer in the Spirit is 'effectual, fervent prayer,' and avails more with God than ten thousand dead book-prayers, read over in a formal, cold, thoughtless manner, by ten thousand priests, twice ten thousand times, in 'vain repetitions,' without the Spirit, faith or love.

"But as I am to 'fear God and honour the king,' (or queen,) God and his word, and his kingdom, stand first, before kings and queens, and the kingdoms of this world, which must pass away. Jesus, my heavenly Prince, saith, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' Therefore I consider it binding on my conscience, from God, to obey the queen, her councillors, officers, and laws, in all civil and secular affairs, and feel bound to pray for her welfare in this world and that which is to come. And can say from my very heart, 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.'"

"*The Mystery of Godliness*" occupies about twenty pages. It is not written in a methodical, consecutive style; it is not so much the *fruit of a doctrinal mind*, as it is the *feeling of an hallowed soul*. Our friend has, with the eye of faith, glanced at some of the deepest mysteries wrapped up in the folds of the gospel; and while his eye of faith has gazed upon the wonders of "IMMANUEL GOD WITH US," his soul has broken forth in ejaculatory sentences; one or two of which we here subjoin:

"O blessed, holy, and glorious God Almighty, thou art a Spirit, thou art love; and in eternal covenant love thou art married to thy spiritual church, who 'worship thee in spirit and in truth.' Thou gavest praying Hannah a son, according to her request; and thou hast given a Son to thy praying church, according to her desire; and, most holy God, thou art his own dear Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he the Son of the Father in truth and love. Thy church, O God, has brought thee one Son—'Thy only begotten Son,' conceived in the Virgin's womb by the power of the Holy Ghost, who was conceived in the womb of the eternal mind, conceived in the womb of eternal love, generated in the eternal will, and came forth the 'Womb of the morning, the beauty of holiness;' and the dews of his youth will be fresh upon him for ever, for he will never grow old nor die any more; the dews of his youth must fall upon all his spiritual seed; the dews of his love sometimes fall on their souls here and their youth is renewed like the eagle's, they return to the days of their youth. Oh, ye dear old grey-headed, wrinkle-faced saints, that have stood the storms of hell, temptation, sorrows, adversity, persecution, and afflictions for his sake; be hopeful, be

cheerful, though the body is decaying and turning to cold clay, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, shall warm and cheer your souls when departing from this vile flesh. The dews of his love that have fallen on your spirits here insure to you the dew of your youth and beauty, and holiness in glory, at the resurrection of your bodies, which are to be made like unto his glorious body for ever. The dews of immortal youth shall be your's; for as thy immortal Jesus never dies any more, nor grows old, but has the dews of his youth upon him for ever, so the dews of thy youth and blooming immortality with Jesus shall be your's for ever, neither can ye grow old or die any more. When I feel the power, sweetness, love, and glory of God in my soul, my soul sometimes feels as if it would leap at once out of vile mortality into glorious immortality to see my Saviour and my God—I must wait."

[The further notice of this work, we shall certainly, God willing, give next month.]

The Departure of Benjamin Britten,

THIRTY YEARS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL,

Many Years a Member of the Churches under the care of the late Messrs Robins, Fowler and Blackstock.

The following interesting account of the death of this dear servant of God, has been drawn up by the Christian medical gentleman who attended him during his last days, and given to us for the benefit of the church of Christ.

Our dear departed brother, was about the age of twenty-four, when the Lord first awakened him to a sense of his spiritual blindness; and after some soul exercises, he attended the ministry of Mr. Robins, in Conway Street.

When the chapel was built in Gower Street, and the late Mr. Fowler was appointed minister over it, our brother joined the section of Christ's flock worshipping there. He was greatly favoured at this hill of Zion; and formed a warm friendship for his pastor, who was the instrument for urging our brother to speak in the Lord's name, saying, "If your heart is in the cause, go forth." The seals with which God the Holy Ghost honored his word through the ministry of his servant, were not few, as many persons now living can testify.

When he was in the service of a gentleman in the North of Scotland, about twenty years since, so high a value was set on the spirituality of his mind, that he was often desired to read a chapter at family prayer, and to expound, as the Lord should be pleased to lead him. A blessing was known to rest on this practice; and the gentleman afterwards provided a house for him, where he was entreated to hold forth the word of salvation, every Lord's day; and it was not unusual for two hundred persons to assemble at this little Bethel, the greater part being compelled to

stand outside. Circumstances occurred which induced him to return to London, and he once more joined the church in Gower Street; when our late beloved pastor Mr. Blackstock, was called to the ministry of that hill of Zion. Our brother frequently engaged in prayer at the meetings, when many of the exercised family felt a strong union to him; but he was more especially loved, and esteemed by the friends of our lamented pastor for the union and fellowship which was manifested towards him and from which he was never known to swerve, although it is to be feared that he was hardly beset at times on this account. The dying testimony of our beloved pastor bore the confirmation that this union was reciprocal; for on the Saturday evening preceding his death, when mentioning to a friend the exercises of his mind concerning the approach of Sabbath, this friend observed, "Could they not get Mr. Britten to preach for you, as he did before, when you were ill?" He replied, "That is what I should have liked, but all do not receive him so well as I could wish."

The bereaved church, however, which was soon afterwards baptised into that measure of suffering which the little band of disciples endured when their dear Lord and Master was taken from them by death, gladly accepted our departed brother's ministry, and the minds of the larger portion of the sorrowing flock felt satisfied to have one whose ministry in its experience and leadings was in unison with that of our lamented pastor, for whom he had a deep and abiding affection; his heart was knit to the little band worshipping here, and on one occasion after he had been serving us, and another minister was coming for a time, he seemed quite affected, and said he always felt pained to leave us; he told a friend that his union to us, and his liberty of utterance in the pulpit, increased with each opportunity that he had with us as a servant of the Lord. Like our beloved pastor, he seems to have been of the cast-out and separated ones. The last time he was amongst us, many who then heard him remarked that he was apparently ripening for glory; his appearance and manner brought vividly to our recollection the sufferings of our late dear pastor, and we thought he would soon follow him, and that we should never again hear his voice in the pulpit; he made a striking allusion to the same feeling which then operated on his own mind, and the sequel proved it to be from the Lord. After the service on that evening a friend remarked that he was to be envied, seeing he was near his rest. To which he replied, "Well, I do sometimes rejoice at it."

On this occasion he read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and, contrary to any former practice, expounded largely and sweetly on many portions; there was an especial power and dew resting on his words throughout the whole service, as well as on the previous

Lord's-day with us. The last time he spoke in his Master's name his text was from those words—"The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Although very weak in body he appeared to be favoured with much liberty of soul, and confidence of faith in speaking, and blessed and praised this eternal Rock that he had ever kept him faithful in the ministry of his Word. On leaving us, he offered up a most solemn and impressive, though short, prayer, in words to this effect, "Death! death! death! death around us, death within us, death before us, and death behind us; but 'the Lord liveth, and blessed be our Rock,' and 'because he lives we shall live also,' and where he is we shall shortly come." His poor wife had been seized with a paralytic stroke a few days before, and was then seriously ill.

Two days after this solemn farewell, it was deemed prudent to remove him and his partner to an hospital, where many kind friends visited him, and for which he often expressed a sense of the deepest gratitude.

For the most part, his mind was kept in a staid and comfortable frame. He remarked to a friend, that "he was ready to go, if it were the Lord's will; but he did not know his pleasure concerning him." He sometimes feared whether he should not be raised up a little for another conflict, for he thought it seemed almost too smooth and straight for him to go off so." Soon after this another friend called, and asked him if he had been privileged to drink any of the old wine of the kingdom? To which he emphatically replied, "Yes: I can now say, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" "Well, (replied his friend), if the sting is gone, you have only the shadow of death to pass through." "Yes, (he said), only the shadow; but mind you, you'll want both the rod and the staff too, when you come here." He then continued, "I had one of the most dreadful conflicts I ever passed through in my life last night. The enemy almost persuaded me that I was not myself, but some other man; some deluded, hardened hypocrite—a vessel of wrath."

It appears, that near his bed there lay a dying man, who had committed suicide. There was something peculiarly awful in the scene; hardness and impenitency of heart, with a sullen indifference to all earnest exhortations of a spiritual kind, were exhibited before the eye of our dear Christian brother; and although no conversation passed between them, yet the enemy took advantage of this wretched character, to harass the soul of him whom he could not touch, since his "life was hid with Christ in God." But the dear Lord appeared again to his soul's joy, proved himself mighty to save, set him once more on the Rock in his feelings, and gladness of heart flowed in apace; yet, from the uneasiness

which he afterwards betrayed concerning this poor self-murderer, the enemy doubtless took this "vessel of wrath," to hunt the soul of the Lord's redeemed child withal; and reflected a pestiferous gloom and mildew over the pure spirit of our dying brother, which vanished when the unhappy man went to his own place, as he did three days before the saint fell asleep in Jesus.

After this severe conflict, he had some sweet manifestations of the kingdom to which his spirit was bound. His mind dwelt much on those words of the dear Lord, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He added, "There are mansions of peace, mansions of grace, mansions of joy, and mansions of glory, and they are all in my Father's house."

On one occasion he broke out with that sweet verse,

"A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast."

And then exclaimed, "Where I shall sing his praises." After a pause he said, "I don't think of ever recovering now: look at my face;" and pressing his fingers on it, added, "There is so much water there; it will not be long now. Oh no: my time is short. My breath is so bad." He spoke in the most affectionate manner of the 'dear souls' at Salem, as he called them, whom he loved deeply for the truth's sake; saying to one of the flock, "The Lord bless you and the little church; they must not think of me now."

During the last week of his sojourn amongst us, the difficulty of breathing, and the sleepless nights which he passed, rendered it painful for him to hold much conversation; but he would occasionally say, when spoken to about his hope, and the feelings of his soul, "It's all right, that's settled and secure." On the Saturday evening before his death, the enemy was permitted once more to assault him, though not in so fierce a manner as previously; he felt restless and uneasy, saying, "I want a spirit of prayer, I am not so free in my feelings as I could wish;" his friend remarked, "But the Lord whom ye seek will suddenly come to his temple, the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in."

"Yes, he replied, I desire to feel just like clay in the hands of the sovereign Potter, that he may do with me as he seeth best."

He begged to be informed if there was any hope of his recovery, and, on his medical attendant assuring him that he could not hold out any, he quickly said, "No, to be sure, the constitution is worn out;" then added, "ah! well, it's all right,

'How can I sink with such a prop,
Which bears the world's huge pillars up?'"

After this conversation, his mind was frequently wandering, and he lay in a dosing

state, from which he was occasionally aroused by an attack of breathlessness and cough; when this had abated, he would relapse into his former condition.

Thus the dear Lord gently took down the pins of his mortal tabernacle one by one, and on the morning of the 16th of March, called the pure spirit of his elect bride to mansions of eternal bliss, where he now joins the ransomed host of the redeemed in their bursts of praise and worship, singing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen,

"O may the unction of these truths,
For ever with us stay;
Till from their sinful cage dismiss'd,
Our spirits fly away."

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY AND FAITHFULNESS:

*Illustrated in the
Extraordinary Character & Primitive Life of*

A Good Old Irish Priest,

OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

WE have this month presented our readers with what we consider a valuable epitome of the Mystery of Godliness, in the written out experience of the Pastor of York Street, Leicester. (We refer to the first article in this number.) We now come to furnish one of the most striking portraits of real gospel charity, and untiring Christian sympathy, that ever passed before the eye of our mind, save and except those master-pieces registered in the Holy Bible—the book of all books—THE WORD OF GOD.

Perhaps many of our readers have neither seen nor heard of Dr. KITTO'S "Sunday Readings for Christian Families." It is a weekly paper. What else shall we say of it? Why it is *wholesome*—it is *interesting*—it is *edifying*—it is not very spiritual, but it is Scriptural: it is not what the half-way people would call hyper-calvinistic; neither is it much tinged with Arminian dashes. Almost every master of a family that has the mind and the money for two-penny-worth of reading, fetched out of stores new and old, connected with what is commonly called "CHRISTIANITY," would, we think, like many things in Dr. Kitto's "Sunday Readings;" in the second number of which work, we are favoured with an unusually interesting biography of one PHILIP SKELTON, a minister of the gospel in Ireland, about one hundred years ago. We shall not—(as Dr. Kitto hath done)—travel through the life of this good man. A mere glance at his origin and up-rising, must suffice for us: but his extraordinary character, as a *minister*—not only of *mind*, but also of *money* and all *necessary matter* to meet the necessities of his poor parish-ioners, is so very worthy of special notice,

that we cannot let that pass without giving our readers a fair sample of the same.

After a brief introduction, the Doctor says:

"Philip Skelton was the son of 'a decent and honest countryman, who held under Lord Conway a large farm, at a cheap rent. This man had six sons and three daughters; and he brought up three of the former to be ministers of the Church of England, to which he belonged. Phillip, the youngest, was one of these. He was born in the parish of Derriagh, near Lisburn, Ireland, in February, 1706-7. At the age of ten, the boy was sent to Lisburn grammar-school. This was two miles from his father's house, and boys of that age often walk farther to and from school; but Phillip's parents, unwilling that any opportunities of improvement should be lost, put him into lodgings at Lisburn, and he went home every Saturday, remaining till Monday.

"At first Phillip evinced the most invincible repugnance and hostility to grammar, and could not be brought to give his attention to it. Hearing this from the master, his father took the cure of his refractory and indolent son into his own hands.

"Early one Monday morning he roused him from bed, and having put a pair of coarse brogues upon his feet, ordered him to go out into the fields and work with the labourers. This order he willingly enough obeyed, under the impression that this toil would be less laborious than to fatigue his head with grammar. His father, however, made him carry stones on a hand-barrow, and took essential care that the severest drudgery his age would bear should be imposed upon him. He would not allow him to go home to his breakfast, but kept him fasting much beyond the usual time, and then sent him the coarsest food to eat in the open fields. When he returned from his day's work, his father did not permit him to join the family, but bade him go to his companions the servants, and stay with them. Broken down at last by this rough usage, he began to relent, and burst into tears. His father then said to him, 'Sirrah, I'll make this proposal to you: Whether do you choose to toil and drudge all your life, as you have done these few days past, living on coarse food, clad in frieze clothes, and with brogues on your feet; or to apply to your books, and eat and drink, and be dressed like your brothers here?'—pointing to his brothers, who, as it was vacation, had just come down from the University, decked out in choice Dublin finery. Poor Phillip, whose bones ached with the hand-barrow, said, he would readily go to school, and be attentive to his studies in future. He kept this resolution, and continued studious ever after."

Phillip Skelton was not only taught—and we must hope divinely taught—to pray, but the record of him declares that from eight

years and upwards, he ceased not to call upon the Lord his God. His entrance into the University and many incidents, we pass by. We shall only bear witness to his humble deportment and extraordinary charity—leaving such of our readers as may choose, to read the interesting biography of him as given in the work before referred to.

Skelton's ardent longings for ministerial usefulness was manifest in the earliest part of his pastoral life. A curacy at Monaghan, with forty pounds a year, was nearly the first spot where his zeal for the good of souls broke forth. One small paragraph will confirm this:

"He entered upon the cure of Monaghan with that eager zeal for the good of souls, which a warm sense of duty only could inspire. He deeply felt the obligations imposed upon him. Well assured that he must be accountable hereafter for his discharge of the awful trust committed to him, he resolved to act as one whose hopes and fears were placed beyond the grave. He gave up all his thoughts and all his time to the instruction of the people. Their spiritual and temporal welfare was the sole object of his cares. He laboured earnestly in the ministry; he visited the parishioners from house to house, without distinction of sect; he conversed with them freely, striving to mingle entertainment with instruction. The children he catechised every Sunday evening in the church. On a particular evening in the week, which he appointed, he invited people of every age to his lodging, that he might instruct them in religion. By the blessing of God upon these various labours, the objects of his care became so well grounded in religious knowledge, that it used to be said that the children of Monaghan knew more of religion than the adults in any of the neighbouring parishes."

Whatever imperfections there might be in Skelton's creed—his conduct, at all events, was worthy our imitation. He was not only a preacher, but he was a PASTOR, in the fullest sense of the word.

Subsequently, we find him removed to Pettigo, a very large parish in the north of Ireland—the inhabitants principally living in wretched hovels, among barren rocks, and sunk in deep poverty and ignorance. Here Phillip Skelton's compassionate heart and hands went to work in good earnest.

Ministers of Christ—Christian friends—and all to whom these pages may come, we beseech you to read the following well-authenticated statement of this good man's effort—practically caring for the bodies, as well as labouring spiritually for the cure of the souls of the people committed (under God) to his care.

One of the most striking instances of his almost unexampled charity occurred in 1751, when a dreadful famine visited those parts.

"At this time, Mr. Skelton went out into

the country to ascertain the real state of the poor : and travelled from cottage to cottage, over mountain, rock and heath. He was then a witness to many scenes of sorrow, deeply felt by his tender and sympathising soul. In one cabin he found the people eating boiled 'prushia,'—a weed—for breakfast, and tasted this sorry food, which seemed nauseous to him. The next morning he gave orders to have prushia gathered and boiled for his own breakfast, that he might live on the same food as the poor. He ate this one or two days ; but at last, his stomach revolting against it, he set off immediately for Ballyshannon to buy oatmeal for them, and brought thence, with all speed, as much as appeased the hunger of some of them. He entrusted a person with money, that he might go through the parish and distribute it among those who were in great distress.

"Having thus afforded present relief, the good rector journeyed to Ballyshayes, in the county of Cavan, where oatmeal was selling at a cheaper rate than nearer home, and brought up a large quantity for the use of his people ; and then, having personally investigated their degrees of want, he distributed as every one had real need,—giving to some a peck, to others more, and allowing some who could afford to pay a little, to purchase at about half the value. He thus, like his Great Master, went about doing good.

"Travelling one day on this business he came to a cottage in the mountains, where he found a woman lying in childbed, with a number of children about her. All she had, in her weak, helpless condition, to keep herself and her children alive, was blood and sorrel boiled up together. The blood, her husband, who was a herdsman, took from the cattle under his care, for he had none of his own. This is said to have been a usual sort of food in that country, in times of scarcity, for they bled the cows for the purpose, and thus the same animal often afforded both milk and blood.

"By his discreet and boundless liberality, Skelton was tolerably successful in keeping his people alive. At length his means were exhausted, he knew that the dearth must continue many weeks more, before the new crop could afford relief. The apprehension that he should see them perish after having kept them alive so long, drove him to his last resource ;—and the sacrifice which it involved will be keenly appreciated by every minister and every educated man.

"His highly-prized books were the only real companions of his many solitary hours ; and these he now resolved to sell in order to find means of relieving the wants of his flock. He sent them off to Dublin to be sold, where they were advertised for sale ; as purchasers were tardy, and the wants of the poor urgent, the bookseller bought them himself for eighty pounds. It happened that the advertisement

attracted the attention of two ladies, who, guessing the reason for this sacrifice, sent him fifty pounds, requesting him to keep his books, and relieve his poor with the money. However, with many expressions of gratitude, he informed these good ladies that he had dedicated his books to God, and they must be sold. Consequently, their contribution, with the money he obtained for the books, were both applied to the relief of the poor.

"Such," says the biographer, "were the exertions and extraordinary charities of this exemplary man for the preservation of his poor parishioners. He was, indeed, like an angel sent down to visit them in their distress."

We must defer until June a review of the closing scene of this most laborious protestant minister of Christ.

The Kingdom of Christ.

(Continued from page 112.)

We might continue to add, to a very great length, testimonies from the Psalms of the future triumphs and glories of the kingdom of Christ, but we will add only two. In Psalm lxxii. the church prays for the establishment of Messiah's kingdom, the glories of which she then proceeds to describe—"Give the King thy judgments, O God ; and thy righteousness unto the King's Son." "In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth ; he shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." "All kings shall fall down before him ; all nations shall serve him." "His name shall endure for ever ; his name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in him ; all nations shall call him blessed." "Blessed be his glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." To those who believe in the future manifest glory of Jesus as King on the throne of his father David, this psalm is clear, intelligible, consistent ; but when the fact (so clearly revealed) is denied, it is made to refer to Solomon, or sadly misinterpreted.

Psalm cii. requires to be particularly noticed. It is written, no doubt, as an answer to the supplication of Messiah in the flesh ; a declaration of the glories which await him when his kingdom shall be established on the earth in the latter day. "Thou, Lord, shalt endure for ever, and thy remembrance unto all generations. Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favour her, yea the set time is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof. So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory. When the Lord shall build up Zion he shall appear in his glory ;

he will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." "This shall be written for the generation to come, and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord, for he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary, from heaven did the Lord behold the earth." "To declare the name of the Lord in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem, when the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms to serve the Lord."

Let us, my dear brother, just look at the plain sentiments embodied in these few portions out of the many that might have been selected; and first, is Jesus Christ now King of earth? Many may answer yes; we answer no—not as Jesus Christ. He is King of his church as Jesus Christ, but not of the earth, neither of the people in the earth. As God he ruleth over all, and "doeth whatsoever he pleaseth in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth," but as Jesus Christ he is Head over all things to his church; he is under an engagement, and to perform the work he is still intent. "The LORD (Jehovah) said unto my Lord (Jesus Christ) sit thou at my right hand until I (Jehovah) make thee (Jesus Christ's) enemies thy footstool."

Peter declares, Acts iii. 20, "And HE, (who is this? he) that spake by the mouth of all His holy prophets." Verse 18, God "shall send Jesus Christ, whom the heaven must receive," or, as Jesus Christ has finished the work assigned him on earth, he is now gone to heaven as the High Priest of his people; he remains there yet to accomplish his work, as Priest, in the holy place not made with hands "until the times of the restitution of all things."

Nothing can be clearer than this—that Jesus continues in heaven as High Priest of his people, who are on earth, in the midst of enemies, "a poor and afflicted people, trusting in the Lord." He is touched with the feeling of their infirmities, "being made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest." To whom, then, does Jesus plead? To whom does he present their petitions? Listen to his own words—"I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." "I will pray the Father for you." We need not ask, for whom does he pray? This is evident. He laid down his life for the sheep; then for his sheep he prays. When on the earth he said, "I pray not for the world," then he does not pray for them now.

But our object is to prove that Jesus Christ's kingly office and kingdom, is yet future, and that it is as literal as his prophetic, and priestly offices; and that as Jesus he will be the sole king of earth, as he is now High Priest of his church. I find it written in Heb. i. 2; that "God hath in those last days spoken unto us by his Son,

whom he hath appointed heir of all things." Can Jesus Christ be heir, and king, at one, and the same time? We answer, No; he is heir, or king; not both. And if he is king, as the scriptures declare he shall be; how is it he is waiting at the right hand of his Father, expecting "TILL his enemies be made his footstool." If Jesus Christ is now king: how are we to understand Jehovah, saying, Ezek. xxi; "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is: and I will give it him?" "He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." "All the ends of the earth shall fear him."

A king is not subordinate, but possesses authority; so with the king Jesus. "I will early destroy all the wicked of the land: that I may cut off all wicked doers from the city of the Lord." "The Lord is King for ever and ever." The heathen are perished out of the land."

That Christ's kingly office is yet future, will be seen; because the characteristics of his reign will be universal and absolute.

Now, as King, or Head of his church, his authority is often disregarded. The heathen are not perished out of the land; millions of the human family have never heard his name nor his laws; and many who have heard his name, deny his divinity; and many own other heads, instead of him; and yet, strange to say, some (we hope good men) say the millenium has commenced.

The reign of Christ is to extend over the whole earth.—"The Lord shall be King over all the earth." He is not only King of earth causing its "groanings to cease," "restoring all things," causing the "wolf to dwell with the lamb, the calf and the lion to feed together," so that there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy, but kings, "all kings shall see his glory." "The kings shall shut their mouths at him." "All kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him." "All nations shall call him blessed." "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." "And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know ye the Lord? for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." If we mark attentively the language of the apostle, we shall find the kingdom of Christ distinguished—"But every man in his own order; Christ the first-fruits. Afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming." Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power, for he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be sub-

ject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." Jesus Christ and his saints are joint heirs to a kingdom. This kingdom is not yet in existence; but prophecy declares, "I beheld, and the same horn made war with the saints, and prevailed against them, until the Ancient of Days

came, and judgment, rule, authority was given to the saints of the Most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom." What kingdom? Heaven?

J. CHISLETT.

(To be continued.)

The Anti-Popish Trumpeter.

THE RELEASE OF THE MADIAI.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR.—A flood of works in the Protestant and Papal conflict, is still flowing from the press. I could fill your columns with extracts and reviews; but I must wait until you can make way for an interesting digest; which I hope shortly to forward you, including Dr. Cumming's new exposures, and a great deal of matter of vital interest to the (heaven-appointed) defenders of our much-loved Protestant faith.

I shall only now furnish you with an item or two relating to the COMING OUT OF PRISON OF FRANCESCO AND ROSA MADIAI.

It appears a dreadful storm overtook the two dear souls as they sailed from Tuscany to Marseilles, so that they were sea-bound, tempest-tossed, and made to fear that they should never see the land again. I have no doubt, however, but that this bluster and blow which they had on the sea, did them good. A gentleman writing from Tuscany, says,

"As the public are anxious to learn as much as can be safely made known respecting the liberation of these confessors, I take up my pen to give you a few particulars. After their release, they were taken to the French Consulate, and shipped from thence on board the steamer. The prisoners met for the first time on board the steamer, and their liberation took place EXACTLY THAT DAY NINETEEN MONTHS after their arrest and first imprisonment. They were not sent to Leghorn by the same train; Rosa was sent down from Lucca on the Tuesday afternoon, taken direct to the French Consulate, and there ordered by the French Consul to embark immediately in the French mail-boat lying in the harbour. With all the spirit of the old Roman matron, she turned immediately on the French Consul and asked, 'What right he had to order her on board, or to send her away from Tuscany; that she was a Tuscan subject, and that without the natural protection of her husband she would not leave this State.' This was because she fancied they were going to set her free, and leave her poor husband a prisoner at Volterra! The Consul having assured her, on his word of honour that her husband was to be released, and would join her on board in a few hours, she made no further objection, but

went on board in the Consul's company. Francesco followed by the next train, and, as stated above, their first meeting was on board the steamer. So great was the desire on the part of the Tuscan Government to keep the matter a profound secret, that although warm clothing had been provided, and was lying in the hotel within a few hundred yards of the prison at Volterra, they hastened the poor invalid off in the midst of the most inclement weather known for the last dozen years, in the light, thin clothing in which he came to prison, at Volterra, in July last. 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.'

"Rosa had a parcel which she wished to leave behind for an English friend, and she contrived from on board the steamer to send this parcel to the English Consulate, with a note from herself, asking the Consul to come and see them, as they were being sent off without any of their friends in Tuscany having heard a word of it, or knowing their fate. The Consul, accompanied by the English Chaplain, went on board, and saw them, and kindly provided warm clothing for Francesco.

"I fear poor Francisco Madiai is in a very delicate state. A physician, at Marseilles, has recommended absolute rest and generous diet. Rosa now feels the reaction, and is feeble and low in spirits. They remain at Marseilles for a little while. Here is the last news, from a friend: 'They were two or three times in the French Protestant Church; the last time, they were surrounded by people; a day or two after, the head of the police came to them, and *forbid them attending public worship, receiving company, or using any other name than Pullini!* (her maiden name, in which the passport was made out). They answered, firmly, '*We have dearly purchased our religious liberty, and we will maintain it. You may send us away, or to prison, but we will not be forbidden public worship.*' They have just seen the head Prefect, who received them with kindness, and assured them that, as long as they avoided any demonstration, &c., they were welcome to remain in any part of France. They assured him all they wanted was rest and quiet."

THE WISE AND FOOLISH BUILDERS:

MATTHEW vii. 24—27.

The Substance of a Sermon preached at the Baptist Chapel, in Wootton, Bedfordshire, March 13th, 1853, by MR. T. SMITH.

THESE verses form the conclusion of our Lord's sermon on the mount, and the conclusion his hearers came to on that occasion clearly proves it to have been the most powerful and conclusive sermon ever preached—"He spake as one having authority" from God; he could say, "my doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." Our Lord divides his hearers into two classes—hearers and doers. It is good to hear the sacred word, it is better to understand it, but it is best of all to practice it—to let the word have an abiding place in our hearts, and yield a salutary influence over our lives.

But experience and observation prove that many are filled with wonder, and even admiration, who are never converted; and sometimes the admiration of such turns into enmity and disgust. This was the case with too many of our Lord's professed admirers.

Now our text teaches us that there is a wrong religion and a right one; one that will save the soul, and one that will leave it in misery and confusion; one that will stand all the storms and troubles of life, and one that will give way and crumble to dust before the storm and tempest. Is it so? Then how cautious we should be in matters of religion.

Now our Lord compares religious people to builders. Every man who pays attention to religion is building a house, viz., an hope of eternal life. Consequently we are building for eternity: and if our faith stands "in the power of God" it will put us into possession of the "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." On the contrary, if our faith stands in the wisdom and works of men it will not stand, it must fall when assailed by the fiery darts of the enemy; and though we may then say, "Lord, Lord," he will say, "I never knew you!"

I have said a man's house is his hope of heaven. Almost every man entertains this hope, however ignorant in heart or profligate in life.

Now let us take a view of these two houses. Let us look at their exterior. Why one looks just as good as the other, and as safe to trust to as the other. Has one man got his walls squared and his symmetry good? So has the other. Has one man got windows, doors, roof, &c., and his house decorated and beautified? So has the other. In fact one house will vie with the other in every respect save one thing, that is, its foundation. It is lacking in the main point, and while that is wrong all is wrong. But they both stand till the trial comes, and till then the fool's building may appear to have the advantage.

1853.

Just so it is in religion. Has one man got a hope of eternal life? So has the other. Does the real Christian go to God's house to worship? So does the other. Has the wise man got faith and works? So perhaps has the other; only his faith is "feigned," is natural and earth-born, while his works are done in a legal spirit; and the conclusion of the matter is—the man is on a wrong foundation, *it is on the sand!* But let us look

First, at the wise builder. He made choice of a rock to build his house upon: that rock is Christ, "the Rock of ages;" the rock the Israelites drank of in the wilderness; (1 Cor. x. 4.) "the Foundation Stone laid in Zion;" (Isaiah xxviii. 16,) and whoever may build upon him shall never be confounded.

Now the wise man looks for this foundation in the Scriptures, and, as Luke says, "he digs deep" into the mine of scriptural truth; he searches as for hidden treasures; and having found Christ an almighty Saviour, "able to save to the uttermost," he builds his hope upon his blood and righteousness, his finished salvation, his covenant stipulation, "ordered in all things and sure."

Now with regard to this wise builder, he takes time, walks slowly, but makes sure work of it; here is *labour, anxiety, and conflict*. These characterise the true Christian, and distinguish him from a worldly-minded professor. He wishes to make sure work of his salvation. He dreads above all things self-deception: hence the honest language of David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts," &c.

Now the foolish builder does not do so: he is in haste to get a building erected; Christ is not known to him, nor sought out by him; his finished work is slighted; the man thinks well enough of the sand of human merit and creature righteousness.

Thus the man who hopes to be saved because he is honest and upright, is building his house upon the sand, and Scripture sets him down as a fool. The man who hopes well of himself and his state God-ward because he has been sprinkled in infancy, confirmed afterwards by a bishop, and ultimately receives the sacrament, that man is building his house upon the sand, and my text calls him a fool for so doing. In short, the man that builds upon anything short of Christ, whether it be human righteousness, such as Paul had before conversion, or literary attainments, or a long life of consistency in a profession, is assuredly building his house upon the sand. Or it may be these things are looked upon as part of his foundation,

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and Christ is looked up to to complete the work, a kind of make-weight in the scale, or an helping hand just to complete the building and keep the parts together. This is just the religion of thousands in the present day—a Christ-despising religion, and a truth-hating people.

Men may call me harrow-minded, and very bitter: never mind; my text calls them "foolish builders;" and their folly will be manifest before an assembled world, if not before they die.

Secondly, let us now see what becomes of these two houses. Why, "The rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not." That is the wise man's house, built upon Christ. It was not likely to fall; Christ supports all his people. "He is the Rock, and his work is perfect." "None ever trusted in him and were confounded."

These figurative expressions set forth the fearful trials every man's religion must undergo. The rain of satan's temptations assail us: he comes as an armed man, an underminer of our religion. The floods of persecution attack us, and the winds and storms of heart-evil, and outward afflictions make us look around in surprise; but the best of it is, they do not move us away from the hope of the gospel.

"The house fell not, for it was founded upon a Rock." It is in affliction and trouble, temptations and persecutions, that we learn our safety, and realise the permanency and support of our holy religion. My dear friends, we don't know the value of our religion till it has been tested. But how do these storms affect the fool's house? Till they come his house stands very well; he glories in it, as a master-piece of architecture. So a false religion may stand—stand out—and even stand long, till the trying process comes; and then,—oh, fearful calamity! the house falls. Luke says, "The storms beat vehemently against it." Some vehement temptation comes, and carries the man away; or if he withstand that, some dreadful persecution, or some severe affliction comes, and makes the man give up his hope, and become an open reprobate. Or it may be a man's religion may last even till death comes, and he may die with a lie in his right hand; but then the storm of God's wrath will beat down his house, and great will be the fall of it. To be lost, as it were, within sight of land, is dreadful to a mariner; to defy the ocean storms, and yet make shipwreck near the harbor. This is the case with all those whose religion is built upon the sand; their hopes and expectations have been great, and great will be their fall. But here is no falling from grace; these characters never had any; they never were on the Rock, Christ, so they could not fall from him, nor slip out of his hands: they had a profession, the mere

semblance of religion, and that failed them when they most needed it.

In conclusion, let me apply the subject in a three-fold manner. 1. By way of examination. 2dly. Direction; and, 3dly, Comfort.

First, "let us examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith." If we are on the Rock, a little self-examination won't hurt us; and if we are not, it will do us good. The text has to do with us all. We get abused, and stigmatised, because we preach truth home to the heart; because we are pointed and searching; because we can't let men alone; and I well know there are some people here in Wootton would wring my neck, and send me out of the village,—that is, if they dared. But what is our offence? It is preaching truth; it is warning men; it is detecting and exposing the fallacies and vain subterfuges of nominal Christians. It is for being faithful. It is because I love their souls, and would delight to see them upon the right foundation. Suppose, now, for one moment, you saw a man building a spacious house, and upon inspection of his work, you discovered that he was building upon loose soil. His house might be well formed, and very beautiful to look at, but he had not digged into the earth for a foundation. If you wished that man well, methinks you would say, "Friend, your house will not do; it will not stand: your foundation is bad." He might reply, and perhaps sharply, "Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine." I ask, would you give up? No, you would not. You would persevere, and insist upon it that he was labouring in vain; good nature would make you importunate in the matter. And shall I be considered an enemy for speaking the truth? When I see men in ignorance substituting infant sprinkling for the new birth; reformation for regeneration; a little will worship and outward form, for spiritual worship, and spiritual power, shall I acquiesce, and say all is right? O, no. Truth and love forbids it. I am not an enemy in speaking the truth. I say, "examine yourselves," whether Christ Jesus is your Hope, your Refuge, your Foundation, your All.

Secondly, let the text serve for direction. If any of you see your error in religious building, pull down, and in Christ's strength begin anew. You may have laboured long, and laboured hard; but never mind losing all that; it is better lost than retained, if what Paul says is true, (1 Cor. iii. 13), that there is a time of trial coming, and then wood, hay and stubble, will be all burned up; your house will be pulled down about your ears, and it will be too late to think of building then. If you are deceived now, and refuse instruction—refuse to be set right, "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave, whither thou goest."

Thirdly, let the subject serve to comfort true believers. Beloved, you are on the Rock;

you have renounced your own moral righteousness; you have fled as a guilty, law-condemned sinner, for refuge "to lay hold of the hope set before you," which is in Christ Jesus. How secure is your standing! how safe your position! But expect to be tempest-tossed; expect satan's fiery darts, and the world's frowns; expect trial in every way; and expect strength from your foundation, to support you under it all. Sometimes the floods and storms will excite your fears; but having made Christ your Refuge, you will withstand in the evil day, and become more remarkable and luminous, by the tempest that has washed around you. "Having begun a good work in you, he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

Wootton, March 14th, 1853.

PERFECTION:

A Funeral Sermon, occasioned by the Death of MR. W. HOLMES, of Hoxton.

BY MR. T. D. WOOD,

Of Wilderness Row Chapel, Goswell Street.

"Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers."—Job viii. 20.

(Continued from page 99.)

But the perfection of a child of God may be spoken of in the superlative term of our text; likewise, as perfect, by reason of its eternity. Now, there has been, I believe, for a number of years, an idea in the minds of some persons; and I have heard of a prize to be given if any one could discover perpetual motion. Nobody has yet been able to discover that. They could devise many things, especially now-a-days, but they have never been able to devise perpetual motion, and they never will. But perpetuity is expressive of perfection, and perfection is expressive of perpetuity. Without one, and you are without the other. Therefore this perfect man is called so by reason of the perpetuity of his interest. Oh, yes: "He that believeth, hath everlasting life." Hence, then, we have, you see, perpetuity; we have everlasting life. You see the child of God, then, is perfect. "Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man." He is called so, properly. Why? By reason of his perfection; being of God as well as in God, and because of its pure character, and purifying nature; likewise, because of its eternity; its everlasting nature; so that you see what it is—faith: "He that believeth hath everlasting life." Am I a believer—a believer in Him that died on Calvary's tree? Am I a believer that can appreciate and find a blessedness to my soul in the streams of blood that did run from his head, hands, heart and feet? Can I appreciate the precious worth of that sacred Person that made an offering for sin, of whom it is said, that he died for sin, but he liveth unto God for ever, and "because I live, ye shall live also?" Here is perpetuity; here

is everlasting interest. Well might the speaker, in the words of our text, call the character of the child of God perfect.

But it is perfect, likewise, by reason of its perfection in God in another sense. What is that? By reason of the perfection which it has in God's view, in God's heart.

Now, speaking of a child of God, my friends, you should always speak of him as God does; and God always speaks of him as he sees him. "He hath not seen iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel." "My love, my dove, there is no spot in thee."

Now, then, the perfection of a child of God is so, because it is a perfect interest in the heart of the eternal God. Is God's love perfect, or is it imperfect? If there could be a cessation of it, it would be imperfect. Is God's power perfect or is it imperfect? If there could be impotency in it, it must be imperfect. Is God's wisdom perfect, or is it imperfect? If it allowed of failure, it must be imperfect. Is God's holiness and equity perfect, or is it imperfect? If it could be in any sense partial or unjust, it would be imperfect. Therefore, my friends, the interest of the saints of the Most High God, is that which stands in the perfection of infinite justice, in the perfection of Deity, in the wisdom of Jehovah, in the power of God, in the perfection of that love of which it is said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Could infinite wisdom make such an arrangement that should allow fallibility in the plan? Could infinite power be frustrated in its intentions? Could inflexible and perfect justice receive compensation or atonement for transgression, and yet render that compensation null or ineffectual? Could God love, and have made an arrangement in his plan, that might altogether nullify the perfections of that love? Could he do so? Nay; nay; never. Consequently, my perfection, the perfection of the saints of the Most High God, spoken of in the words of the text, is that which we trace to the heart, the perfections, the attributes of God himself, the Author and source of all perfection.

"Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man." "Oh, then, (you will say), this is a blessed interest to be a participator in." Words fail to express it. But notice the language of our text. What do I understand? What is the plain inference? I apprehend there could be no force in the sense of the passage, if there was nothing supposed as probable to produce something that could be disapproved of by God. "Behold, God will not cast away." Is there anything in the saints of the Most High God that could, according to their idea, be sufficient to induce him to do so? Oh, if I had asked my brother Holmes, "Do you think there is anything in you that has in itself something which can be displeasing to God?" "Oh, (he would say), "my brother Wood, I have such a bad

temper ! I have such a corrupt old man ! I have such sinful inclinations ! so many things that distress my mind, I wonder I am not entirely overwhelmed with them, and in a state of hopelessness." And he would be so, were it not for that sense which is expressed in our text, "Will not cast away." Was there anything in Peter, in David, in Abraham, in Jacob, in Paul, in Thomas, in the disciples, all of them—has there been anything in the saints of God, since that period ; was there anything in Luther, in Whitefield ; anything in those we know are gone to heaven, which, according to our idea, give, as it were, something of an exhibition that must be displeasing to God ? Yes ; there was. But did God cast away ? No. Poor David saw his fault, and knew that he deserved to be cast away ; therefore, said that poor fallen saint of the Most High God, "Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." This may be the language of a child of God under those depressing and distressing feelings that he feels himself to be the subject of by reason of the fallen tabernacle with which he is now clogged and clothed, and which is often so heavy that it presses him down to the earth, and forces him into the hands of satan, "Cast me not away from thy presence." God's people will come into circumstances that will make them pray. Those circumstances are periods when the developments of superabounding grace, of precious blood, of the glorious righteousness of a dear Redeemer, are rendered peculiarly illustrious, and appreciated by souls thus fallen. Therefore, mark the declaration of the text, "God will will not cast away." Oh, what a mercy for a poor sinner like me ! what a mercy for poor things like you !

(To be concluded in our next).

"Some of the martyrs in their cruellest sufferings felt such impressions of confidence and alacrity, that as in the house of Lamech there were accorded at the same time two discordant callings by the two brothers, Jubal the inventor of the harp and organ, and Tubal-Cain the first artificer in brass and iron ; the one practised on instruments of music, breathing harmonious sounds and melodies ; the other used hammers and anvils, making noise and tumult, Gen. iv. 21. So in some persons, whilst the heaviest strokes fell on their bodies, their souls were ravished with the sweetest joy and exultation. Indeed it is not always thus with the saints ; for though sin be pardoned, yet the apprehension of guilt may remain. When a stream is disturbed it does not truly represent the object ; when the affections are disordered, the mind does not judge aright of a Christian's state. A serpent may hiss when it has lost its sting. Death may terrify when it cannot hurt us."

"How comfortable is it to Christ's people, that he who loved them above his life, and was their Redeemer on the cross, shall be their Judge on the throne ! When he comes with a heavenly train of angels to judgment, he will be as tender of his servants as when he suffered for them in his humble state. He that paid their debt and sealed their pardon with his own blood, will certainly publish the acquittance."—Dr. BATES.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE LATE JOSEPH IRONS ON MATRIMONY.

ONE of Joseph's spiritual daughters once wrote him a letter respecting some offers she had from unregenerate men. We have known instances where parties, under such circumstances, have sought their pastor's advice, but they have not followed it. We do not know whether Mr. Irons's spiritual daughter pursued such a course ; but the answer he sent is valuable. It is found in the memoir recently published ; the following is nearly the whole of the letter :—

THE subject upon which you ask my advice is a very important one ; and my advice to you now is precisely the same as it was when I sat chatting with you on the same subject in your shop some time since.

Never, never consent to any proposals from graceless men. This evil has caused God's Spirit to strive with man, from the earliest period of time, as you may see it recorded in the 6th chapter of Genesis, 2nd and 3rd verses—The sons of God should marry the daughters of God, and the daughters of God should marry the sons of God, AND NONE ELSE ; all other marriages is uniting Christ with Belial, is forbidden in Scripture, is offensive to God, and highly injurious to the soul. My friend it would greatly grieve me, to have any of my dear children in the Lord thus unequally yoked together with an unbeliever. I have felt much for Mary on this account ; and although I hope and pray that God will preserve her from so grievous a snare, yet I confess that I cannot dismiss my suspicions concerning her unto this day. My dear friend, I rejoice that you look upon these offers as snares laid by the great enemy of souls for you. Such they really are ; and I pray that you may have grace sufficient to escape them, and resist them with Christian fortitude. It affords me much pleasure to recollect that I was the honoured instrument of tying the marriage-knot between you and the best of Husbands ; and I beseech and entreat you never to grieve Him and me by taking an enemy of His into your bosom ; and every unconverted man, however moral he may be, is an enemy to Christ. You complain of a hard heart, deadness, and darkness ; but you must have life, or you would not have feeling—for the dead feel not. This is a proof positive that the life of God is communicated to you ; and all the wants that you express in your letter to me, remember, Jesus—thy Jesus—is exalted to give ; and all you complain of, none but renewed souls are the subjects of. Such feelings are the legitimate fruits of the Spirit. Cleave closely to Christ—unburden all to Him. His grace is sufficient for you. He will never leave nor forsake you, for we are persuaded that he which hath begun a good work in you, will carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ. * * * J. IRONS.

Record of Recent Events.

Death of Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, of Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton.

THE Lord of the vineyard has, during the last twelve months, been calling home the labourers, and giving them their wages according to agreement. Almost every month has added one to the long list. One has been taken from this part of the field, another from that post of labour: "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." "And every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour."

God seems to me to be testing the different churches, as of late years the national church: proving by the confusion within it, that it is not spiritual, but national, and must be cast out of the measured temple, though a Cole, or West, or any other spiritual member may belong to it.

On Saturday, March 27th, Joseph Sedgwick, the beloved Baptist minister of Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton, was called home, after nearly thirty years pleasing labour in Brighton. Joseph Sedgwick was sent for to Brighton by a member of Mr. Parker's church, Bond Street. In coming on the road, the words "Go in hope," were applied to him; a circumstance he would gratefully advert unto; and in remembrance of it, gave the name of Hope Lodge to his house, in which he died.

The friends of Mr. Sedgwick met at first in a small, twelve feet room. The glory cloud was evidently upon them. Their numbers increased; the word was applied. The services were ultimately conducted in the large room of the Old Ship Tavern, a room which has been frequently used for such purposes, being very large.

In 1825, the present chapel was opened, the scene of Mr. S.'s ministerial labours. I have a sermon by me, bearing date January 23, 1825, under the title, "Christ is all and in all." The sermon finishes thus—"If you want healing, it is to be had by looking to the Antitype of the brazen serpent; if we want prosperity in the church, or in the soul, think of the remark made by the Hon. Mr. Cadogan, a minister of the Church of England: a young person anxiously asked the good man how he thought he might be useful? The answer was, when he (Christ) is lifted up, he will draw all men unto him. God grant that this may be engrafted on our minds, for this draws the sinner from the error of his ways, and will attract the affections of the saints from all beneath the skies."

---Sermon by J. Sedgwick, March 23, 1853.

This I believe was Mr. S.'s subject from first to last: this was the weapon with which he fought.

In his early days, he had much opposition from fathers in Israel, from members of the Huntington family, who are very numerous in Brighton and Sussex. In those days they formed, as it were, the aristocracy: their judgment was law. However Joseph held on; his one object and subject, brought him through; God made the little one a thousand. He fought under a divine banner and commission in faithfulness to his commands; lifted up an exalted Mediator, and gave him all the praise of his own instrumentality; and like as was said of David, during his wars of the Lord, "Thus the Lord preserved David, whithersoever he went." The Lord preserved him especially in power, dew and unction of those truths he preached. His bow abode in spiritual strength until his last sermon, which was January 13, 1853. I regret I did not hear it, having heard much of the blessing that seemed to attend it. The text was, "Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

The branches of Joseph run over the wall; and I would add, he was "a fruitful bough by a well"—by the well of the water of life, which watered the roots of his loved employment, preaching Jesus Christ. This heavenly moisture gave life, nearness, freshness, vigour and power to the word he spake, where many a poor, needy child of God has been fed. Temporally he helped as well; for one day I called upon a poor, afflicted man, about twelve months ago. He told me Mr. Sedgwick had just brought him a sovereign from Mr. Smith; he spoke of it to me with adoring gratitude; especially the seasonableness of it. Yes, he could "weep with those that weep."

Well, nearly thirty years' testimony is ended in Brighton. He has borne an honourable character; stood his ground firm to the doctrine he had received, without wavering; kept close to his text, "Christ all and in all," preserved from those noisy defamations so rife in these days. He had but one subject publicly to make mention of, and this has brought him through. But had he no drawback? no thorn in the flesh? nothing to mar his beauty? Yes, verily. It was not what everybody could see: his natural lightness and trifling manner, which was as peculiar to him as his own face was. Fleshly hearers this might please; but which very

manner was, I believe, overruled to the Lord's people, who saw it, avoided it, and warned him of it; and at his last interview with his people, he took notice of one friend especially who had dealt so faithfully with him, in admonishing him of this frothy spirit. This lightness, then, was a beacon to some, but a pleasure to others; and to himself, I have not the slightest doubt, was his continual thorn and cross.

Our fallen nature runs into extremes. Some are naturally dull, morose, and sour in manner: others, like our departed brother, quite the reverse, whose buoyancy of spirit, would produce, in sober moments, the deepest bitterness. This, I have not the slightest doubt, deeply afflicted him, and was his conflict: the Shulamite's character was his, and what he was, he was by the grace of God.

His sudden removal I view in mercy: the last year of his life was perhaps too much of growth in the flesh; and to use a phrase of his a few months ago, "a shoot below the graft," which must be cut off, as it weakens the tree. This kind of growing is in the wrong direction for spiritual usefulness. It is pleasing to nature to see a happy and prosperous church. The death of an old rich friend, Mr. Smith, nine months ago; the purchase of a new and larger house, with money left him for it; his last 27th anniversary, when £56 were collected, which cleared the cost of its erection on that day; his last public Sunday School meeting, January 3d; scenes of this kind, from the great excitedness of his nature, was too much, and therefore this false shoot must be cut off, as not belonging to that kingdom or vine which the Lord hath planted. I write this with the kindest of feeling toward Mr. S.; it was growing, as I have said, in the wrong direction; and therefore in mercy, in the midst of outward prosperity, the shoot must not be spared. I observed of the last anniversary, "Outward prosperity, I trust, will not slay them, or cause any withering, or drying up of the dew, which, unless it 'distil abundantly,' on this field the Lord hath blessed, it must fall, as many others have done, to be overgrown with weeds and briars, instead of fruitfulness." But the Lord has an afflicted remnant here of poor and needy ones.

As regards Mr. S.'s death, I have nothing particular to say. I did not expect to hear of much triumphing; the Lord gave him to taste of the bitter waters in his sickness. The nine weeks he was laid aside was characterised by much uneasiness and restlessness; but was at last subdued into quiet repose, wishing "to be alone with his heavenly Father:" having said this he quietly fell asleep in the arms of an attendant who caught his drooping head as he sat in his chair, and his spirit took its flight, at the age of 56 years, thirty spent in the ministry.

Mr. S. came from the church of John Keeble, in Blandford Street, to Brighton.

I can only give you a mere notice of this servant of Christ. I knew him something over twelve years, but very highly esteemed him. Mr. Curtis of Homerton most likely will furnish a memoir of him, as he observed at the grave, a thirty years' friendship existed between them. That Mr. Sedgwick's conversion was the means of his conversion, being marked with so much vitality, and separation, evidencing the power to be of God alone. Mr. Sedgwick had early seals, and continued to have to his ministry both dead and living, bearing witness to the vitality of the word as preached by him. If it would not take up too much room for the verses, I could notice the testimony of Harriet Corbyn who with her mother were pew-openers of Henry Fowler's chapel, London, well known to several ministers and attendants of Gower Street. Harriet was the last person Mr. Sedgwick baptized, and the last he buried, himself the first in the church to follow to the same place. When Mr. Fowler died, mother and daughter came to Brighton, or shortly after. In the providence of God the mother was directed to Mr. Smith when in deep outward distress. Mr. Smith allowed six shillings per week to the day of his death, which loss a few months ago took place. This was a great trial to them, their supplies at once cut off, but Harriet was nothing daunted, she cheered her parent by her faith in the Lord's promises not to let them want. And so it proved; the Lord raised another gentleman up who came forward to do the same for them as Mr. Smith had done after a severe trial; but she only required it a short time. She was the last baptised by Mr. Sedgwick in September, and last buried by him October 27th, and she has spoken to me with what great delight she feasted under Mr. S.'s ministry. Mr. Fowler had a very high opinion of this poor afflicted cripple. Her end was tranquility itself. I add the following verses.

Lines on the Death of Harriet Corbyn.

Dear saint, farewell; redeem'd by blood,
Thy friends attempt the praise of God.

His calling thee by grace;
For shortening tribulation's day,
Wiping affection's tear away,
And ending well thy race.

All praise to Christ from first to last!
'Tis by his power the saints stand fast,
And death through him they meet.
Redeem'd by him, we give him praise,
Who is our life and length of days,
And worship at his feet.

Redeem'd from death—ah, who shall tell,
Redeem'd to God, and sav'd from hell—

Who shall the grace explore?
Language is mute, the same to find;
'Tis far beyond the power of mind:

We only can adore.

A lily from the garden here,
Of sweet perfume, of filial fear,
Was quickly gather'd in,
To dwell in heaven's delightful clime,
From the tempestuous storms of time,
The world, the flesh and sin.

No more an exile here to roam,
But called unto her heavenly home,
And lay her sandals by :

The desert heat, the dreary blast,
The howling wilderness is past,
For fairer scenes on high.

An outcast for the Saviour's sake,
A heavy cross was called to take,
And with it did not faint :
A loving spirit, meek and mild,
As gentle as a little child,
Was this dear favoured saint.

Taught of the Lord to know her state,
And for his special aid to wait,
Along the weary road ;

Dear child, thy conflict now is o'er,
Thy body shall afflict no more,
Nor feel the want of food.

Inured to sorrow, loss, and pain,
Was number'd with Jehovah's slain,
And one of Jesu's dead :

As his dead body, she will rise
To heights supreme among the wise,
Like her all-glorious Head.

The rich inheritance of love
Prepared for suffering saints above,
Is her's with theirs to share :

This dwelling place did love impart,
A mansion in the Saviour's heart,
The Lord her portion there.

Christ was the burden of her song ;
Assured she should not be here long,
Lifted her soul above :

On him she lived, in him she died,
" Jesus (she said) called her aside,"
Whispered her secret love.

No fears, no doubts, no death had she ;
From condemnation she felt free,
Resting on Jesu's word :

She waited for the long, far day,
To fetch her ransomed soul away,
To dwell with Christ her Lord.

She lov'd his word, fed where she could,
Her appetite was strong and good,
For Christ, the living Head.

She lov'd his honours, name and power,
And sweetly pass'd a pleasing hour
In gazing on her Lord.

She long'd for years to be baptiz'd ;
This privilege she highly priz'd,
Delighted to obey ;
And at the table once sat down,
In company with Jesus' own,
And then was call'd away.

Her dove-like spirit I would share,
Knit to the Lord as his joint heir,
And walk by faith in him,
With earnest longings to be robed,
And from the body be un clothed,
This earthly house so dim.

Her peaceful end was evening's calm,
Terrors did not her soul alarm ;
Pure joy shot from her eye :

The odours of the Saviour's name
Diffus'd the fragrance of its flame,
Then bade her friends " good bye."

The rich reward of heavenly rest,
Her pastor, too, with her is blest,
As one of Abraham's seed ;
And in those steps which lead to God,
May we be found, as in God's word,
The Lord's book may we read !

What heights of bliss round those revolve !
What heavenly mysteries they solve,
In yon celestial place !

Encircling the Triune throne,
The glorious Lamb aloud they own,
In rapturous songs of grace.

What gratitude to Christ I owe !
But ah ! alas ! my heart how slow
To give the glory due !

A poor, weak, dying worm of earth,
Unworthy of the heav'nly birth,
And mercies ever new.

Poor outcasts of the Saviour's race,
All the election of free grace
Shall in the house abide ;
The servant will at death depart ;
Then from the family must part,
And have nowhere to hide.

Drown'd in destruction all will be,
Not sav'd in the Eternal Three,
Who know not Christ by faith :
But in life's bundle with the Lord,
What rising graces we record,
And triumph over death.

And every kindred, tribe and tongue,
Shall sing the everlasting song,
From earth's remotest end :
The Holy Spirit's mighty power
Shall call them unto Christ the Door,
And ministers he'll send.

Brighton, April 5, 1853. H. WATMUFF.

Death of Jesse Burch.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—If the death of a saint is precious in the eyes of the Lord, then its record may be precious to us. It is encouraging to see the faithfulness of God to his word, "when heart and flesh faileth;" to hear of his tender mercies to his people when in Jordan's swellings; and to find that a dying day is a happy day, through rich displays of sovereign, mighty grace, even though many fears may have attended the soul up to the last, "Thy saints are in his hand."

These remarks are called forth by the death of Jesse Burch of Upavon, whose ransomed spirit has now joined the company of "just men made perfect," where unceasingly they cry, Hallelujah !

Jesse Burch was the son of believing parents, who brought him up under the sound of the gospel, not yea and nay, but the pure and unadulterated gospel of Jesus Christ. But though brought up under the sound of the truth, it is evident that he lived in ignorance of its power, until the twentieth year of his age ; delighting meanwhile in the

folies and vices of youth, especially in music and bell-ringing.

It pleased God, "who moves in a mysterious way," as connected with the vast purposes of his grace, to direct the steps of the writer to the village, in the month of April, 1846, and among those who came to hear the word, attracted, as he afterwards said, by curiosity, to hear what that strange man would say, was J. B. He came again, and again, sometimes helping with his voice, and sometimes with his flute; yet, the bell-ringing was not given up, nor the French horn. Witsuntide found him in his place in the band, playing for the village club; and then accompanying his companions. Other places were visited for the like purpose, much to the grief of all concerned in his welfare. Tide times, however, must end, and the village got again to its usual quietness. Harvest came, and on Lord's-day evening, August 23, 1846, the preacher took for his text, "The breaker is come up before them: they have broken up and passed through the gate and are gone out by it: and their king shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them." Micah ii. 13. At the close of the sermon, my dear friend Smith gave out the well known hymn 553, Gadsby's selection,

"The breaker is gone forth in love."

Altogether the season was solemn, and as it ultimately proved, not to be forgotten.

From that time a marked difference was perceived in J. B., an unusual seriousness pervaded him: he seemed burdened and suppressed, yet none could define the cause. He sought much to be alone, wandering in the fields, or shut up in his room, yet none knew for what: he maintained at all times a strict silence as to what ailed him. At length he could not follow his employment, complained of fixed pain in his breast, and went to the doctor; as may be supposed, the doctor did him no good.

There became a marked difference in his singing. Hymns in which were doctrine, confession, or supplication, he would join in as usual; but, whenever the hymn partook of the language of assurance, in any of the forms of expression, as suited to the child of God, he would stop instantly, even if the singing was in danger of being altogether stopped through it. Thus things went on until the winter sat in, at which time the writer began an evening school, and J. B. became one of an adult class of scholars. Nothing particular occurred, until one evening, after all the other scholars had left, he lingered behind. One thing was first put up and then another preparatory to leaving for the night, and still he lingered by the desk, as though he had something to say, and yet had hardly courage enough to say it. At length, however he began to tell me what he had gone through since the sermon from Micah ii. 13; how his

sins had stared him in the face, how the guilt of them had lain with mountain weight upon his mind, and how the terrors of the Lord had made him afraid, how he had striven to stifle conviction by again mixing with his former companions, and by trying to ring it away, play it away, or drink it away, and yet could not; how it followed him by night, depriving him of rest; and by robbing him of every comfort, and stripping him of every delight; how he prayed and what temptations followed; how he heard but only to condemnation and an increase of his misery and distress of mind. Sometimes a faint hope only to be met with keener anguish, and more fiery darts from the wicked one, until almost driven to despair. It was late before we parted, my heart was full and so was his, though from different springs. He walked with me to my lodgings, the night was bitter cold and intensely dark, but the season were to us indifferent matters. That night will ever be remembered. Here was a seal to my ministry, and a plain proof my labour had not been in vain in the Lord. Time went on, many were the thoughts relative to whether it was of the Lord, but the work stood. Evidence upon evidence was given that it was of the Lord, and at length to use his own words upon his dying bed, the Lord delivered his soul by an application of these words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

From this time his peace flowed like a river, and upon a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus and of his repentance towards God, he was baptized in the river Avon, on Lord's-day morning, August 6, 1848, after a sermon from Matt. xxviii. 19. In the afternoon he was received by the right hand of Christian fellowship into the church, of which he continued an honourable member until removed by death.

Nothing particular marked the year which followed, and when the writer was removed from Upavon to Trowbridge, personal intercourse became necessarily limited, and then epistolatory correspondence commenced; from the last letter received, the following extract is given.

"Upavon, December 1852.

"My dear brother, I take my pen in hand to send you a line, hoping it may find you each well. I am quite well in body, and, bless our God, in soul; a hope sure and steadfast, which abides as an anchor, yet daily feel more need of supplies from my God than even in times past." Here enumerating various deaths which had occurred in the village he says, speaking of an old member of the church, "Our friend left this world of sorrow for that glorious home where the faith and hope of our souls are looking, when we shall be ever with the Lord.

"Dear brother, I hope the Lord is blessing

you and the people together, and that you are determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, and the dear Lord clothing the same with divine power in building up his saints in their most holy faith, and in the bringing in of poor sinners who are yet hid in the ruins of the fall. I hope as a people you are dwelling together in unity and in love, you in their hearts, and they in yours'.

"My dear brother, I add no more. The Lord bless thee, and make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, and lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. So prays your's in the bonds of love, a sinner called under your ministry and saved by grace,

JESSE BURCH."

He little thought when in the midst of health he wrote the above that it would be the last communication he would ever make to me. But so it was. He had been of late peculiarly indulged both in public and in private. In visiting a sick person shortly before his own affliction, he spoke of the glory of the Lord as so near that there seemed to have been but a little something between him and it. That little something is now for ever removed.

On January 25, 1853, he was taken ill. Nothing, however, at the first was seriously apprehended, until a blood vessel became ruptured in the bowels, and he was pronounced to be in great danger.

Upon this, knowing that his time was come, he called his friends to bid them farewell, addressing warnings to the careless, and speaking of his faith and hope in Christ to those who knew and loved his sacred name. "Father," said he, "the doctor says I am a dying man, but I don't fear death. No; thanks to my dear Lord and Saviour, he has taken away the fear of death long ago, and, bless his dear name, he made it manifest by God the Holy Spirit that he bore my sins in his own precious body on the cross of Calvary, and paid my ransom there. Six years ago last August the word entered with power; I mourned in secret, and sought the Lord, and he heard me, and the dear Lord gave me many manifestations of his love, and has enabled me to hold on till now: yes, blessed be his holy name, he by sovereign and rich grace plucked my soul from hell. Not to me, Lord, but to thee be eternal praise.

'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?'

'Twas the same love which spread the feast
That sweetly forced me in;
Else I had scorned thy sovereign grace,
And perished in my sin.'

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name.' Was it not love that led my soul to Calvary's cross? and there with the eye of my mind I saw the blessed Jesus shedding out of his dear body

blood to cleanse my sinful soul, and to hear his sweet voice saying, 'This is for thee, poor sinner! Was ever love like his?' And thus he continued to the last, sometimes praying, sometimes praising, until his ransomed spirit departed to be for ever with the Lord, exchanging earth for heaven on Tuesday, February 22, 1853.

On the following Lord's-day his remains were interred in the quiet and secluded burial ground of the Baptist chapel in the village by Mr. Ferris, who delivered an appropriate address on the occasion. And on the following Lord's day, March 6, Mr. Dangerfield, of Devizes, to whom he had been much attached, preached his funeral sermon from those emphatic words, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her Beloved?" Cant. viii. 5.

"If you, O man, of death are bound in dread,
Come to this chamber; sit beside this bed;
See how the name of Christ breath'd o'er the heart
Makes the soul smile at death's uplifted dart.

"The air to sense is close that fills the room,
But angel forms are waving through the gloom:
The feeble pulse leaps up, as 'twould expire,
But Christ still watches the refiner's fire.

"He views his image now! the victory's won!
The last dark shadow from his child is drawn;
The veil is rent away; eternal grace!
The soul beholds her Saviour face to face.

"Is this death's seal? Th' impression oh how fair!
Look what a radiant smile is playing there!
That was the soul's farewell: the sacred dust
Awaits the resurrection of the just.

"Call not the mourners when the Christian dies,
While angels shout him welcome to the skies:
Mourn rather for the living dead on earth,
Who nothing care for his celestial birth.

"Death to the bedside came his prey to hold;
All he could touch was but the earthly mould;
This to its native ashes men convey;
The freed soul rises to eternal day."

J. F. RUDDMAN.

Plymouth, March, 1853.

Memoir of Mrs. Kellam.

THE mysteries of God's providence, grace and glory, are too deep for human ken. The case of Mrs. Susannah Kellam, falls among those mysteries. My first knowledge and acquaintance with her was while she lived at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, by the sea side. Her maiden name then was Susanna George. After her marriage she removed to Leicester, and soon after in God's providence I was removed to this same town, and here I have lived for more than eleven years. She attended at the chapel where I preached during several years; but under certain circumstances which I do not think worth mentioning just now in this paper, she left our chapel some time previous to her death. She professed to be brought into the full enjoyment of the gospel of Christ, while I was preaching at Lowestoft as a supply. She became a member of the Baptist church at Lowestoft, and from the knowledge I had of her, and from sweet and comfortable conversation with her, both there and here, I had every reason to believe that she was a subject of divine grace, and was a steady and firm adherent to "the doctrines according to godliness." But I have understood that she once had a brain fever, which left some traces of its effects in her nervous system, and she was at times a little excitable from this cause, at other times rather depending,

much questioning her interest in Christ, and safety of her eternal state. Sometimes in giving expression to her thoughts, she would be somewhat confused, and a little hurried; but this I attributed to physical causes, or nervous debility. She was most frequently among the complainers of darkness and bondage, and at times could not give an account (satisfactory to herself) that she had ever been brought out from the bondage of the law, into the full liberty of the gospel of Christ. God is a sovereign we must not, cannot teach him, "we know that his judgments are according to truth." Some are quickly delivered from the bondage of the law, others lie there a long time, and some are said to be subject to bondage all their life-time through the fear of death. "God's ways are past finding out." It is said of some, "they die at ease and are neither troubled nor plagued like others, neither have they any bonds in their death." Their false religious strength is firm. But this poor woman had very strong "bonds in her death." Satan was permitted to bind her so very fast, while she was preying upon her constitution that she fell into a state of despair, so that it was found needful to put her in a straight waistcoat, in which the poor creature raged and raved like a maniac expressing her determination to kill her husband, her child, and others. In this distressing condition she lay with scarcely any symptom of reason except at very short intervals, until Sunday March 20th when she breathed her last, without a struggle, sigh, or groan, inasmuch as it was difficult to say when her spirit left the poor crazed and distressed house of clay.

It was a very painful affair, neither doctors, nor friends could render to her any relief. It appears there were a conjunction of evils, bodily, mental, and circumstantial. As it respects the latter, it is not necessary to enter into a minute detail of them here; but leave these matters with God. Of this she has, (even with meekness and apparently suppressed grief and patience,) often complained to me, "God's ways are not our ways." Moreover, we are sure of this, a soul once born of God, and brought into the kingdom of grace, never goes out; it is eternal life, and let the vile body fall off that soul back to its native clay, when, wherever, and by what means, God has appointed, that soul goes to God.

The children of the first Adam have all sinned unto temporal death; and bodily, mental, and circumstantial trouble, attend us in this sin-cursed world. All we derive from the first Adam may be lost, we must die; we may be deprived of our limbs, faculties, lovers, friends, and acquaintances, sight, hearing, feeling, smelling and tasting, yea, of our natural wisdom, intellect, knowledge and rationality; but the life, wisdom, power and glory of the church stands in Christ, and we cannot be invaded there, either by sin, diseases, devils or death, it is all secured in Christ, and "with Christ in God," and when Christ appears all the elect saints shall appear in glory, perfect in wisdom, life, beauty and glory for ever.

To conclude this part of the subject I am happy to say, that our dear departed sister in Christ, had some intervals of rationality during her severe affliction, and before she departed uttered some sound, sweet, and comfortable expressions relative to her eternal safety. Once she said, "A scripture just fell into a my mind, that was a source of great joy and rejoicing to me more than twenty years ago: 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' O," she said, "I could not believe, I could not believe; I thought God my dear heavenly Father had forgotten me, and that he would never look upon me any more; but now I feel that his everlasting arms are under me, and were I to sink down to hell, I believe that he would take me out again." And at another time she said, "I have done with this world, and all the things of the world; I have been in heaven, and seen David, and Job, that dear patient man; and saints in glory, there are none look old, they appear all of an age, O, I cannot tell what I have

seen." They feared that another paroxysm would take place, but she being quite exhausted said, "The battle is fought, the victory is won, and I shall wear the crown, I am going to my rest;" and her spirit departed without a struggle, sigh or groan.

I hope the reader will bear with me, in that which I am about to relate. If you cannot receive it, I believe it, so I must leave it, and am content. For some years past I certainly have had many things made known to me in the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man. Though indeed I would not regard all dreams, nor encourage others to do so; but I believe there are three distinct kinds of dreams, some natural, some diabolical, and some divine.

Natural dreams come through a multitude of business, the relaxation of the nerves, full suppers, &c., and in such dreams are divers vanities, and fragments of things which cannot be well put together; and diabolical dreams are from satan to alarm, scare, frighten, delude, or flatter us, or torment us. God often spoke to people by dreams in the old Testament times, and also since; and though the canon of scripture is fixed and we look for no more, still the Lord is not limited; there are now with some people divine dreams, which leave deep and lasting impressions on the soul, and so clear and distinct, that they can clearly be repeated after many years, and for a person's life-time; and those divine dreams are to instruct us, or keep us back from some evils, and seal instruction upon us. I could record many such, and some very striking since I have been in Leicester, but perhaps I might give offence to some, therefore I forbear, though probably I may record them, and leave them in the possession of some friend to do as he may think proper after I am gone from this vain world, in which every thing we touch is polluted, and under sin, curse and death, that is not found in Christ the life everlasting.

Now I will proceed. Some little time before our beloved sister Kellam was taken in this despairing, distracted, condition, I dreamed that I was out at sea with a small company of persons, in a very thin canvass boat, and the sea wrought and was tempestuous, boiled and foamed, and dashed us up and down in a most frightful manner, so that we despaired of being saved; at last this canvass boat dashed against a rocky shore, and I made a desperate effort to escape, thought I must leave them and succeed in climbing the rock, or pier, and stood firm looking round me with surprise; I then turned myself with a thought of trying to rescue the others, and a poor woman in the boat looked at me with a wild and distracted countenance, and as if frantic with despair, she held up both her arms, and dashed them against the rock, in wild despair. I awoke and it was a dream, and I lost her, boat, and all the rest together; I could not understand what it meant, yet, I believed it meant something extraordinary; but I thought no more of it till last week, when this poor creature fell into this desponding distracted condition, and then my dream came fresh in my mind, and I felt in some trouble concerning her, believing that she would not recover from that state, as I lost sight of the boat.

Well, last Sunday morning, just before her spirit left the body, I was awakened from another dream. I dreamed that a small company of birds, looking something like crows, were hovering over my head in the air; and while I was gazing at them, one came flying down directly at me, but as it drew near to me, I perceived that it was a dove, and it came to me in very extraordinary loving manner, fondling around me till at last it came quite into my bosom, and put its beak into my mouth. The sweet loving manner of the bird surprised me, and I was very pleased with the dove, and wanted it to stay with me. But it made signs to me that it could not stay with me. It then took to its wings and flew quite away out of my sight. I awakened, and beheld it was a dream.

Well, just about the time that I came out of my

chamber and down stairs to breakfast, her spirit took its flight from the body, and from this polluted world, where Christ's doves find no solid rest for the soles of the feet. And I believe that her spirit then took its flight to the fair world of light and love to be with Christ which is far better.

REFLECTION.

A sinner whose soul is quickened into eternal life by the Holy Ghost, has certainly the seeds and germ of eternal life in the soul which cannot be destroyed. The black-winged fowls of the bottomless pit cannot get at it to destroy it. The seed must germinate and grow, though among much rubbish of earth, filth, and corruption. In some the growth may be very slow; in others more rapid; but sooner or later it must come to perfection in glory. "Did not he make one? yet had he the residue of the spirit. And wherefore one? that he might seek a goodly seed." One Adam was made, and the wife taken out of him, of his own flesh, bone, and spirit, and through him comes the residue of the spirits of all flesh. But did not he make One?—THE HOLY ONE. One Jesus Christ, formed in the virgin's womb by the power of the Holy Ghost. And wherefore one? "That he might seek a goodly seed." And was not Christ's bride, "the Lamb's wife," in him, flesh, bones, and spirit? The residue of the spirit was with him: had not he the residue of the spirit? Yes, and every member of the church shall receive the spirit of Christ, which is indestructible. And though after receiving the germ of life in the soul poor spirits may be in prison a long time, and in bondage; but they must sooner or later come out of prison into the liberty of the gospel, and out of the flesh ultimately into life and liberty in glory. And these deliverances in some ransomed spirits may be both experienced nearly at one and the same time. But out they must come, because the holy seed could "not rot under the clods." Christ is risen from the dead, and has virtually delivered them all, though they in their spirits may feel in bondage, doubt, and fear till just before their spirits are taken from the vile body. Christ is the one holy seed, the corn of wheat that fell into the ground and died, and was quickened by the Spirit; and he will not abide alone. The holy seed must bring forth much fruit in glory; for Jesus came in the flesh to die in the earth, that through his death, love, blood, righteousness and resurrection, he might deliver those "who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage," viz., through the fear of both temporal and eternal death, satan so works upon their inward sins that breed fears and doubts that, at times, through all their lifetime (even after receiving some comfort) "they are subject to bondage," through the evils and sin in the flesh. And the nearer the soul comes to its final deliverance from the bondage of corruption (the flesh), the more fierce satan rages against the ransomed soul, because he knows that he then hath but a short time with it. And if permitted, his fury and rage may be such even to drive the poor soul to destruction. But life, wisdom, righteousness, grace and glory remains in Christ the ransomed soul's immortal Head, and is the soul's unalienable property, right, riches, and glory; and out of this crazy vile body it must go home to possess all with Christ in glory for ever.

Leicester, March 23, 1853. W. GARRARD.

Obituary of John Austin.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—While living in a world of change, how blessed to know our interest in God, the unchanging God, and to rejoice in the possession of a hope, founded in covenant certainties! What sure ground for triumph amid all the confused notions of professing Christians, and the debased and infidel practices of ungodly men! A solid gospel hope once implanted in the heart of a sinner, shall never die, or make

ashamed. He that begins will finish; and hope inspired by the Holy Ghost in the heart is sure to be followed by a full possession in the Lord's time.

You have long known, by the evidence produced, that our dear brother, John Austin, of Paddington, was the subject of a "good hope through grace." I was never more confirmed in the fact of a more than twenty years profession being of God, than in the closing scene of life with him. This was a profession, to every discerning and unprejudiced observer, that carried conviction to the mind as to its worth. Grace in the soul will be manifest in the life and deportment. The fruits may not always appear of the largest kind, but they must be genuine. Oh, it is better to walk careful, though our progress be but slow, than with reckless haste to gain an eminence of uncertainty, from which we must come down, if it is not the work of God. The flock of our spiritual Jacob must not be over-driven.

The work of grace, in the heart of the feeblest saint, is as much the property of God as that of the most honoured and renowned champion of truth; and he will see to it that its humble possessor shall never perish. Yea, I believe in the hour of death the Lord often makes the weakling strong, and the lowly one in faith and feeling to be exalted; while those who appear strong and courageous in life, are timid and weak at the approach of death. Why is this, but to teach the folly of boasting except it be in the Lord alone? There are many useful lessons to be learned in the chambers of the afflicted, and at the bed-side of the believer, who is waiting and wishing "to depart and be with Christ."

Our brother Austin had been in a weak state of bodily health for three or four months, but no great fears were entertained that death was making so near an approach, until the last few weeks, when his strength began rapidly to decline. I visited him on the 28th ult., when he seemed quite aware of his near approach to the end of his pilgrimage, and his mind was happily at ease. He said, the truth of God, which had been his delight for so many years, was now his only comfort, and added, "I feel my time here is very short, and I can leave all matters concerning myself in the Lord's hands, only I have a few little things I could wish to attend to if the Lord will allow me." These little things were attended to; and I shall not soon forget with what composure he put the last written signature required of him on earth, and quietly gave the document into the hands of his only son, imploring a blessing from the Lord to accompany it. I was forcibly reminded of the act of the man of God, as recorded in Gen. xlviii. 15, 16.

I visited him again on the 9th instant, when it was evident he could not survive many days. On referring to the last three years of his life, I asked, if in the sight of a holy God, he had any cause to regret the step he had taken, in leaving the church at Rushden, and uniting with the church at Wellingborough? His reply was, as in the presence of a heart searching God, "Not once: not once:" and continued: "I should not have taken that step had I not been compelled. Many times has my pillow been wet with tears, while I have begged the Lord to subdue the tyrannical spirit in the minister. But it seemed rather to increase. I said, 'Lord, what must I do?' And after many prayers to the Lord for direction, I went on the following Lord's-day to Sharnbrook; and the next Lord's-day, without any enquiry where I went, or why I went, I was separated from the church, with whom I had been in communion for about eighteen years." He continued, "I never found more freedom with the Lord in prayer than I have done since then; and if I could not hear a man so gifted, I heard the truth of God, without pulpit foolery or abuse." I assure you, my brother, I felt these statements, as from the lips of a dying man, afresh to confirm me in the necessity of a minister preaching God's truth to the people, and not with wantonness good their feelings, or with playfulness tickle their fancy. The man of God, as a minister, has to do with divine realities. When mimicry

and low jesting on the one hand, with an affected solemnity, unnatural and unnecessary on the other, must be alike hateful to an Holy God. Happy that man, when about to unbuckle the armour of a Christian ministry, and quit the field of contest, to be able to appeal to God in truth, and say, "I have fought a good fight." It may not have been what some people would call a great fight, but the cause was good, the weapons were good, and the end was good. Thus, to "war a good warfare," whether minister or private Christian, our weapons must not be carnal, bombastic and noisy declamations, but spiritual, Scriptural, "with all prayer" for God to make them successful.

I visited our friend again on the 10th, and enquiring as to the state of his mind, he said,—“I have been rather low (or cold) since I saw you; but this morning the Lord has made salvation so precious, it has warmed my poor soul. I can gladly leave all below; time things are nothing to me.” Repeating that sweet verse:

“My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights.”

He said, “I have been thinking I now stand upon a very narrow neck of land. But I want the Lord to be my support now, as much as I ever did.” I quoted that Scripture, “Thou shalt guide me,” &c. He said “Ah, that is it; that is it.”

The medical man coming in, our friend conversed upon the nature of the disease with that composure and feeling I shall not soon forget. The hour of death may be treated with indifference while it appears in the distance; it is its near approach that will test the reality of vital religion, and prove its worth. The medical man, in speaking of the advance of the disease, used the word “step.” Our friend asked, with a smile, “And what do you think will be my next step?” “I cannot exactly say,” answered Mr. P., “but I believe your ground is good.” On visiting him again, I said, “Has your best friend visited you since I saw you?” “Oh yes, yes.” “What did he say to you?” “Salvation’s mine. Oh, ’tis a joyful sound! I have been thinking (he said) ‘a mortal paleness, (here his voice failed) glory in my soul.’” I said, “You feel it so; do you?” “Yes, yes; but I must not say more now.” And this was the last I heard him say, though he spoke many cheering things during the night. His last attempt to speak, was in trying to repeat that sweet verse,

“Salvation, oh, the joyful sound.”

Mrs. A. said, “Do you feel that salvation your’s?” His reply was, “Yes, yes;” and in the evening of the same day, the 12th of February, he breathed his soul into the hands of his redeeming Lord. I felt, as I stood at the bed-side, and witnessed the last heaving of the chest, a desire to trace the ransomed spirit up to the throne of God. That Scripture at the moment was made sweet, and I repeated it aloud, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” What, I thought, is this scene, compared with some death-bed scenes, where the distorted features, the agonising yell of fear, the mingling of bitter complaints for the past, and the deep, heart-heaving groan as the future stares the Christless and hopeless sinner in the face? Truly, I found my spirit secretly longing to be favoured in the last hour of its abode in this frail tenement, with that easy and quiet escape from all that is perishing, to all that is blessed and eternal. What better wish, my brother, can I present on your behalf as well as my own, than, in health, in sickness, in death and eternity, to be found in Christ?

Your’s in him, D. ASHBY.
Higham Ferrars, Feb. 15, 1853.

Some few of our readers who knew our Christian brother WHITE—(once a farmer in Oxfordshire, or Gloucestershire—but for some years a resident in London, and a member of the church in Crosby Row,) will be surprised to learn that he died suddenly early in April 1853.—Ed.

Mr. Joseph Chislett's Ordination.

(Continued from our last.)

MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S SERMON TO THE CHURCH. In the evening, Mr. G. MOYLE, of Peckham, read the second chapter of the first epistle of Peter, and offered up prayer; and

MR. JOHN FOREMAN, of Mount Zion, preached. We have gathered up the following fragments of his discourse. He commenced by saying:

I have been thinking of the many different occasions on which I have been called to occupy this pulpit in my humble way. You will recollect that not long since, I was here at the interment of your late dear pastor: you were then in grief and affliction. Now the good Lord has sent you another pastor, one, I trust, “after his own heart.” There is harvest and seed time; and you may now say with Solomon, “In the day of prosperity rejoice.”

I am rather awkwardly situated this evening. John Foreman is to preach to the church and the congregation. If I am thus to preach to two parties, I must act upon the Scripture authority, and “preach the gospel to every creature.” I will do as well as I can. There are three leading points upon which I shall make a few remarks this evening.

I. Christian desires for your best interests and welfare.

II. Friendly exhortation and admonition.

III. Proclamation.

Well, you say, you have lain down three points for discussion, but where's your text? Well, wait a little while, and you will hear.

My first idea, Christian friends, is “Affectionate desires.” I am addressing myself to the church; not omitting any whom my God hath called to know his name. The foundation you will find in the 13th verse of the fifteenth chapter of Romans, “Now, the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. The apostle at the commencement of this chapter says—“We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.” That is to say, we must put up with a little self-denial. Every member of the church should conduct himself as a member, remembering that he has a part to take, and a place to fill, which should never be unoccupied; and then good will result. The apostle goes on to say, “Let every one of us please his neighbour, for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not himself, but as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached thee fell on me;” and he bore them all; and there is an example for you, my dear Christian friends. The church at Rome consisted partly of converted Jews, and partly of converted Gentiles. Paul is here referring to prophecy, and shews that it had its fulfilment in the condition in which the church at Rome was then placed. (See verses 4 to 8.) And having spoken a little to the Gentiles, (verses 9 to 11), in the 12th verse he says, “And again Esaias saith, There shall be a root of Jesse, and he shall rise to reign over the Gentiles: in him shall the Gentiles trust.” I am not speaking to you as a people just organized. Some of you have been many years united. I think it is twenty-eight years ago that I came into this chapel and heard a Mr. Davies; and what I then heard, led me to think that there was

a people in this place who loved a free grace gospel. Gentiles were to partake of the benefits of the Lord's death, and you are not Jews. Then you, as a part of these Gentiles, are entitled to participate in the benefits resulting therefrom. The word "now" at the commencement of our first text, we may call the summary note. *Now* you being an organized people, approving of God's order, have followed it; and he has been pleased to answer your prayers, and to fill up the vacancy occasioned by death, given you another pastor; not one imposed upon you by state authority, but one of your own mind—a God-sent man, willing to be about God's business. What shall we say? The Lord has removed from you one pastor and given you another, and I shall only add to this "now" "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing," &c.

The Christian's life, or the life of God in his people, is something like the hands on the dial of a clock. If the works or inside machinery be out of order, the hands will tell falsely; so if the Christian be not moved by the internal power of vital Godliness, there is not much to be said of him—he will either be too fast or too slow. If truth does not regulate him within, truth will not be exhibited by him on the outside. Why are some men shifting and shuffling about like a ship at sea—like the needle jumping about, having no settlement on its attraction? Because they are anything that comes first. One thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow. When I went to Mount Zion, I stated my principles. Some said to me, "How will you keep your family?" "As to that, (I replied,) I promised to keep to so and so; and I would as soon break my neck as my word. I hope brother Chislett won't stop here to plague you, when you do not profit by his ministrations. I seem to think he is an honest man. Now in all these things I say "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." What better can I wish you? Nothing better in the world! Nothing so well able to support one under the afflictions and the trials of the world. Nothing better calculated to raise us above discouragements. As hope gets strong, faith gets weak. Despair and hope cannot live together in the same house. As hope rises in the soul, so flees away darkness and despair, and everything distrustful to God. My earnest desire for you as a church is, that "the God of hope," will "fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope." How? "Through the power of the Holy Ghost." Good John Stevens used to say, "Purpose, purchase, and power, will people heaven in spite of the devil." When the soul is brought to where mine was forty years ago, when light divine was shed therein, I saw myself an outcast, destitute, a traitor to my God; I had no idea but that hell would be my portion. When peace appeared to come to my poor soul, I said "How can man be justified with God?" Why Christ was made a ransom, by paying the demands of the law of that righteous God whom I had insulted, and opened up the way by which I a sinner might be saved; then despair began to flee like darkness before the beams of the morning sun, and joy took the place of sorrow. Hope is a preserver of the mind, a holy principle; the stronger the hope the greater the joy. Talk of perpetual motion—which many have spent

their life-time to discover—here it is in perfection. The love of God in the heart, is ever on the move, and will be throughout all eternity. Paul wished for their association, peace, unity; and so do I yours—love to God, and to one another.

II. Exhortation. My foundation for this head you will find in Coloss. iii. 17: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God, and the Father by him." You will bear in mind I am considering you as an old church. Satan has not been allowed to scatter you. He has taken away pastor after pastor, but he has still continued a part of his church here; and I would say now to you "Whatsoever ye do," &c. Methinks inspiration's pen could never have penned better advice than this. Here is "doing," all day long we must do. God does not intend life to be without action. We will notice first, *the name*; and secondly, *the doing*.

1. The name. It is "a name above every name." "King of kings, and Lord of lords." And "every tongue shall confess that he is God." (2) His name is also the "Word of God;" that is, it takes the whole word of God to spell it. I am inclined to think that the divine historian here intends that the word of the bible stands in the mind of Christ—the covenant stands in his name and is ratified in his blood. "The name of the Lord—it is written—is a strong tower;" "The name of the Lord is a high tower;" "His name is as ointment poured forth." "This is his name, the Lord our righteousness."

Now Lord means "a governor," and here denotes a superior order of government. God means "a protector." And in the heathen mythology this idea runs through all their veins of thought, viz., that their gods were protectors. We take our God in a more especial way as being a protector. Therefore Paul says, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." I recollect hearing of a gentleman minister who wanted an assistant to preach for him at a very respectable place. A man, whom I should think was an honest one, went and officiated for him. After the evening service; the assistant minister returned to the stated pastor's house to supper; the repast being concluded cards were brought forward. The question was put to him whether he would object to take a hand at cards with them, as was their usual custom for a little amusement. He replied, "No: he would have no objection if they would do one thing first." "Well, what is it?" "Look up to heaven and ask God's blessing upon it." And depend upon it, anything we do is not well done unless we can or do ask God's blessing upon it.

Recollect, the devil has got eyes as well as the world; and he is not half so honest. People put up notices to this effect sometimes—"Man-traps and spring-guns are placed on these premises." Now the devil gives no notice. The difference lies here—the one puts up a notice where there are no traps or guns, while the devil puts forth no notice, yet thickly lays his traps and guns for his unwary victims: but so long as you keep to Paul's admonition you are safe, for he dare not shoot you on God's premises. The Lord help us to be watchful. This is what I take to be the

meaning of the text. It is the law of life to the Christian. God help you so to walk that ye may obey the apostolic injunction—"Only let your conversation be as cometh the gospel of Christ," &c. The gospel of Christ is holy; the gospel of Christ is pure; the gospel of Christ is truthful; the gospel of Christ is faithful; act faithfully and truthfully; the gospel of Christ is one of unity of power, unchangeable in its purpose, everlasting in its duration.

Now I have a word of exhortation. When I made my maiden speech at Mount Zion, I said, I beg leave to say I will never allow a person to come to me with offences against another. I advise you to do the same, brother Chislett, 2. Never take notice of an offence unless the order laid down by the Lord himself has been adopted. 3. Never have an ear for backbiters, they are your worst enemies. By following the same rules I have escaped many disturbances. They do not come to me with tales, because they know I will not listen to them. If there are none found to pick a quarrel there will be none wanted to make peace.

III. Proclamation.—The words I have selected for this part of my discourse you will find in 1 Tim. i. 15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

I am to preach to the congregation. Now I suppose there are some strangers here to-night, some pleasure seekers, some, perhaps, come from custom, and some from curiosity. Look you then at my text—"This is a faithful saying," &c.

1st. I proclaim this saying to those who meet here and form a part of the Zion of which he is the ruler. 2ndly. For the encouragement of the weaker ones; and who are mourning their lost estate and sinnership. 3rd. To those poor, weak, trembling souls who say, "Oh that I might know those words were for me; it would be to my soul the settling of ten-thousand anxious cares." To you I have to say, "Whosoever is willing, let him come and drink of the waters of life freely." 4th. Now a word to those who have and those who have not believed. Those who do believe and have an interest in Christ will dwell for ever in life and bliss; those who do not believe will dwell for ever in death and darkness.

We have thus given our readers a lengthened report of the day's proceedings, which we presume will be acceptable to many.

The chapel during the whole of the day, (notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather) was crowded to excess, especially so in the evening.

Several ministering brethren were present during the day, in addition to those who took part in the services, among whom we noticed brethren Attwood, Bland, Hawkins, Hazelton, Pepper, Ponsford, Pearce, Searle, Ward, Wood, Messer, and others.

Trowbridge Easter Festivals.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—As there are so many little hills of Zion at this present moment bearing a most distressing gloomy aspect, it will doubtless inflame the warmest passions of your soul to hear that by the grace of God, it is not so at Bethel. We have peace in our midst, and prosperity in our borders; and by the help of the Lord, I will strive as much as in me lieth, to have this peace continued. Were I to act contrary, I should expect my sun to set behind a cloud. "Blessed are the

peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Yes, my brother; and prosperity, I believe, is in our borders. It is the spring time with Bethel. Shall I warble one of the notes? Hark! "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." Would to God all Zion's hills could clap their hands and join in the same words to a double long metre tune.

On Easter Sunday, our dear father in Christ, Mr. William Allen, of Stepney, preached morning and evening, and two precious weighty sermons they were. Many felt the dew upon the place, and they will not be forgotten by some for years to come. In the afternoon I tried to tell the people that a precious Jesus was mighty to save.

On Monday, brother Allen and myself, with several friends, attended brother Webster's tea meeting, and found there a cheerful, happy party; and afterwards spake a few words at the public meeting, on the necessity of brotherly love.

Easter Tuesday was the great day of the feast. A fine party sat down to tea: the chapel was full, and great part of the vestry; and it is no more than due to the parties who laboured in it to say, that the greatest satisfaction was felt as to the arrangements and provisions.

At half-past six o'clock, the public service commenced. After a hymn, brother Ferris, in a most solemn manner, supplicated the blessing of the Lord, after which an anthem was sung by the choir, and Mr. Allen commenced his narration of the naked bow of God, or the signal manner in which he had seen the hand of God go out against his persecutors, and the acquaintance he has had of it, by the visions of God before they transpired. A well filled place listened most attentively, whilst he went through the solemn subject. Taking for his text, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." May it be as a nail fastened in a sure place by the Master of assemblies.

The liberality of the people was much to be admired, and the choir sang several pieces, so that Bethel never saw such a day before. Brother Webster and brother Hawkins also addressed the meeting most cordially, and brother Bourne, of Grittleton, concluded the service with prayer. The dear Lord grant us many such seasons. Amen.

On Wednesday brother Allen preached at that pretty little cause of truth, Southwick; and a profitable sermon it was, which will not be forgotten very quick. Though Mr. Allen was a perfect stranger in Trowbridge he is no stranger now, and the people by a show of hands wished him to come again. Nor do I think the pleasure was all one side, for Mr. Allen and his beloved partner in life seemed as happy as a pair of turtle doves or two small pigeons. There was only one thing that threatened to cast a gloom over all, but God in mercy prevented. Several of us went to Bath on Good Friday to meet Mr. and Mrs. Allen at the station; we got pass-tickets, went up stairs to wait for the train, and was returning with Mr. and Mrs. Allen; my wife turned round to speak to Mrs. Allen, not knowing she was high the stairs, slipped, and had a frightful precipitation down that high flight. We all made sure she was dead; I ran and picked her up, and found her not only alive, but not a bone broken. Brother Allen pulled in her wrist that was out, and she had several bruises; but her injuries sank into insignificance before the stupendous mercy of our God, who saved her by a work next to a miracle. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." I remain, dear brother, your's affectionately,

R. G. EDWARDS.

At Bethesda Chapel, Trowbridge, (where brother John Webster is now pastor), the work of the Lord is going on. Five or six will be baptised the first Lord's-day in May; and there is more holy peace and signs of prosperity than have been known for some time past.

Fruitfulness and Increase at Mount Zion, HILL STREET, DORSSET SQUARE.

ON Lord's-day evening, March 27th, at Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, brother Foreman baptised twelve disciples in the name of the glorious triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—four male and eight female confessors of sin and professors of faith in Christ Jesus our Lord; thus openly shewing that, under the Spirit's teaching and by the word of God, they were satisfied that the Lord had commanded, and by example sanctioned, and the primitive church practised, believer's baptism, both in mode and subjects, and thus proving that the popish figment of infant sprinkling had, under the operation of the "word with power," been entirely swept from their minds; "thus saith the Lord" being of more weight and authority than all the traditions of men, though settled by councils and stamped with the authority of the mother of harlots. Our brother preached from 1 Cor. xi. 2, considering, first, the people addressed—not the Corinthians only, but all who follow in the same steps. Man may change, and has changed, in religious opinions and observances, but vital religion never changes. May each enquire, Am I in the position of the people addressed? For to all such "say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him." The church at Corinth, not at Corinth. The churches or nations are the establishments of men; the church at any place, made up of believing men and women, are alone God's churches. These are sanctified. No safe standing but on the truth of God; all other systems are worthless. Called. The purpose of God to save is known by calling; and none are called but saints, sanctified and called. Oh! what a mark is thus put upon the called—the mark of an assurance of every good at the hand of God. If we see, hear and feel our lost estate as guilty, helpless sinners, we have the evidence of calling. "And all who call on the name of the Lord, both theirs and ours." Prayer is a sign of vitality. "Ah, but I cannot pray as I would. Then you have the more to thank God for, that he hath heard, and not shut out and despised, such poor prayers. Second, Brethren. The saints, with all they have to lament, are children of God and brothers to Paul, who in proportion to his love of the true, hated the false.

A praying man is a crying child of God. An equality of interest is recognised, "Their Lord and ours." What Paul was in grace, so is every praying soul. Paul, Peter, James and John, are equal only to the feeblest in this respect. The same love, blood and power that saves one, saves all.

Thirdly, Conduct. "Now I praise you." For two things—sentiment and practice. There is no sound sentiment but which comes from God, and practice grows out of it. They were followers of God, and the churches in Judea, both in doctrine and ordinances. See 2nd of Acts; what Peter preached they believed; what he commanded they practised. They did nothing but obey orders. "What shall we do?" "Repent and be baptised every one of you." "Then they that gladly received the word were baptised." Such the example in Judea, such the practice at Corinth, for which Paul commended them; and such our practise now, in strict conformity to these apostolic examples.

W. H.

Baptizing at Ipswich.

BELOVED EDITOR:

"The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part."

Where much is given, much is required. We, as a church and people, have had much given, and

we feel disposed to say so. You, dear brother, witnessed to some degree the truth of this statement on the 27th of last month, at our anniversary, and we were sorry you could not stop to attend our meeting the next evening. We put our brother Wallis in the chair; and after singing and prayer, we stated our wish to clear the chapel debt this year—viz., £33 4s. 5d. Notwithstanding £15 being collected the day before, donations were promised to the amount of £50; others are working with cards; and with our Lord's blessing, we do hope to accomplish this very desirable object.

But we have something beyond this to state, to the glory of our merciful Lord. Last Lord's-day I baptised four persons; one aged 74, who, to our mutual joy and comfort, was so divinely helped and filled with the presence of her sweet Jesus, that it will not be easily forgotten. The next was a man and his wife, whose minds were, when they rose, very gloomy. Satan was permitted to harass them, telling them they had not entered right, but he did not prevail; they sighed and cried unto the Lord; he heard, helped; they obeyed, and went away rejoicing in his dear name. The other was a young one not quite 20, who has had sharp contentions with the enemy of souls. His deep designs have been frustrated, overruled for good, and through an orphan, now sings,

"Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God does make my life his care,
And all my need supply."

The congregation was large; my text Romans vi. 3, 4. The captain of the Lord's host was present, and to him be all the praise. Yours through grace,
THOMAS POOCK.

Jordan Baptist Chapel, Penzance.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Our re-opening tea-meeting—the chapel having been closed for cleaning—took place on Wednesday, April 6th, when a goodly number sat down to a substantial repast of cake and tea, provided by the friends; the whole of the proceeds of which, went to the support of the cause. Both the vestries were full. Our minister, Mr. J. B. Trigg, presided, who is just recovering from incipient inflammation of the chest, the effect of having been put into a damp bed, at Hayle, whither he went to preach on Lord's-day, March 27th.

At a quarter before seven, our evening service commenced by singing that sweet hymn of Newton's,

"Kindred of Christ for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive."

Our brother Lugg, senr., engaged in prayer. The presence of the great Head of the church, was felt in our midst a solemn awe pervaded our assembly while he was invoking the divine presence to go before our minister, and his blessing, to rest upon him, in all his arduous labors amongst us; it was good to be there. I hope the Lord, will be pleased to send gracious answers of peace, that "Jordan" may again break forth on the right hand and on the left, "O Lord, we beseech thee send now prosperity."

After singing a short hymn our brother James Wallis, Baptist pastor of the Land's End, gave us an address which cheered our spirits and warmed our hearts. He spoke of the eternal union existing between Christ and the church, flowing from the everlasting love of the Father in his eternal choice; the redeeming blood of the Son; and made known by the almighty power of the Eternal Spirit. Thus love, blood, and power composed the three-fold cord running through the whole discourse. He dwelt somewhat largely on the office-work of the Spirit, and his divine graces manifest in the believer. After prayer the doxology was sung and the friends separated. I remain, your's in the truth.
RICHARD MARKS.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

We have now sufficient matter to fill another *Passel*, and only one page left; all we can do, is, acknowledge the receipt of some books in as few words as possible.

The first new work, is a thin, handsome octavo, with this inscription, boldly written in gold letters, on the front cover—"THE MOST HOLY TRINITY: THE DOCTRINE ILLUSTRATED AND PROVED FROM THE SCRIPTURES." This beautiful testimony—in defence of a revelation—so holy in its nature, and so essential in its influence, is from the pen of Mr. EBENEZER SOPER; and is published by Seeleys, in Fleet Street. "The book is earnestly and affectionately recommended to young and enquiring Christians." We believe the author had well nigh been led to embrace views opposed to the fundamentals of the gospel: but the Lord delivered him; this led him to search deeply: the doctrine of the Trinity was more powerfully embraced: a holy zeal in its defence was experienced; this published testimony has been the result. We have carefully examined the sixty-four closely-printed pages of which this volume is composed; and feel justified in asserting the author has laboured successfully, in vindicating a point evidently so dear to his heart. One short extract towards the end of the work, connected with "THE DIOCESEAN PERSECUTION," is all we can find room for:—

"Dionysius, patriarch, and metropolitan bishop of Alexandria, in Egypt, one of the most amiable, pious and learned of the Christian fathers, during the middle and last half of the third century, went over to Rome for the purpose of vindicating his character from a false charge of holding heretical views, 'treason against the faith' of the Holy Trinity. Before a synod of bishops he admirably answered all the calumnies that were brought against him, partly by oral, and partly by a written defence, and fully vindicated himself to the entire satisfaction of his accusers. The following extract (translated by Bull) of what passed, is a specimen of his belief: 'Neither' said Dionysius 'is the Father, in that he is the Father, separated from the Son, for the name is calculated to introduce (the idea of) the union. Neither is the Son removed from the Father; for the designation Father manifests a communion; and in their hands is the Spirit, which is not capable of being severed either from him that sends, or him that conveys him; how then could I, who use these names, believe that they are parted and wholly severed from each other?' Finally, Dionysius introduces the following doxology, which it may be interesting to our Christian readers to know has been in constant use in the churches of Christ from and before the time of Dionysius to the present day. 'To God the Father, and the Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Spirit, be glory and power, for ever and ever. Amen.'

"Afra was burnt to death during the Dioclesian persecution of the Christians, at the beginning of the fourth century. The combustibles being about to be set on fire, she lifted up her eyes to heaven and said, 'I give thee thanks, O Lord Jesus Christ, who hast vouchsafed to accept of me as a victim to be offered up for the honour of thy name,' &c. And then concludes, 'I offer myself a victim to thee, O my God, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, world without end.'"

The Storm, the Flood, and the Whirlwind.

THE present condition—and prospects of Europe and the world, are herein considered by one who gathers his material for thought from the words

and the works of the Lord our God. Addressing Richard Cobden, and the promoters of "Peace Societies," the author gives two opinions—first, that before peace becomes permanent, a dreadful storm of nations will awake, and beat on very many shores, not excepting our own beloved isle. "An outbreak of war, or revolutionary violence," may be "the beginning of the end;" and under the idea that this crisis is approaching, the author thus argues:

"The red-horse rider has not yet ceased his goings forth; we have no indications yet that they are likely to cease, and no warrant from Scripture that they will end, until the Lord 'maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth.' Psalm xlii. 9. And in the meantime,—seeing that the latest of the Scripture prophecies is now nearly two thousand years old,—seeing that 'the gospel of the kingdom' has now been preached in nearly all the world, a witness unto all nations,—seeing that when this is accomplished OUR LORD declares the end shall come,—and seeing that perplexity and apprehension of things future have seized hold of the public mind of Europe to a degree that seems vastly out of proportion with any of the known existing causes of political disturbance, it seems to me the part of wisdom to look out a-head of the remarkable occurrences of these strange times, and be prepared with courage and fortitude to encounter, if necessary, the fiery trial and hour of temptation that in the latter day 'shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth.'

"May it not be somewhat allied to presumption to expect, because of our insular position, the great strength of our marine, the known courage and bravery of our troops, or the peculiar favour of Providence, that, whatever may happen to the nations of the continent, we shall be exempted from the chances of war, and shall never see a foreign enemy on our shores? It is surely a merciful Providence that during so many years we have been saved from the horrors of civil commotion and foreign aggression, and it ought to be remembered with gratitude to our divine and gracious Protector. But we cannot be warranted in founding upon this circumstance, or upon any number of favourable circumstances, the presumption that we shall be suffered to escape harmless through the storm of war which seems to be impending over Christendom. The mission of Britain may not yet be fulfilled: it is possible she may have some great part to perform in the next tumultuous strife of the nations; and for some time may present the only barrier to the supremacy of the great marauding king before mentioned: it may be possible even that some shadow of Britain's nationality may survive the whirlwind of war that shall wind up the events of the latter days, if, as we have already supposed, the exigencies of war shall carry all the chief actors to the shores of Asia; but to expect that she will remain unharmed, untouched, undisturbed, and uninvaded through all the violence of that unprecedented contest, is contrary to probability, and I believe without a shade of foundation in the Word of God, which declares that *all the world* shall be tried, and that the lawless king shall have dominion over 'all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.'"

Some other good books we notice on the wrapper.

A Spiritual Letter

FROM MR. JAMES HUNTER, OF BRADFORD, TO MR. ABRAHAM TAYLOR,
OF MANCHESTER.

[We insert the following, entire, at the request of some Christian friends connected with a Baptist Church in London.]

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—Since I saw you my mind has often been exercised as to the entrance of sin. One night in last February the matter rested much on my mind. I felt a strong desire springing up in my soul to cry to God to shew me light in his own light. After pouring out my soul before him with tears that he would shine upon me, I felt my mind all at once led to the 2nd and 3rd chapters of Genesis, and there I read these words, “thou shalt not eat of it,” &c. And when man did eat, the voice of the Lord God is heard, saying, “Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?” God does not say, the tree whereof I willed thee to eat, but I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat. This is God’s account of the matter, and this must be the true account. God solemnly forbids it—man disregards the prohibition, and sets at nought what God said; so that sin lies at the door of the creature, and God appears through the whole Bible as taking vengeance on sin wherever he finds it, treating it as rebellion against his Holy Majesty. Paul, in the fifth of Romans, when speaking of the same evil, traces it up to man, declaring that “by one man sin entered into the world.” He stops with the creature; and where he stops, all God’s ministers ought to stop too: this is as high as we can ascend on the ladder of revelation—there is no step above this visible to us—no foothold where we can stand with confidence but this—“By one man sin entered into the world.”

How plain is the testimony of the Spirit when he anoints our eyes to see it. John in his first epistle, (iii. 8,) calls it the work of the devil, and those who live in it are said to be of the devil. Jesus calls satan a liar, and the father or author of it. James says, “Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man.” But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed: then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death. Here is sin again left at the door of the creature and traced no farther: but he adds, “Do not err, my beloved brethren, every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights. In the preceding verses he makes the creature the author of all evil, and in

these words God the author of all good; and thus traces up the two streams to their respective fountains. These are the good and wholesome words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and tend to promote a healthy feeling in the souls of God’s people. “This only,” says Solomon, “have I found, that God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.” This only have I found, it is as far as the line of revelation goes down into the great deep; it is as far as we can see through the glass of God’s word—all beyond is thick darkness that God himself dwells in, where no creature can enter; so that we may say with the poet:—

“But wherefore he fell is a deep so profound,
That no man or angel the bottom can sound;
A sea without bottom, brim, bank, or a shore,
Then ask not the question, but learn to adore.”

These thoughts were the substance of what crossed my mind the night I refer to. I am sorry for the expression I used in the July number of the *Vessel* for 1851; it was the language of reason, not of revelation. Either this expression or any other containing the same idea that I have ever used publicly or privately, either in speaking or writing, I do now, according to the light given me, regard as the product of my wisdom, not God’s; and I know that man’s wisdom is foolishness with God; I know Toplady has used the same words, Gill has used the same, the Westminster divines have used the same, but all this avails me nothing; the oracles of God, and these alone are to be our guide in speaking—“If any man speak let him speak as becometh the oracles of God;” and thus it is that as the light of God shines more and more upon us, we are led to see what is of the flesh and what is of God, to see what are the words of truth and soberness, and what are the words we have spoken unadvisedly with our lips, and what is made manifest to us as having sprung from the flesh we are led to reject, though it may be to natural feelings as painful as cutting off a right hand; yet when the conscience is made tender, and we realise the feeling of Elijah—“The Lord liveth before whom *I st nd*,”—we are then made to feel willing to do things painful to our flesh that God may be glorified.

Since March, 1852, when these words were spoken into my soul with power, “If any man serve me him will my Father honour,” from that time I never dare use the expression

—God willed the entrance of sin—it seemed to be removed to a distance, and other matters occupied my thoughts. I have heard some in different places who seemed to be fond of talking of decrees, making it an apology for their conduct, like those Jeremiah speaks of, who, he says, will lie, and steal, and swear, and say “are we not delivered to do all these abominations?” This has pained my soul; and though, as a church, we have not had anything of this kind amongst us, yet in different places I have heard people talk so, while I knew that God’s word gave no countenance to such things—“For if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his.”—“He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself to walk even as He walked,”—and I do feel, dear brother, that when I used the above unguarded expression, I meant no more by it than it was God’s will to suffer sin to enter; yet, even this I do not consider a wholesome way of speaking, nor calculated to lead those that love the Lord to put away evil, or lead them to put on the Lord Jesus Christ.

May we, my dear brother, be ever kept as ministers of Jesus Christ, pointing out the evil of sin in its various forms, and pointing sensible sinners to a bleeding Jesus, exalting him as the Righteousness of his people, and teaching them how they are to walk and please him in all things; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus so rest upon us that we may behave ourselves justly and unblameably amongst them that believe. I remain, dear brother, your’s in the Lord,

JAMES HUNTER.

6, Fountain Street, Bradford, Yorkshire,
April 22nd, 1853.

Mr. Hunter to the Editor.

MR. EDITOR.—I have not only been led to regard the expression in the July number (1851) of the *Vessel*—“God willed the entrance of sin,” as being unwarranted by the word of God; but in looking over the letter I wrote in the November number, 1851, I have felt ashamed of some remarks made in it, such as referring to the numbers who came to hear. This was indeed carnal, and very much like the language of a young man, who needed then, and still needs to be clothed with humility. The remarks made in reference to Mr. Tite, savour more of the flesh than the meekness and gentleness of Christ; the flesh was working at the time, and here are the fruits, “Whatever wrong any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord.” Well might James say, “My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation.” It is only as we abide in Jesus experimentally, and his words abide in us, that we do, or can bring forth good fruit; for without him we can do nothing. I desire to bless him for any degree of purging, the branch has received: “for every man,” says John, “that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure.”

Wherever the spirit of contending about the entrance of sin gets among a people, the Spirit of the Holy One, for a time, is quenched, and grieved, and the fruit brought forth, is evil speaking and malice; the showers of blessing are withheld; Jesus is not sensibly felt amongst the people; the shout of a

king is not heard amongst them; bowels of compassion are closed; believers are not added to the Lord; nor is the name of our Lord Jesus magnified; a blight, and a sad one, too, comes on that spot.

“The Spirit, like some peaceful dove,
Flies from the scenes of noise and strife.”

And a blessed time it is, when this grieved and insulted Spirit secretly moves on the souls of his erring children, and leads them with weeping and supplication to cry out,

“Return, oh, Holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.”

And when this Holy Dove returns, and spreads out his loving, peaceful wings over the souls of his mourning people, as they feel themselves gathered under the wings of the God of Israel, and Jesus’ name, like a box of ointment, is diffused over their souls: they hate themselves for all the time they have spent in vain janglings, and as they suck the honey from the Rock, (which is Christ), are one and all ready to say,

“Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love—
As I have found in thee?”

O, that my voice could reach the whole regenerate church of God! I would say, as one wishing to strengthen the brethren, “Brethren, follow after the things that make for peace, and the things whereby ye may edify one another; for the kingdom of God does not consist in contending about the entrance of sin; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” O, for more of the Spirit of that dear One, who has said, “He that will be great, let him be your servant.” And again says Jesus, “I am among you as one that serveth.” It is only in so far as we are led to drink into this spirit that our souls really prosper; there is more of the religion that came down from heaven in the Person of Jesus in the following words of the poet, than in all contention about words to no profit.

“O, that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples’ feet;
After my lovely Lord to go,
And wait upon his saints below:
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.”

I remain, your’s in the truth,

JAMES HUNTER.

The Late Mr. Joseph Sedgwick.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

MR. EDITOR.—The embalmed memory of our late beloved brother, and most faithful gospel minister, Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, of Brighton, will long retain its odoriferous fragrant, not only among his sorrowing, bereaved flock, but in many sound churches of Christ which are scattered abroad. Those who knew dear Joseph, loved him for the truth’s sake; and those who were most intimately acquainted with him, held him in high estimation for his *personal* excellencies also.

How painful, therefore, must have been the perusal to very many of your readers, of Henry Watmuff’s *ill-timed* and *ill-judged* remarks, as inserted in your *Vessel* of this month. The remains of our late brother had only one *short intervening day* been laid in the silent grave, when Mr. Watmuff could sit down calmly! (alas! *was* it calmly and con-

sideratively?) and after having just heard, as doubtless he *did* hear, our brother Milner's funeral sermon for him, and beheld hundreds of real mourners lamenting the loss of their most beloved pastor, yet this person could return home from witnessing such a solemn scene, and taking up his pen, write down,—“*His sudden removal I view in mercy.*” To say the *least* of such an expression, it was *cruel in the extreme*. But the reason which he assigns for viewing his removal to be “*in mercy,*” fills me with amazement. He says—“The last year of his life was too much of growth in the flesh; *a shoot below the graft, which must be cut off.*” And what he means by the shoot being “*cut off,*” he has taken care we shall well understand. It implied—nothing short of his removal by death; his dear wife a widow, his children fatherless, and the church of Christ for 29 years under his pastoral care, left as sheep without a shepherd. But he also, *by implication*, tells us further what he means by a “shoot below the graft.” I quote his own words, “The friends of Mr. Sedgwick met at first in a small twelve feet room; the glory-cloud was evidently upon them, their numbers increased, the word was applied. In 1825 the present chapel was opened. He lifted up an exalted Mediator, and gave *him* all the praise of his own instrumentality. The branches of Joseph run over the wall; he was a ‘fruitful bough by a well,’ which watered the roots of his loved employment—that of preaching Christ. This heavenly moisture gave life, nearness, freshness, vigour and power to the word he spake, where many a poor needy child of God has been fed.”

Methinks I hear the reader exclaim,—“Why, this is the flourishing of the *graft*: I cannot discover the *shoot* below it.” Our friend Watmuff has found the *shoot*, it has bursted the *rind*, and will soon grow luxuriantly. He points you to the *shoot*:—“But had he no drawback? no thorn in the flesh? nothing to mar his beauty? *Yes, verily.* It was not what everybody could see. His natural lightness and trifling manner, which was as peculiar to him as *his own face was*. This lightness was a beacon to some, but a pleasure to others.” Now, I appeal to all who knew our dear late brother, was *lightness and trifling* natural to him? Rather, was not his prevailing habit that of oftentimes extreme nervousness, rather than lightness, and were not his very best sermons frequently delivered under a degree of excitement, as often to produce both pain and pleasure to his deeply attentive and admiring auditory? *Yes, verily.* My dear people at Jireh, some of them, will long remember a most astonishing sermon delivered by him at the last anniversary he was with us, from Isaiah xxxviii. 20. It was a solemn season of mingled weeping and rejoicing. Lightness and trifling was *far away*. A most judicious and well-informed friend, of

sterling truth, and a native of Brighton, now residing in Huntingdonshire, on reading the account in the *Vessel*, wrote me this week as follows—“That Mr. Sedgwick was very excitable, and extremely sensitive, all would allow; but light, or frivolous, or frothy, *I never heard him.* Yea, on the contrary, the *earnestness* which he always evinced in his work, appeared to *my* mind to cast a solemn *reality* over the whole matter; and not unfrequently it was as the solemnities of death; and the remembrance of his discourses to this day, is attended with a holy savour to my soul. I am one who frequently heard Mr. Sedgwick. I was present at the tea meeting on January 13th; I also heard the sermon where he spoke of ‘*the shoot below the graft,*’ to which Mr. Watmuff refers; and I also heard his last sermon.”

Well, then, what have we before us? A faithful servant of God, undeviatingly preaching throughout the whole period of his ministry, “Christ and him crucified,” without the least particle of declension from the truth from first to last. Almost a *miracle* in these days of awful departures. We behold the Lord greatly blessing his labours both to saints in their edification, and to many sinners in their conversion. A noble freehold house for God is raised under his ministry, enlarged and enlarged again; a debt of upwards of sixteen hundred pounds is gradually reduced from year to year; and in the month of August last, at their very last anniversary, (being the 27th), the *whole debt* is all cleared off! Who but must exclaim, “The hand of God was with our brother Sedgwick all his ministerial days; he did his work like a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; he was faithful unto death, and has now received his crown of glory.”

The jaundiced eye of friend Watmuff sees a “*shoot below the graft*” in all this: others, equally as clear-sighted, behold the *growth of the graft*, and exclaim, “’Tis the Lord’s work, and marvellous in our eyes.” Let us listen to what our dear departed brother Sedgwick says himself: hearken!—“I say most unaffectedly, and God knows, most sincerely, upon a review of the whole matter, I am not worthy of the *least* of all the *mercies*, and of all the *truth*, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant. (Gen. xxxii. 10.) And while remembering, with gratitude, the annual visits of beloved ministers, and the real affection displayed by the church and congregation from year to year, this *last anniversary* has not been the least in demonstrating *generosity, friendship and love.* O, may our future be a constant beholding of *His* goings in the sanctuary, who is *our* shield and exceeding great reward.” [Extracted from Mr. Sedgwick’s own account, as written by himself.]

The version Mr. Watmuff gives of all this, is, “The last year of his life was perhaps too much of growth in the flesh; ‘a shoot below

the graft, which must be cut off." My reply is, If the hand of God is *not* seen in all these things, I then ask, where shall we behold him? Now, I have been an eye witness of some of these things. I myself travelled annually for several consecutive years, (commencing in 1828, now twenty-five years ago), to preach at their anniversaries, accompanied by the late Mr. John Stevens and others, and I witnessed the beauty of the Lord our God upon them, and joyed with their joy.

But friend Watmuff adverts to *another* proof of the "shoot below the graft;" he speaks of the death of an old rich friend, the purchase of a new house, with money left to pay for it, &c. The late Mr. Smith was truly a friend to brother Sedgwick; but, it was for *the truth's sake*. Mr. Smith was a man of property, and God gave him a large heart to dispose of some of it liberally among the people of God, so that he caused many a heart to shout for joy. I knew him most intimately for twenty-five years, and have *much reason* highly to appreciate his memory. He was one of the most blessed men of God I ever knew; largely led into truth, and of a rich and deep experience in divine things. He certainly was affluent, and he dealt out of his property with a kind hand. He gave away in life-time hundreds of pounds—I may say thousands—among the poor and needy of the household of faith, and to *God's faithful ministers* also, besides brother Sedgwick; and by his will he left legacies to several of them. If, ever since the apostle Paul's days, his words to Onesimus were verified, it was in the case of Mr. Smith: "We have great joy and consolation in thy love; because the bowels of the saints are refreshed by thee, brother." Philemon 7.

Ah, but all this, it seems, was "a shoot below the graft." Well, *I rejoice* in such shoots; and especially that the worthy bereaved widow has the shoot of a good house, partly paid for; and may God Almighty bless her, and her family, long to enjoy their own dwelling in peace, and thus cause the widow's heart to sing for joy. Job. xxix. 13.

I wish our friend Watmuff seriously to reconsider what he has written. Does *he* know anything of having a shoot below *his* graft? If he does not, *I do*; and I bless the Lord for his merciful, though painful pruning-knife: but I cannot pursue this subject.

In conclusion, I would lift up my heart in prayer for the bereaved church of Christ in Richmond Street, Brighton. May the Lord be a wall of fire around them, and the glory in the midst of them; and may he in his own good time set a sterling good man, and faithful minister of the gospel over them, which may go in before them, and which may lead them out, and which may bring them in; that the church and congregation be not as sheep which have no shepherd. Num. xxvii. 16, 17.

London, May 9th, 1853. J. A. JONES.

The late Mr. Wonfor.

DEAR SIR,—Till time had in some degree softened the bitterness of my grief, it was not my intention to have made you acquainted with the particulars of my dearly beloved husband's death; for I am indeed a "woman of a sorrowful spirit," and though my greatest solace now, is to know that he is "completely blest," yet nature weeps when nature's ties are broken. But seeing on the cover of the *Vessel*, a paragraph announcing his death, and closing with, "I sincerely hope he found peace," I could not restrain my pen. On reading it, I felt as though an arrow had been shot through my heart. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me to convey a doubt, and I am anxious, if that should be the impression on your mind, to endeavour to remove it.

A dear Christian woman said last week to me, "If Mr. Wonfor has not gone to heaven, I have no hope." I may be considered a partial judge of my dear husband, but sure I am, you would acquit me of that, were you to read the letters I have received, since his death, bearing testimony to the high esteem in which he was held by many. I am aware that what he was, he was by the grace of God; for with his active, energetic mind, and inexhaustible flow of spirits, nothing but the fear of God before him, could have kept him in the undeviating path he lived. In his intercourse with the world, the most strict integrity marked his actions; and I have heard him say, "In my short life, I have done good to many, but never in thought, word, or deed, have I ever injured man, woman, or child."

As a son, his mother still lives to tell how great a treasure she has lost; and here, my dear sir, I cannot refrain paying some tribute to his worth as a husband and a father.

It was my happy lot to be united to him for ten years, during which time, "in sickness and in health," he was unwearied in his devotedness and affection. In him, I have lost my dearest earthly friend, my counsellor, my nurse, my pastor, and my sole companion. My dear little ones are bereft of a tender and loving father; one who ever shared their sorrows, and mingled with their sports.

I have spoken faithfully of him as a man, and would some abler pen than mine would tell how close he walked with God, and how serene his end.

My dear sister, Mrs. Hanks, who tended him with the most assiduous care, during his illness, said, "she esteemed it a privilege to wait on such a christian, and that no more suitable epitaph could be found, than, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.'"

In Eden Chapel, Cambridge, under the ministry of Mr. Poock; he was first called by grace; and I would have you appeal to him who knew him from a boy—if he was not a bright ornament in the church, and "adorned

the doctrine of God in all things." Could you then go from pew to pew, and ask from the oldest to the youngest who knew him, what they thought of Ebenezer Wonfor? certain, I am, they would unhesitatingly declare, he was one of "God's chosen ones."

In the early part of his illness, he was much exercised in his mind, and said one day to me, "What a solemn thing it is to talk about, a death-bed repentance! I feel the hand of God is on me, but I cannot read now, I cannot pray now, I feel so cold and lifeless; and yet," he added, with much energy, "I know I have a home above, and whenever it shall please God to call me, I feel persuaded I shall be conformed to his will, 'For I know whom I have believed.'"

Before our marriage, he was called to go to Manchester, and under William Gadsby's ministry, enjoyed many happy seasons, and as long as the dear old man could hold pen in hand, he wrote to him with all the affection of a Father; and when tidings came to him of his death, I never beheld grief more intense. I think you have heard him say, that seven years he spent amongst the mountains of Wales, shut out from the means of grace, with no companion but his wife, and no reliance but upon the "faithful God;" and when called to preach Jesus in several of the villages around, and even when opportunity offered in his own house, he hesitated not to declare the whole counsel of God. His depression of spirits seemed to increase with his illness; till one morning, taking up the *Vessel*, and reading the account of Mrs. Congreve's happy departure to a better land than Australia; the deep wells of his heart appeared broken up, he wept like a child, and from that time till his death, not a shadow of a doubt came across his peaceful mind; and to every enquiry as to how he felt, he replied, "Happy as mortal can be."

Thinking change of air might do him good, he went to Southampton, and while there, often expressed a wish to be present at the opening of the New Baptist Chapel, but his heavenly Father had ordained otherwise.

A change taking place in him, my sister became alarmed, and brought him home. On the day following, he appeared sinking fast, and when the doctor told him his time here would be very short, I asked him, as I had often done before, if he was afraid to die. "No," he said, with a smile, "I am willing to depart and to be with Christ." He then requested a friend to answer a letter he had received from a minister in Devizes; "tell him," he said, "I am going to him whom we both love." He then looked very earnestly in my face, saying, "Do, my dear wife, make the word of God your study, and God bless you." A little time after, he turned to my sister, and began, "Jesus sought me when a stranger,—" but his strength failing him, he motioned for her to finish it; and when

she came to "interposed his precious blood," he nodded his head, as though that was all his salvation. After a while, he looked again at me, and said, "I have now done with this world, and wish you, my dear, were more reconciled to my departure." I endeavoured to convince him I was, but alas! how hard it is to appear composed, when all we hold dear on earth, is fast fading from our view.

When very nigh his end, he said, "I am a long time going. I long to clap my wings, and soar away." He shortly afterwards appeared a little restless; and while my sister's hand was under his head, he folded his arms across his breast, and with his eyes steadfastly looking upwards, as though he could see heaven opening to his view, he so gently fell asleep in Jesus; it was difficult to say when he was gone.

I cannot, dear sir, write so fully as I could wish. I do feel so truly desolate; but feel assured I have written sufficient to convince you, my dear husband is in heaven.

The writer of the paragraph neither saw Mr. Wonfor during his illness, or for many months previous. Believe me, your's very sincerely,
MARY ANN WONFOR.

Matrimonial Engagements.

MR. EDITOR,—You have inserted on page 124 of your last *Vessel*, a good letter of the late Mr. Joseph Irons "On Matrimony." Perhaps there is no rule without some exception. Be that as it may, I herewith send you some pleasant lines on the same subject, written by Mr. John Kent, of Devonport, the author of those well known, and highly prized hymns. Your insertion will oblige
Ealing, Middlesex, WILLIAM JONES.
May 9, 1853.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

QUOTH John to his teacher, 'Kind sir, if you please,
I want your advice, in a difficult case:
'Tis a weighty concern, that may hold one for life,
'Tis in short, the old story of taking a wife.
There's a pair of young damsels, I'm proffered to marry,
And which I'm to choose, puts me in a quandary.
They're alike sir, in age, family, fortune, and feature;
Only one has more *grace*, and th' other *good nature*.
Ah! sir, I remember your excellent *serment*,
Where all the way through, you gave grace the *prefarment*;
I ne'er shall forget it, as how you were telling,
That heaven resided where grace had its dwelling.'
'True John,' said the teacher, 'but here stands the case,—
There are *ill-tempered* souls, that are subjects of grace;
And by day, and by night, with the girl that you wed,
'Tis *you* that must board, and 'tis *you* that must bed;
And a good natured girl, may quickly grow *gracious*,
But a sour-headed saint, will be *always* vexatious.'

JOHN KENT.

PERFECTION :

A Funeral Sermon, occasioned by the Death of MR. W. HOLMES, of Hoxton.

BY MR. T. D. WOOD,
Of Wilderess Row Chapel, Goswell Street.

(Concluded from page 124.)

You remember there was a contention between the three friends of Job. What these men of God said, though much of it was inapplicable to the state of Job, is nevertheless stamped with the authority of heaven, and handed down by the inspiration, the enrering dictates of the Spirit of God, testifying this sacred declaration, fraught with such comfort, to buoy up the minds of God's distressed and tried family: "Behold"—it is worthy of our notice, "behold," Heaven says; "behold," the Spirit says; "behold," the Gospel says; "behold," Jesus says; "behold," the Father says; "behold;" the declaration from heaven's gracious throne sounds through the vast expanse of this lower world, "behold," to sinners, "God will not cast away a perfect man."

Poor Jonah made a great mistake, when he said, "I am cast out of thy sight." Ah! you said so, Jonah, but you made a great mistake. He was not cast out. You will find Jonah says, "Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight." Poor thing! you may go down very low; you may talk thus on the principle of unbelief, and by reason of the depths into which you have sunk, overwhelmed with the waters of tribulation, and the floods that come out from satan's mouth; so may the child of God, as it were, be overwhelmed with the water-floods, and say, like Jonah, "I am cast out of thy sight." But no, he made a great mistake. God saw him down at the bottom of the sea in the whale's belly, and let him know that he did too, and made the fish bring up too.

My brother Holmes was a perfect man. He will not cast them away in life, nor in death. No; he will not cast them away when they are upon the mountain, nor in the valley, when they are in the enjoyment of the favour of God, nor when they are under the power of temptation. He will not cast them away, when they are led away like Paul, when he said, "O wretched man that I am." You know what it is to be cast away, Paul? "No," says Paul, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor things present, [mark! things present, whatever they are] nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature that you can think about, devils corporeal or incorporeal, visible or invisible, things in time, things in life, things in the dark valley, things in the cave, things of a sorrowful character, neither things present, nor things to come, shall he able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." This was Paul's recognition of the blessedness of that interest which our text calls a perfect one. My brother Holmes was a perfect man. God did not cast him away, and that he knew.

I will just say a few words about the other part of the text, "neither will he help the evil doers."

I understand "evil doers" to be another term for those who may be called ungodly. Evil doers! and why evil doers! Because they never did anything but what is evil. You know Saul of Tarsus might do everything in reference to the things of the law, which would be good in the sight of man; he may do it, and it might look good, and he thought he did that which was pleasing in God's sight, he thought he did God a service, he thought he did that which was holy, as he says, "as touching the righteousness which is in the law, I was blameless, and yet I was at that time injurious, and a persecutor of the saints of the most High God, and kicked against the pricks, an evil doer in God's sight." "By the deeds of the law, no flesh living shall be justified," it does not mean, by the transgression of it, but by the deeds of the law. Do it as the pharisee did when he went up to pray—he had done everything, he was very holy in his sight.

And other people may think themselves very moral, and very religious, and very holy, and that God ought to regard them because they are so; but as sure as God is true, as sure as the sense of our text is the utterance of the infallible testimony of eternal truth, every thing we do prior to regeneration, prior to the realization of an interest in the perfection of the saints of the most High God; prior to this, they are evil doers in God's sight. Now I need not tell you about being evil doers in a profane sense, in reference to the world at large; but all things done without truth in Christ, all things opposed to God, all things which are displeasing to Him, and everything done by man since the fall, is displeasing to God, strictly speaking in reference to matters of salvation. Therefore, my friends, you see how important it is. I am either a perfect man, or an evil doer. I am either a regenerated man or unregenerated man. This draws the line of distinction. How stands the matter? The perfect shall not be cast away. No; they may be cast away by every one in the world; they must, as it were, be consigned to the mother earth, but they shall not be cast away. Thou wilt, says Job, have a desire to the work of thine hands.

We put our brother in the earth; we must shortly be put there too, by some friends, in the same way peradventure; but as sure as we are the characters spoken of, in the first part of our text, we shall not be cast away. God will have a desire to the work of his hands. Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.

Neither will he help the evil doers. This is spoken of in reference to matters of salvation; because God often helps ungodly men in providential affairs. Many ungodly mariners call for help, and God helps them in his providence. Many persons in circumstances of providential trial are brought to cry unto God, and under these circumstances, God often hears their cries; but our text speaks in a sense to which that does not refer. Neither will he help; or it reads in the margin, take the ungodly by the hand. What does he mean; Those who are unlike God, those who are without God, those who are averse to, and afar off from God, neither will he take them by the hand. He will not help them. God is presented to our minds sometimes. The day of Judgment stands before our view, our assembling before the infinite, the incensed Deity, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and whose mouth is like a flaming sword, who shall come forth at the judgment day, and render to every one an equitable reward, saying, Come ye blessed, and Go ye cursed. You who die in this state, you who are unregenerate characters, you who live in this state, do you think God will help you and regard you? Mark the text. As sure as one branch of the subject is true, so is the other. Neither will he help the ungodly. Not to be helped! What? not when no human help can aid; in which no human sympathy can avail? What, will God not hold? Yes, it is said, he will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh. They sink under dreadful apprehensions of Deity now; they sink under miserable sensations concerning the eternal world; they shudder at the idea of an immortal soul entering into the presence of Jehovah, they sink under it, God will not help them; he has said he will not help them. They die, no help, no secret cordial, to console their minds, and to help them. They die, they sink, they sink, they sink, no help, no help for the soul; and when the soul is reunited to the body, there is no help for that united system. No help! Go ye cursed into everlasting fire. Neither will he help evil doers, or take the ungodly by the hand. No hand to preserve from imminent dangers; no cordials to soothe under direful distress; none to allay feverish excitement, and anguish inconceivable. Neither will he help the evil doers.

I promised to say something of our brother. If I had asked him, Brother Holmes, what shall I say about you? Oh, he would say, do not say anything about me; speak about the Lord Jesus Christ, and God almighty bless the preaching to some immor-

tal soul. But I say, he was a good man. You say, I have not known him long; but I have known him long enough for that. He was a good man. Why? Because he knew what it was to realize that perfection of which our text speaks. I remember, some considerable time ago, he came to my house; his countenance was very much cast down; he came in, and said he wanted to say something. Poor fellow, he could not speak, hardly, he was in such distress; at last, he burst into tears, and said, Brother Wood, I am afraid after all, I have no interest in the matter, I feel so cast down, as if the Lord had never done anything for me, and as if I had no interest in Jesus. Why did he care anything at all about it? That was the very life of his spirit. Ah! under such circumstances, the enemy said, Where is now your God? So it said to him. He was cast down, and I spoke a little to relieve him. The relief we can give is very little. He knew, however, what a different state was; and when he was not in the enjoyment of the favour of God, he knew what it was to thirst for it. This stamped him as a regenerate man, as one who thirsts for intimacy and communion with heaven.

But I say likewise, he was a sensible man. I do not know much about his intellectuality in reference to matters of common life; but he was a sensible man in reference to spiritual things. He knew how to choose the good and eschew the evil; he knew what it was, by that religion of which he was possessed, of that intellect with which he was endowed—he knew what it was to have the faculties of his immortal soul irradiated by the Spirit of the living God, to search for himself unto the truth of the eternal God, and to examine for himself, and not to rest his faith upon a mere chimerical idea. He examined truth for himself, and he realised truth for himself—"What, (says he on his dying bed), what could I do but for the perfect work of the Lord Jesus Christ? It is that which is the rock, the basis of my salvation; it is that upon which I can rest, and there I feel a certainty." I spoke to you on Tuesday evening from the beautiful words of Jacob; and really those words were brought to my mind from the circumstance of the calmness, and peace, and resignation, and willingness that was stamped upon the experience and character of our brother Holmes on his dying pillow. Jacob said, "Behold I die—ready to die—resigned to the will of heaven," worshipping, leaning upon the top of his staff, in peace with God. Yea, thus there was a holy certainty, a sacred calmness and tranquility that possessed his mind. I ask you that knew him and went to him. I was there on the Friday before the Monday on which he died. I could not go afterwards, but my brother Smith was there on Lord's-day afternoon, and my brother Ackerman frequently visited him; and his own wife and children, and friends, could not but recognise the calmness, the peace, the willingness with which he left the world here below, the things of this time state, and seemed prepared to burst from the confines of mortality. Not that he will be unclothed, but clothed upon with his house which is from above. He knew, then, what it was; he was a sensible man, I say. My friends, those are sensible people who examine things for themselves, and do not believe what the parson says merely—do not subscribe to sentiments and creeds because they belong to a system or association. We had better stand distinct from associations than subscribe to those creeds, sentiments and principles that we have not analyzed, searched into and well investigated. He did so, and he was a sensible man. These will be found to be sensible people endowed with wisdom that cometh from above.

He likewise was an affectionate man, an humble man, a quiet man. He was no disturber of peace, no tumult maker; no backbiter; no tatter; no gossip; he was a quiet, calm, consistent man, who rather chose retirement and solitude, who loved to dwell alone. Those who had the privilege of his association, and knew the man, and those who knew him best, were best acquainted with

this matter, and knew him to be an affectionate man; affectionate to the church of God, affectionate to his family, affectionate in all the relations of life. I say, to those who are left behind, your relative, our brother, is gone, and you have lost an affectionate friend, an affectionate relation. I cannot, of course, say any more here, and I need not say more.

Behold, while the immortal spark is hursting from its confines, relatives standing round his bed, and say, he is dead; the immortal spirit has taken its flight; the body ceases longer to be under the action of that influence, and that inspiring spirit, that was just before in possession of it. We cannot retain it, we cannot recover it; it is gone. Where is it gone? Trace it. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Instantaneous. Yea, disentangled from the clay of mortality, not unclothed, but inheriting a mansion of glory.

Such was the state of our brother; and I say, therefore, that there is a mingling of pleasure in the sorrow that must exist under such circumstances as these. I cannot grieve. Though we feel it, I cannot grieve. Why? Because he had pains, but he can have them no more. He had sorrow, but he can have it no more. He has bliss inconceivable and immortal, and we may say of him as Paul said, "It was sown in corruption and raised in incorruption." "There are bodies terrestrial, and there are bodies celestial," &c. His state was a terrestrial one while he was here below; it is no longer so. How far surpassing must be the glory of the celestial to the glory of the terrestrial! infinite, surpassing the utmost stretch of our thought. Such is the body our brother possesses.

I have said I would say something to the bereaved friends.

My sister, you have lost a husband: he has been a husband to soothe your sorrows and to help you through life to the present moment. He has been an affectionate one; he has been a supporting one; he has been a confiding one, under the kind hand of a gracious God. He is gone, and he is gone for ever, as far as this earth is concerned; but there is a sweet consoling consideration, that whilst he is gone, the God that made him a good husband, the God that gave him to you, that blessed him as that kind associate and relative, the God that made him a blessing, that God remains unchanged; he remains the same. He has said, "I am a Father to the fatherless, a Husband to the widow." He might and he did say, in the language of Jacob, "Behold I die, but God shall be with you."

I might say to his children, the sons of our departed brother. You have lost a father; you will feel it, and you will find it so. That God that was your father's God—may you find it your happiness and your bliss to find him your God; and then the same help your father has experienced you shall have. He led your father all his life long; and upon his dying bed he said, "The Lord has been good to me all through life: he has kept me providentially and graciously from a variety of evils. Thus I have experienced his kind hand; and he did say in the sense, if not in the language of Jacob, when he was blessing the sons of Joseph, "The God who fed me all my life long, the angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." This was the language of your father. But you have a mother. You and I must shortly be where your father is; time is short; let us be sober-minded. It will be no matter of comfort to our minds that we have in the moment of irritation exhibited acts of unkindness to those to whom we ought to be kind." Her state demands your attention and sympathy, and your forbearance, and the utmost solicitude you can possibly show. Bear in mind that you are brethren; that you are children of that parent who is gone, and who can no longer give you instruction; that can no longer by a word arrest the irritability of your constitution; but that you are left without him. Think of this, that you are brethren, and that as brethren you are to hear and forbear with each other, that when the time shall arrive when you must be put into the

earth you shall have naught of these things to distress your mind, or put a thorn into your pillow; that you have been the cause of grief to your parents, or either of your brethren. May God Almighty grant that it may be so! You have a little sister; she stands in need of your care. I know what it is to be a father; I know what it is to be a son; I know what it is to be a husband; I know what it is to experience bereavements; I know what it is to be left in the world; I know what it is to be a brother. I say, those who are young, they have not attained that maturity of intellect and judgment whereby they can care for themselves. You have a sister, take care of her; be kind to her; don't be hasty; don't be angry; deal with her affectionately, and with your parent affectionately. You will find you can do under the influence of love, what you never could do under the influence of an irritable and angry temper. I know you will bear with me while I make these remarks. I make them because I have experienced somewhat of the different feelings of our nature; and may the Lord grant that these observations, under these solemn circumstances, may arrest your attention, that they may be owned for your mutual good.

Your father was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He knew what it was to value the worship of God's house; he knew what it was to love the truth of God, and to love God's people. The Lord grant, my friends, that you may follow in your father's steps; and oh, that you may say, "My father is gone; he sought the Lord, he loved the Lord, he delighted in the ways of God; my father's pathway, my father's steps and conduct are an example for me." God Almighty grant that the same salvation your father sought you may seek; the same truths he valued you may value; the same life he lived you may live; and the same death he died you may die, when time shall be no more. You shall then participate in that perfection of interest which the saints of the Most High God have where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Amen.

The Madiai at Eyeres.

"The Madiai have been residing here for three weeks, with a devoted friend. They live in the strictest seclusion, seeing only three or four Christians of the Reformed faith, who have been passing the winter in this town, and seeking in solitude and repose to recover that health and strength which their long detention and mental sufferings greatly injured. When they arrived, Rosa was suffering considerably from supposed pleurisy, accompanied with fever. She could not eat, and slept badly, and her liver was in such a state as to cause some anxiety; but, thanks to the enlightened care of the physician, she is better and for some days past she has been able to go out. Her husband Francesco is, apparently judging from his exterior, stronger and more robust; but he suffers in his head.

"They wish for nothing more than a humble retreat where they may, in peace, supplicate God to recompense their friends for their generous sympathy, and enlighten those who thought they were doing God service by persecuting them, by extending to them their forgiveness.

"It is to be hoped that Christians of every country will understand that their duty is not to repress this humble disposition, but rather to encourage it; and that they should be content to withhold any demonstration, more or less vehement, of the interest which they may feel in these dear exiles, if those demonstrations are calculated to interfere with that inward peace and tranquility, and with that life, hidden with Christ in God, which is their greatest treasure."

A Spiritual Letter by the late Wm. Gadsby.

DEAR FRIENDS.—Through the kind providence of God I arrived safe home about seven o'clock on Thursday evening, and found the family and friend much as I left them. I hope you and your family are well, and that the great Head of the church is with you of a truth, and then I am sure all will be well. Trials and conflicts must be a part of our inheritance in this vale of tears, and indeed the child of God cannot live long in this world without them; pride, accursed pride, feeds much upon ease, and therefore we must be brought into hot fires and deep waters to prevent the outrageous growth of that infernal principle. But in fact I am not in any measure acquainted with any spots where that horrible weed will not grow, only it thrives the most in ease; in Gethsemane it cannot grow, but I know it has even taken the advantage of that solemn scene to bloat the soul with its infernal air while the child of God has been stating the majesty, glory, and solemnity he felt when the dear Lord has been graciously pleased to bathe his soul in blood and love by a vital faith and feeling of fellowship with the sufferings of Christ; and therefore, though it cannot thrive in the solemn scene, it can thrive in after statements of it; and indeed such a fertile principle it is, that it can thrive under statements given of its own horrible workings, or the workings of any branch of filthy nature; on the other hand it can thrive under the declarations of any branch of God's blessed truths; it is very seldom at a loss for a suitable soil to grow in; it has sickened my soul, loaded and wounded my conscience, and broken my bones thousands of times, and yet I am such a horrible fool, not to say a detestable knave, that I have given it board and lodging. I often catch myself in the knavish trick of both combing, washing, and trimming it up. O thou blessed Lord, pardon my vileness, and lay and keep me low. But strange as it may appear to some, I must confess that I find humble pride, as bad to manage as any branch of it. Well, bless the Lord, it is obliged now and then to give way while a three-one God is graciously pleased to display a measure of his glory in and by the cross of Christ, under the divine unction of God the Holy Ghost; though after it will take the advantage of this to show itself in some form or other; but thanks be to the Lord, though it so often and so awfully riots, it shall not reign, for grace—rich, free, and sovereign grace—does and shall reign; and in spite of all that pride with all its infernal attendants can do, Christ shall be exalted. Bless his dear name, a few more storms and we shall be with him: see and be amazed, my soul, for we shall be like him too.

Give my love to the rest of the deacons, and to the friends I baptised, and to all friends. The God of peace be with you all, and grant you much of the divine power and unction of God the Holy Ghost, keep you at the feet, leaning upon the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ, and enable you to unbosom your whole souls unto him; and may his gracious Majesty be pleased to unbosom his loving heart to you, that under the divine operations and unction of God the Spirit, you may feel the rich teamings out of the love of a three-one God through the blood and obedience of the God-Man unto your souls, is the prayer of your's in the Lord,

W. GADSBY.

Manchester, June 16, 1840.

A SABBATH-DAY'S EXERCISES;

AND AN EVIDENCE OF AN INTEREST IN CHRIST.

To WILLIAM SKELTON, pastor of the Baptist Church, West End, Tring. Dear brother.—Your very kind enquiry after my welfare calls for a special reply. I am now on my way to Sydenham anniversary, near Thame, in Oxfordshire; and, through missing the early train this morning, I am kept in a waiting posture until the Aylesbury train comes along; and then I hope, please God, to get to the little pulpit in Sydenham, and there deliver unto the people what may be delivered unto me. My path, dear William, has been none the smoother yet; in fact, the adversary has had permission to let fly such a volley at me that I have had some serious thoughts, not only of being driven from my present position, but of being called to my final account altogether: and from the deepest feelings of my heart, I have now and then cried out to the Lord in the words of the poet,—

“When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.”

And I am not without hope that my most merciful Saviour and ever-faithful Friend, will grant me a peaceful passage whenever that solemn sundering of flesh and spirit shall come. I shall not at all in this place refer to temporal circumstances, or to outward conflicts. I have commenced a series of papers headed “RIGHT OR WRONG?” These papers are printed uniform with the EARTHEN VESSEL, and may be had of the same publisher, and through him by any of the VESSEL readers; and if life and means be afforded, a variety of things will therein be opened with faithfulness and candour. I am happy to inform you that some short time since I baptised several persons; and although death has made some havoc with us as a church, still, scarcely a month has passed over but some have been added to us; we have more cause than ever to be humbled in the dust with grateful hearts, and fervent prayers.

You know, William, that my soul has been much concerned to see real conversion-work going on under my ministry. I have some reason to hope that the last time I baptised, the Spirit of God sent a sharp arrow into the heart of a young sinner, which seems to have nailed him to the house of God, the means of grace, and the word of truth. If, after so many years of hard labour, the Lord should be pleased to give me some precious souls as really called, quickened, raised from the dead, and brought into the liberty of the gospel, it would be the richest reward I could have this side of eternal glory. Oh, for a heart to pray for this—the anointing of the

1853.

Spirit faithfully to preach the gospel, and grace to hold me up in honour and happiness to the end.

I find, dear brother, the Bible is still a new book. I mean that new things, and valuable things, are still opening up in it. I have no desire to go to Australia to the gold diggings; for we may say of the Bible—it is “the whole land of Havillah, where there is gold; and THE GOLD OF THAT LAND IS GOOD;” yea, pre-eminently good: the gold of California, Australia, and other earthly sources, does not lead, that I can learn, to anything that is good, but rather to evil; besides, let a man possess ever so large a portion of it, it will neither open his eyes, purify his conscience, preserve him in life, nor afford one grain of solid comfort in death; but the gold fetched out of this land of Havillah opens up the deep and holy mysteries of heaven; it leads us to adore and worship the God of heaven in the most solemn way and manner; it supplies all things essential for the well-being of our souls in time; in death it will never forsake us; and through eternity we shall be receiving the full interest of it in such a glorious measure, as shall make us perfectly happy, contented and joyful. I have been reading the Bible now between twenty and thirty years, and I am quite certain there is no study so truly profitable as a prayerful research of God's Holy Word. The happiest moments of my life are those spent in sucking honey out of this rock; and the holiest seasons I am favored with, are those peculiarly solemn times, when in light and liberty, I am privileged to break up and dispense unto the people, a little of the bread of life.

I have thought, William, the age in which we are living, is an highly-favoured one; not only because we have abundance of Bibles, and a goodly number of Bible preachers, but also because we have the fruits of those nature-killing, but soul-supporting labours, which many giants in divinity passed through before our grandfathers and grandmothers were born. Although I am no consecutive reader, yet I have derived too much benefit from the writings of such men as Owen, Caryl, Bridge, Charnock, Bunyan, Ness, Brook, Goodwin, Love, and others, ever to suffer me to speak lightly of the testimonies of those mighty giants in the gold regions of heaven's richest treasures. I will give you one instance of the value, not only of the word of God, but also of the savoury expositions of that word given unto us.

Last Lord's-day morning I awoke rather early from an affliction in my left foot. I had been slightly suffering from it for some

H

days; but that morning the pains appeared to go higher. A secret cogitation commenced: something said to my reflecting and down-cast spirit within, "Do you remember your text last Lord's-day morning?" Yes: it was this, "THE WILL OF THE LORD BE DONE." Acts xxi. 14. Again, "Did not the text you had in the evening of that day follow you closely—'To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?' Yes. Then, again, when writing to brother Messer, you commenced the letter by saying, '*This is the last day of April*; and OUR LAST DAY WILL SOON COME: let us, therefore, work for our Master while it is called to-day?' To close up all, did you not, last Friday evening, preach from Joshua's words, 'AND ALL CAME TO PASS?' Yes, to myself I said, I did; and perhaps all my fears will come to pass; and before I am circumstantially prepared, I may be called to quit this feeble house of clay. Darkness covered my mind; a stream of secret sorrow flowed through my spirit; I laboured to draw near the throne, but no holy liberty could I find: I turned to the word of God, but all seemed closed against me. Darkness did, indeed, endure for a night, but joy came in the morning; for as my mind was wandering up and down, and finding no rest or relief, I opened a volume of Owen's, and on the top of the page saw these words—"AN EVIDENCE OF INTEREST IN CHRIST." With much eagerness I at once sat down to read it; and so solidly sustaining was it to my spirit, that I here quote for you, William. It may be you may say, "*I want no such mess of milk as this; I love strong meat.*" Nevertheless, among my large family of readers there may be many to whom it may be as useful as it was to me; so these are the doctor's words. He says:—

"*Seeing the act of closing with Christ is secret and hidden, and the special times and seasons of our conversion unto God are unknown unto most, what are the most certain evidences and pledges that we have cordially and sincerely received Christ, and returned unto God?*"

"I acknowledge the enquiry is large, and such as we may be straitened in, through the abundance of it. I shall only speak plainly some few things that to me are an evidence of a sincere closing with Christ, and receiving of Christ,—such as I know have been of use unto some.

"First. When there is a permanency and abiding in the choice we have made of Christ, notwithstanding opposition against it that we shall be sure to meet withal. I do not speak to the nature of the choice, or the means of it,—how the mind is prepared for it; but I speak unto the poorest, the weakest of the flock, that may be enquiring whether they have made a sincere choice of Christ or not: I say, they may try it by the permanency and abiding in their choice against opposition.

"And there are two sorts of opposition that will try us and shake us, as to our choice, as I have found it, if I have had any experience of

these things.—1. Opposition from charges of the guilt of sin and the law. 2. Opposition from temptations unto sin:—

"1. There will, even after sincere believing and closing with Christ, be many a heavy charge brought against a soul from the law, and the guilt of sin in the conscience. Now, in such a case, the inquiry is, What the soul abides by when it is shaken? Why, truly, if a man go only upon mere convictions, on such shaking impressions of the guilt of sin, he will be very ready and inclined in his own mind, to tuck about to some other relief. He put out fair for his voyage,—the storm arises,—the ship will not carry him;—he must tuck about for another harbour. I have known it so with some; and experienced, when the wind hath set very strong that way with myself,—when the guilt of sin hath been charged with all its circumstances,—the soul hath been very hardly able to keep its hold, yet notwithstanding resolved, 'I will trust to Christ:' but it hath been tacking about to self again,—'I must remedy this,—'have relief from this from myself; I cannot abide by it, and live wholly upon Christ; and when the storm is over, then I will out to sea again.' I say, this is no good sign to me when things are so; but when a soul in all those changes that sometimes come upon it abides the issue,—'Here I will trust upon Christ, let the worst come upon me;'—this I call a permanency in our choice against opposition. I hope you have experience of it.

"2. There must be a permanency in our choice of Christ against temptations unto sin, as well as against the charges from sin. Truly, the former,—of abiding with Christ against the charges from sin,—is our daily work: it is sometimes more high and pressing, but it is our daily work. But there are also temptations unto sin,—it may be to the neglect of our duty, or to a compliance in any evil way, (which we are subject unto while in the body) and perhaps great sins. Here Joseph's reply, applied to Christ, is that which doth argue our choice of Christ to be sincere,—'How shall I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' When the soul can draw a prevailing argument from that, 'How shall I do this, and relinquish my Lord Christ?'—'I will not do this against him whom I have chosen,'—this is a good argument, if frequently reiterated, that our choice of Christ is sincere.

Secondly. Growing up in a love unto the person of Christ is a great evidence to me of a sincere choice of Christ. It is a blessed field that is before me, but I shall but hint things unto you. When the soul hath received Christ, it cannot but study Christ; and though it is no argument against the sincerity of a man's faith and grace, that he doth principally regard the offices and graces of Christ, and the benefits we have by him, yet it is an argument against the thrift and growth of it: for a thriving faith and grace will come to respect principally the person of Christ. I mean this,—when the soul studies the person of Christ,—the glory of God in him,—of his natures, the union of them in one person,—of his love, condescension and grace; and the heart is drawn out to love him, and cry, 'Doubtless I count all things but loss and dung for the excellency of Christ Jesus my Lord.' 'What is thy beloved more than another beloved?' 'My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thou-

and; he is altogether lovely.' To see an excellency, a desirableness in the person of Christ, so as to grow in admiration and love of him, is to me an evidence that, when all fail besides, will greatly support the soul, and persuade it that its choice is true. Nay, it is one of the most spiritual evidences; for I much question whether an unregenerate man can love Christ for his own sake at all. But it is a good sign of growth, when our love to the person of Christ grows, when we meditate much upon it, and think much about it.

Thirdly. Another evidence to me of the soul's having made a sincere choice of Christ is, when it continues to approve, judge well of, and every day more and more to see, the glory, the excellency, the holiness, the grace, which is in the way of salvation by Jesus Christ; approves of it as not only a necessary way,—a way it has betaken itself to, because it must unavoidably perish in any other way,—but when it approves of it to be a most excellent way, in pardoning sin freely, through the atonement he hath made, and the imputation of his righteousness unto us, while the righteousness, the holiness, and the grace of God in all this is glorified. Saith the soul, 'What a blind, wretched creature was I, that I did not see an excellency in this way before! It is better than the way of the law and the old covenant. I approve of this way with all my heart. If all other ways were set before me, and made possible, I would choose this way, of going to God by Jesus Christ, as the best way,—that brings most glory to God and most satisfaction unto the creature, and is most suited to the desires of my heart. I would have no other way. 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' says Christ; and this I will abide by, whatsoever becomes of me,' replies the soul; 'though I should perish, I will abide by it, since God hath given me such a discovery of the glory of saving sinners by Christ, that is inferior to nothing but the glory of heaven. I see that glory to God in it,—that exaltation to Christ, whom I would love,—that honour to the Holy Spirit, and safety to my own soul,—that I will abide by it.' A growing in the approbation of this way gives some assurance that we have made a true and sincere choice of Christ.

"Give me leave to add this one thing more:—

"Fourthly. That a delight in obedience unto God by Christ, in the ways of his own appointment, is a great evidence that we have chosen Christ, and he us;—chosen him as our King, Prophet and Priest. The ways of the worship of God in his church and ordinances, are the ways and worship of God in Christ, which he hath appointed. Take these things abstractedly and in themselves, and we should be apt to say of them, as was said of Christ, 'There is no beauty in them, nor glory, that they should be desired.' There is much more outward beauty and glory in other ways, that Christ hath not appointed. But if we love the ways Christ hath appointed, because he hath appointed them, then we choose those ways because we have chosen him to be our King; and that is it which gives them beauty and life. And when the ways of Christ's appointment grow heavy and burdensome to us, we are weary of them, and are willing to have our neck from under the yoke; it is a sign we grow weary of Him who is the Author of them; and this is a great sign that we never made a right and sincere choice of him.

"Many other things might be offered as evidences of sincere closing with Christ; but these are some which have been of use to me: and I hope they may be so unto some of you."

These safe and unquestionable evidences were confirming and reviving to my spirit; and this cluster of promises were, I hope, given me that morning to preach from—"I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes; he shall not destroy the fruit of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before her time, saith the Lord of hosts: and all nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightful land," &c., &c. These precious promises were made to our glorious Covenant-Head, and through him to all the regenerate family of God's elect. My soul, dear brother, longs to realise and behold the fulfilment of them; but in patience, in prayer, and in watchfulness may the Lord help us to wait.

I must not further intrude: what with anniversaries and other engagements my heart and hands are full. I pray God to bless you, and prosper you, and with you all the holy servants and heaven-born saints on the face of the earth, while I continue to be your willing servant in the vineyard,

May 4, 1853. CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The late Joseph Sedgwick.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

SIR,—Another faithful Baptist minister is gone home to his Father's house above: Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, of Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton, who died March 26th, 1853, aged 55. He baptized me 20 years ago; and I always esteemed him as a faithful, loving minister of Jesus Christ. I have composed a few verses on his death.

A good man in Israel is fallen this day:

'Tis our friend Joseph Sedgwick that's gone;
He's been called, that great debt of nature to pay;
While for him, in sorrow, we mourn.

His pulpit oft rang with the warmth of his love,
To speak of the Saviour's great name.

In preaching and praying, he wrestled and strove,
The glories of Christ to proclaim.

God honor'd his message, and answer'd his prayers,
And his approbation sent down,
By blessing the people, and sealing the heirs
Predestin'd and born to a crown.

His soul was oft water'd with dew from on high,
Which made him courageous and bold

To exalt the great shepherd who came down to die.
And gather his sheep to the fold.

Thus God made him valiant and faithful till death;
On God, as a rock, he had stood,
And now on his bosom, resigned his breath,
Triumphing in Calvary's blood.

Thus peaceful and happy, he closed his eyes,
And faith was then changed to sight;
For angels convey'd him above the blue skies
To regions of endless delight.

And now in full glory, he'll ever remain,
And loud Hallelujahs will raise
To Jesus the Lamb, who for sinners was slain,
And unto him give all the praise.

Now, Lord, let thy blessing the widow attend,
And bow down thine ear to her cry;
Be thou her protector, her husband, and friend,
And all that she needs, do supply.

THOMAS HALL.

April 24, 1853. *Salmon's Lane, Limehouse.*

Fragments of a Discourse by James Wells,
At the Surrey Tabernacle, Sunday Evening,
February 27, 1853.

"I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause." Job v. 8.

THIS was part of the advice which Eliphaz gave to Job; but Job felt it was not so easy to follow. It is easy to talk about it, but not so easy to do it. Affliction sometimes so swallows up the child of God that he is not able to lay his burden upon the Lord. Those who never knew what it was to have a very weighty cause to lay before the Lord, can easily do it, because their cause is not worth talking about. There are four distinct points in our text:

I. The resolution—"I would seek unto God."

II. The cause that is to be committed unto God.

III. How this cause is to be committed unto God.

IV. The reason for thus seeking unto the Lord, and for committing our cause unto him.

The godly man's delight is in the law of God; and on that law he meditates day and night. True religion begins in the heart, and causes a sighing and longing after God: it causes the poor sinner to say, "I would seek unto God." He reads the Word of God, and says, "Let me go and hear the same gospel; let me go and hear of the same mercy; let me go and hear of the same eternal things; Lord, shew me thy way; what I see not shew thou me, and let thy mercy and thy loving-kindness be known unto me."

It is a solemn testimony of God's Word, that "many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." There is but one reason that they are not able to enter in, and that is—they do not seek the Lord aright. The Pharisee that went up into the temple with the publican, did not seek the Lord aright; there was no right feeling after God's mercy; he went in all the pride and arrogance of self; he did not seek that mercy which the sinner really needs. But the publican sought the Lord aright: his heart was right. Nothing but heart-work can stand in the day of trial. Those who seek to enter in and are not able, seek for that which the Lord has not. They seek after a conditional salvation; but God has not such a thing to give. His salvation is an everlasting salvation. Such persons seek after a conditional justification. Such persons seek after a changing God—a God that is to-day what he is not to-morrow. They seek not the Lord by faith—they seek not the Lord by grace—they seek him not in eternal election. "The election hath obtained it, and the rest are blinded." Those whose names were not written in the Lamb's book of life, from before the foundation of the world, shall not enter into the city." The Lord will bring his people to seek him in accordance with his sovereignty; they cannot be saved without it. "He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy." He that seeketh in a right way, findeth. He that seeketh rightly, receiveth. He that knocketh aright, it shall be opened unto him. What a beautiful illustration we have in Matt. xv. 22—28, of the discouragements the Lord's people meet with in seeking him, and yet proving him to be a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. It is vain to seek unto man in these matters; we must

seek unto the Lord. How! By reading the Bible; by attending the house of God, and hearing the word; by seeking the Lord as if there were nothing else to seek unto. "Him that cometh unto me (saith Christ), I will in no wise cast out." We have many instances in the Bible of poor sinners seeking the Lord, and finding him a present help in the time of trouble.

Here is a cause to commit unto the Lord! What is that great cause we have to commit by prayer, and supplication, and submission into his hands! It is the greatest of all causes—it is deliverance from the precepts and obedience of his holy law; and "Jesus Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to all them that believe." It is a great mercy to be able to commit our afflictions and trials unto the Lord—to see that there is a needs be for all these things. Look at Job, for instance, and hear him exclaim, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." We are insensible, nine-tenths of our time, of the greatness of that care which preserves us from the malice of our adversary, the devil. Job was enabled, through all his afflictions, and through all his trials, to commit his cause unto the Lord. The Lord works all things after the counsel of his own will, and turneth the captivity of his people in his own good time:

"They're safe in their Redeemer's hands,
 E'en when he hides his face."

Some of the reasons for seeking unto the Lord, and committing our cause unto him, are the following:

1. While he wounds, he also binds up; while he makes sore, he also makes well. He will make sore nowhere but he will heal it in such a way that it shall not be sore again. He will wound in such a way, that he will heal the wound never to be felt again. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."
 2. Because he will deliver us in six troubles, and not forsake us in the seventh. The six troubles here may mean all the troubles and trials of life, and the seventh, death itself.
 3. Because in famine he will deliver us from death, both temporally and spiritually.
 4. Because in war he will deliver us from the power of the sword, and will hide us from the scourge of the tongue. None of our accusers will be admitted into the court of heaven; but our enemies shall be found liars unto us.
 5. Because he will enable us to laugh at free-will, and all such stupid doctrines. "You may be a child of God to-day, and a child of the devil to-morrow," says free-will. The Lord's people shall laugh at such a doctrine! "You may be a sheep to-day, and a goat to-morrow," says free-will. They shall laugh at such doctrine. "You may eat of the Bread of Life to-day, and starve to-morrow," says free-will. They shall laugh at such doctrine; and rejoice that he is their God "for ever and ever, and will be their guide, even unto death."
 6. Because we shall know that our tabernacle shall be in peace, and shall be brought to visit our habitation, which is the Lord himself.
- Where else can we find such promises? Where else can we find such a foundation to rest upon? Oh, it is a honour to have such a God to look to—to be brought to seek such a Saviour, and to

commit our cause unto him. Wisdom's ways, after all, are the best ways—they "are ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace." Oh, may we go on seeking the Lord, who has never said to the seeking seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain."

PHILIP SKELTON:

A GOOD OLD IRISH PRIEST OF THE
PROTESTANT CHURCH.

(Concluded from page 118.)

FROM Dr. Kitto's "Sunday Readings," we last month, made a short extract or two descriptive of the life and times of a good old Irish clergyman. We promised to notice the close of his life: that promise we now fulfil:

After having spent fifty years in the ministry, and being unable to travel and provide for the wants of his poor parishioners as he had done, he sought for an assistant as successor: but who could fill up the place of Philip Skelton? Where shall we find the man in these days—in the church, or out of it—who would make the sacrifices Skelton made for both the temporal and the spiritual good of the people committed to his care?

Samuel Burdy—who wrote Skelton's life—thus describes the first interview he had with the venerable old man:

"In compliance with his desire, I waited on him at his lodging, and found him in his bed-chamber, where he always sat, unless when he had company he could not make free with. He was a remarkably tall, large man; his eyebrows were quite grey; and his bones were nearly twice the size of those of an ordinary man. He wore a brown wig, a blue coat with black cuffs, the breast of which was covered over with snuff; black velvet waistcoat and breeches; yarn stockings, made of black wool; and small silver buckles in his shoes. His countenance shewed that he had been handsome in his youth; and visibly displayed in it that genuine philanthropy which he possessed in an eminent degree. He received me with kindness, free from ostentation; but began soon to rally me for having bright steel buttons on my coat, which he thought too gay for one of a bachelor's standing at the University. 'You're finely dressed,' he observed, 'with your fine bright buttons. I thought you were a man of sense and a scholar; but I have been deceived, I find: I believe you are but an indifferent sort of body; I always judge a man by his buttons.' However, in a few minutes he became more civil; and, after conversing on different subjects, we parted on good terms. I renewed my visits, to which I was enticed by his agreeable and instructive conversation, but took care never to let him see the bright buttons again.' Mr. Skelton's manner of life in this his extreme old age, was simple and regular. He rose at nine o'clock in the morning, and took a breakfast of herb tea, not having drank foreign tea for thirty years. Then he passed about an hour at prayer. After prayer he read two chapters in the Old Testament, two in the New, and four Psalms. He then generally read until dinner; after spend-

ing an hour at which, he read again till nine o'clock, when he had supper of bread and whey. He then summoned the family he lodged with to family prayer; after which he again employed himself at his books till eleven, and then retired to rest. His bed-chamber was like a stove, from the large fires he kept constantly burning in it day and night, except in the heat of summer. This was his general way of living. But he sometimes went out to visit those he esteemed; and he attended church regularly every Sunday, still sitting in the reading desk." * * * * *

"In February, 1787, says the biographer,—'I parted for the last time with that dear and worthy man, of whose friendship I shall always retain a grateful remembrance. When I was first going away, he said to me, with tears in his eyes, "I know I shall never see you again; but God be with you. Trust in Christ, and he will preserve you. When you meet with afflictions or disappointments in this world, as you surely will, ask for his gracious aid, and he will give it to you,—he will comfort you in your sorrow. Preach the gospel to your people without any false refinements; and act as becomes a minister of the gospel, and God will recompense you." At these words, (adds Burdy), I left him with a sorrowful heart, still reflecting, as I passed along, on this solemn expression, "I know I shall never see you again." And he never did. Philip Skelton died on the 4th of May following, after having for about a month been afflicted with a disorder causing an unnatural drowsiness; and it was at last as one falling asleep that he died, so quiet was his departure. His death was thus not attended by any striking circumstances or declarations; but the last intelligible words he uttered were those of prayer."

Some Account of Garner Baptist Chapel, CLAPHAM.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—The brethren at Garner trust they have hitherto moved according to the will of God; their desire still is, to know that "good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God;" follow where he leads, and move only as the cloud moves. Their cry is,

"Let the fiery, cloudy pillow,
Lead us all our journey through."

Doubtless, angels have rejoiced at the gracious transactions of our covenant God at Garner. The ransomed, heaven-born and gloriously arrayed Bride, the church in the wilderness, must rejoice with us likewise; for we have great cause for gratitude, praise, thanksgiving and rejoicing, if we are to rejoice with them that do rejoice. God's powerful presence is still felt in our midst; dew falls from the lasting hills; waters flow from that river of grace, which makes glad the city of God. Bread of life is given from that never-failing Storehouse—Jesus; souls are liberated from satan, bondage, darkness and death; spiritual life, light, liberty and joy is imparted. Sinners are translated from the kingdom of satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son; Jesus is made precious, even all and in all: and thus new covenant favours are dispensed by that liberal hand, whose favours can never be withstood, and whose power can never be resisted.

We have seven or eight candidates for baptism, and several others hovering round the water, which prevents us from deciding when the baptising will take place. Many are asking, "When are you going to baptise?" Others, "When do you mean to form into a church?" Shortly: it is high time these things were done. We would say, we wish

to commit our times into better hands than our own; and trust that God's time will be our time, and with David say, "Our times are in his hand;" and pray that,

All our times may ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

Christ preached three years before he formed a church, or set up his spiritual kingdom, though many baptised in the time; and some of his disciples grew impatient for a name and a place in his kingdom; and asked for that which they did not understand; nor was it consistent with the will of God; but he said, "Ye know not what ye ask." We pray that we may be passive in the hand of our God whom we desire to serve for our day and generation, and pray that the flesh may be subdued, satan defeated, grace reign, God honoured in all we do, and Jesus crowned Lord of all. He has greatly favoured us; and our present esteemed minister, Mr. Elven, has had much to encourage him, from demonstrative evidence of the Lord making him very useful at Garner: from the many letters which he has received, and several from the above named candidates; and an extract from one or two of those letters, will not only confirm the above statement, but we trust may be encouraging to some poor, sin-smitten, diseased soul, in bondage and despondency, to wait with patience at the gospel pool for the moving of the healing waters of life and liberty, by the hand of the Spirit.

One writes to Mr. Elven thus:

"Feb. 18, 1853.—Dear Sir.—I give you a brief account of the Lord's dealings with me. When the Lord sent the arrow of conviction into my guilty soul, (I can trace back the time, which was in the spring of the year 1835), while engaged in my domestic duties, the wrath of God fell heavy on my soul, convincing me of my awful state as a sinner, the indignation of the Lord I was obliged to bear, because I had sinned against him. But my terrors were so great, that I could find no rest; at times I dared not close my eyes in sleep, expecting, if I did, I should open them in the bottomless pit. No comfort could I find, either from hearing or reading God's word, nor from the kind counsel of my dear godly parents, now deceased. The enemy of my soul was continually harassing me with thoughts that there would be no forgiveness for me. I felt I was lost for ever. In this distressed way I was for months; many kind, sympathising, Christian friends took me to hear different ministers to preach; but no comfort came. At length the Lord, praised be his name! in his infinite, boundless goodness and mercy toward me, an unworthy sinner, gradually withdrew the terrors from my mind, leaving my soul struggling between hopes, doubts, fears and unbelief. Thus I have gone on, year after year, with no abiding comfort to my poor soul:

"Oft it caused me anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?"

"A Christian friend asked me if I had ever been to Garner Chapel? I went the first opportunity. I shall never forget the overwhelming presence of God which I felt in the little place (this was in the little Old Garner, about twelve months since). The text was taken from Gen. xxv. part of 22nd verse: "If it be so, why am I thus?" Word after word fell so deeply on my soul, I found every word applicable to my case. My spirit had been struggling with longing desires to be delivered; and there and then the Lord gave me deliverance; for such inward joy and peace took possession of my soul, I never experienced before: blessed be my God and Saviour, who led my steps to Garner. I now find the atoning blood of Christ has made reconciliation for my sins; I feel I am accepted of God through him; the word still dwells in my soul; come join yourself to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten; 'for I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you.' Therefore, it

is in the name of the dear Lord and Saviour, who has done such great things for me, I come forth, with an earnest desire to be obedient to my Lord, and follow him in the ordinance of baptism, and be joined to his church on earth; and I trust my merciful Lord and Saviour will lead me on safely, that I may join the church triumphant above. My dear sir, your reward is with Him. I remain, &c."

Another, after writing to Mr. Elven, stating—being awakened to her state as a lost sinner before God, under Mr. E.'s ministry, again writes thus:

"Nov. 17, 1852.—I long for the hour when it shall please the Lord to shew me that I am one of that happy number, that I may publicly confess Him whom my soul loveth. As I have before said, I should rejoice to follow the flock of Christ in the ordinance of baptism; and my desire and prayer to him is, that he will make manifest to me his will concerning it; for I feel it a duty as a believer; not that I think there is any merit in it; for after all, in and of ourselves, we are unprofitable servants; but I believe without it, there should be no entrance into church fellowship. I hope, dear sir, to hear you preach upon baptism, if we should be spared to meet in the new Garner; for my mind is not very bright upon the subject, having greatly neglected God's holy word until the last few months; but I hope to see it more clearly, so as to publicly acknowledge and obey Jesus, whom I love."

Again Mr. Elven received another letter from the same:

"March 17, 1853.—My dear Sir.—I cannot refrain writing a few lines to you, and I am sure you will rejoice to know the Lord has blessed me, even me, who am one of the least, and one of the most unworthy of his children, with those blessings which he has promised to those who seek him with the whole heart. I cannot find language to express my joy and peace, which I now feel in my own soul. It is indeed the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and that which the world knoweth nothing of. I can say with the Psalmist, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name; for he hath heard my prayer, he hath brought me out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings: he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise to our God.' Dear sir, I had thought of writing to you before; but under very different feelings to what I now write; for almost ever since I wrote to you last, I have thought that I never knew the grace of God in truth; that I was deceiving myself and others; and satan told me that although I became a member of a church on earth, that I did not belong to the church of Christ; and I thought it must be so, because the Lord seemed not to regard my prayer; I have sometimes lost all hope, and thought eternal death must be my portion.

"It was with feelings of deep distress that I entered Garner last Sabbath evening; but oh, the change! I was led by the blessed Spirit to behold Christ on the cross; I felt that for me he shed his most precious blood to redeem me from the curse of the law, satisfied the demands of justice; and I can now say, 'My Beloved is mine and I am his.'

"What joy divine my soul then felt,
Which I can never tell!
While looks of love my heart did melt,
And all my chains then fell."

What a blessed thought,

'Once in Christ, in Christ for ever;'

and those whom he loves he loves unto the end. My stammering tongue cannot tell the joy, or describe the value of such a friend as Jesus, to whom we can go at all times. Oh that he may enable me to live as one who is alive from the dead, and that in my daily walk and conversation I may shew forth the praises of Him who hath called me out of darkness into his most marvellous light. And

may the Lord bless you with a double portion of his spirit, and make you instrumental in bringing sinners to God, who shall be your crown of rejoicing in that day when he maketh up his jewels. I remain,

These are two out of the many to whom Mr. Elven's ministry has been made useful at Clapham; and thus the Lord is gathering his wheat into the garner. Matt. lii. 12.

Mr. Elven has preached to us now twelve months; yet Mr. E. thinks it best not to be hasty in coming to a settlement, but take more time, lest we should go before the cloud. And we think so with respect to the formation of a church. We have, therefore, given Mr. Elven a further call for twelve months, with the understanding that if we see the hand of the Lord opening the way for the formation of a gospel church, before or at the expiration of that time, Mr. Elven shall then be requested to become the ordained pastor of the church so formed.

Believing that the Lord having promised him in answer to prayer when he first came to Clapham that his presence should go with him, and his having fulfilled that promise in his experience up to the present time, and he trusts that the same promise is renewed to his soul, and his giving him such continual testimonies of usefulness at Garner, Mr. Elven after much consideration and prayer, has been constrained to accept of the invitation.

10, Manor Street, Clapham. WM. ODLING.

The late Pastor of Grove Chapel, and the Harbinger.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

MY DEAR SIR,—The following letter in vindication of the sentiments and conduct of the late pastor of Grove chapel, Camberwell, was written for insertion in the HARBINGER; but in lieu of its insertion this month's number contains the following under notice to correspondents: "No intention of casting the slightest slur upon the late esteemed pastor of Grove chapel. We alluded to principles not new. Our correspondent, we hope, will see the propriety of not inserting his letter." Now I do not see the propriety of my letter not being inserted, as it contains nothing disrespectful towards the writer of the article which was the occasion of it being penned; but I think that many will see the propriety of my placing it in your hands for insertion in the EARTHEN VESSEL.

Grove Chapel, Camberwell.

MY DEAR SIR,—Under the above title, a paragraph appears in "The Harbinger" of the present month which has certainly wounded the minds of some of your readers. My own mind is wounded. I shall therefore esteem it a favour if you will give insertion to this communication, for which, of course, I hold myself responsible,

Referring to the late Rev. Joseph Irons, of ever blessed memory, through whose instrumentality the Church at the Grove was gathered, and under whose pastorate, it was blessed with a remarkable degree of peace and prosperity for the lengthened period of thirty-four years; the writer states,— "Their deceased minister, with all his peculiarities, some of which, both in manner and sentiment, we cannot justify—did exalt Christ, and honour the Spirit." The closing part of this sentence is a true and honourable testimony; but without requiring the writer to pen a word in justification of some of "his peculiarities in manner and sentiment," I think that it is due to the widowed church and congregation, with numerous others who appreciated his ministry, to affirm

that the "manner" of the deceased was truly gentlemanly and dignified, and that the "sentiment" of the deceased was in accordance with the volume of inspiration.

The writer of the paragraph in question, adds, "We have no sympathy with men who are high in sentiment, and lax and loose in their daily walk; nor with those who treat man as if he were not accountable to God, or not to be addressed, exhorted, and warned; but the omission of the doctrines of grace in many pulpits, has been the reason why in others they have had, not undue prominence, but sole possession. This is not preaching the *whole* counsel of God."

Surely, if the writer considers that Mr. Irons was "high in sentiment," he will not venture to affirm that he is to be numbered with those who are "lax and loose in their daily walk." My personal acquaintance, and something like intimacy with him, extended over a period of thirty-one years, and I truthfully declare that during that period, I never heard either from friend or foe, a whisper affecting his morality. His holy walk was a grief to some who hated the doctrine which he preached; and I have met with many, who, although they called him high in doctrine, hesitated not to express their belief, that no man more frequently and earnestly enjoined upon his hearers, practical godliness.

I know not whether the writer of the paragraph really means that the late pastor of Grove Chapel treated "man as if he were not accountable to God, or not to be addressed, exhorted, and warned;" but if he does, I at once refer to his printed discourses as the best confutation of the charge.

True it is, that "the omission of the doctrines of grace in many pulpits has been the reason why in others they have had, not undue prominence, but sole possession." This is to be lamented. Which is the greater evil of the two, the spiritual may judge; but in no case must we justify the introduction of evil for the cure of evil. Let us, who are preachers, so fulfil our ministry, as to be able at any given time, to say to our hearers,— "I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men: for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

That you may have more fully my opinion of the late Mr. Irons, I enclose you a funeral sermon which I preached for him, and which was taken in short-hand at the time of delivery. With best wishes for the prosperity of our connexion, and also of "The Harbinger" as our organ of communication, I remain, dear sir, your truly,

Tabernacle House, J. J. J. KEMPSTER.
Norwich, April 7, 1853.

"How near are the saints to Christ! They are his jewels: nay, they are his signet upon his right hand: nay, they are his seal on his heart: they lie in his bosom. When you take a thing out of a man's bosom, you cannot help touching him. But what I admire most, is, that Christ took our nature. He took our nature; men and angels admire it, aye, and devils too, if they can. When the Lord doth any great thing, he puts his *I* to it. *I*, even *I* am he. *I'll* make a new covenant. *I'll* write my law in their hearts. *I'll* pardon your sins. *I'll* do them away as a thick cloud. *I* change not, therefore are you not consumed."

SARAH WRIGHT.

The People of God.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS.—All that the Father hath given unto him, shall come unto him, and all that come, shall confess "in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." The scriptures of truth declare that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," also "without shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins;" and "without faith it is impossible to please God;" therefore it is evident that we have need of blood, righteousness and faith, wherein to appear before God with acceptance and approbation, neither of which do we possess by nature, but are in that state which Paul reminded the Ephesian believers they were formerly in "being without Christ, without God, and without hope in the world." (Eph. ii. 12.)

Hence, the solemn statement of the great and gracious Teacher of Israel, becomes exceedingly plain to them that understand the grand mystery of godliness, that God can be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly believing in Jesus, who of God is made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. The statement referred to, is that memorable declaration of the Son of God, "without me ye can do nothing." And herein, I desire continually to rejoice, knowing that Christ Jesus is manifestively mine, and I, through grace am evidentially his, although at times, thick clouds of darkness veil him from my view.

Yet in his name I dare draw nigh,
Before the ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet,

assured that I have pure blood—perfect righteousness, precious faith, and peaceful hope, in him, who is all my salvation, and all my soul's desire.

With reference to the absurd arguments, bold blasphemies, and carnal conclusions, of the poor blind, deluded Arminian, whose statements you have forwarded to me for my judgment thereon, I would only observe that the apostle's judgment of such preaching, or prating, may be learned from his heart-warming, spirit-stirring, and God-glorifying testimony to the saints at Philippi, "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." (iii. 8, 9.)

Read carefully and prayerfully the eighth chapter of Paul's epistle to the church of God at Rome, and mark how he describes and distinguishes the people of God, whom grace had liberated from the condemnation of the law, the curse of Sinai, and the course of this world, which is altogether corrupt.

There are twelve particulars in this one chapter, I would wish to call your attention to, and may God the Holy Ghost refresh your spirit, while pondering them in your heart.

1. They are described as "the adoption," being distinguished by their cry, "Abba, Father;" (ver. 15.)

2. They are spoken of as "brethren," of whom Christ is "the first born." (ver. 29.)

3. They are called "the children of God," the Holy Ghost, as the Spirit of adoption, bearing witness thereunto, and bringing them into the glorious liberty of the free-born, blood-bought, grace-taught family, whose names are written in heaven (ver. 16, 21); see also Ephes. iii. 14—19.

4. They are addressed as "debtors," not to the flesh, but to mercy, rich mercy, free mercy, pure mercy alone (ver. 12) for

As debtors to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy they sing;
Nor fear with Christ's righteousness on,
Their persons and offerings to bring:

Inasmuch as they know that

The terrors of law and of God,
With them can have nothing to do;
Their Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all their transgressions from view.

5. They are designated "the elect;" yes: the elect of God, and a challenge is here given by the apostle of the Gentiles, to all the daring antagonists, accusers, and adversaries of the Lord's adopted family, in the holdest and plainest terms that words can possibly express, viz: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." (ver. 33, 34.) Were the question to be raised, for whom does Christ intercede? Surely the answer must be, for all those for whom he died. And should it be further asked, for whom did Christ die? the answer must be, for all the elect. But, if Christ died for all the world, (as some men say) then it follows, that all the world must be God's elect, and Christ consequently intercedes for them, thereby rendering it absolutely necessary that all the world must be saved, otherwise Christ's death and intercession must both be in vain. Blessed be God we have not so learned Christ, but own him to be both the author and finisher not only of our salvation, but also of our faith and obedience.

6. They being the children of God, are declared to be "heirs of God," (ver. 17) and therefore are spoken of in the apostolic epistles as, heirs of salvation, heirs of promise, and heirs of the grace of life, see Heb. i. 14; vi. 17; and 1 Peter iii. 7. Can these distinctive appellations be applied to all the world? Verily not.

7. They are further distinguished as "joint heirs with Christ," being one with him in a covenant which can never be broken.

8. They are characterized as "the saints," for whom the Spirit maketh intercession according to the will of God, (ver. 27,) and hence the work of Christ for us, and the work of the Spirit in us, being according to the will of God, secure unto the saints, the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

9. They are called the "sons of God," inasmuch as they are led by the Spirit of God; they have the manifestation of their sonship in Christ Jesus. (ver. 14—19.)

10. They being saints and sons, are also "spiritually-minded, the very opposite of the natural man, who being carnally-minded, can only think, reason, judge, and act carnally; and consequently all his acts, whether religious or irreligious, are but as dead works before the living and true God. (ver. 6.)

11. All the former characters, herein named, are contained in this all-glorious one which stands at the head of the chapter, viz: "them that are in Christ Jesus." For who are in Christ Jesus, but the adopted family, the brethren beloved, the children of God, the debtors to mercy, the election of grace, the heirs of salvation, the joint-heirs with Christ, the saints redeemed by precious blood, the sons ordained to live with God, and the spiritually minded, who have known the new birth unto righteousness, according to the will of God?

12. The whole is summed up in that delightful expression contained in the 28th verse, "Them that love God, and are called according to his purpose, and grace: which was given them in Christ Jesus before the world began." (See 2 Tim. i. 9.)

The Lord accompany these few plain remarks with almightiness of power to your immortal soul, thereby affording you profit, and securing to himself the praise of his own great name. Amen.

Your's in the love of the Spirit and hope of the gospel.

Chelsea.

J. STENSON.

The Remarkable Conversion of an American Indian Chief:

As related in the thrilling Speech of PROFESSOR STOWE at a recent Missionary Meeting.

WE are in no wise connected with the many Missionary Societies now in existence; but we have opportunities of occasionally watching and examining their movements; and we must confess that—however imperfect in creed and in communion they may be—they often make us ashamed of the little zeal, the little love, the little labour, we employ in the great cause of the gospel. The following powerful speech was delivered in Exeter Hall, on Thursday, May 12th, 1853, by Professor Stowe, the husband of Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe. We think none of our readers will be angry with us for giving them the following. After some introductory remarks, the Professor said:—

“It was with deep interest, Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, that I anticipated the pleasure of meeting this venerated and honoured Association; and I have only to regret that the state of my health is such that I feel a degree of feebleness in addressing you which is almost discouraging; but my reliance is upon Him who has said, ‘As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.’ I recollect that a worldly-minded clergyman once asked the Duke of Wellington whether he thought it was of any use to preach to the Hindoos. ‘Look to your marching orders,’ said the Duke; ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’ He knew what the marching orders were, and he knew that when the marching order came there was no time for asking questions. Since the advent of Christ on the earth numberless tribes and nations have risen from a savage state to a state of civilisation and refinement; and every one that has been thus elevated has been so by the power of the gospel of Christ. Since God made a manifestation of himself to man, no nation and no tribe could ever rise to civilisation by any other means; for God will honour his own instrumentality. Wherever the question has been raised, ‘Shall we carry the word of salvation to a particular people?’ there has been an unbelief and questioning. When the Romans held this island of Britain, and when Britons were carried to Rome and exposed for sale in the public market, as Africans have since been exposed for sale in America, it was said by a great many learned men, ‘The Britons are not capable of civilisation; they were made for slavery.’ You will find this argument at this day in what remains of the writings of Galen and Celsus, and other authors of that period. Worldly-minded men of that day said, it was of no use to attempt to civilize Britain. But what worldly-minded men would not undertake or sanction, Christians undertook, in obedience to the command, ‘Go ye into all the world.’ They visited these shores, and what is the result? True, nothing looks more discouraging or more hopeless than the conversion of the naked savage. Yet the triumphs of Christianity among savages have always been comparatively its easiest triumphs. The vices of civilisation frequently interpose a greater obstacle to the gospel than the

vices of savage life. But, after all, what is great or small, what is strong or weak, when we have the arm of Almighty God on our side, and when, he says, ‘Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit. Who art thou, O great mountain! Thou shalt become a plain.’ The new ideas which are awakened in the savage mind by the story of Christianity; the new character which it gives, the new life to which it leads, are what we can scarcely appreciate. We must hear the converted savage give the process as it passed through his own mind, to get even an outline of it; and then our wavering faith will see, that there is a deep philosophical truth, as well as a revelation from heaven, in the declaration that the gospel is ‘the power of God and the wisdom of God to everyone that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek;’ to the barbarian as well as to the worldly-wise. I once heard a chief of one of the tribes of American Indians give a minute account of the way in which the gospel was introduced among his own tribe, and of the effect which it had upon his own mind, and the minds of his people; and so graphic was the account, that it appeared to me to afford quite a poetic illustration of the power of the gospel in the human heart. He said, ‘My earliest recollections of life are recollections of suffering; life to me, from the earliest period of childhood, was continued suffering.’ He was the son of a distinguished chief, and himself succeeded to the chieftainship. He remembered seasons of destitution, of cold, of want, and of hunger; he remembered seasons of savage revelry and of brutal intoxication; and that, at such periods, he and his mother were obliged to flee in order to escape violence. There was not always excitement. The tribe had their hunting parties and their war parties, and these, if successful, were followed by periods of excitement; but excitement soon subsided into wretchedness, and the prospect was all dark and dreary. When he was of the age of twelve or fifteen, he went on a war expedition with his father. The tribe were successful. Having scalped and killed numbers of their enemies, they returned, and obtained a keg of whiskey to celebrate their triumph. They sat down on the shore of one of the vast American lakes, under the shadow of a hill which projected for some distance into the lake in the form of a promontory. There they had poured out libations to the evil spirit—the god of war; and they were about to commence drinking, when one of the Indian runners came hastily up to the old chief, and whispered something in his ears. The chief started, and told some of his men to cover the whiskey with a blanket, to prevent it from being seen. Looking round, he then saw two grave and venerable men coming round the shore of the lake. He knew them to be Christian missionaries. They came to him and addressed him. They told him the story of Christ, who came from heaven, not to destroy, but to save his enemies—not to kill them, but to give his life for their’s. The old chief threw his blanket over his head. His son noticed that his frame was all convulsed. ‘I looked’ said he ‘under the blanket, to see what

was the matter with my father, and there were big tears rolling down his cheek. I never saw a tear on his face before: it filled me with astonishment, and I could not conceive what had brought the tears into his eyes.' Oh, it was the idea of the Great Spirit descending to earth in the form of man, not to destroy, but to save his enemies; and the same truth produced the same kind of effect on the whole of the war-party. The missionaries said to the chief, 'Will you go to our station, that you may there learn more about the love of this Great Spirit!' The tribe agreed to go: 'And now,' said the old chief, 'take that barrel of whiskey and pour it into the lake.' He knew that whiskey and the gospel could not go together; he knew that such liquor had been the destruction of many of the tribes of that country. The order was obeyed; the whiskey was poured into the lake. It was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun was rising with beautiful clearness over the surface of the lake, when the old chief, his son, and the two missionaries, got into the first canoe, and then the whole of the war-party followed in another canoe, forming together a continuous line. As they were rowing over the lake, one of the missionaries began singing this hymn:

"Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

"The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late, I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY!'

"Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
And I will tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."

"The Indians understood enough of the English language to get the import of the whole of this hymn. They had already heard the story of Christ, and so intensely interested were they, that their souls were filled with these new thoughts. No sooner had the missionary sung the hymn, than they lifted their paddles, and said, 'Sing it again.' This was done, but even then they were not satisfied, and so the missionaries, as they crossed the lake, sung repeatedly of what was uppermost in the minds of these savages,—

"Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon."

"When they came to the other side of the lake, the dealers saw them with the missionaries. The dealers said to the Indian chief, 'Where are you going?' 'I am going,' he replied, 'to hear about Him who came from heaven, to save his enemies.' 'You fool,' said the dealers. 'Do you know what these missionaries mean to do with you? They have a large enclosure at the station, with a stone wall; you can only enter by a narrow gate, and when they have got you in, they will put combustibles round you, set fire to them, and, after burning you, set fire to your territory. That is what they mean to do with you.' The Indians had heard that the whites had made aggressions on lands belonging to

Indian tribes, and therefore the old chief felt anxious. 'At any rate,' said the old chief, 'I will go and see.' They were travelling two days to the missionary station. When they came to it—to be sure, there was a large enclosure, and there was only one gate by which they could enter; but they had suffered so much previously that they were somewhat careless about the result. The old chief, taking his son aside, said to him, 'Do you and the rest lie down in yonder swamp, and if anything happens to us hasten back to the village, and take care of the women and children; but come here every day, in the afternoon, to see, if you can, what is going on.' The chief entered the missionary station. The tribe came for two days, as he had directed, but all was quiet. When they returned on the third day, there was a sound of distress. 'Oh,' said the young chief, 'I heard my father's voice as I never heard before, prying earnestly for mercy. I thought they were burning him. I rushed in with my companions, and found him on his knees in prayer, praying the Great Spirit to send down converting grace into his heart. As soon as he saw me, he clasped me in his arms, and he began to pray with me to the Great Spirit, and we rejoiced together in the hope of mercy. We then went back to the village; and oh, what a change was produced! The women and children were all gathered around us, and we told them the story of Him who came down from heaven to save his enemies. We had the hymn, 'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,' translated into our own language; we had portions of the Testament also translated; and all my recollections of life from that time are recollections of joyousness; while the prospect of the future became bright.' He added some particulars with regard to his mother's dying of consumption. Previously, he said, when she was sick, there was no care either for her body or her soul; but now she was taken care of; and as long as she had her voice, she was often heard singing, 'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.' Now this is the missionary work. This is what the missionary does by the power and help of God. And who that knows the power of the gospel in his own soul—who that goes to his closet daily and prays, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven,' who that has felt the power of Christ sustaining his own spirit in the hour of feebleness and sorrow,—who that does this can ever have a moment's doubt of the gospel's being 'the power of God and the wisdom of God unto the salvation of every one that believeth?'

"I have found from my own experience, that the more we have to look to in this world, the less, too often, is our adherence to Christ. The Christian is never happy, the Christian never experiences the full power of the gospel, the Christian never knows how sweet the gospel is, till he holds on upon Christ, and upon Him alone, till all the world is nothing, and Christ is all and in all. The true missionary has this privilege. He renounces the world; it is all taken away from him. He goes into circumstances in which, if the gospel be not everything, it is nothing; he is placed in a position in which, if the gospel be not everything, he has thrown away his life, he has thrown away everything. These are the circumstances in which Christ reveals himself, especially to the soul, as 'the chief among ten thousand,

and the altogether lovely.' Why is it that, when we approach the confines of eternity,—why is it that, when our eyes are about to close upon all that is earthly—why is it that, when the Christian approaches the gate of death, Christ appears so bright, the eternal world appears so glorious, there is such a joyousness, such a patience, and, at the same time, elevation of mind, even in the humblest and lowliest follower of the Saviour? Why, it is because the hold on the world is en-

tirely loosened; and, if at any period of life, our hold on the world is loosened as much as it is in the hour of death, we should have just the same joyousness, and just the same resting in Christ for everything. And this is what often makes the missionary happy; it is because the circumstances in which he is placed take the world from his grasp, and bring Christ and Christ alone within the sphere of his enjoyment."

Record of Recent Events.

Interesting Meeting at Pentside Baptist Chapel, Dover.

DEAR BROTHER.—I send you the following account of a meeting held in Pentside Chapel, Dover, on Friday, March 25, 1853.

At half-past 5, tea was placed on the table; the manner in which it was conducted shewed that nothing had been omitted on the part of the managers to make it as comfortable as possible.

Tea being over, a public meeting was held, at which our pastor, Mr. Edgecombe, presided. The meeting was opened by singing; Mr. Edgecombe then read 1 John iv., and called on brother Stace, of Folkestone, to pray. Another hymn being sung, our pastor gave us a short opening address, in which he made some remarks on the signs of these times in which we live, and the coming struggle between the church and antichrist; but he said, "In all these struggles the church will be safe, for she is in the hands of God." He called on brother Boxer, pastor of the baptised church at Folkestone, to address the meeting. Mr. Boxer said:—

"Dear friends: the time forbids me to say much; but the few words I shall speak will be in reference to the many opinions our brother spoke of in opening the meeting. Some men see the future more clearly than others; for myself, God has never led my mind to set up any opinion; therefore it would be vain for me to say anything upon it. But as conversation sometimes opens a door for thought, so, in conversing with a friend, my mind was led to think of this day—Good Friday. In speaking of the day being called '*Good Friday*,' he said, 'I think it ought to be called "*Bad Friday*,"' 'Why so?' 'On account of the transaction that took place on that day.' 'True,' I said, 'still the name ought to be Good Friday, because it was the accomplishment of the purposes of God. There was the bleeding Sacrifice hanging between two thieves on the rugged cross; there the name of the day was written; there was God and the sinner united in one in Christ; "Righteousness and peace thore met together; mercy and truth there kissed each other." Behold Jesu's love taking hold of the Father's hand, and

uniting him with the sinner by his obedience to the law, and by his suffering on the cross, thus effecting an everlasting reconciliation which we know something of in our experience.' God's word reveals great things for the future; but my mind has never been brought into it yet. His word assures us that when the world is convulsed with strife, the church of God will be safe, for the 'Lord knoweth them that are his.' Billows upon billows may dash against us, but they can do us no harm. Our ship is anchored upon that Rock which can never be moved—the Rock Christ.

"Paul, in writing to the church at Rome, had his eye on this blessed reconciliation when about to close up he says, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

After Mr. Boxer had concluded, we sung another hymn; when Thomas Terry addressed the meeting. He said:—

"It is a mercy, my dear brethren, to be permitted to speak of what the Lord has done for our souls; and we know it is all of love, for God so loved us as to give us his Son. The love of God, my dear brethren, constrains us to love all the Lord's children in all their afflictions and in all their troubles; it constrains us to love all that are the Lord's, little as well as great; and he will keep them as the apple of his eye, as he says, 'He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye.' I have been twenty years in the path, and I find that the Christian's path is no easy one. There is no such thing as following Christ in regeneration without having some of the troubles of the Christian, for 'it is not only given us to believe, but also to suffer for his sake.' If we have the life of God in the soul we shall say, 'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.' Not so the hypocrite. Some of the Lord's children are in bondage; they are shut up and they cannot come forth; they do not

know where they are. There is many a lamb in the fold who cannot say, 'HE IS MY LORD.' Some of the Lord's children are brought into dark places; their fear is, they are hypocrites, and that the truth is not in them. But I'll tell you one thing, they cannot hate God or anything that is God-like. Christ is a sure anchor to the soul; but when satan is allowed to shoot these things into the soul we feel as though we should make shipwreck of faith.

"Look at the love of God in Christ—who can reckon it up? 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son.' It is the greatest gift he could give to us; and if we are born of God, Christ is all we want. We are to carry all our burden to Christ, and we are to go to him by faith. All those waves of trouble bring us nearer to that harbour of rest reserved for the vessels of mercy. Every vessel is sent out with ballast according to tonnage; but all will be brought home again: but before we get home we shall have to put into many a port to take on board our cargo; we don't get it all at once, and we are not taught these lessons all at once, it must be line upon line. Like Ezekiel, we get a peep through the wall; we see the abominations that are within, not all at once, but by degrees. If we saw them all at once it would swamp us. But it is a well-beaten path we are travelling; we are travelling in the path which our fathers and Christ have trodden. What encouragement, then, to go on! He that has begun the work will carry it on; he has said so, and I do not doubt his word.

"I do want to love God, and his people, and his ways more than I do; but there is a something holds me back, and so there is in all the Lord's children.

"If our Lord was made perfect through suffering, so must we; and if we are to reign with him we must also suffer with him. If we are without chastisement, or affliction, we are bastards and not sons. We don't go under the rod for nothing; it is to make us stand, to stand against every enemy, to be as bold as lions; and we stand safe all the while our Captain is with us. It was love that stopped my feet and set me in that narrow path which the vulture's eye hath not seen. It is a narrow path, but it is a safe one, and it is in this way he has taught me."

The 314th hymn was then sung, and Mr. B. Covenay said:—

"Christian friends: I am not fond of making apologies, but at the same time I cannot but say that I feel it is not in my power to make a speech.

"In singing the first hymn the word 'us' seemed to dwell in my mind—us—

'We'll talk of all he did and said,
And what he's doing for us now.'

"It is a solemn thing to sing it here, and at last to fall short of what we have been

singing. Though I am well aware that the child of God is as secure as God himself; yet, on the other hand, he will have many castings down and a few liftings up.

"When I was in London a short time back I saw a building called 'the Royal Exchange.' It brought to my mind the glorious exchange made by Christ; the exchange of man's sins for the righteousness of Jesus; our sins put upon him, so that we may be made partakers of his righteousness; and though he was the sufferer, yet man received the blessing. When we contemplate upon the past, see what he suffered, what he passed through, and that he endured all this to save his people, that they may have everlasting life, what a field for contemplation is opened to us!

"Many speak of the security of the church of Christ; that she can never come into condemnation; but you perhaps never hear a sentence from them as regards their being sinners, or about indwelling sin. It is Christ has done it for his church, Christ has redeemed his church, and Christ has loved his church. Well, this is a very precious truth; but if you have not the grace of God in your soul all this knowledge will avail you nothing. When Christ comes to call his people home, you will be speechless; you won't know what to say: and all who can't speak the language of Canaan here, will never enter into the promised land. We are also told that the child of God is set apart and preserved, which brings to my mind, what an old divine wrote about two hundred years ago, that the preservation, and the redemption of the church are links in the one chain; and so they are; for if he preserved us, when we were dead in sin, he will not damn us, now he has redeemed us. God is well pleased for his righteousness sake. God the Father laid the sins of the church in Christ, and justice found them there, and received full satisfaction for them. Christ paid our debts, and now he 'ever liveth to make intercession for us.' There comes the little word *us*, 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us.' Who among this assembly can say '*us*?' Do I hear some poor soul say, 'I wish I could say *us*?' I thought I had an interest in Christ; and that my sins were put away; but I fear I am an hypocrite.' How came those desires, those doubts and fears? God has said 'he will never leave nor forsake,' and if Paul had trouble—so must we. But, there must be a passing reward, which intimates there is something in the way to oppose us; but we are to press forward to the mark.

"Sometimes the christian runs: what for? A CROWN; an incorruptible crown, one that fadeth not away: it is a crown of life, ETERNAL LIFE.

"The love of God passeth our calculation; now we know in part, hereafter we shall know all, and we know by the Spirit of God in our

soul, that we are bound for an everlasting world. Amen."

After singing the 112th, hymn, Mr. Edgecombe called on Mr. Edward James, to address the meeting. Mr. James said,

"Brethren and Friends.—As I am called upon to address the meeting, I shall preface my remarks by asking you a question, and may God the Holy Ghost help you to put the question to your own souls. You have been singing that

"And God in the highest, with glory be crowned
Oh, this will be heaven to me."

Not us collectively, as our brother was speaking of, but we individually. If God in the highest is to be crowned, shall you and I be there? Shall you and I crown him? It is a solemn thing. I ask you; may God the Holy Ghost help you to put the question to your own souls.

"We may hear that the church is come into darkness, and that Anti-christ abounds. If any one wants to know who belongs to Anti-christ, I will tell you in short; all who are not written in the Lamb's book of life it matters not who they are, what they are called; if the grace of God has not taken possession of their heart they belong to Anti-christ. If they can't come in with the thinkers of God's word, they are out of the secret. So the church of old; a book of remembrance was kept for those who assembled themselves together, and it was written for thinkers, as well as speakers; 'For all those who thought on his name.'

"If there is one here to-night, who can only 'think on his name,' he is as sure of heaven, as those who can speak. It is not all who talk, must go to heaven; a great many professors in our day, are satisfied with their talk. But the child of God is not satisfied with his talking; he wants to feel. Those who have only a doctrinal religion in heads, want a religion that men will look up to, something to raise them in the opinion of their neighbours. But the child of God wants a religion to look up to God with.'

Part of the 314th hymn was sung, and our pastor Mr. J. P. Edgecombe addressed the meeting. He said:—

"My dear Brethren.—Five years have rolled round, since I first took the office of pastor over you as a church. I think it is five years to day that I accepted the pastorate from the hands of the church; and ever since I have been among you, my whole aim has been to go forward with the message, and admonition of the Lord, "feed my sheep." And if I have not been able to do so at all times, it has not been for want of affection to you, or prayer to God that the young men as well as the fathers may receive their portion in due season. I have endeavoured to act the part of the servant and butler at all times; and there has been some proof that the Lord has blessed my ministry among you.

The Lord has added to the church about fifty souls; and although a great many have left us, yet I can say—as Paul said—"You are my seals in the ministry." And in reference to this sealing of the ministry, Paul said, "they were the seals of his apostleship manifested to all; living epistles known and read of all men; not written on tables of stone; but on the fleshy tables of their hearts;" — that God has redeemed them and loved them. All have not arrived at this assurance of faith; but all must be believers.

"One word to those who are often cast down and that are not able to speak for themselves. Can we not come to what John said, "Marvel not brethren if the world hate you, we know that it hated him, before it hated us." When a man has the grace of God in his heart he is marked by the devil, a war commences immediately; he is a marked man and if a man that bears the name of Jesus can feel at home in the world, in joining in with their maxims and sayings, without being condemned in his conscience, he may question whether he knows anything of the love of God in his soul. But, on the other hand, we must look to the evidences. If we have this love we are born again. We are passed from death unto life. Why? Because we love the brethren. Because we love Christ, and there is no loving him that begat, without loving him that is begotten. I love the brethren. It is not all who name the name of Jesus I love; no, but all in whom I can see the image of Christ, it matters not what they are called, or how they are dressed; whether it is in silks and satins, or in rags. I do not love their dress, I love them in Christ, I love my brethren, for Christ's sake, and it is through that love that has been manifested towards me during the past five years, more especially the last five weeks, that has knitted me closer to you; and though satan would separate us, if he could, yet it is love that hides a brother's faults, and enables us to bear one another's burdens. My soul has been strengthened with the remembrance of the past and our prospect for the future. God has many things to do for his people. All I ask you for, is your prayers; as long as God has given me the prayers of the people, he will give me food for you, and he will make it profitable; it will be like Jacob's venison, not like Esau's. I would notice with reference to my late trial that I have had to pass through—the parting with my children—that it seems that the Lord is only making way for another still greater trouble. I have followed to the grave a Father and a Mother. I have followed two children at the same time; I have had trouble upon trouble, trials have abounded; but never has any trial made so great an indention on my soul as the last, parting with my children; especially one who I have looked anxiously at for some time past. I cannot give her up as not being a vessel of

mercy. I feel the Lord is about to cut me down in two; he has taken away from me those who live in my heart; but, I still look to the church to bear me on your hearts. God has opened a door whereby the children have been sent away with everything necessary for their temporal welfare. I ask for a place in your affections, and may God who has brought us together in a mysterious way; and has kept us together, unite us together in heart. The more I live with you the more I love you; because I believe that here God has manifested his love, that here he has made bare his arm in snatching many as brands from the burning; that he will unite us together, and that when we are separated, it will be but to take us up above the heavens to himself. Brethren, pray for me, that the word may have free course, run, and be glorified. You have a place in my heart, when at the throne of grace, and God hath promised that they that pray for Zion shall prosper.'

Mr. E., then gave out the 179th hymn,

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee," &c.

and then closed the meeting by prayer, and many found it good to be there.

That peace and prosperity may attend this little hill of Zion, and that the Lord may bless you in your work, is the desire of

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Anniversary of Mr. Wyard's Pastorate at Soho.

On Tuesday, May 10th, the eleventh anniversary of Mr. Wyard's pastorate at Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, was commemorated by a public meeting.

At five o'clock a goodly number sat down to tea provided in the chapel; TO THE POOR WITHOUT CHARGE.

At half-past six the service commenced, at which the pastor presided. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Wyard read the 133rd and 134th Psalms; and Mr. John Stenson, of Pimlico, addressed the Divine Majesty for a blessing to rest upon pastor and people and the evening's service.

Mr. WYARD, in then addressing the assembly, said, "Eleven years have rolled away in their course since you and I first stood in the relative position of pastor and people. We meet together to congratulate each other on our present position. We have received many mercies; and truly we can say, 'God hath done great things for us, whereof we desire to be glad.' 'The Lord has been in our midst, the God of Jacob has been our refuge.' And indeed we have great cause for congratulation on the present occasion:—instead of being associated together in heart and mind as we now are, we might have been left to the full swing of our wicked and depraved hearts. Individually I have great cause for thankfulness and gratulation; for here God has given me many seals to my ministry, and souls for my hire. During the eleven years that I have held the pastoral office here I have had the pleasure of proposing rather more than three-hundred for membership. True, they are not all with us

now; for many are fallen asleep. Some few have turned aside 'as the dog to his vomit, and the sow to his wallowing in the mire.' This is a cause for lamentation. Still a goodly number are kept with their eye fixed on the Rock of Ages, who are wont at times to send up their petitions to the throne of grace on behalf of their pastor: I have often been constrained to add my hearty 'amen' to some of your prayers. We are met to call these things to remembrance. I have been mercifully preserved in health; and God has safely conducted me hither and thither to preach the everlasting gospel. I thank God for health of body and health of soul. Peace pervades our midst. We have not prospered so extensively during the last as in former years; but over this we have no control. I believe we pray and preach as we used; I think there is no difference in the pulpit; and I am not aware that there are any in the pews who desire it."

After a few other remarks, Mr. Wyard introduced the subjects to be spoken to during the evening. The first was "the duty of the church in reference to the Papacy question," by Mr. Newborn and Mr. Bloomfield.

Mr. NEWBORN said: "Dear brother, I am not altogether ignorant of the progress of this place. I was privileged to be present at the laying of the foundation stone of this building, and have carefully watched its onward movings. I heartily congratulate you on this happy occasion; I rejoice in your present position as the pastor of an affectionate people. I need say no more. I would just say that you have displayed a deal of wisdom in the selection of the speakers on the present occasion—I mean, in placing an old ox to work with a young heifer; so that where I may be deficient, the young heifer who follows me will be able to supply. As it regards the question of the papacy, I am no politician. I believe the less a minister or man of God has to do with politics and parish affairs the better; nevertheless, I believe it is not so much men as their sentiments with what we have to deal to-night."

After commenting at some length on the insidious nature of the church of Rome, and the testimony of Scripture in reference thereto, Mr. Newborn asked,—

"What, then, is the duty of Christians in reference to this question? It is your duty to feel and exercise a sympathising heart towards these poor deluded votaries of Catholicism. Pray to God that he will open their eyes. Read to them that book which they are denied the privilege of possessing for themselves. It is your duty as Christians to do all in your power to sound the alarm, 'Come out from her, my people, and be not partakers of her sins.' Take every opportunity of pointing these deluded mortals to the Lord Jesus Christ. Again, another duty is to expose her treachery. Draw her in her proper colours; shew her to be what she is—the anti-Christ. Another duty is to oppose every grant that the government has made, or shall attempt to make on behalf of the Romish church. Support all scriptural means to distribute the Bible without comment; and sending abroad good tracts. She will reign no longer than God shall permit; and it is our duty to be earnest in prayer to God that he will bring to pass the fulfilment of his prophecy. Lastly, I say, 'Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.'"

Mr. JOHN BLOOMFIELD, of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, in speaking on the same subject, said, "This subject is a most difficult one. It is not simply an ecclesiastical one, nor is it simply a political one. It is a political one in an ecclesiastical garb. I scarcely know what steps we ought to take. I do not like to seek government interference in religious matters at all. If I were to seek government aid it would be for the entire separation of the church from the state; and the withholding endowments to any religious sect whatever; for depend on it, if you withhold the gold and the supposed honour which attaches itself to national ecclesiastical establishments you will hear little of Romanism or Papacy. Apart from this I have great faith in the word of God; and I believe it is the duty of every Christian to oppose it with the Word of God in his hand—by preaching the simple and everlasting truths of the gospel. If I would shew them the hideousness of their profession I would throw the sunlight of Bible truth upon it; not by excitement, but by energetic prayerfulness. I repeat it, I have no hope in government interference—my only hope is in the word of God, in connection with solemn and earnest prayer."

The second subject was, "The duty of the church with reference to missionary efforts;" on which Mr. W. B. Bowes, of Blandford Street, and Mr. Bonner, of Keppel St., addressed the meeting.

Mr. W. B. Bowes said, that the word "duty" was to some a strange word; but he supposed that until some better word could be found, we must be content. The plain meaning of the word was a "rendering that which is due." There can be no question (said the speaker) but that there are duties devolving on the Christian. What is the church? A ransomed community. And much is due from her to her loving Lord. What do we understand by a missionary? Johnson says, a missionary is "one sent to preach the gospel, and propagate religion." To this, then, there can be no objection if they preach the gospel. The church is called upon solemnly to recognise the Lord's claim unto and upon her. It is first her duty to make herself acquainted with what is the Lord's will in this matter. Let us go to the Book of books, and prayerfully study that sacred volume; and then whatever doubts there may be, these mists and clouds will disappear. Again: it behoves the church, if she would fulfil her duty, to give herself to prayer for the out-pouring of the Spirit of the living God; and then we shall soon see the wilderness become a fruitful field. If she acts aright she will throw all her energies into that cause, in which her Lord embarked his all, in which he laid down his life. Again, it is her duty to sympathise with and support such institutions as are formed for the spread of the gospel; or else adopt such measures for the spread of the truth as may more accord with your own sentiments.

Mr. W. H. BONNER, in speaking of the same subject, remarked, that of course it was foreign missions to which they particularly directed their attention. Many would say, "We do not oppose foreign missions, but we object to the present missionary societies. We don't like the Baptist Missionary Society, because many of its supporters and directors hold a sort of doctrine which we consider unscriptural." Mr. Bonner said, I do not slight the objection, but admit the

truth to a very considerable degree. Many amongst them are Fullerites and open communionists. But seeing that we cannot support an institution to propagate our particular views, would it not be well to support existing ones? Nine or ten years ago an attempt was made to establish a new Baptist Missionary Society; but it was found utterly impracticable. Another attempt would fail again. Are we then to do nothing, because we cannot support a society of our own? I say, it is the absolute duty of Christians to send forth the gospel among the dark and benighted heathen.

Mr. Bonner then referred to the state of the East Indies alone, and read some statistics in reference to that vast population; shewing how few ministers there were, in comparison to the great number of people—some very extensive districts being entirely destitute of gospel teachers at all. Looking at these facts, Mr. Bonner asked, Is it not better that they may be mistaken in a few points, than left utterly ignorant? If they do nothing else, they carry out God's holy word; and this is sure to be followed by God's blessing; the Society have already issued in the East Indies alone 800,000 copies of the sacred volume.

The third subject was "the duty of Christians in reference to tract distribution."

Mr. CHAS. SMITH, of Shore-ditch, spoke of the good effects resulting from a Tract Distribution Society, one of which had long been in existence at the chapel where he is pastor. He recommended all churches to do the same. Accompanied by earnest, fervent prayer, he felt conscious that the labours of the tract distributor would be productive of real good. Mr. Smith spoke of the difficulty of obtaining suitable tracts. [Is Mr. Smith aware of the existence of "The Free Grace National Tract Association?"] They have published several very good tracts.]

Mr. CURTIS, of Homerton, also spoke of the same subject in a similar manner.

Mr. GARRATT, of Stoke Newington, made some few remarks in reference to Sabbath Schools, and the incalculable good arising therefrom.

The last subject intended for consideration, was the duty of the church in reference to God's people, the Jews; for which Mr. Ware, of Potter's Bar, and Mr. Woodward, of Ilford, were selected to speak. Mr. Ware spoke a few words on the subject, in which he shewed their peculiar claim on the prayers and sympathies of the Lord's people. Mr. Woodward declined, in consequence of the lateness of the evening, entering upon the subject, but informed the assembly that he should reserve his address till a future evening, when he should occupy the pulpit.

Mr. C. Box offered up prayer, and a hymn having been sung, the meeting separated at 10 o'clock; a hour much too late to continue a religious service.

Ebenezer Chapel, Webb Street, Bermondsey New Road.

DEAR EDITOR.—As you kindly informed your readers of our proceedings in taking, fitting up, and opening the above place of worship, will you insert the following account of the good hand of our God towards us since we have been here.

Previous to our leaving Snow's Fields chapel, we became greatly reduced as a church; so much so, that we concluded that at the expiration of our warning to leave the chapel, the church must be

broken up and the few sheep scattered; to all human appearance such must have been the case had not the Lord directed our esteemed pastor, Mr. Thomas Chivers, among us. When he came there was a revival in our midst; we felt the power of the word preached by him; and having a desire to keep together, the Lord put it into our hearts to cry unto him to direct us in seeking another place to worship him in; which we believe he has done in bringing us here. When we took the chapel, it was in a most dilapidated state; consequently, in repairing, altering, and improving the place (of which you gave an account on the wrapper of the "Vessel" for September, 1852) we incurred a heavy debt, considering we were but few and principally but poor people. In this respect, we have witnessed the good hand of our God as a God of providence beyond our expectations, of which we could speak more particularly if necessary; suffice it to say, we have proved the truth of his word, that the silver and the gold is his, and that all hearts are in his hand. We entered our new place of worship as the heart of one man, perfectly united in the greatest of all causes under heaven—the cause of God, our only aim and object being the glory of God and the good of immortal souls. The Lord has put honour upon us, as the sequel will prove.

In November, after we had been here about two months, our pastor baptised four believers on a confession of their faith in the Lord, and of love to his ways, being the first he had the honour of leading through that divinely-appointed ordinance. It was a solemn season; the Lord's presence was enjoyed and his approbation realised. From that time our progress has been steady and encouraging; the attendance has been good; the word has been blest; souls have been fed; God has been glorified. Others have come forward to join the church, testifying of the power attending the preaching of the word; and on Thursday, April 28, nine more were immersed in the watery flood by our pastor, after delivering an appropriate discourse from Acts x. 48. It was a seasonable opportunity.

I would here notice one remarkable instance of the Lord's honouring them that honour him. One of the female candidates who had been sitting under an independent minister, came to hear brother Chivers; the word was much blest to her soul; she saw the ordinance of believer's baptism; and had a strong desire to be baptised; but there was an impediment—she is afflicted with an affection of the heart, so that any over-excitement either of joy or sorrow, causes the heart to overflow with blood, and she is instantly driven into a stupor; in which she continues sometimes for hours: any sudden surprise, or getting wet with rain, will have the same effect. She consulted physicians as to whether, if she was immersed in water (not telling them for what cause) it would hurt her? They told her it would be highly injurious, and probably might prove fatal. She consulted our minister on the subject. He told her it became us to act prudently in all things; but if the Lord had given her a desire to obey his commands, and she had faith to leave herself in his hands, he believed he would help her through.

She made it a matter of prayer, and at length resolved to cast herself in the hands of the great Physician of soul and body, and walk in his appointed ways. When the time came great anxiety was felt on her account, but her faith was strong in the Lord. She entered the pool; was baptised; and to our astonishment ascended the steps, and walked into the vestry with very little assistance having received no ill effects therefrom. She left the chapel overwhelmed in tears of joy, declaring that nothing short of a miraculous power had been displayed on her behalf.

The following Sabbath, May 1, the newly baptised members with one other previously baptised, were received into full communion. Our pastor addressed each in a solemn and affectionate manner, accompanied with a hearty welcome to the Lord's table. After the ordination, about fifty sat

down to tea in the large vestry; we can truly say that Sabbath-day was a high day.

May the Lord go on to help us, and add unto us such as shall be everlastingly saved, is the prayer of, on behalf of my brethren in office.

W. STRINGER, Deacon.

The Baptist Cause at Cheshunt.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Your readers are glad at all times to hear of the prosperity of Zion, especially in this dark and cloudy day; and for their encouragement I would, in a few words, just refer to the Baptist cause at Cheshunt; and in so doing, would praise the name of our God, for having in his all-wise providence, sent amongst us that useful and energetic servant of the Lord, Mr. S. K. Bland. His labours for the last six or nine months have been made a great blessing to the people gathered there; and though this little cause has had a hard struggle, which many of your readers know, still we are greatly encouraged by seeing several manifest proofs of the Lord's being in our midst and blessing the word spoken by his servant. About twelve months since, we erected a neat little chapel at a cost of £300, but for want of further means at that time, we could not complete vestries or baptistry. This was found to be a great inconvenience, especially on account of our having established a Sunday School. Our friends, seeing the necessity for extending our borders, came forward, and subscribed most liberally towards the object. We commenced—we finished both vestries and baptistry; and on Lord's-day evening, May 1st, our pastor baptised one believing brother, in the presence of a large gathering of people. The ordinance of Believer's Baptism never having been witnessed in Cheshunt before, naturally attracted a vast number of persons, whose attention was rivetted while our pastor spoke from those words recorded in Acts viii. 36, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised?" Truly, it was a solemn, soul-refreshing season, and one that will not soon be forgotten. We have several others waiting around the pool, to whom Mr. Bland's ministry has been made a blessing. O, may the dear Lord encourage them to come forward boldly, and testify their love to him in the observance of that much despised ordinance, Believer's Baptism. I should like to say more, but will not further trespass upon your limited space, only to add, we intend holding our first anniversary (God willing) on Tuesday, June 28th. Brethren Allen, of Stepney, Moyll, of Peckham, and Aldiss, of Somers-town, will preach on the occasion. Dinner and tea will be provided, and a hearty welcome given to all the friends of Jesus who may favour us with their presence.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your's very faithfully,
JOHN COLLINS.

The New Baptist Church in Birmingham.

ON Thursday, the 5th of May, the ordinance of believer's baptism, was administered after service by our brother Mose. The friends at Zion Chapel, Newhall Street, had kindly lent their chapel for that purpose. We had a goodly assembly, and a very solemn opportunity.

After the address, our brother immersed five females, and two males, making ten persons baptized by him, since the formation of this little church. There was rather a singular coincidence of circumstances presented in the persons baptized. The eldest son of the minister, the wife of one deacon, and the daughter of another. Our God is gathering in his lost ones here and shewing tokens for good to his little cause. One thing is evidently wanted, and that we hope our God will grant us in due time, a house which we may call our own, to worship him in. It appears very strange that in this large place, our own sentiments and practice has not for many years found a place nor fixed representative.

JONATHAN UTON THE HILL-TOP.

Zion's Glorious King.

By C. M. WIGHTMAN, NOW SUPPLYING AT UNICORN YARD CHAPEL.

As King in Zion what a stupendous work had the Lord Jesus to perform!—The perfections of God to honour, the demands of justice to satisfy, the claims of holiness to vindicate, the requirements of the law to fulfil, the immutability of the declaration of truth to verify, and the glorious objects of mercy to answer. Who but the King immortal, eternal, and invisible could accomplish these things? But He that doeth all things well hath given Zion eternal ground of rejoicing that he has finished the work, finished the transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. As King in Zion he will finally triumph over all his enemies; for when on earth he triumphed over error by his doctrine, over temptation by endurance, over malice by meekness, over disease by miracles, over sin and satan by his death, over the grave by his resurrection, and over souls by his gospel and his love. When he arose from the dead he led Zion's captivity captive, made a show of her enemies openly, dragging them at his chariot wheels to the battlements of heaven, there to expose their weakness to the saints in glory, and then dashed them down to their native hell.

But Zion delights to admire the beauty of her King as well as to confide in his power: and who is sufficient to describe his beauty? This is the prerogative of the Holy Ghost, for He, said the King, "shall take of the things that are mine, and shew them unto you; he shall glorify me." When the King is held in the galleries, then our eyes see him in his beauty, and the land that is very far off. At discoveries of this kind all the beauties of nature sink into insignificance, and are overpowered by the charms of Him who is "the fairest of ten-thousand, and the altogether lovely." His beauty is also discovered by the Holy Ghost in the complexity of his divine and human natures. What beautiful human sympathies, and kindly feelings, did the King of Zion display when he tabernacled here upon earth; and oh, what coruscations of divine light and power were constantly emitted from this Sun of Righteousness who had healing in his wings.

It is profitable, therefore, for Zion to behold her King in the various aspects in which the Holy Ghost presents him in the Scriptures. There we see the complexity of his person as God, and Man, and Mediator. How wonderful is the union of these two natures in the person of Zion's King! "He thought it no robbery to be equal with God," though

"he made himself of no reputation" in taking upon him the form of a servant. He had a nature as high as the Father's, and another as low as the sinner's; he had a nature that gave the law, and a nature that obeyed and magnified it. Every attribute that belongs to Deity is ascribed to him, and every property of humanity was his, yet without sin. View him in the manger at Bethlehem—there is the Man; then see him worshipped by the Eastern magi—there is the God. View him a pleasant and sociable Guest at the marriage at Cana—there is the Man; then see him turn the water to wine—there is the God. View him as Zion's lowly King riding upon the ass—there is the Man; see him overthrowing the tables of the money-changers—there is the God. View him in his feelings—hungry after much fasting: there is the Man; then see him feeding thousands with a few loaves and fishes: there is the God. View him at the grave of Lazarus, weeping like a friend: there is the Man: then hear him commanding the dead man to come forth: there is the God. View him asleep when the storm was raging upon the lake, and the vessel was covered with the waves: there is the Man; see him rising and rebuking the boisterous wind, and raging sea: there is the God; and at last on the cross of Calvary you hear him exclaim, "I thirst; my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" there is the Man—the suffering man: but while in the midst of these agonies and sufferings, you hear him say to the dying thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Finally, view him in the tomb of Joseph, buried three days and nights, and there you see the Man; but again view him on the morning of the third day the abolisher of death, the conqueror of satan, rising triumphantly from the tomb, ascending on high and receiving gifts for Zion that the Lord might dwell in her, and glorify her for ever. Zion's King possesses all power in heaven and earth. The stubborn perversity of the will, and the carnal enmity of the heart are both subdued and conquered by his divine power. Zion's King executes the office of a Priest, like Melchizedek of old. He possesses all the holiness and purity of a Priest; and the guilt and pollution of sin are expiated and cleansed by his blood; while his wisdom as a Prophet scatters and chases away the dark cloud of ignorance from the mind. What a precious King is the King of Zion! All and in all to her; the very essence of all her doctrines; the substance of all her blessings; the model of all

her virtues, and the sum and sweetness of all her enjoyments. A supreme King—the King of kings; an universal King, whose kingdom ruleth over all; a spiritual King, whom God hath set upon his holy hill of Zion; an everlasting King, of whose kingdom there shall be no end. Let us adore his name, and gladly bow to his divine sceptre.

The Spiritual Beggar.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*).

DEAR SIR.—The following account of the BEGGAR is sent, hoping you will give it a place *verbatim* in your *Vessel*, at your earliest convenience.

This character may be collected from experience, observation and Scripture. Every experimental Christian feels it necessary and good to beg for all he needs. Such begging may be observed in the world among those who are destitute of earthly comforts. And though Scripture is not copious upon the subject, it is not altogether silent about it. Begging, literally, among the righteous, seems to have been uncommon in David's time, as he had not known an instance in all his life; (Psalm xxxvii. 25); and yet such a case may occur, as appears in Lazarus. (Luke xvi. 20, 22). But spiritual begging is plainly alluded to in Matt. vii. 7, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." And the connection of these words shew that prayer is meant.

A spiritual beggar, is one who is *sensible of his deep poverty*. He sees and feels he is destitute of spiritual meat, drink, dress, health, strength and worth in himself; he is in a starving, and comfortless, and dying condition, if he is not saved by sovereign grace, fed with the flesh, washed with the blood, clothed with the righteousness, healed by the Spirit, strengthened by the power, and enriched with the treasures of Christ.

With such a sense of poverty, it is easy to imagine *he feels the need of all things*. Common beggars feel what they need for the body, and spiritual beggars feel what they need for their souls. They feel their need of bread from heaven, raiment rich and clean, medicine that cures the soul of its sinful maladies, living waters to wash their filth away, a shelter from the inclemencies of a broken law, protection from the sword of revenging justice, grace like gold tried in the fire, and a house containing all the mercies of a comfortable home. These are needful to make them happy.

Like the common beggar, so is the enlightened sinner, *distressed with a sight of his condition*. He sees with mortal and mental eyes his nakedness, filthiness, sickness and guiltiness, with grief and sorrow. How can he be happy with so much misery? While he sees himself so bad, he sees but little or no hope of being better, and perhaps many fears

of getting worse. His prospects are gloomy, and his pains are multiplied. "O, wretched man that I am!" he exclaims, "who shall deliver me from my distresses?" And though he cannot rise above his burden, he is saved from sinking under it. The gospel directs him to the door of mercy, at which he is encouraged to knock. As his pressing wants are multiplied, his wishes for a supply remain and increase; hence his knocking at mercy's door becomes more loud, long and frequent. He prays without ceasing. Necessity is laid upon him: he must pray or perish. While the Lord of the house seems not to hear, withholds his help, the opening door is displayed, the heart grows sick, and is ready to faint. At length, though the Lord himself is not seen, one of his servants appears, and though he can give nothing, he gives the poor beggar reason to believe his Master will help him, and bids him be of good courage, for his heart shall be strengthened, with all those that hope in the Lord. (Psalm xxxi. 24). Thus he receives some revival to his hope; but before he is fully relieved, the door seems closely shut against him; and though this is more discouraging, he continues knocking, waiting and begging more earnestly. He remembers many promises to prayer, but none to those that cease to pray. The door of mercy is the only one where it is possible for him to get relief, so he waits there. Sometimes an answer is given rather roughly, and, as in Matt. xv. 26, he is called a dog, to whom the children's bread should not be given; this may seem enough to cast him down in despair; but through secret succour in his soul he bears up, and, like the troubled woman, still begs, "Lord, help me, since the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." Thus, like a beggar, his hopes are met with denials. But *he presses on, in hope that success may yet crown his importunities*. He has no goodness of his own to urge; self is loathed; sin is confessed; and, like the prodigal, he feels he is unworthy to be called a son; and yet, like the publican, prays for mercy; mercy through the Mediator is what he seeks. Thus he is prepared for mercy, and mercy is prepared for him. This strengthens him to proceed, believing it is good to hope, and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. He also expects importunity shall prevail to put him in possession of the mercies so much needed; so that at length the door is opened wide, and he is admitted into the house of communion most happy. (Luke xi. 8, 9). Thus the humble seeker is made the happy finder; thus the promise is fulfilled, and thus the faithfulness of the promises appears.

Begging is a humble way of living; a life that few would prefer; a life too low for a lofty spirit; an occupation too mean for independent minds. But the spiritual beggar, a true believer in Jesus, who is poor in spirit,

and in purse; who is wise in the word and way of God; he is content to have his whole living, for body and soul, by such means; is a thankful dependant on God for all he needs, and feels the blessedness of receiving all in answer to humble prayer. And this, though a humble life, is the highest, the holiest and the happiest that can be lived below the skies, and is the only life that leads to that above.

In spirit poor and base,
The sinner feels his need,
When he is called by grace
To know himself indeed :
When, at the mercy-seat he waits,
And every want and woe relates.
For living bread he prays,
And begs a heavenly dress ;
At mercy's door he stays,
With all his deep distress :
There he would wait, though long denied,
Till every want is well supplied.
The opening door at length,
With food divinely fair,
With righteousness and strength,
Is found sufficient there.
Thus, by the Saviour's sovereign love,
Beggars are raised to crowns above.

Little Gransden, THOMAS ROW.
March 30, 1853.

Salvation in Jesus Christ, AND IN NO OTHER.

"For by one offering, he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." Hebrews x. 14, 15.

To be made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light, is the highest mercy God can bestow upon us; and for God the Eternal Spirit clearly to demonstrate this to the soul, is a blessing indeed, and layeth the foundation of that peace in the soul, that passeth all understanding. But the eternal word declares, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." Oh! that my pen under the guidance of that Holy Spirit, may be enabled to trace out some of the features of this sanctification, that some exercised soul may "read its title clear to mansions in the skies." Doctrine, experience and blessedness are couched in these words. If God the Eternal Spirit enables us to draw water from the "well of salvation"; yes, 'tis "living water springing up unto eternal life"; 'tis one of the "chief things of the ancient mountains"; "the precious things of the lasting hills"; "the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush"; also, "his heavens shall drop down dew." "Happy art thou O Israel, who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord? Oh! how blessed, sometimes, after a season of great darkness, for the Holy Spirit to reveal to the soul a glorious view of the everlasting provisions of the everlasting covenant. How good it is leaving all abstract notions for a blessed realization of the love and mercy of a covenant God. None hut God, the eternal Spirit, can

give a sanctified possession of eternal truth; but he has engaged in covenant mercy to do it. "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth."

In the 6th verse, "In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin, thou hadst had no pleasure," then said he, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God," "by the which will we are sanctified." Sanctified or set apart by the eternal purpose and covenant of Jehovah, as vessels afore prepared unto glory; and oh, what love and care has Jehovah ever shewn to these objects of his love and mercy. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth in judgment against thee, thou shalt condemn; this is the heritage of my servants, saith the Lord; and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Oh! happy soul, that under the sealing power of truth can sing,

"Sweet to look backward, and behold my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own—"

Oh! poor, trembling soul, dost thou find sometimes a word of eternal truth in thy soul, and, like an open box of precious ointment, shedding its holy and divine fragrance through every avenue of thy precious and immortal soul. "This is the will of God, even thy sanctification." I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me"; sanctify them through thy truth.

Look at the heirs of promise receiving at the mouth of a covenant God, this precious and consoling boon. Look at our first parent in the garden of Eden, bound down under a sense of guilt;—here was the first gospel sermon preached,—*"Peace by Jesus Christ"*—*"the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,"* what a suitable word! The Holy Spirit has marked down in the 11th of Hebrews, this peculiar feature of these sanctified ones' "obtained promises." Look at Jacob driven out from his father's house, and here we see him walking in the steps of his divine Saviour; "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests," but Jacob had no where to lay his head—the cold ground his bed, and stones his pillow; but here God meets him, and gives him a precious promise that he will be with him all his pilgrimage. Precious word, life-giving word, sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb; raising the dead, cheering the faint, healing the sick. On this staff, Jacob went on his way rejoicing. "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, this is my name, and this is my memorial to all generations." Oh, precious word.

The writer well remembers, twenty-four years ago, having an infidel servant living with him, and one Sunday afternoon, he was reviling the scriptures, and the scripture characters, when, with much emphasis, I said, If I was sure of dying this moment, and going

so hell, I die with this belief, that there's salvation in Jesus Christ, and no other; when these words fell into my spirit, "thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace"; and for near three months was this word sweet to my soul, nor is this all, for about two years ago, walking along a quiet path, these words sprung up in my soul, "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed," and in an audible voice, I immediately said, "When was that Lord?" and my mind was immediately carried back to the afore mentioned circumstance, and with it, came the sweet words, "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his mercies."

"By the which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." And again, For their sake, I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." "For their sake, I have set myself apart as an offering and a sacrifice, to stand in their law place and fulfil all righteousness. Oh, to realize in our souls, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the imputation of this righteousness sanctifying all the powers of the soul. Oh, what unspeakable love pervades the soul standing on the confines of the eternal world; and oh, what simple means the Holy Spirit takes to convey to the mind these eternal realities. Thinking one day of some criminals condemned to transportation for life, I thought, what would they give for some one to stand in their law place? (in the midst of business it was;) and in one moment, my soul was carried from the less to the greater, and I manifestly realized my clothing in that glorious robe. O sacred spot! As Jacob remembered Bethel, so doth my soul remember thee. These are the joys that satisfy, and sanctify the soul. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, even the earnest of the inheritance; heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I remember once being at work in the dead of the night; and for above an hour these two lines were powerfully and divinely sweet,

And if he speak the promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

The remembrance of which warms my soul even at this moment; and as all grace is treasured up in Christ, how these seasons endear him to the soul! "He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you." Oh! the blessed provisions of covenant love—sweet earnest of the inheritance! Oh, my soul, adore and wonder at the unspeakable love of the Spirit in revealing the love of the Father and the Son to thy immortal soul, enabling thee to apprehend by precious faith the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, making manifest in thy conscience the infinite perfections of thy covenant God!

God the Holy Ghost is here sweetly set before us in the endearing character of a witness—a Witness in the souls of these sanctified ones. "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, whereby ye cry, Abba, Father, sealing them to the day of eternal redemption." But some exercised soul may say,— "How is this one of the old divines says, 'The Holy Spirit always gives clear demonstration of his own work. In the case of Elijah the Holy Spirit was in the still small voice; on the day of Pentecost he is said to have come as a mighty rushing wind?'" The writer remembers once standing at a person's door, and while waiting to be answered, these words came with such a melting power that I felt as if I was willing to go out of the body "justified from all things now." Oh the indescribable sacred feeling venting itself in expressions such as, "My Lord and my God, how great is thy mercy and how great is thy goodness;" "Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." To the much exercised and persecuted prophet Jeremiah he came and sealed this testimony, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" and in the thirty-second chapter of his prophecy, the Lord, in his infinite love, caused providential circumstances so to work that confirmed the soul of the prophet that it was the Lord the Spirit that spoke within him—"Then I knew that this was the word of the Lord." And Hezekiah said, "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." And the apostle testified that this was the "earnest of the inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession." How vastly different are these things to fleshly zeal, outward activity, and acquired knowledge, which, at the best, are very questionable evidences. Oh, my soul, take nothing for granted without this Holy Witness. The late Mr. Howells, of Long Acre chapel, said on his dying bed, "If all the ministers in London said 'you are a child of God,' it would not satisfy me. No. Nothing but the testimony of the Eternal Spirit will satisfy me."

Without the Spirit's work within,
Profession's but unallowed fire;
A name to live while dead in sin,
That must in endless night expire.—KENT.

I cannot close this sweet, and I may say everlasting subject, without saying a few words in reference to the Holy Spirit being a blessed witness in the soul after satan has, with his blasphemous suggestion, sometimes shaken the soul to its centre. When the soul seems a perfect wreck, and seems to sink in these deep waters, nothing will bring the vessel of mercy up but some testimony brought into the soul by the Holy Spirit, and sealed in the conscience. Then we can

" — smile at satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

Oh thou blessed Teacher, preserve us from all speculative and visionary imaginations; and by thine almighty power witness by the Eternal Word in the soul day by day to our adoption, sanctifying the spirit, and bringing all the powers of our soul into that sweet and holy fellowship with the eternal Three—one Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, till mortality be swallowed up of life; making all the bitter waters sweet, replenishing the weary soul, and reviving the hungry soul, that we may truly say, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death;" and, "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." Amen.

JOHN TAYLOR.

SPARKS FROM

The Hammer Striking the Heart;

WITH A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT
Anniversaries, and the State of some
of our Churches.

SATURDAY, May 28, 1853.—To many of my correspondents, and to all who are interested in the welfare of those little spots in the Lord's vineyard, which I am favoured to visit, these few thoughts are dedicated, in the hope that some good souls may be hereby stirred up to supplicate the heavenly throne, not only on the behalf of those ministers who are now running through the lengths and breadths of the land with tidings, but also on behalf of the churches of Jesus Christ at large; for surely—with few exceptions—their condition is low—their prospects are gloomy. I have but just finished my labours in connection with the issuing of the *Earthen Vessel* for June, and in an omnibus on my way to the Great Western Railway, I commence this short epistle, wherein I purpose to do two things: first, to offer some little apology for neither noticing nor answering many of my correspondents; and, secondly, to note down a few thoughts descriptive of what I have either seen or heard of a cheering character in those churches among whom it has been my privilege to labour. My mind has this morning been instructed to cast in this small mite by the application of these words—"that ye may tell it unto the generations following;" and a humble persuasion that the Lord will bless the poor *Earthen Vessel* when I am laid in the dust, to thousands yet unborn, stimulates me to labour, and raises me quite above the contempt and opposition so zealously raised against myself and my work. "IF GOD BE FOR US, WHO CAN BE AGAINST US?"

As regards that discourtesy toward many correspondents, I can only plead a large amount of labour on the one hand, and a great pressure of matter from the churches on the other.

The minds of some of my readers may be profitably directed to the word of God, and some obscure parts of our professing Zion may be brought under notice, if I shew my apology is not a false one by entering a little closely into the details of the different parts of my labour.

Returning from Berkshire the third week in the month, a good heap of communications presented themselves for disposal. Many hours were spent in thoroughly examining, and making use of so many of them, as furnished tidings of forthcoming anniversaries. This perfectly gratuitous section of my work, I attend to with diligence and zeal; and when done, in the cases referred to, they left me neither space nor time to notice a great many which patiently wait until this busy anniversary season has passed away; in fact, Saturday night came before the *Vessel* for June had been completed; and almost exhausted, I rested for a few hours before the heavy labors of the Sabbath commenced. As I am riding down towards Wiltshire, through a heavy rain, I look back with a little gratitude to the God of all my mercies for that kind protection and merciful provision vouchsafed unto me. Without the least idea of what kind of tidings I should have to carry to the people, I arose last Sabbath morn, and in my little closet I asked the Lord for me to appear. After a short time, my mind was fastened upon these words, "Now, we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now, I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." I am comforted with the reflection, that on that occasion I was led to consider, at some length, and with a happy liberty, THE GREAT OBJECT OF FAITH—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST; and a very holy feast was my poor soul favoured to enjoy, while in the closet. I thought of, and in the pulpit pointed to, our most blessed and inexpressibly precious Jesus, as viewed by the eye of a living faith: first, in the covenant of grace—there standing up, and engaging, with all the warmest love of his heart, to become a Mediator,—a Law-fulfiller,—a Daysman,—a scape-goat,—a sorrowing and a suffering Man,—an atoning sacrifice,—a Ransomer—a Resurrection Forerunner—a holy Priest—an all-prevalent Intercessor, and a most glorious King unto the whole of the chosen race, when taken out of the fall by the invincible power of the Eternal Spirit. But as I cannot follow out this strain, a word or two upon the present position of some of our churches, must suffice.

ORPINGTON, in Kent, has a Meeting-house of some years standing. It was formerly an Independent cause, under the pastoral care of Mr. Cartwright; but lately it has fallen into other hands; it is now a particular Baptist church, having Thomas Willoughby, (a plain and faithful preacher of the gospel) as pastor. We held the anniversary on Tuesday, the 24th, I preached to the people in the morning; Mr. Shindler, of Matfield Green, and Mr. Hamblin, in the after parts of the day. The

truth is maintained in this place ; but external appearances of prosperity are wanting. My mind was led to reflect on the brevity of a minister's existence and usefulness, as I laboured that morning in old Orpington, Bethesda. Time was, when Joseph Irons, Messrs. Luckin, Cartwright, Silver, and other good men who will not "go down into the water" themselves, and if possible would hinder all whose hearts the Lord has moved to follow him in that much despised ordinance; time was when many of these good men preached in Orpington, and very happy days the people then enjoyed; but, Joseph Irons is gone to rest; poor Crookes, of Brighton, too is gone to rest; Messrs. Luckin, Silver, and Cartwright, are yet in the field; but their labours are principally confined to the particular churches over whom they are placed. We cannot reject the impression that—much and almost universally despised as the Particular Baptists are,—still among them the most useful men are to be found; and ultimately that usefulness shall be more extensively and abundantly manifest. In many districts where, a short time since, no decidedly spiritual and sound baptist minister had any stand, there are now to be found one or two, and in some cases three or four causes with ministers. We will mention one fact, and then pass on. An Independent (a good man, and sound in the essentials of our most holy faith,) was the other day, sprinkling four or five babies in the vestry: one of his people (a rather bold man,) took the liberty to ask him, why he did not perform that office in his chapel, as Mr. Irons was wont to do? The reply was, "I have many baptists in my congregation; and I do not wish to insult them." "Sir," said the interrogator, "Do you not insult the Holy Ghost?" This was more than the good minister could patiently endure; but we shall describe the scene no further. We consider a scriptural and consistent advocacy of every branch of divine truth by far the wisest and the most effectual. Unholy thrusts and presumptuous rushings, on the part of hot-headed zealots, only tend to bring discredit on their own heads.

WADDESDON HILL.—The next morning, Wednesday, May the 25th, brother Bloomfield and myself set off very early for Waddesdon Hill, in Buckinghamshire. This is an old cause of many years standing; there are two meeting-places connected herewith, a substantial chapel on the hill; and a meeting-house, and pastor's house in the village. There is an endowment in the place; and a good burial ground attached. We reached the place in time to commence the morning service; the pastor of Meard's court, gave us a discourse on the words, "Now we see through a glass darkly;" in the evening he gave us a lively, and rather talented essay on the doctrine of justification; which I believe was both edifying and encouraging to the hearers; the chapel was crowded, and all eyes were fixed on the preacher. In the afternoon I was completely carried away both from myself and my subject, and was led to make an unpremeditated attack upon the consciences of the people. I hope the hand of God was in it for good; but carnal reason says such preaching is likely to make more foes than friends. However, all behaved kind to me—exceeding kind. Pastor Meekeus, deacon Cox, and the friends here, seem to live and walk together in gospel harmony; and the anniversary at Waddesdon this year was considered a high and a happy day. Aylesbury Baptist church is still without a pastor; supplies, or itinerant preachers in these days, are a useful class of men; by the labors of such men many of our churches are still held together.

GLoucester, June 1, 1853.—The engagements of another long journey are fulfilled; and I am now just sat down behind the steam, which promises—if the Lord preserve and permit—to put me in London in about five hours. I have a comfortable hope that the Lord has directed, helped,

and honoured me in this journey. I am sure if many of my readers could have travelled with me, they would have enjoyed it; I will give them as brief a description as I can.

Last Saturday, as before stated, I left London for Crudwell, in Wilts.; soon after my arrival there, I felt very unhappy; for I found that the arrangement to hold the Crudwell anniversary on the last Lord's-day in May, had displeased some of the friends; which, although I had nothing to do with, yet, I felt grieved. I do love peace and unanimity in Zion. When Lord's-day morning came, I found my mind exercised and low; but a little before service time, these three words were very sweetly fastened on my heart: "AN EVERLASTING COVENANT;" they are the closing words of the 8th verse of the 24th chapter of Leviticus.

Brother Jacob Short opened the service of the day by reading and prayer; and then I commenced my work by speaking of the connexion in which I found the words "AN EVERLASTING COVENANT." The table of shewbread; and the loaves put upon the table by the High Priest; opened up a few gospel thoughts which formed our morning meditation. The table may represent the whole gospel plan of salvation; the High Priest is typical of our merciful Redeemer; the loaves may represent the election of grace, brought—through the instrumentality of the saints and servants of God—unto Jesus Christ; and as by him received, and by him planted in the truth in a way of fellowship and unity. Other views are taken of the Old Testament type; but I must not here enlarge. In the afternoon our brother Jacob Short gave us a sermon on the words "Because I live ye shall live also." Jacob is a sort of bishop in the borders of Gloucestershire. Foxcoate, Cooper's Hill, and some other little country churches, are especially under his care. He is therefore a useful man; and for all such willing and worthy brothers in the gospel kingdom, it becomes us to be thankful unto the Great Head of the church. On walking into the old church yard of Crudwell parish, I found that exceeding rural, healthy, and pleasantly situated as this large Wiltshire village is, still, DEATH COMES HERE; and with a fatal blow, he levels old and young, rich and poor, and they mingle with the clods of the valley, until the resurrection dawn. How wholesome, to a reflecting mind, are scenes and circumstances like these!

But, I had to preach again that evening, I returned to Master Rudman's cottage; took my cup of tea, and then went to the mercy-seat for my message. I trust I may say, the Lord met me there; I felt relieved, and raised above all my anxieties; and my soul entered into rest. These words had knocked at the door of my heart all day, "I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST; FOR IT IS THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION, TO EVERY ONE THAT BELLEVEETH." Oh, my dear brethren, (you who minister the word of life unto the people), let me intreat you to honor our Master much by earnest prayer at his feet and by a careful and constant perusal of his Word. While thus engaged the words, named above, seemed to open in their simple way; first, that there was some things connected with the pure gospel of Christ, of which the world and many professors are ashamed; secondly, the

great reason why Paul, and and all precious spiritual souls are not ashamed of the gospel—because it is “the power of God unto salvation” to every one that believeth. There are four things, at least of which the great mass of mankind are ashamed—the peculiar doctrine of the gospel—that vital experience which a spiritual application of the gospel in the heart always effects that holy worship and self-denying fellowship which are also essentially connected with a hearty reception, and a true profession of the gospel of Jesus. Brethren, by a faithful consideration of the gospel in this manner, you may be instrumental in illustrating its vital principles and their happy tendency—you may confirm many a fearing heart—and you may expose many a careless and carnal professor.

When I came to the second part of my subject—the great reason why Paul was not ashamed of Christ’s gospel—I was led to notice four things in the Mosaic economy, as somewhat illustrative of the phrase “the power of God unto salvation;” I mean the four great feasts, the Passover, the Pentecost, the Tabernacles, and the Trumpets. No one will question these feasts were “shadows of good things to come.” The “good things to come” are found in the realization of the gospel of God’s grace and mercy. Wherever, therefore, the spiritual import and evangelical essence of the Passover, the Pentecost, the Tabernacles, and the trumpets, are experienced—there the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and there is a sweet deliverance from slavish fear and fleshly shame. The passover had, at least, three gospel blessings in it—the taking the Lamb, the eating the lamb, and the sprinkling of the blood. Faith, I mean a living faith, in the gospel, takes Christ; she feeds the living soul on the precious paschal Lamb, and she brings home the virtue of that all-cleansing blood which purifies and pardons, and also speaks peace. With such a passover, every happy soul will say, “I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto my salvation.” The feast of the passover was at the beginning of harvest; the pentecostal feast was at the end of harvest. At the pentecost they brought a whole sheaf of wheat to present unto the Lord. The pentecost is the out-pouring of THE SPIRIT; the revelation of a glorious Christ; and when, by the Holy Ghost, a whole Christ is given, and presented unto the Great I AM, as our acceptable offering and as our atoning Priest; then, indeed, we can cheerfully sing

“The Gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.”

The feast of tabernacles, was a gathering together of the tribes of Israel with boughs and hosannas, and a drawing of water with very great rejoicings. And when the saints were gathered together under the life-giving, Christ-exalting power of the gospel; and when from the wells of salvation they draw and drink refreshing draughts, you’ll see their faces shine, while in one chorus they join,

“Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus’ hands,
My soul can ne’er be lost.

“Nor death, nor hell can e’er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.”

The feast of trumpets was typical of the gathering, searching, encouraging and awakening powers of the word of life. I must not write out the various features of this feast; let this suffice:—the thrilling and piercing application of Christ’s gospel to a poor sinner’s heart will make him ashamed of himself, and of sin in every sense; but a good hope through grace, of an interest in Immanuel’s blood and righteousness, will enable him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and, without presumption or hypocrisy, he submissively sings,—

“Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And hellish darts be hurl’d;
I’ve power to smile at satan’s rage,
And face a frowning world.”

Crudwell chapel at night was literally crammed with people, vestries and every corner filled up. Our brother Lamb gave out some of the richest hymns; the choir sang them delightfully: really it seemed a heaven on earth; even Thomas Taylor forgot his tooth-ache, and every heart seemed glad.

There are three things about Crudwell which are painful:—there is a forty-pound debt on the chapel,—there is no stated pastor,—and many of the members are inconstant and unfaithful. If the Lord would send unto them a faithful, lively, energetic, God-fearing man, who could preach the gospel, and help pay off the debt, it would be a blessing indeed.

On Monday morning we left Crudwell for Cooper’s Hill, where another anniversary was to be held that day; we passed through Stroud in Gloucestershire, an old town famous for its manufacture of broad scarlet cloths; many of the mills now seem dropping into decay. When we reached Cooper’s Hill we found our brother John Freeman, the present pastor of Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham; and from Cheltenham, Gloucester, and other places, so many friends had come out, that it was found impossible to hold the services in the chapel. The congregation, therefore, assembled in a green enclosure, and from the summit of a little bank, John Freeman preached unto them a good, clear, gospel sermon. A large party then sat down to tea; after which they walked to the highest point of Cooper’s Hill. It is a hill indeed. Such a view of the world of nature—in one comprehensive glance—I never had before. Stretching from left to right, and as far forward as the eye can reach, you may behold valley after valley, hill upon hill, forests, rivers, pastures, and a plurality of pleasant scenes which neither pen nor pencil can describe. I admired this most enchanting scene; but my mind was exercised about my message: presently these words flowed softly into my soul, “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, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.” My mind was impressed to speak to the people a few things touching and connected with a saving call by grace. We again assembled in the Paddock. The singing was soft. Mounted upon a chair, I addressed the people as well as I could. These five things

were set forth in my little way as inseparably connected with a saving call by grace: 1. the implantation of a divine, a spiritual, an eternal life; 2, a soul-transforming view, by faith, of the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ; 3, a real and external reformation, or practical turning to God; 4, a spiritual and visible association with THE TRUTH, both in its forms and fundamental principles; 5, a holy zeal for usefulness in the church of Christ—a desire openly to favour the one righteous cause. These are safe evidences; the soul that knows and wears them is in no danger of eternally dwelling with Dives in the dismal pit of woe. Oh, my soul doth magnify the Lord for having given to me to proclaim truths which I am sure he will honour in some humble measure. My reader, see well to it that these things are found as fruits growing out of thy soul's union to a precious and most glorious Covenant Head. After service, John Freeman and his friends took me to Cheltenham, where I tarried for the night; and the next day went on to Gloucester. There is a very considerable difference, in a gospel sense, between

Cheltenham and Gloucester.

At Cheltenham—there is John Freeman at Bethel; there is William Lewis at Salem; James Smith at King Street; and a little knot of "Standard folks" in a room in the Bath Road. All these profess to have the truth. If we say that the whole counsel of God is dispensed at Bethel we shall not lie; but no farther in such a communication can we proceed.

Gloucester is a noble, ancient, extensively improving collegiate city, and commercial town; all looks busy and bustling; but spiritual darkness is almost predominant. I preached in the evening of Tuesday, May 31, in the Grey Friars to a congregation of people from these words, "Confirming the souls of the disciples; exhorting them to continue in the faith; assuring them it is through much tribulation they must enter into the kingdom of heaven." I hope that in the midst of the many improvements Gloucester is now in prospect of, that the gospel in all its essential greatness, may, some day, find a tabernacle there. Should any servant of God be going that way, and have an evening to spare, I feel persuaded that our good friend Smith, whose address is, 69, Victoria Street, Gloucester, would gladly make the matter straight.

GUILDFORD.—On Tuesday, June 7th, the anniversary of brother SPENCER'S chapel in the Barrack Field, took place. For the first time, Mr. John Foreman preached the morning and evening sermons. I heard the first; it was on the words of Paul to the Corinthians—"We had the sentence of death in ourselves," &c., &c. It was THE GOSPEL as known in the experience of living souls. There was a chapel full of people, and all seemed to hear and feel the word. I had to speak in the afternoon; but had no text, no subject, no preparation for my work whatever. I walked about in the lanes, and begged hard; but the hammer would not strike my heart, and darkness covered my spirit. In this state I went into the pulpit; and when they closed singing I found my fingers in two parts of the Bible—in Deuteronomy and in Romans: which to read, I could not tell.

On the previous Sunday morning, the following words (in Deut. xvi. 15), had been made very useful to me: and now, in the moment of extremity, I was almost driven to read them aloud, hoping that this death-like bondage in me, might be life and liberty to others—the words are these—"BECAUSE THE LORD thy God will bless thee IN ALL THINE INCREASE, and IN ALL THE WORKS OF THINE HANDS, therefore thou shalt surely rejoice." I endeavoured to notice THE PEOPLE to whom these precious words were spoken: (see Deut. xvi. 1, 2.) "Ye are the children of the Lord your God: an holy people unto the LORD thy God; the LORD hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself; above all nations that are upon the earth." Blessed and most decided description of the living Israel of God! Then, the period,—the feast of tabernacles: that is the time for believers to rejoice, when they have gathered, by faith, of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and come together to praise the Lord. Such feasts of tabernacles are few and far between; still, the saints in Jesus do, at times, in him rejoice. Among the churches of Christ, there is a spiritual increase, a ministerial increase, and an increase of providential mercies. With all the whole of this increase, there is the blessing of the Lord; and, if the good Master will bless all the works of our hands—in earnest pleadings, in silent meditations, in faithful preachings, and in every effort made to publish his dear name abroad—then, in him, in his kingdom, and in his glory, we shall surely rejoice. Oh, brethren, let us labour on, and labour hard: these harvest days will soon be over;

"Then we shall join the happy throng;
Shall chaunt the never-dying song,
Shall worship, wonder and adore;
Eternal mysteries there explore,
And bless the Lamb for evermore." Amen.

As soon as I had finished my poor attempt, I fled from the pulpit, ran to the rail, and sped my way to London, having promised to address brother Shipway's friends that evening at Holloway. There was a kind of gathering of the black cloth from the provinces, at Guildford. The venerable Henry Allunt, of Ripley, looked as cheerful as ever; Reuben Harding, the pastor at Hazlemere, spoke like a man who was "fighting a good fight." Brother Cassar (who is now preaching to the Bethel friends at Reading) appeared like a man whom neither time nor trial could ever break down. It does me good to see good men in earnest, and happy in their work.

I have a few words for Holloway, Lee Common, Staines, Farnborough, Squirries Street, Keddington, the anniversaries of Mount Zion, Mile End and Crosby Row; but they must be kept for August. Engagements at home compel me to decline complying with some requests. It pains me to say "No" to any good brother or true Christian community; and while strength is given, liberty enjoyed, and the word is well received, I will hold back no more than my labours connected with the *Earthen Vessel* and *Cheering Words* absolutely demand.

With gratitude to the Giver of all my mercies, and with fervent prayers for the real prosperity of Zion, I am, as ever, the church's willing servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

1, South Street,
Upper Grange Road, Brompton.

The Death of Mary Cobb, OF HIGHBURY, LONDON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—If you think the following short account of the last illness and dying triumphs of one of the everlasting favorites of heaven worth public notice, will you give it a corner in your valuable magazine?

When a spiritual person stands by the bedside of a departing believer, how forcibly does the following solemn truth occur to his mind,—“The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death.”

This truth flashed into the mind of the writer, while standing by his beloved sister in the Lord, Mary Cobb, of Highbury, London, when the summons came for her to depart, on the morning of Thursday, May 26th. She was a proof of the truth of Scripture,—“Behold, I leave in the midst of thee a poor, and an afflicted people, and they shall trust in the Lord.” In the early part of her life, she was directed from the country to London, by Him who is wise in counsel, and powerful in working; and about fifteen years ago, she became the wife of her now bereaved and sorrowing husband, our brother Cobb. It pleased the Lord to give them a large family, all of whom are living to lament their loss. It does not appear that she was acquainted with her state as a sinner when she became our brother's wife; on the contrary, she informed him a short time since, that when she was first married she hated his religion; but she never offered any opposition to him, neither did she manifest her hatred of the things of God; for she so thoroughly concealed her feelings, that her husband was not at all aware of their existence until a short time before she departed, and then with her “old things had passed away, and all things had become new.”

I never heard, either from our departed friend, or from any one else, how the Lord opened her eyes to see, and touched her heart to feel her awful state and standing as a fallen sinner in the sight of God, but I think the opening up of these mysteries was a gradual work in her soul. The Lord is a Sovereign; and he displays that attribute as much in this part of salvation, as any other. Paul was thrown from his horse—the jailor called for a sword to commit suicide, and the writer suffered much under a broken law, when God began the good work; whereas, Lydia's heart was gently opened; Zaccheus was called in a mild and gentle manner, and salvation that day went to his house. It appears that the Lord dealt with the subject of these remarks in a similar manner; for she had hopes and fears respecting her interest in Jesus Christ. That she was entirely lost, ruined, helpless and vile, were facts

which were created vitally in her soul; but that she was an object of eternal love, that she was redeemed completely by Christ, that she was quickened into life by God the Spirit, that all the promises were her's, and that “a crown that fadeth not away” was her's, were facts which she could not confidently embrace. However, she embraces them now; all her doubts have departed, and all her trembling has ceased; for at eventide it was light and triumph. The dear Lord appeared for the purpose of performing that promise, “as thy day thy strength shall be;” and therefore in a dying day she had dying grace; and victory over all her fears and unbelief was enjoyed at last.

“The Lord has his way in the mighty waters, and his footsteps are not known.” About five months since our friend was (as we thought) watching her dying husband; but God has in a measure restored him, and has taken her. It is about two months since she was taken; her complaint was rheumatism of the muscles of the abdomen. The physician assured her friends that should it reach the heart, the result might be fatal. For a short time the means employed for her recovery had a most flattering result; as on the last Saturday prior to her death, she was sitting up. The doctor told her she would shortly be about again: her husband's hopes were raised, and all her spiritual friends were thankful, as her life appeared to us poor mortals to be so necessary. However, God's thoughts were not as our thoughts; for on Wednesday, May 25th, her weeping husband came to the writer's house, for us to obtain the physician again, as he feared his wife was going. Mrs. H. started immediately for help; but as I had to preach at Soho that evening, I could not visit her. The rheumatism had returned most violently: it had reached her heart, and all further human aid was without success. On the Wednesday evening her mind was staid, and she had solid peace, and occasionally some holy raptures. On Thursday morning the writer rose early, and walked to her house, which he reached about an hour before she died; she was perfectly sensible, but so weak and exhausted that she could scarcely articulate; he asked her if she knew him. “Yes,” was the reply. He said, “Do you know Jesus? is he precious now?” “O yes,” she answered, “he is; he is, bless his dear name.” Her sufferings were now too great to admit of our talking much, therefore we watched her in silence for a few minutes; at length she broke out in language which is almost peculiar to such solemn circumstances: “Come, dear Jesus, with the chariot of thy love, to fetch me away from this suffering world.” She then turned to her weeping husband, and told him God had enabled her to give him and her six dear babes up; requested him not to weep for

her, as she was both safe and happy; gave him some advice in reference to her children, whom she tenderly loved, and especially in reference to the youngest, who is a babe only eight or nine months old; and then said,—“Now let us have one song more.”

“Once more before we part,
We'll bless the sacred name.”

There could, however, be no singing aloud, either with herself or her sorrowing husband. Her sufferings becoming more intense, her chest heaving with pain, she had patience in sweet exercise, for she was favoured to glance at Gethsemane and Calvary.

“What” she said “are my sufferings, compared with thine, dearest Jesus? Mine are only as a drop in a bucket.” “And again, “I long to be gone; for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” Death continued his solemn work; he took down her clay cottage rather roughly. She longed to be gone; in the midst of the conflict she turned and said, “Give my love to Mrs. H., and to the dear friends at Mount Zion.” Her sufferings increasing, she turned and said, “Do pray for an easy passage for me. Only,” she said,—“that my Lord may come with his chariot, and that my passage may be easy, and that I may soon be at home. I,” she said, “cannot hear you, but they (meaning her husband, and a dear sister present) and the Lord can.” The writer bowed his knees, and prayed the Lord to grant her request; but strange, although she could not hear us before, she heard every petition, and threw in her petitions—grateful acknowledgments of mercy, and loud and heartfelt amens. If ever the Lord answered prayer, he did then; for as soon as it was over, her sufferings ceased, her pain seemed to depart, and her passage became easy. Her children and husband were not forgotten in approaching the throne, for which she was very thankful, and prayed that God would answer.

We stood in silence watching; she was filled with holy joy; her lips and her lifted hand were moving to express the holy triumph of her soul, but she was too far gone to be heard; she breathed every time more faintly, till at length the cord was broken, the tie was cut, she breathed her last, she departed; the chariot came and fetched her away about 8 o'clock on Thursday morning.

“In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

“One gentle sigh each fetter breaks;
We scarce can say they're gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.”

On Lord's-day following, May 29th, her mortal remains were interred, by her beloved pastor, in Abney Park Cemetery, when the greater part of the church and congregation assembled to express their love to her, and

their sympathy with their bereaved brother. In the evening, Mount Zion was everywhere filled; when the funeral sermon was preached from Rev. xiv. 13. May God sanctify this dispensation to us as a church and congregation, and to her excellent husband.

Reader, are you a doubting fearing child? Does satan suggest that you never came in right? Are you all your life-time in bondage, through fear of death? Are you among those who can see and hear, but not take hold of the promises? See here, your sister tried severely in these respects, but she came off more than conqueror at last. Some of God's people, come in at the south gate; it not unfrequently happens that they have to go out at the north; while others come in at the north and go out at the south.

Is the reader an established christian? favoured to possess an abiding, a steady confidence in the love, deeds, oath, promise and faithfulness of God? If so, he will have his faith strengthened, and I trust his heart a little warmed by the perusal of the foregoing. Or are you a painted hypocrite? Death will undress you, your paint and colouring will then go for nothing; naked then shall you stand in the full blaze of eternity's light. May God reveal this unto you now if it be his pleasure. Perhaps you are a poor careless sinner; if so, may grace all-enlightening, convincing and regenerating, lay the solemnities of death and eternity upon your mind, if it be the will of God, for remember if “any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.”

Mount Zion,
City Road.

J. HAZELTON.

The Hypocrite and the Christian.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR BROTHER.—Grace, mercy and peace be with you, &c., &c. I have sent you, for insertion in your “Vessel,” the following essays; if in your judgment you should deem them suitable for its pages. Their appearance therein, I have thought, might arouse some to an examination of their credentials for another world, some of whom might rejoice with trembling, while others might tremble, and have no cause for rejoicing. I think the portrait of each character is so clearly drawn, that either must discern a characteristic of themselves. They are from the pen of an eminent Scottish divine, who lived about one hundred and thirty years since, and who was cotemporary with the celebrated Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine.

Should you think them unsuited, or should the pressure of more important matter demand that you should pass them by, in either case it will not prevent the individual who sends them from subscribing himself, thine to serve,
Stepney.

P. CHAPLIN.

The Character of a Hypocrite.

He is a pretender to those good qualifications of which he is really destitute, and a dissembler of those vices which he secretly practices. He is that in the church, which a

knave is in the state: the one is not fit for civil society, nor the other for Christian communion; were he to appear in his true colours, men would clap their hands at him, and hiss him out of his place; therefore, he paints his face, like Jezebel, with the varnish of good words, of sanctified looks, of actions seeming benevolent and devout. He prays with great fluency of expression: you would think him an angel for fervency and rapture, but it is only in the presence of others: and though his words are flaming, his heart is ice. He gives alms, indeed, but must always take witnesses upon it. He is very punctual in going to church, where he seats himself in some remarkable corner, in order to attract all eyes upon himself: he seems to be all attention and composure: he lifts up his eyes and hands in a religious manner, or covers his face, or heaves a sigh, or sends forth a groan. O! how mightily he is impressed with the sermon, if you believe his face; while in the meantime he is indulging his lusts, and his heart is going after his covetousness. When he fasts, he assumes a sorrowful air, and a disfigured face; and is as grieved for sin as the bulrush, when it hangs the head. When he is in religious company, he talks of his experience; the plagues of his heart; and complains of the great decay of religion in the day. He is a most uncharitable censurer of others, while he practices far greater villainies himself. All his religion—at least, the greater part of it—is left behind him in the temple, or in the street; for he neither carries it to his family nor his closet. He is like the rainbow, whose glorious colors are reflected from a dark vapour, only when the sun shines. Notwithstanding his ostentation, he hates the light, and refuses to come to it, except when his mask is on. He cannot endure a minister who rakes into his conscience, nor a Christian friend who gives him faithful admonitions. When he is reproved for any miscarriage, he says to the reprove, "It is none of your business; meddle with your own matters." Were it not for his eager desire for the applause of men, he would bid adieu to all the duties of religion, whether public or private. His most admired and pompous services can find no acceptance with God, and his most fervent devotions are not more regarded than if they were the howlings of a dog. What is all his religion, but like the kiss of Judas, or the bowing of the knee by the crucifiers of the Lord of glory? He makes God an idol, and considers the creature like a deity, whom he worships and serves more than the Creator. He is like a grave, which may be covered with a white sepulchral stone of polished marble, and engraven with some lying panegyric for an epitaph, but within, a ghastly corpse presents itself to your eye, or noisome stench offends the nostril. The longer you grow in his acquaintance, your respect for

him will lessen, and at length, perhaps, will turn to a just hatred and aversion; for he is sometimes discerned by men, but always by God.

The Character of a Sincere Christian.

He is one who needs not affect to appear in a character foreign to himself, nor to conceal that character which really belongs to him. He studies to approve himself to God, and does not value himself upon the applause of men. Fame and reputation is a thing he will not court, but will deserve it. He will not hunt after it, but it will follow him through the deepest shades. His real glory is not obvious to any eye but the penetrating eye of God, who delights in him, approves him and commends him. When he prays he pours out his heart; when he praises he makes melody in his heart unto the Lord, and his heart is often bigger than his words. He is not an enemy to public religion, but secret devotion is an essential part of his happiness. He not only mourns over those sins which himself has committed, as Ahab did, but he laments for the sins of others, of which he is perfectly innocent, like Christ, who wept over the sins of Jerusalem, though himself knew no sin. He indeed regards even the smallest precept of the law; but when he tithes mint, annise and cummin, he neglects not the weightier matters. He is not for dividing religion, like the pretended mother of the child, who thereby evidenced she had no interest in it. Though he has the remainders of sin in him, hypocrisy not excepted, he has not a heart and a heart, nor is he a monster with a double mind. His religion is not the fulsome compliments of a well-bred gentleman, who is your humble servant, glad of your welfare, and extremely sorry for your slightest inconvenience, but like the tender affection of an ingenuous friend. As the beauty of Absalom surpassed the daubings of Jezebel, so does the holiness of the sincere Christian excel the paintings of the hypocrite. He is not like a smoky chimney with a marble frontispiece, nor like a rotten grave with a marble monument; but like a mountain replete with precious ore, while perhaps the surface is barren and unsightly. He does not want to bring down the word of God to his private inclinations, but is desirous of bringing his private inclinations to be judged by the law and the testimony. He is not ashamed to own that he was once in error, nor afraid to know the worst of himself; but on the contrary, it is the language of his heart, "What I know not, teach thou me." Though he is far from ostentation on the one hand, and prudent enough not to blaze abroad his secret faults on the other, yet he loves to come to the light, and needs not to be ashamed, though all the world were a sun. Though he should not

like Balaam, build seven altars, and offer a bullock and a ram on every one; but, like Abraham, content himself with one altar and a single victim, yet is his sacrifice accepted. His turtle doves, and young pigeons, are no less grateful than thousands of rams. Silk and purple, and even goat's hair, for the service of the sanctuary, are not despised of the Lord, when his circumstances cannot afford precious stones and gold. His inward groans, his secret sighs, are a powerful rhetoric, effectual, and fervent. The Lord puts his tears into a bottle; and a cup of cold water, given to a thirsty disciple, doth not lose its reward. His rejoicing is the testimony of his conscience, when he hears the scornings of the people. Death with his grisly features cannot stare him out of countenance, and he needs not be afraid in the awful judgment: though, like Josiah, he should die in battle, yet he comes to his grave in peace.

Progress of the Cause at Birmingham.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

THE anxiety attendant upon my removal here, must account for my not sending you any intelligence respecting the progress of the New Testament church formed here for the last month. The Lord is still making bare his holy arm, and blessing his word amongst us. The congregation gradually increases, and very evident interest is felt; and the enclosed letters will shew that God has ordained praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. I send them for publication, that I may stand justified in the step I feel bound to take in baptising one so young in years, feeling it both my duty and privilege to receive to that ordinance any, let them be young or old, if they can give a reason of the hope that is in them, and whose conduct bears testimony to their religious profession. I feel it right to say, the letter No. 1, was written to me by a young female in her sixteenth year. Her mother, who was a good woman, saw it; and before she allowed it to be sent to me, she placed it into the hands of her husband, who wrote his daughter the letter No. 2; and No. 3 is the reply of the child. These letters were then placed in my hands; and I place them, through the "*Vessel*," before the church of God.

LETTER 1.

"Sir—I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in addressing a few lines to you; for since I have sat under your ministry, I have had such a love to my Saviour, and such a blessed assurance that he shed his precious blood for such a worthless worm as I feel myself to be, I never before felt. When you first preached at Salem Chapel, I thought I never heard anyone like it, and in particular when you spoke from those words, 'Oh, my Dove, thou 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.' And since you have been at this chapel (Gooch Street) I have heard you very sweetly; and when the dear friends were baptised, I felt I should like to be one with them, but felt myself so unworthy; and when you spoke from 'The King hath brought me into his chambers,' oh, what a blessed revelation I had! such a sight of my Saviour I never had before; and when you spoke of the chambers, it pleased the dear Lord to bless it to my poor soul: it was a blessed discourse. The dear Lord has been pleased to give me a desire to walk in his commands while I am young; for it may not please the Lord to spare me long; but I feel a desire to walk in his

own commands. Perhaps, sir, you may think me too young; but I feel I am not too young to die, and I know not how soon. I should like to write more, but cannot at this time.

"Your's truly,

M. G."

LETTER 2.

"My dear Mary—The letter you have addressed to our dear minister, Mr. M., has caused some peculiar emotions in my mind; for while I bless God for some things you have there stated, there are some other things which have created fears and holy jealousies in my mind; and this I say not to discourage you, but as one that tenderly loves you, and above all things wishes and prays for your salvation. I would take you by the hand, and try to lead you to examine yourself before God by the light of his own word, so that you might feel your standing to be on the sure word of truth.

"I must, therefore, interrogate you on this matter; and I wish you to consider well what I may say, and put your answer in writing, and give it me any time you like. I take this method, because I wish not to cause any confusion in your mind, and that you may have an opportunity to give me your statements as best suited to the state of your own mind; for I feel I must be faithful with you in that which is of the greatest importance. First, let me ask you, in all love and affection, have these things led you, as a lost, guilty, helpless sinner, to the footstool of mercy, to seek the blessings of which you have stated you are a partaker? For, my dear child, the life of God put into the soul is attended with light; and that light discovers our guilt and sinfulness; and this creates a burden; and this burden will cause the burdened soul to cry out for deliverance; and as the work of grace begins in repentance, and as Jesus has told us when he the Spirit of truth has come, he shall convince or reprove the world of sin, and you state that you feel yourself to be an unworthy worm, can you not tell me what brought you to be sensible of this unworthiness, and how long you have had those feelings?

Again, you say it hath pleased the Lord to give you a desire to walk in his own commands. For this I feel truly thankful, and pray that he may enable you to walk in his own commands, not only in the ordinances of his house; but in all your conduct and conversation toward all with whom you are associated in this wilderness journey—for oh, my dear child, it would be a fearful thing to put on the name of Christ, while the life proclaims the heart to be a stranger to his grace! I say this not to discourage you, but, as a beloved child, to warn you. I should have said more, but I fear I shall perplex you with so much writing; and I shall therefore leave it for the present; and the God of all grace bless you and guide you in his own right way, for his own name sake.

"So prays your affectionate father."

LETTER 3.

"My dear Father: I am very glad you took the method of writing, for I feel I could say more in writing than I could if I were to speak. My dear father, you there ask me if those things I have stated have ever led me to the footstool of mercy? For which I thank the Lord they have—many times they have led me there as a lost, guilty, helpless, and undone sinner, and made me to feel that without the blood of Christ I must be lost for ever; they have made me to see and feel myself guilty, and led me to cry out for deliverance. You there ask me what brought me to feel my unworthiness, and how long I have had those feelings? My dear father, I will tell you. About six years ago I tried to destroy myself, but for what reason I cannot tell. I could feel happy with no one, nor in any place, and felt determined to destroy myself by some means or other; and one day when my dear mother was baking, I made a cake, and put some poison in it, and eat it: but, bless God, it took no effect! I thought of eating some more poison, and if that took no effect, I would go and

drown myself. But, bless God, at that time he sent a thought which stopped me from it all—it was, what would become of my soul? where could I expect it would go? I could destroy my body, but I could not destroy my soul; and where could I expect it to go but to be in torments for ever? After this, when I was unwell, and my mother took me to the doctor's, and he said that my heart was affected, and a very small thing might cause my death,—I then felt the fear of death more than ever; I thought, was I prepared for the change? It then led me to seek for salvation; I felt that my sins were too great to be pardoned; I then felt my need of a Saviour, and was led to cry out for deliverance. And now, my dear father, with respect to the ordinances which the Lord himself hath appointed, I have asked him to direct me in his own right way, and I do believe it is his direction I have.

"I have no more to say at this time; but may the God of all grace direct you and me, and all his people in every circumstance for his own name sake. Amen. M. G."

May I not ask, can any man forbid water that this lamb of the flock may not be baptised, who is evidently taught of the Lord as well as we? And when I consider that both herself and parents are moving in very humble circumstances, I am the more surprised at the manner as well as the matter of the three epistles, and am constrained to say, 'None teacheth like him.'

Our hearts were gladdened very recently by four dear friends coming to relate the Lord's dealings with them; and on the last Sabbath we were again cheered by the same delightful scene repeated. More are hovering around, which I hope will furnish matter for another epistle, as well as some further steps in the wondrous providence of God bringing me to the decision that it was his will that I should accede to the often-repeated request to take the oversight of this infant interest in this densely populated town. I entered upon the first Sabbath of my pastorate here on Sabbath last, but shall continue to subscribe myself, though very often in the valley,

JONATHAN ON THE HILL-TOP.

Mr. Skelton's Sermon at West End, Tring,

DEAR BROTHER.—It is with pleasure, gratitude, and praise to our God we record that our brother Skelton, our beloved pastor, has been among us in the ministry of the gospel at West End, Tring, during the space of twelve months constantly, fervently, laboriously, affectionately, and without deviation preaching Christ and him crucified, as the only theme which his soul and ours are desirous to know; yea, the only theme which God the Father delights in, and is satisfied with, for the eternal justification, equitable pardon, and perfect acquittal of the objects of his eternal love and choice, from the curse and condemnation of his holy law, the only theme which God the Holy Ghost delighteth to honour, and to bless in the matter of gospel liberty, which he has engaged to effect by his divine power in behalf of all such as have been redeemed by the precious blood of God the Son, as the Christ of God, which shall bring glory and eternal renown, to Immanuel God with us, the God Man, Christ Jesus, the Lord's Christ, and ours, who shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied, while the countless myriads of his blood-bought, law-exonerated, justice-approved family, his justified, and glorified seed, shall eternally adore and worship him, casting their crowns at his almighty feet, singing with ecstasie bliss: "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory, and dominion for ever, and ever, Amen." Immortal victory on his most worthy head, and deck his sacred brow, (once ruggedly marred, scarred and torn by pricking,

piercing points of pain inflicting thorns,) with laurels.

On Lord's-day, April 3, our pastor having been among us one year, preached a sermon in commemoration of the same, from 1 Cor. ii. two first verses, "And I brethren when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God." &c. After making some preliminary remarks expressive of the Lord's merciful kindness and faithfulness toward us as a church, and him as our pastor, during the past year, expressing also heartfelt acknowledgements of gratitude to the congregation for their kind and liberal support by which we had been and still were enabled to hold and maintain our present position, he proceeded to enlarge upon five things: first, the character spoken to; second, the character, apostolic office, and ministerial work of the speaker; third, the fact recorded; fourth, the manner in which he came to the church at Corinth, "not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom; but declaring unto them the testimony of God;" and, fifth, the holy determination which stood in his soul previous to his coming to them, and the execution of the same, being determined not to know anything among them, save Jesus, and him crucified. In noticing the character spoken to, and addressed as, brethren: they were so in a five-fold aspect. 1. By indisputable relationship; 2, by affectionate association; 3, by gospel discipline; 4, by a joint participation of privileges; and 5, by equality of right to inheritance; therefore, they are holy brethren, dwelling together in unity, and standing in eternal bonds of relationship, united to him, who, as their elder brother, has the pre-eminence among many brethren, and in their relationship to him they stand eternally and indissolubly united to God the Father, of all which bond and tie sustained no breach nor alteration from the shock which Adam witnessed by the fall, but remained as firm and secure after he fell, and they in him, as it was when Christ, said, his delights were with the sons of men; and most blessed to know, and feel the blessedness of knowing, that all the vast amount of falling out by the way, as sorrowfully seen among these brethren, can never cause the relationship to cease. They may feel confounded while beholding the manifold manners whereby their brethren sometimes demean the holy, honourable and dignified relationship and brotherhood in which they stand, and still they are constrained and enabled to give themselves up unto God, and to each other for the Lord's sake; being enabled to love as brethren with a pure heart fervently, and without dissimulation; thus they dwell together in holy concord and God-glorifying association, by an orderly gospel discipline; showing themselves to be the subjects of one head, one Lord, one faith, one baptism. And living in the Spirit, they also walk in the Spirit, being not desirous of vain glory, not provoking one another; neither envying one another, but watching over each other with an eye of affection and love, and so make manifest they are brethren by joint participation in all the privileges their dear Lord has secured unto them by his covenant engagement, his covenant work, and its perfect fulfilment of the gospel of salvation and peace. It is theirs to magnify, exalt, praise, bless and adore him who loved, lived, died and rose again for them, as they creep beside him self-abused, and see him die for them. O brethren, in these things study the religion which the Holy Ghost is the author of in the souls of his living family. And by these fruits they shall be made manifest as holy brethren, professing an equality of right in one and the same inheritance, even the free grace patrimony of their heavenly Father. And although diversities of age, and difference of attainment may exist among them in matters relating to their knowledge, experience, and faith; yet each one of them, finding Christ only to be precious to their souls, and as he is felt in their estimation altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand,

" They then as brethren all agree,
And let distinctions fall;
As nothing in themselves they see,
Their Christ is all in all."

but, as dear Hart further declares,

" Strife, and difference subsist,
When men will something seem;
Let them but singly look to Christ,
And all are one in him."

Secondly, we notice the character, standing, and work of the speaker in the text; and first, there was with him an affinity in relationship; inasmuch as he calls them brethren. And so there was second, an amalgamation of interest; he feeling his interest to be the interest of the people, and the people's welfare and interest to be matters dear to his own heart; as they were reciprocally engaged in the same pursuits, and enabled mutually to rejoice in the same blessedness and blessing; while by the Spirit's teaching and power, he was found in his apostolic office and work, declaring the Christ-exalting, error-dethroning, soul-edifying, heart-cheering, truths of the glorious gospel, as one who had been called by a special call to the work of the ministry, which special call must be, and most assuredly is, experienced by every God-sent man—for not every regenerate man is called to such a work—and I do most solemnly believe that not every one who stands occupied, and engaged therein, be they itinerants, so called lay preachers, or stated pastors, have the witness of the Holy Ghost in their souls, that he hath called them by such a special call, to such a work and office.

But we purpose, thirdly, to consider the fact recorded in the text, of which Paul says, "And I, brethren, when I came to you." And as we believe, according to the will of God, that all the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and that God displays his divine sovereignty in the matter of his servants being engaged in his work, as to where they shall be found labouring in his vineyard, preaching his word, we shall notice three things as connected with his coming to Corinth as a man of God. 1. That he came unto them in the guidance of the Holy Ghost. 2. That he came unto them in the order of divine providence; and 3d, that he came unto them in the direction of that providence; and thus, being under the guidance of the Spirit, as the Spirit dictated, disposed and directed him, he conferred not with flesh and blood, and so was not moved by the mere capricious, and in many cases, fragile decision, of church conference; and herein his coming unto them greatly differed from the way and manner by which many a man comes to what are termed destitute churches—that is, churches destitute of a pastor; where, it may be, they have either ejected a man because of his constant faithfulness and boldness in the truth, or by reason of cold or unkind treatment, have constrained him to flee from among them; these, hearing of some man, as being openly or secretly announced as moveable, consultation and conference consequently take place, wherein the questions are discussed: Is he a respectable man? Is he a talented man? Is he likely to draw a congregation whereby our chapel can be filled? And if these questions can be responded to affirmatively, or hopefully, no laxity in endeavour is seen in matters whereby to bring such a man among them; and in such case he, being lured by their baits, hesitates not in saying the Lord has set before him an open door, and none can shut it; and that the Lord hath told him he hath much people in the place, whether in village, borough or city. But friends, there are yet to be found those who cannot be satisfied with such chaff, but look for the corroborative proofs of such preachments, and who are constrained to say, succeeding circumstances prove that such have said, "The Lord saith," whereas the Lord hath not so spoken unto them. But Paul had not only the word of God, but the testimony, by open proof, that God, who spake in him and by him, wrought mightily in the fulfil-

ment of the same; and as the Lord, in the order of his providence, ordained his servant to be there, he, in the direction and dispensation of his providence, brought him thither, giving him, with the people at Corinth, evidently and conspicuously to see his hand in the matter. Let us, then, notice the manner in which he came unto them, and the matter in which he had stood among them during the space of one year and six months. Such manner, negatively expressed, not with excellency of speech or of wisdom; and with such negative testimony, we are not to conclude that in his ministry he was destitute or deficient of ability or talent, whereby to make himself communicable to his hearers, or that he was, as many, who, after labouring as with a routine, and seeming endless vocabulary of words, fail to prove any doctrine, unfold any difficult problem in experience, or make plain any gospel precept. But the meaning of his negative testimony is this, he came not with the excellency of rhetorical oration, or with the wisdom of worldly philosophy, so greedily sought after by wise men of the world; but it was his, as positively asserted, to be engaged in declaring unto them the testimony of God; first, as he proclaimed the testimony or witness of the Holy Ghost in his own soul, thereby speaking the things which he had heard and seen, and corroborating the same. Secondly, by the testimony of Holy writ; for the Holy Ghost never, under the gospel dispensation, teacheth or revealeth to his servants and children but what strictly agrees with his inspired and written Word. But we come, lastly, to notice the holy determination which stood in Paul's soul, previous to his coming to them, and the continuance and display of the same while remaining among them; for he had not Christ and him crucified as his only theme in one place and at one time, and Christ and the creature at another. And here we may ask, whereby such a determination had been formed in his soul, who had once with hand uplifted high, sought by all means to prevent and to destroy the testimony of those things which he now was zealously affected toward? And we may answer, such determination was so wrought in him through divine power, whereby his preconceived notions, and his perpetrated actions, were overcome and made to cease, even as the Holy Ghost revealed the glorious Person of Jesus Christ unto him, and made him as a poor, lost sinner, to rely on that atonement which Christ, in his own Person, as Immanuel, the Almighty God Man, made by his own blood, when crucified between two thieves. He poured out his soul unto death, to make reconciliation for iniquity; so that in proportion as he had been made to feel the preciousness, virtue and efficacy of the blood of an atonement, Christ and him crucified was the great theme of his ministry; and it may well be said, as the dear man of God, Dyer, said of Paul near two hundred years ago, that Paul was so taken with Christ that he was ever in his thoughts, always near his heart, and in his ministry constantly on his tongue; and in the chapter preceding the text he mentions his blessed name seventeen times; and in the words of the text declares his determination not to know anything among men, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

I close, then, with the words of the same old author, Dyer, "Oh, that our hearts and tongues were thus busied about Christ, and taken up with Christ, and the treasures of wisdom and knowledge that are in Christ, as should constrain us to be determined not to know anything among men, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified;" and may the Lord add his blessing. Amen. AMEZEK.

West End, Tring, April 9, 1853.

Testimonial to Mr. J. P. Searle, OF JIRREH CHAPEL, KINOSLAND.

On Thursday, April 4th, was held our annual tea meeting for the Building Fund, when, as the announcement had been made, the church and an-

congregation intended to present me with a testimonial of their continued attachment towards me, in the fifth year of my ministry among them. A good number took tea together. In the evening the place was literally crammed, so that many were unable to get in.

The meeting having been opened with singing and prayer, Dr. Kitto's Pictorial Bible, splendidly bound in 4 vols., at the entire cost of £5 5s., was laid on the table, which was adorned with a white coverlet, wrought for the occasion by a little child eleven years of age, the granddaughter of a dear minister of Christ, now deceased.

An address was then read by our aged brother Clarke, which he had drawn up, and which expressed the ardent attachment of the people to the word as ministered in the place: stating what God had wrought among us in conversion, comfort and edification of the people of God, and concluded with many prayers for increased success and blessing to attend me in the work.

The pastor, in accepting the splendid token of the people's love, briefly and feelingly returned thanks; declared, that while fully appreciating the kindness of every friend who had given sincerely as unto the Lord, yet that as from the hands of a covenant God must he first receive it, and in his name accept the present, then from the hands of each faithful friend he would also take it, as sent from God through them. Not less would he wish to receive it as from the hands, and hallowed with the blessing and prayers of his honoured brethren in the ministry, who had that night so kindly come to sanction the people's gift by their presence. Nor did he omit to offer his own sincere and grateful thanks; as also to present the thanks of the subscribers to the dear friend who had so kindly undertaken the whole of the labour connected with the testimonial. And while he spoke of the solemn considerations that weighed in his mind, as counterbalancing any feelings of pride or exultation that might by some be supposed to exist by the reception of such a token—from the fact, that from that book might yet be spoken from his unworthy lips "words that might be a savour of life unto life, or death unto death." And in conclusion, prayed that God would return to the people a hundred-fold blessings; and that come life or death, would say with Paul, "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

While we are often led to prize our mercies when we see the hand of our God in timing them, as he knows best when his poor servants need encouragement, so was this such an especial token of help to the poor recipient of it, that no language can more suitably express his feelings than that of Jacob—Gen. xxxi. 42; and while those dear servants of the Most High God have often cheered us by their kind visits, yet on no past occasion have I cause to remember it more gratefully than at this time: and much do I regret that I have no notes of their very acceptable and encouraging addresses.

Our esteemed brother Bloomfield then spoke with much liberty and power on "the Bible the word of the living God," the savour of which rests on the hearts of many who were privileged to hear him. He highly commended the gift, saying he considered a minister's study was not complete without Dr. Kitto's Bible.

Our beloved brother Chislett spoke highly of the very beautiful book before him; then with his usual fearlessness took up his subject—"the Bible the only standard of appeal in all matters of faith and practice;" bringing one "ism" and another to the touch-stone of truth; and sweetly pointed out to travellers on the road to Zion some Scripture tests to try the spirits whether they be of God.

Our worthy brother Banks had for his text "the suitability of such books for presentation from a people to their pastor;" from which he took occasion to speak of the value and great beauty of the gift; commended the people for what they had done, and complimented his friend on the reception of such a present, and sweetly entered into some of the solemn exercises of soul through which the Holy Ghost fits a man for the work.

Our honoured brother Wells next addressed the meeting in his usual eloquent and fraternal manner, on "the advantages of obtaining such books as shall aid in the study of the Word of God." He first gave us an interesting sketch of the life and labours of Dr. Kitto, then went on to speak of the value of the book, as giving clearer insight into the manners and customs of the East, as mentioned in the Bible. He further remarked that one whom God the Holy Ghost had separated to the work did not need books to teach the spiritual things of God's word; and that he was fully assured the people had not given it to his brother Searle with any such views; for he was well persuaded, and so were all who knew him, that he was experimentally acquainted with the truths which he preached; but that its use was to furnish him with matter for illustration. He then commended the people highly for what they had done, but told them very kindly that their gift was not quite complete till they added to it Dr. Kitto's Atlas, the value of which he beautifully pointed out by reference to Psalm cxxx. 2.

This kind and unexpected suggestion was immediately responded to by several kind friends the same evening, who gave in their names towards its purchase.

Our venerable brother Allen then spoke on the Bible, as shewing the alone way of salvation; and though labouring under severe bodily weakness, was anxious to give to the little cause another proof of his continued friendship, and to hold up the hands of his young friend, to bid him God speed, and, by his good counsel and advice encourage him to stand fast amidst every opposition.

The words of God's dear aged servant rested on many hearts as words of patriarchal love and blessing. May they ever be embalmed in the hallowed remembrance of his young friend, and so profitably operate in our midst, that his visit may be long remembered for good. Amen.

Our good brother Shipway then sweetly and appropriately closed the meeting with prayer.

Our dear brother Chivers, who was to have addressed the friends on "The Spirit Jehovah the alone Instructor of his servants in the spiritual signification of the word of God," was unexpectedly prevented from being with us.

Several other ministering brethren were present to shew their kindness and good will, but who were not able to take part in the business of the evening.

J. P. SEARLE.

The Experience of Mary Downton,

OF BRADFORD, NEAR YEovil, SOMERSET.

Who for years sat under the ministry of Mr. Bidder.

FROM four years of age, the subject of this memoir appears to have been under deep convictions for sin; and, according to her own account, 'tasted at times a little of the sweets of pardoning love. But at the age of 17, the Lord was pleased to afflict her in body; so that she seemed to draw very near to the grave; "at which time," she says, "the horrors of my mind were such I can not describe. I was for a time left seemingly in the hands of the enemy, who shot such fiery darts at me as these: that I was a hypocrite and self-deceiver. This was indeed as a dagger to my soul. Oh, the horrors of mind I felt at the thought of being a hypocrite, was more than I could bear; yet I thought I was, and that my making a profession would rise up in judgment against me; so that I was left without a gleam of hope; for I dared not hope for pardon or mercy to be revealed to me. My former sins would all rise up to view so fresh, that they appeared to be goads in my side, and pricks in my eyes; and then if I attempted to read the word, it all appeared to me a blank. Although it contains so exceeding great and precious promises, yet I could not receive one of them as mine. I thought they were not for a hypocrite like me, and that appeared double death to my soul. I have often thought since, what horrors seize the guilty soul when on a dying bed! I dared not to drop off to sleep, even for a few minutes, lest I should wake up in hell. I think, if ever any one was shook over the month of hell, I was. I think now, at times, I see the awful place where my doom appeared to be fixed. At such times I awoke like one deranged; for, I thought, in a few days I shall be one of its miserable inhabitants. Many friends in the Lord used to visit me, and try to impart some comfort to my soul; but all appeared to be in vain: yea, the visits of the Lord's people only seemed to aggravate my case. I then often wished I had never made any profession at all, as it seemed only a delusion; that I was nothing more than a hypocrite and a deceiver. At the same time I could not appear to pray; for my bodily weakness was such, together with the horrors of my mind, it all appeared in vain. All I could do, was to give a doleful groan.

The world now appeared in its proper character—nothing but an empty void. I have often since wished to see it in the same light as it appeared in this affliction, and feel the same desirous and distaste for its vanities as I then did. Affliction is truly a good glass to see the world and worldly things in. O, I would willingly then have given ten thousand such worlds away, to be relieved from the dreadful pains of hell! I then felt in my soul removed; and a taste of that peace, which I knew none but God could give. One night, I remember, I felt worse than usual in body, but felt some little liberty to pour out my soul in prayer; but was soon so shut up that the greatest pain of body would have been nothing to bear, if I could but have said, "Jesus is mine, and I am his." Not unfrequently have I said, "Lord, increase my pain, but give me Jesus!" O, what could I not have borne to have felt the liftings up of the light of his countenance upon

my soul. Yet I knew nothing I could bear would ever merit so rich a boon; but all must flow through the channel of free, unbounded and unmerited grace, in Christ Jesus.

After this, the horrors of my mind in some degree abated; and a secret hope sprang up in my soul that some day I should experience divine consolation.

On the same night, the pain was intolerable. This little hope encouraged me still to cry, "O, give me Jesus! give me Jesus! give me Jesus! O, Lord, increase my faith! O keep, keep me from sin!" And I desire to love and bless his dear name, even God the Father, and God the Redeemer, with God the Holy Ghost, who I trust condescended to hear and answer my poor breathings.

Soon after this I began to work a little at my employ; and as I sat at work I was constrained to go and pour out my soul to the Lord. I was favoured with some sweet liberty, yet no immediate answer was given; yet my hope was raised so that I felt determined to wait upon the Lord; and if I perished I would perish seeking his dear face.

In the afternoon, while at my work, the Lord was pleased to answer my petition. It seemed to dart from heaven in a small still voice, saying to my soul, "Thou art mine, and I am thine," with such force, that it made my poor heart rejoice, and I seemed raised above the world, and all its empty vanities. Yet a fear entered into my mind, lest I should be left to myself, and not be able to take up my cross and follow Jesus in his appointed way. But the Lord silenced my fear, with, "I will put my Spirit in thee;" and then my burden fell from me; the chains and fetters were broken; my every fear fled away, so that I felt my soul united to Christ, and could call him mine.

Now tears of joy ran down my cheeks, and I felt such a sacred pleasure, and substantial joy, such as the world can never give; I seemed loosened of every creature object, and could encourage every one that had a desire to wait upon the Lord for though he might seem to tarry, yet, I could say, "He will surely come."

"Darkness and doubts had veiled my mind,
And drowned my head in tears;
Till sovereign grace with shining rays,
Dispelled my gloomy fears.

"O, what immortal joys I felt
And raptures all divine;
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my beloved mine.

"In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse dear Jesus of thy face,
Revises my joys again."

I now could raise my Ebenezer and sing
"Hither by thy help I've come."

"Yea, the Lord hath given beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I thought I was in a new world, and almost seemed to have become an inhabitant above. Oh! what communion I had with my God from time to time; yea, I might say with the Psalmist, "His word was sweeter to my taste than honey, yea, than the honeycomb."

(To be continued.)

THE
Man that Learned to Read his Bible.

BY SPELLING OUT THE WORDS ON HIS KNEES.

A NEAT little volume has come into our hands, entitled "FATHER REEVES;" it was edited by EDWARD CORDEROY; and is published by Hamilton, Adams, & Co. It contains in the first place, an historical account of Lambeth chapel; it then proceeds to furnish a striking memoir of one William Reeves, who was, for thirty-four years, a class-leader in the Methodist Society.

Two things have, for a long time, appeared very mysterious to us: the first is, how so many lifeless, lukewarm, and unholy persons, can remain under a living, heart-searching, sound and faithful ministry: the second is, how a really converted sinner, a Christ-loving, a salvation-seeking, a heaven-bound saint, can sit under the truth-denying, and bible-perverting system of many in the Arminian schools. These things are so; a proof of the latter we are about to furnish; but before we do so, we will throw in one word that the Lord may make useful.

When James Osbourn was in England, he and William Allen, of the Cave, were one day engaged to preach the anniversary sermons at Matfield Green. William Allen did not know "the Lawful Captive;" but he saw, at the station where they started from, an old broad-brimmed gentleman in shabby attire; and Mrs. A. concluded he was "some old Methodist parson." By and bye James and William came close together. "Is your name Osbourn?" enquired William Allen. "It is," replied James. "Well," continued William, "When we saw you at the Railway Station, my wife concluded you was some old Methodist parson or other." The tart reply of Osbourn is what we wish to impress upon the minds of all careless Calvinists. "*Better be an old Methodist parson,*"—said James—"and go to heaven; than be a dead Calvinist, and go to hell."

From the work before us, we shall fetch out some sterling evidences of a good man whose heart was right; though in his natural head, he might be confused.

We shall, this month, only give a short account of his early days. Next month, his christian character will come more fully under review. In giving his Autobiography, the editor says:—

WILLIAM REEVES was born in Cudham, Kent, December 15, 1779. My parents had no saving knowledge of God, though they lived a moral life. Having a large family, they could not put their children to school; our dear parents taught us the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, and told us of heaven and hell, for which I pray God to bless them.

As soon as I was able, I went to work with my father as a farmer's boy; and when a child, I often had the fear of God before my eyes. I remember the sore temptations of the devil. When I was about ten or eleven years of age, Satan tempted me to curse God. I trembled at the thought of it, and knew not what I should curse God for; this temptation followed me for many

days, and became stronger and stronger, till one day—I shall never forget the place—Satan got the mastery, and I, oh wretch!—I cursed God in my heart; and then, whenever I went to the place, or thought of it, I was miserable. Again, two years after, as I was gleaming, in the month of August, there was an eclipse of the sun, and Satan tempted me to curse. Here I also yielded, to my sorrow. All these things I kept to myself, and it was of God's mercy that he did not send me to hell.

About 1794, I left my dear parents and hired myself to a farmer for one year. There were many in that place that had no fear of God before their eyes; I joined with them in all their excess of riot. I stayed there two years, and then went to another and a worse place; here Satan had his will of me; the fear of God left me in a great degree, and conscience became hardened. In 1797, I returned to my parents; and, for a little time, refrained from some sins, and thought a little more of God. This did not last long.

In the year 1798, I went to Eltham, in Kent. Here I lived in all manner of sin for two years, and yet the good Spirit of God would strive with me, and I would then make resolutions to serve Him; but oh, how soon did I forget to perform them! But God in his great love found out a better place for me. In the year 1801, I agreed with a master wheelwright to be apprenticed to him for three years. This was at Wigmore, near Bromley, Kent. I believe he was a good man; he used all the means he could. I attended the prayer meeting on Sunday morning, the preaching, and my class, very regularly for three quarters of a year; and here I was more deeply convinced of sin than I had ever been; so that I was often obliged to go into the outbuildings and fall on my knees, and cry to God for mercy.

My master had an ungodly son near my own age. I gave way to him, and followed the pleasures of this world again, and so broke off from the means of grace a little at a time, and only went when it suited me; but, by the mercy of God, I was kept from gross sins. Thus I went on for a year and a quarter longer; then, being annoyed by the younger sons, tempted by the devil and by trials in the world, I left my master before my time was out.

I then sought work as a journeyman in my trade. God had so blessed me in two years with readiness to learn my trade, that I could do almost anything in it. I then went to Woolwich Warren, and got some work promised; but, before beginning, I went to see my parents. My dear father, fearing the dreadful company that was in Warren, got me employment with a wheelwright near home.

I kept in work one year, and had much of the fear of God before my eyes, and my father and I attended very often a little chapel at Knockholt, and I often found God so striving with me, that in the fields I have been obliged to fall on my knees and cry to Him; but I did not fully understand the way of salvation, therefore I did not enjoy it.

I had a sincere friend in London in the coach-building trade, and he was so kind as to get me work in that trade, which was much better than my former business; so, in the year 1805, I came to London. Here I was exposed to many temptations I had not seen before; but at first the fear of God kept me. I often used private prayer; this, however, soon ceased, and I began to break the Sabbath, to get hardened, and to run into all sin with greediness.

But my conscience would sometimes smite me, and then the devil would tell me that that was not the time to serve God, but after I had got more of this world's goods, or after I had seen a little more of this world's pleasures; and thus the devil led me on for two years, and at last he told me I should give myself to God after I was married; and I never shall forget the promises I made to God on my knees, in the shop, a day or two before I married. I promised, if He would give me the

desire of my eyes I would then give Him all my heart. God gave me my wife on October 5, 1807; but oh, how soon did I break my vow to him! Here I would say, indeed God is long-forbearing, and it is of His mercy that I was not consumed. Here also I would notice the love of God to me, in giving me a wife so agreeable to my desire—a sober, honest, industrious, loving one, that strove to make us comfortable in this life; and I bless God, notwithstanding my other sins, he kept me from idleness and drunkenness.

But my poor dear wife knew nothing of God; she had sometimes attended her church, but knew not how she should be saved, and very seldom thought of God at all! so I kept God's dealings with me to myself.

I had but little money; for, what with putting myself apprentice at twenty-two years of age, and learning two trades before I was married, I had only six pounds after the wedding was over, and there were no friends on either side to give us so much as one shilling; so I took a ready furnished room at seven shillings a week, for seven weeks, and then my employer advanced me money to get a bed, a table, and chairs; and thus we began this life together.

Marriage of Believers and Unbelievers.

DEAR SIR.—It was with great pain that I read that extract from the writings of John Kent in the current number of the *Earthen Vessel*, in which he seemed to defend the marriage of believers with the unconverted. In this instance, at least, that good man spake unadvisedly with his lips; proving thereby the probability that those who are not deeply taught in the mysteries of grace will sometimes speak without being able to say, "Thus saith Jehovah." In this most deceivable age, when falsehood so often assumes the garb of truth, the children of God need to cleave closer than ever to the written word. They are bound to put the spirits on trial, to see whether they be of God, or whether they are like the demons that led on Ahab to destruction—only "lying spirits." For after all, though men may be right, the Bible must be right. Given by the Spirit of God to be the believer's guide through this dark and perilous world, we must search it, confidingly and prayerfully, for God's thoughts, and not for our own ideas; and thus, so early as the time of Moses, Jehovah was pleased to declare his will on the subject of marriage. Thus we read, and the after history of Israel shewed the necessity of the injunction, (Dent. vii. 3, 4.)—"Neither shalt thou make marriages with the Amorites," &c.; "thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou not take unto thy son; for they will turn away thy heart from following me, that they may serve other gods." Prior even to this, marriage of the professing church with the children of darkness led to fearful results. If we enquire the cause of the utter apostacy of the children of Seth—those to whom after the lapse of Cain the knowledge of the true God had been confided—it is written as with a sunbeam—"The sons of God saw the daughters of man (Cainites) that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose." Gen. iv. 2. Thus came those giants of wickedness into the old world, who turned it into a very hell with their uncurbed passions, until violence filled the earth, and Jehovah, in indication of his righteousness, covered the creation he had made so beautiful with the destroying waters.

At a later period, too, when God had again a visible church on earth, we find a sad illustration of the effects of the marriage relation being formed between believers and the unregenerate. There was one, not only the wisest but the holiest of saints, who walked for many a year in such sweet communion with our heavenly Father, that taught by the Spirit, in his song of songs he gave expression to the believer's aspirations such as will form a subject of joyful response to the saint of the latest age. Yet even he sunk under the power of the flesh; and he who was a miracle of what grace can make a man, became as marvellous an example of the depth of degradation into which a child of God can fall. And was there no cause? What saith the Scripture as to the source of the backsliding of this regal prodigal who "wasted his substance in riotous living?" "King Solomon loved many strange women; and when he was old his wives turned away his heart after other gods: for Solomon went after Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom, the abomination of the Ammonites." See 1 Kings xi. 1—6. Most fearful lapse of him who once sang so rapturously, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." But happily for him and for us too, Christ having loved his own who was in the world, loved them even unto the end. Yet who can fully tell the fulness of his grief, shadowed forth though it be in the bitter groans recorded in the book of Ecclesiastes? But if any should say these remarks apply not to the church of Christ, but were restricted to the legal dispensation, let us listen for a moment to what Paul, or rather what the Holy Ghost by his amanuensis says. Thus he writes,—2 Cor. vi. 14,— "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness?" A striking commentary on this question is furnished by another passage, where, speaking of the marriage of believing widows, Paul says,—(1 Cor. vii. 39)—"If her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, ONLY IN THE LORD." Yet lest this should be felt as a grievous burden on conscience by those who had been married prior to their call by grace, he adds, in the 12th verse of the same chapter, "If a brother hath a wife who believeth not, let him not put her away; and if a woman hath a husband who believeth not, let her not leave him." But, as if the injunction, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" were not sufficient to deter Christians from such marriages, he refers to such wilful union of believer and unbeliever as a visible sign of declension. Thus Paul speaks—1 Tim. v. 11, 12—"The younger widows refuse: for when they have begun to wax wanton, they will marry: having condemnation because they have cast off their first faith." And what church cannot produce sad illustrations that the prediction was not restricted to the apostolic age? It would therefore appear, from the whole tenor of Scripture, that if believers unite in the most sacred of earthly relations with those who are children of the wicked one, they are guilty of an act of disobedience. The flesh, indeed, may suggest it—and what does the flesh not suggest? But though the final condition of the saint may not be effected thereby, his peace is; for the path of obedience is ever the path of joy. Believers have no right to divaricate between the exhorta-

tions of the Spirit, and thus deem some unimportant, and the transgression thereof not sinful; but as all stand on the same level, the affectionate child of God will receive and love all. Hence we infer from the teaching of revelation, that marriage "only in the Lord," is as much a command of Christ, as is this his dying injunction, "Do this in remembrance of me."

Nor was the injunction given without a still deeper meaning being involved. The Holy Ghost by taking the believer into his confidence, has given them an awful insight into the apostasy of the visible church in that latter day, whose very borders we touch. Among other abounding evils, unequal marriages are indicated as one prominent sign of the days which are to precede the advent of the Son of Man. Thus it is written—and cannot we already see no faint traces of the approaching darkness?—"As in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

Such, then, is the teaching of the Holy Spirit, both by injunction, historical illustration, and prophetic provision. The same Divine Being that said by the mouth of his servant Paul, "Marriage is honourable in all," also adds, "but only in the Lord." "Let him, then, that hath an ear, hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

Your's truly, in the best of bonds,
June 4th, 1853. E. J. HYTCHE.

A Few Lines from the Chamber of Death.

A DEEP INSIGHT INTO FOUR THINGS, NAMELY,
Sin, Death, Grace and Glory.

THE subject of this memoir was a native of Surry. She was brought forth into this world of sin and sorrow at Thorn Ash Farm, in the parish of Horsell, in the county of Surry, on the 3d of May, 1829. Likened to the rest of Adam's race, she was born in sin, shapened in iniquity, and in sin did her mother conceive her. The seeds of sin grew up in her. She was brought up by and with those who, through grace, loved and feared the Lord. It was her lot, therefore, early to attend the means, and sit under the truth as it is in Jesus; but she lived to prove that the means, without the grace of the means, the truth, without the grace and power of the truth, could have no living and lasting effect in the conscience. Thus, how true is the apostle's statement: "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

From her own statement, she was the subject of convictions at a very early age; but knew and felt nothing with lasting satisfaction for herself until about the year 1847 or 1848; then the dear Lord of his infinite mercy was pleased to meet with her more openly, more manifestly than he had done before. This she stated to me about two years after, and that Quarry Street, Guildford, was the first place where she heard to purpose, and where she was brought to feel to purpose, her position as a guilty sinner before the Lord; and in connection with this the Lord implanted a living desire in her soul, that she might know him for herself; and this verse often spoke the feelings of her soul—

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

This truth was dear to her—"That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection; tho' fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death."

On one occasion, she had thoughts of coming forward as a candidate for believers' baptism, and casting in her lot with the Lord's people at Guildford. But this was not God's design concerning her; for it came to pass, in the course of God's providence, that in the month of June, 1852, she altered her station in life; was married, and removed far away from her father's house to Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire; and when she came to this her short destination, she attended the means at Potton, in Beds.; sat under the truth as told forth by that servant of God, Mr. Tite; and feeling the word coming at times with divine power in her heart, this created a living union in her soul to this servant of the Lord, which she expressed to me. But this was not to be of long continuance; for she presently had to prove the truth of Job's words, that we are born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards. She soon had to come into the truth for herself, and to know that her days were determined, the number of her months was fixed upon, and that there is an appointed time for man upon the earth. In the month of May, 1853, she gave birth to a son. For some time previous to this taking place, her father, my dear partner in life, and partaker of my joys and sorrows, with myself, had many anxious thoughts and feelings concerning her; and how it would be with her in the time of nature's sorrow. We were at her residence a day before her time of nature's travail and sorrow came on. I was led to wait upon the Lord on her behalf, but was for some time before I received any word in reference to her on which I could rest and trust; but after waiting, watching, intreating, our God, who is the God of salvation, appeared to me on her behalf with this word, "I will help her, and deliver her." She told her aunt she had the witness within that that God with whom and in whom she was brought to trust would bring her through her trouble.

Some short time before her confinement, she found her mind solemnly and yet comfortably impressed with these words—

"The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long;
For to him the weak are dear as the strong."

And here, my brother, I feel I must notice the word, the work and the faithfulness of our God, who,

"If he speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure;"

and in whatever way he speaks, divine and everlasting faithfulness stamps every word that comes forth out of his Almighty lips.

About the same time as she who is now no more was led to muse over the words of the poet, the mind of my dear wife was solemnly impressed with the word of our God, and she wondered what it could mean, or what the Lord was about to do: it was this word: "The Lord whom ye seek, will suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in. Behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." A few weeks after, the same word rested with solemn weight on my mind; and we have since been led to see the end our gracious God had in view; it was to prepare us for that which he, in infinite wisdom, was about to do; and truly, in this sense of the word, in the late bereavement we have been called to pass through, we have experienced the fulfilment of the word of the Lord; for he did indeed suddenly come to his temple and take the ransomed spirit to himself. Oh, for grace to say—"Father, thy will be done."

Some time previous to her confinement, she told a friend that if the Lord spared her, she felt such an union of heart to many of the people at Potton, under the ministry of Mr. Tite, that she should cast in her lot with them; and hinting the same subject to me, after she was brought through her trouble, her expression was—"Uncle, do you think they will receive a poor sinner like me?" I answered, "Yes; they are the only characters they wish to receive: sinners that are alive to their poverty, and feel their need of the riches, grace and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom and from

whom alone comes salvation." It was not her lot to be openly and publicly joined to God's visible church here below; the Lord had need of her; therefore he, in infinite wisdom, took her to himself; though for days after her confinement we did indulge the hope that she might be spared a little longer to testify of the Lord's goodness. But we soon found all our hopes and expectations in reference to that blasted; for the expression of her lips caused a pain and damp to enter into our minds. She said she felt so ill, she felt the hand of death was upon her; and although the nature of her disease was such as at times to affect her senses, yet, for days previous to her departure she was sensible; and it was truly solemn and sacred to be by her bed-side, to those that had eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to feel. "Oh, how sweetly was she helped to speak of Christ in his sufferings; more especially of that part when he was wont to retire into the garden of Gethsemane. "Oh, (she observed), "how I love to walk with him in Gethsemane's garden." And fearing that some one in the room should mistake her, she spoke of the medical attendant's garden that she used to walk in when she was well. She observed, "It is not that garden; no: it is Gethsemane's garden I love to walk in, with my dear Redeemer." She repeated the words of Hart, in reference to Eden,

"Banished thence, we fly to thee,
O garden of Gethsemane."

Early on Lord's-day morning, the last she spent on earth, as I went to her bedside she said, "The birds have been singing very sweetly. This is the Lord's-day; what will the dear people at Guildford do to-day, as you are with me?" I said, "My dear, they will have a supply." She said, "I do love them; I hope the Lord will be with them." I asked her how she had been through the night? She said the enemy had been suffering to try and tempt her to believe that after all she was wrong; that her life was nothing worth, and that he himself would cast her either into the fire or the water. This caused her much distress of mind. My poor soul did indeed go out in secret to the Lord that he would undertake for her, and that he would once more rebuke the devourer for her sake. This he mercifully did; and once more shone into her poor soul, and delivered her from the snare of the great fowler, and set her tongue at liberty to tell of his goodness, so that it was heart-cheering to see the power of God in her, and to hear her tell of his goodness in the great work of salvation: "And all, (she observed), for a sinner like me;" so that we indeed had from her dying lips both praying and preaching; and never can we forget with what sweetness she sang that well known verse:

"Come, Lord Jesus, oh come quickly,
Let me to thy throne arise;
Bear a part in that grand music,
Join the chorus of the skies."

On Monday morning, while taking some little nourishment, she remarked, "When Jesus was thirsty they gave him vinegar to drink; yes, (she said) they gave it him in a sponge." She was contrasting her comforts with his; the treatment he met with, the sufferings he endured, how light are all ours when we look at his! She observed, "I shall soon be at home with my Father, which will be far better." Seeing her father weeping, she said, "Don't cry, father, for you do not sorrow as those who have no hope." Casting her eyes upon me, she said, "Uncle, I am going home; and if the lifting up of my finger would be the means of my continuing here, I could not lift it up." Feeling her strength fast going, she said, "In toiling and rowing my strength is decayed." She then sang,

"Our Lord will sympathize
With every tender lamb;
And will support each tempted soul
Who trusts in his dear name."

She then called us to her, kissed us, and took her

leave of us with great calmness and composure of mind, and remarked, "You will soon come after me."

My reader! I have witnessed the death-beds of saints and sinners, but never before did I see such resignation. I could not help exclaiming, "What hath God wrought!" And I do hope and pray that when God sees fit to bring me to that solemn moment he will grant me the same resignation. She fell asleep in Jesus on Monday evening, May the 16th, at the age of 24. Her mortal remains were interred in the burial ground belonging to the chapel at Potton, Beds. Though this was contrary to her wish, for, like Jacob, she gave commandment concerning her bones, yet her husband would not grant this her dying request. Without doubt our God has his end to answer in this; and

"If our souls the end could view,
We should approve the pathway too."

The deceased was the only and beloved daughter of George and Louisa Fenn, of the parish of Horsell, in the county of Surrey. Your affectionate brother in the best of bonds, ISAAC SPENCER.

Pastoral Zeal & Christian Affection.

"The love of Christ constraineth us," 2 Cor. v. 14.

BELOVED BROTHER BANKS.—I am grieved to my soul that your correspondent, "R. Mower" should have noticed in your May number the death of my beloved son in the gospel, the late Mr. Ebenezer Wonfor, in such vague terms as he has; he expresses both "pain" and "hope." I can express pain, and pleasure; pain, because I had not the pleasure of seeing him in his departing moments, to have heard his last testimony on earth; pleasure because I have not the vestige of a doubt that he is bowing before his Redeemer God, praising his precious name for his unmerited grace, and everlasting salvation. Mr. Wonfor has lived in the hearts of God's family in Cambridge more than twenty years, and when a youth he was a welcome and constant visitor, and suitable companion in my house and family. My wife and my sons deeply sympathize with the dear bereaved widow and fatherless children, assuring her that the remembrance of Ebenezer Wonfor's counsel, conduct, and companionship has left such affectionate impressions on their minds they cannot easily forget.

To many of God's children it was evident the Eternal Spirit had wrought a work of grace in his soul; the motions of the new man of the heart were visible, his burdened mind was often expressed, his hatred to sin was marked, his fear of offending the poorest of Zion's family was apparent, his dread of hypocrisy was great, the guilt of sin was a heavy load, causing him to groan deeply before his Lord for the application of atoning blood and pardoning mercy; nor did one word of comfort reach him until that was applied by the Holy Ghost's testimony. His strong attachment to me was so endearing, his child-like submission to my counsel so amiable, that I read them as indicative of a tender conscience, mixed with godly jealousy.

In the year 1836, after much prayer for

direction and help, he proposed himself to the church of God at Eden chapel, Cambridge, the church appointed their visitors, they reported, he came before them, was unanimously admitted, I gave him the right hand of fellowship, and on Christmas day in the same year, I baptized him and twenty more in the same chapel. My text was Luke v. 26, "We have seen strange things to-day;" and as I pronounced my authority and was about to immerse him, he interrupted me by saying, "Stop, Sir, you say we have *seen*, but I assure you *I feel* strange things to-day." As a member, his conduct was every way consistent with his profession; that minister and people he loved, that minister and people loved him.

He after this entered the Excise, and in the course of Providence was about to go to Manchester. The Lord's-day evening previous to his remove, namely, June 23, 1839, prayer was offered on his behalf, and the congregation, to shew their love to him, sung the following valedictory verses, C. M. Ashley Tune,

Great Lord, the Author of our life,
Thou Giver of all good,
Preserve us here from hurtful strife
Through rich atoning blood.

While in this vale our steps attend,
Our hearts in love unite;
Oh, keep our souls unto the end
Protect us day and night.

We now to thee our friend commend,
Lord, keep his youthful feet;
Thy counsel always to him send;
Thy mercies oft repeat.

In this sweet Bethel, gracious God,
Strange things his soul hath seen,
Saved, called, and washed in Jesu's blood,
And clothed in linen clean.

Preserve him always in thy name,
Keep him in wisdom's ways;
Thy blessings to him always send
To crown his latest days.

And should we never meet again
In Eden here below,
Oh may we reach that happy port
Where thy rich glories flow,
Glory, honour, praise and power, &c.

I wrote a note of commendation to dear Mr. Gadsby, he attended with his wonted affection to it, and told me in Cambridge when he came to preach in Eden, a little before his death, "how he loved my dear Ebby, he saw much of the spirit of Jesus in him;" and I know he counselled him as a father in the gospel.

I have now a letter of his before me, dated "Reynoldstone, Nov. 1849;" in which he evinces the same spirit of dependance upon the alone merits of the Lamb, participating largely in our joy on behalf of grace possessing the heart of our eldest son, sympathizing with my dear wife's every affliction, desiring my prosperity and usefulness, deploring his seven years' banishment from the ordinances of the gospel, surrounded by all sorts of professors of religion, but that was only vanity and vexation of spirit, for Christ was his only hope and theme. This he manifested in his

pilgrim life, in his ministry in villages, in his affliction; for so he declared to my son Joseph, only a few days before his death, in Southampton, and was not this confirmed, when his dear wife asked if he was afraid to die; his smiling answer "no, I am willing to depart, and to be with Christ," linked with a message to his Devizes friend, "Tell him I am going to him whom we both love," declaring what we have often sung together in Cambridge:

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger
Interposed his precious blood.

Finishing the entire scene of his career below, with "I have now done with this world, I am a long time going, I long to clap my wings and soar away." His fixed glance, his gentle sleep, his almost unperceived departure, proves his safe arrival into those immortal realms, where neither pain, nor hope are known; but,

Where God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

Thus lived, and thus died my beloved Ebenezer Wonfor. Farewell, my son, you have exceeded and truly excelled your unworthy father in the gospel; very pleasant hast thou been to me; preserved by him who loved, redeemed, called, pardoned, and blessed you, hast thou been; thy end was peace, saved thou art, for ever saved; I am still left behind, burdened, wounded, vile, and worthless, telling as well as I may, the greatness of the power of atoning merit, the sweetness of Calvary's blood, which speaks in the sinner's conscience more than his tongue can express, though he sings,

Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

May thy God, thy widow, children, and friends support, supply and save.

I felt, dear brother, constrained by love and duty, to write the above from reading the reference to me in Mrs. Wonfor's letter in this month's *Vessel*. Grace be ever with you, and God Almighty ever bless you.

THOMAS POOCK.

Ipswich, June 10, 1853.

The Coppice Chapel, Cosely.

MR. EDITOR.—You frequently insert short notices of little known sections of our heavenly Father's family, and of his displays of mercy and kindness to those whose sole dependence is on his help. During thirty-six years our faithful pastor—William Bridge, has not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. Enemies have watched for his halting; an unguarded expression has sometimes served them for a month's vain jangling. His honest statements of world-despised doctrine have been twisted by ignorance or malice into monstrosities of error; he has been deserted and libelled by not a few

who had made large professions of love to him and his Master. But none of these things have moved him; he has kept right on, testifying to all comers that salvation is of grace—free, distinguishing grace; and through faith; not of man's conceiving, but of God's giving. Nor has he preached in vain: many a lofty pharisee has been laid prostrate; to many a stubborn reprobate has he been as God's mouth; hungry souls have been fed with the bread of life, and Christ has been exalted as Prophet, Priest and King. And still, through evil report and good report, under afflictions severe and infirmities many, he continues to wave the banner of the cross, and point out to Zion's travellers the good old paths of wisdom and safety.

But we have always been a poor people: chiefly colliers, furnace-men and forgermen, working day and night in subterranean caverns, and broiling atmospheres, which would fright your London-bred folk to look at. If any of our well-to-do brethren in your large city get a fit of the spleen, and grow discontented with their luxuries, we would say with the poet,

"Take physic! pomp."

Come down to Staffordshire; descend our pits: visit our smelting works, our rolling mills, our refineries and foundries, and just look into our nail shops, and see men and women and children, the same flesh and blood with yourselves, toiling and sweating, inhaling hot dust and fiery fumes with every breath; gaining by their labours very moderate wages; and then return to your carpeted rooms and sumptuous tables, with an humbling sense of your ingratitude, and meditate deeply on the apostolic precept, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Our chapel, an unpretending edifice, was reared fifty years ago, and had become dingy and comfortless, compared with modern structures. The walls were cracked and the roof was dangerous to sit under; but we were afraid to begin the needful repairs, lest we should not be able to meet the expense. However, as necessity was laid upon us, we did at length muster resolution, and we put on a new roof, repaired the walls, and painted it throughout; expending in the whole £100; and if we had paid the full worth of the work, as rates go, it would have been much more. We raised upwards of £40 among ourselves, and then we invited our much-esteemed friend, Mr. Jones, of Blackheath, to come and preach at the re-opening. He has been used to visit us for the last thirty years, and we knew that many besides ourselves would be glad to hear his voice. He came and preached three sermons on the 29th of May. The dear Lord helped him to preach, and helped the people to hear; and a joyful day we had of it; and when we counted up the gifts of the congregation, we found they amounted to nearly £50. We were amazed; and some of our neigh-

bours feign unbelief of the fact, and say some artifice has been resorted to; but we can honestly declare that every penny was given on the plates that day. We wish to express our thanks to Almighty God through the pages of the *Vessel*, thinking it might be helpful to the faith and confidence of a little knot of our poor brethren here and there, who submit to great inconveniences, which resolute and believing effort would speedily remove. To Him who founded Zion, and desires it for a habitation, be everlasting praise.

I am, dear sir, your's, &c.,
Sedgley, June 10, 1853.

J. C.

Prosperity at Mount Zion, City Road.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I have the pleasure of informing you, and all true lovers of Zion, that the Lord is still owning, and abundantly blessing his word preached at Mount Zion, City Road. Not only in the feeding, strengthening, and confirming those who have, through grace, believed, but in the ingathering of many more precious souls, most of whom were but a short time back "Aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, strangers from the covenant of promise, having no good hope, and without God in the world." These have been met with, according to Jehovah's love-designs toward them in Mount Zion; and have been constrained to come forward and tell to the household what great things the Lord hath done for them; thereby strengthening our hands, encouraging our hearts, and laying us, as a church, under increased obligations to bless and praise His name who

"moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

On Thursday eve, May 26, at Mitchell Street Chapel, St. Luke's, which was again kindly lent us for the purpose, our dear pastor, Mr. Hazelton, baptised eight believers, most of whom are seals to his ministry, and souls given him for his hire, since he has laboured amongst us.

It was an interesting and very solemn season to many. Our pastor delivered an address upon the occasion from 1 John, part of 25th verse,— "Why baptisest thou, then?" Shewing in the following manner, 1, why we baptise: 2, whom we baptise; 3, when we baptise. First, why we baptise. Because we have the highest authority for doing so—the authority of the throne—the command of the Most High God, Zion's King, Lord, and Lawgiver. A poor sinner first convinced is very much concerned to know the authority by which such important matters are observed: wants to know by what authority a parish priest sprinkles, and why he sprinkles infants, &c. The authority is a great consideration with the child of God.

Second, Because Christ has set us the example. We are followers of him. Thus "it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." "Me and my followers." It becomes us—it became him, and therefore it becomes us.

Third, Because of the mystical import of the ordinance. It sets forth the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ; also our death and burial to the world, and resurrection to newness of life.

Fourth, We baptise by immersion, because of

the meaning of the words—mode of baptism—is equivalent to saying when a man dresses himself he puts on his clothes. To baptise is to dip, plunge, &c.

Fifth, To show our attachment to the Lord, and to his ways, his people, his house. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Sixth, Because without baptism there can be no scripturally getting to the Lord's table.

Seventh, Because we are not ashamed to identify ourselves in a public manner with the despised people of God.

II. Whom we baptise. First, not Infants; they cannot confess by the answer of a good conscience. Do not admit proxy—none can stand in death and judgment for me, and none in vital godliness.

Second, Not the dead sinner, for baptism is an ordinance for faith, and he has none; he, therefore cannot be profited by it.

Third, The saved of the Lord, poor broken-hearted sinners, whose hope and trust are in the Lord.

III. When we baptise. First, after the communication of life; second, after confession; third, prior to communion at the Lord's table.

On the following Lord's-day our pastor gave the right hand of fellowship to the above baptised persons, and five others, who have been seeking, and have recently found, a home at Mount Zion. Thus the good Lord is lengthening our borders and strengthening our stakes, and fulfilling his gracious promise, "And of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her, and the Highest himself shall establish her."

6, Regent Street, City Road. G. BURELL.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"*The Good Old Scotch Baptist.*" We have received the seven volumes, completing the tenth edition of the entire works of Archibald McLean, who, for a very lengthened period preached and published the whole counsel of God, as in the gospel is revealed. We hope to give a series of papers under the heading, "*The Good Old Scotch Baptist,*" commencing them in our next number, wherein the spiritual mind of McLean, and the marrow of his noble views of gospel principle and New Testament practice, will be embodied.

"*FATHER REEVES.*" Under the heading, "*The man who learned to read the Bible by spelling it out on his knees,*" we have this month commenced a most interesting notice of "Father Reeves." The volume is a neat one; and it contains some spicy matter; but Reeves's residence among the Methodists for so many years, is rather a drawback. We should rejoice to have seen such a man brought into the fulness of the gospel; but we shall deal fairly and faithfully with the narrative.

"*Babylon: her Character and Doom: a few thoughts on Rev. xviii. 19,* by William Maude," &c., &c. This is a pamphlet published by Nisbet and Co., London; and Philip and Son, Liverpool. Amid the multitude of works on the same subject, we fearlessly say, this tract cannot be prayerfully read, without a deep conviction that the ultimate overthrow of Babylon is certain; and that it will be one of the most awful spectacles this world ever saw. A further notice of this work we hope to give next month.

"*The Doctrine of the Grace of God, as exemplified in the case of WILLIAM MILLS, who suffered death at Edinburgh.*" &c. The twelfth edition of this amazing instance of sovereign grace, has been published by Peter Macdonald, of Elgin; and by Longmans'. Such testimonies of the love, long-suffering and super-abounding grace of our glorious and gracious Mediator, are too much esteemed by us to be slightly noticed: either in this, or the next number, we shall furnish a paper with extracts from the work.

"*Rest in Heaven:* or, the Revelation, the Anticipation and Realization of the Heavenly Glory. By C. W. Banks." London: published by James Paul. If we venture to give an opinion respecting this penny tract, we should say, the subject has not room to breathe. It would require a volume fairly to work out the title. Perhaps we had better give the following extract from the little preface to this little book; and there leave it. The author says,—"*To the Reader—*

"The following pages are a compound of matter from various sources. Some of it I wrote as I travelled home from Ipswich on Easter Monday; for I find it most profitable to have my mind at all times and in all places occupied and exercised upon the best of all subjects—THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN: and whether that kingdom be considered in a gospel sense, or in a glory sense, it is, to regenerate minds, a deep and a holy theme. Some portion of the following pages I gave utterance to at a meeting held the same evening at Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New Road, where our Christian brother, Thomas Chivers, had gathered together several ministers to advocate the claims of the Lord's poor and sick disciples; in fact, what I wrote was, in part, designed to be what I there said; but, as is often the case with me, I said what I never thought of saying; and what I had thought of saying I never said at all; but here is a part of what I thought; and some few of the words which were spoken, together with some few extracts from some old favourites of mine. Well, here it is. If it be thought to be worth your notice, reader, then read it, and pray for the author if you can; and may you have every part of this pamphlet for your own portion, both in time and in eternity; and you will be both happy and blessed."

"*The Way to make a Sunday School Prosper:* the substance of an Address delivered before the Teachers of Byrom Street Sunday School, Liverpool." By one of the Teachers. London; Aylott and Jones; Liverpool, A. Dewar. Superintendents of, and Teachers in, Sunday Schools, should have this wholesome admonition read before a meeting of the heads of Sunday School houses. The address is divided into ten sections; ten different branches of excellent advice are herein given. We will extract a portion of section 8; the substance is as follows:

"Occasional addresses to the scholars are highly productive of good. I mean addresses that the children can understand; not dry things, but things that will captivate their attention. Many teachers stand up to address children who had much better let it alone. Addresses to children should be suited to their capacity, lively in their nature, and instructive in their tendency. It requires some little art to address children properly, with much discretion in the choice of subjects. To illustrate what I mean, I will relate an anecdote. A gentleman once entered a ragged school in which disorder, confusion and noise were prominent features. He stood up, and attempted to address the children first on one subject, then on another, but all in vain. At last a thought struck him. He

considered the characters of the children whom he wished to address; so with a loud and solemn voice, he uttered the words, 'He was hanged!' Instantly every eye was riveted on the speaker, and silence prevailed. Bred up with the associates of crime and vice, they were familiar with the words. He saw his advantage, and said, 'Now, if you will promise me to be quiet, I will tell you who was hanged, why he was hanged, and when he was hanged.' They promised; and thus he obtained an opportunity of speaking to them, in their own language, on the bitter fruits of sin."

"*Modern Millenarianism tested by the word of God's Eternal Truth.*" By H. B. London: Houlston and Stoneman. We have promised to give this tract a careful perusal before we give any opinion. This we have not had time to do yet. But we understand the work is going off fast. There is one error in page 10, and in the fifth line from the top, which we are requested to notice. Instead of Isaiah lvi. 12—19, it should be Isaiah lxvi. 12—19. From the hasty glance we have had of the work, we must say the author has evidently laboured hard to prove his points; fetching his material from the word of God; and the work will, no doubt, be useful in leading many more closely to investigate the interesting question than they hitherto have done.

"*Cheering Words.*" Several numbers of "Cheering Words" for 1852 being out of print, they have been re-printed, and a new edition of the second volume will immediately be published by Houlston and Stoneman. The number of "*Cheering Words for July*" contains the following articles: 'The pardon of sin: what is thereby meant? Its certainty and extent;—'An American preacher of Christ and him crucified;—'Cheering Words in conversion: the nobleman's son;—'The doors are open for me; and the streets are paved with gold;—'A letter written by Lady Jane Grey, previous to her execution;—'Dr. Casar Malan's speech at the annual meeting of the London City Mission:—'The precious blood of Christ,' &c., &c. Without fear, we must confess that we think a more-interesting tract, for one half-penny per month, cannot be found in the three kingdoms.

"*The Foxes:—Who are they?—How may they be known?—What is to be done with them?—Who is to do it?*" Being a discourse preached in the Baptist Chapel, New Mill, Tring, Herts., Sunday afternoon, May 1st, 1853, by J. S. WARREN, Baptist Minister." Tring: Printed and sold by E. C. Bird. Without pledging ourselves to justify every sentiment or sentence of which this discourse is composed, we consider it, upon the whole, to be a seasonable and valuable exposition. Mr. Warren has not perverted or strained the Word of God, but he has used it to shew two things: first, that there are no circumstances occurring in the church militant; but what are anticipated in the Scriptures: and, secondly, that there are no painful dilemmas into which any part of the Christian family on earth may be thrown, but the Word of God gives directions as regards the means to be used, and the proper course to be pursued under such circumstances. We should please our readers by quoting; but in order to deal fairly both with the author of the discourse, and the readers of the *Vessel*, we only give two extracts; the one refers to gospel charity; the other to the opposite feeling manifested against pastors. They read as follows:

"People in the present day talk of doing as much as they can afford, &c., but there is reason to believe we know but very little of what is meant by making great and real sacrifices. There are but comparatively few amongst the church of Christ, in this our day, really willing to deny self, and to act as if Christ's cause stood first in their affections. Nevertheless, there are some even now, who have the heart to sacrifice for the cause of Christ, and love enough to carry them through perseveringly in doing so. There are some in this place—in this congregation, who I know do make sacrifices for the gospel, and that to an extent that many of you are little aware."

In a note to this, Mr. Warren says:

"I will just state that one person concerning whom I received information on which I can depend, was a young woman in indigent circumstances, a member of the church at New Mill, and resident in Tring. She works very hard for an honest livelihood, and fares as hardly; after her day's work is done, she has to attend to her household affairs, having an aged parent to attend to, and for whom she rents and keeps a cottage over her head. After all this is done, in the still hours of the night, when other people are mostly asleep, and when she ought to be so too, she is up, busy making straw plait; and what for? to earn a little money wherewith to pay her pew rent, and help to support the cause. Is not this woman's mite of more value in the sight of God than the sovereigms of many?"

"It is a fact, plain to the eye as the light of day, that there is fast gaining ground in our churches a feeling of opposition to the pastoral office, and there are those who appear to make it their business to throw every obstacle in the way of the exercise of that office for the welfare of the church. This opposition is a matter certainly not to be approved, as it runs counter to God's established order of Church government, and as it is vain to look for any thing like permanent prosperity if that order be neglected or set aside. Many of our churches are at this moment ready to say, and do virtually say, 'O, we can dress ourselves; we do not want to be troubled with a vine-dresser.'"

Proposals for publishing, at the request of friends, a reprint of

The First Volume of the Earthen Vessel.

To a number of the spiritual Israel, the first volume of the *Earthen Vessel* has been considered the richest of the series. It has long been out of print; and from among the thousands who now read the *Earthen Vessel*,—but who knew nothing of it on its commencement,—constant calls are being made for the First Volume. With divine permission, it is proposed to re-print the First Volume, UNIFORM IN SIZE with the present volumes of the *Vessel*, and to subjoin thereto the miscellaneous writings of the Editor; which when complete will make an acceptable book to such friends as desire to possess the work complete. This new issue of the First Volume will be published first in numbers, and ultimately in one volume. The price cannot yet be stated. It is in contemplation to give a good portrait of the Editor. Such friends as are willing to canvass for subscribers to this work, will please address a line to C. W. B., at No. 1, South Street, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey; and printed prospectuses will be sent to them.

Manifestations of the Pure Grace of Christ,

IN THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS.

"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

There is nothing under the heavens so wonderful, so beautiful, so generally and lastingly beneficial, as the Pure Grace of Christ, when it enters with life-giving, heart-changing, soul-saving power into the inward parts of a vessel of mercy.

As we were going the other day to preach one of the anniversary sermons at Richmond, these words were somewhat useful for meditation: "*When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant to thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.*" Wisdom, in this place, may be understood to mean, a true, saving knowledge of Christ, by the indwelling and holy teaching of the Eternal Spirit. The *English Expositor* defines wisdom thus—it is *the possession of a faculty enabling man to form a right judgment of things.* It is also defined in its practical bearing, as being manifest in "*a diligent pursuit after that which is good.*" While man is in a state of nature—under the dominion of satan—in love and in league with the world, he can form no right judgment of those powers and principles which are so immediately connected with his well-being.

When the Holy Ghost would set forth the contrast between man in his fallen condition, and man, in a state of grace, note the metaphors he employs.

Before grace comes he compares the heart and life of man to "*waste, desolate and ruined places.*" After grace has come, he compares the raised, gathered, and living church, to the GARDEN OF EDEN, where the LORD GOD put the MAN whom he had formed; and where he caused to grow every tree pleasant to the sight, and good for food—as Ezekiel declares in the thirty-sixth chapter of his prophecy.

When holy and heavenly wisdom, then, enters into the heart of a man, it opens three secret places:—*his eyes to see—his ears to hear—his mind to receive*—THE TRUTH as it is revealed in the PERSON, in the MEDIATORIAL WORK, and in the GOSPEL OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST. Under the influence of this unctuous light, he now begins to form a right judgment of sin, of time, of eternity, of the Bible, of the worship of God, and of the true followers of the Lamb. He is now in a spiritual sense a "*new creature in Christ Jesus.*" With him "*Old things pass away: all things become new.*"

Believing, as we do most firmly, that the publication of FACTS illustrative of the power

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of God the Holy Ghost, through the Gospel, in the conversion of sinners, are among the most useful and efficient means that can possibly be employed for the well-being of our fellow-man, we have always felt a pleasure in scattering abroad faithful details of the good work of grace among the sons of men; and with this object in view, we shall here introduce a few striking instances of the sovereign displays of Jehovah's grace.

The first instance of divine mercy that we shall record in this paper, is the CONVERSION OF AN OLD WELCH MINISTER—DANIEL ROWLANDS, of LLANGETHO. We have a volume published by Geo. Routledge, entitled, "*RELIGION IN WALES.*" The frontispiece is an engraved view of the person of Rowlands; a venerable-looking old saint, with long flowing white hair down to his shoulders; evidently a man of thought—and devotion, and of a heavenly mind. We are not sure that—in these days—he would be considered perfectly sound; he was one that thundered out the law most mightily, during the former years of his ministry; but, latterly, he drank deeper of the wells of salvation. Take the following account of him:

"It is not too much to say, that there never has been any single individual in Wales, in any age, who has contributed so much towards the promotion of true religion through the country, as the late Daniel Rowlands, of Llangetho.

"Soon after the death of Rowlands, Lady Huntingdon, who had long been acquainted with him, requested that every information respecting him should be collected and sent to her, as she intended to write his life. This request was complied with; but before she made use of the materials, she was removed to another and a happier world.

"The birth-place of Rowlands was near the scene of his future labours. It is not often that this has been the case with men of eminent usefulness. He was born in the parish of Llanconwle, which borders on the parish of Llangetho, at a place called Pantybudy, in the year 1713. His father was a clergyman of the same name with himself, and was the incumbent both of Llanconwle and Llangetho. Daniel was his second son. It does not appear, that his father was really acquainted with true religion. It is probable that he, like many others, especially in those days, was a stranger to genuine godliness. His son, Daniel, was however brought up for the ministry, without possessing at the time any suitable ideas on the awful importance of the sacred office. His conduct previous to his conversion was a sufficient proof of this. And it cannot be supposed, that

any really pious father would ever have encouraged a son to become a minister of the gospel, while he betrayed no symptoms of serious piety. There is no clearer proof of spiritual blindness, than to educate for the church such as manifestly shew by their conduct and disposition, that they are destitute of true religion. God indeed can straighten the crooked things that we may do; but that is no rule for our conduct. And if God makes right what we do wrong, that does in no degree lessen the evil of what we do."

Passing by the natural and sinful life of Rowlands, we now come to his conversion, of which important period in his life, the following particulars are given.

"His conversion took place somewhat in the following manner. One Griffith Jones was in the habit of travelling through the country, and of preaching in various churches. He came to Llanddewibrevi, which is between four and five miles from Llangetho. And as his preaching was very powerful, energetic and awakening, a great many people went to hear him. Rowlands was also induced to go. His appearance at this time was very vain, full of conceit and levity. So large was the assembly, that there was no room to sit down; and in the midst of them, just opposite the preacher, stood Rowlands, evidently conceited, and full of himself, and his countenance shewing no small measure of contempt. His appearance was such as to draw the attention of Mr. Jones while preaching, and so much so, that he suspended his discourse, and offered up a very earnest and affecting prayer for the vain young man that stood before him, beseeching God in an especial manner to make him a suitable instrument for turning many from darkness into light. This prayer, it has been said, produced an amazing effect on the mind of Rowlands. His appearance when returning home was quite different from what it was when he went there. The proud gait had disappeared, and the vain talk was no longer heard. With the head and face towards the ground, he seemed very thoughtful. It was thus that his great change commenced.

"He was not afterwards the same man; nor was his preaching the same. But it was some time before his views of religion became clear and accordant with the gospel.

Rowland's preaching after his conversion, was most powerful in arousing and in breaking sinner's hearts. We write not without full proof. Take the following description:

"He preached at this time according to his own experience; the terrors of the law had awfully seized on his own mind. It is not improbable that he had undergone convictions of the deepest kind, and that he communicated to others what he had learnt and felt himself. There is nothing that we can show so clearly and so effectually to others as what we have seen and felt ourselves. It is not human learning, so much as divine learning, that can qualify us for the great work of the ministry. No one can speak feelingly and correctly of man's dangerous and miserable state by nature, but he who has obtained a clear view of himself as a sinful creature, condemned by the just law of heaven. It is he who knows himself as a sinner that is fit to address sinners.

"Very wonderful effects followed this kind of preaching. However awful the message, hundreds and even thousands assembled to hear it: and such terror seized on many of them, that they sometimes fell down to the ground as if they were dead. Tears streamed down the faces of hundreds at the same time. The most thoughtless groaned through an inward agony, as if they stood on the brink of despair; and the most hard-hearted, profane, and ungodly, often wept under the deepest convictions. This was the case for a considerable time with respect to the numerous assemblies which attended his ministry. Deep convictions, and hardly anything else was produced. According to what the writer has heard from the oldest of Rowland's followers that he has consulted, those convictions lasted for some years, perhaps four or five; and he continued all that time in the same awful strain of preaching."

The amount of interest, and valuable information connected with the subsequent parts of Daniel Rowland's life and ministry, is too great to be passed by hastily; we, therefore, purpose to give another article or two in future numbers; which we are certain will be pleasing to our readers generally.

Of some remarkable conversions under Daniel Rowland's ministry, we have given a striking specimen in *Cheering Words* for August; we must leave him, and now notice a minister of Christ of long standing in England, more especially in the metropolis of our land. A little three-penny pamphlet has very recently been published by James Paul, entitled "*A form of sound words held fast: A confession of faith delivered in the presence of many witnesses at Hartley Row, Hants, by J. A. Jones on his ordination,*" &c.

Twenty-two articles of the Christian faith are herein set forth in a scriptural and faithful spirit. To the many young men who are now springing up in the ministry, this little body of divinity, or epitome of a sound minister's creed, may be very useful. It is no small mercy for any man to be enabled to look back upon forty years spent in the proclamation of the gospel of Christ, and to say, "I have kept the faith!" From the preface to the pamphlet now referred to, we gather the most interesting particulars. Of his own conversion Mr. Jones says:—

"In my early life I was of the baneful deistical school; and although I cannot say with the apostle that I persecuted this way unto the death, yet all that I could do by ridicule and opposition to the sacred Scriptures, that I did at all times and by all means. But when it pleased God, in his own set time, to call me by his grace, then 'I conferred not with flesh and blood.'

In the latter end of the year 1807, a very aged servant of Christ was directed by the Lord to pay a visit to Guildford in Surrey, where I then lived. Curiosity led me to hear him preach. His text was John x. 27. The Lord caused some remarks made by him about the middle of his sermon to reach my heart. I became a convinced sinner, and ultimately a believer in Christ alone for salvation.

Brother George Comb, who was afterwards pas-

tor of the church in Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, lived at that time in the same house with me at Guildford; he also had been recently brought to the knowledge of the truth. We both felt deeply the low estate of Zion; arrangements were entered into, and a baptism was made in the old meeting-house; and myself and brother Comb, with another person of the name of Head, were the first publicly to profess our obedience to Jesus as Zion's King and Lawgiver, in walking in the way of his own appointment. We three were baptised July 3, 1808, and, when added to the church the same day, our whole number of members was nine persons, including the pastor, Mr. Thomas Burdwin.

Within six months of my baptism, I began to say a little in my Master's name; first in a small room of an aged widow, to a few persons who met with me there of an evening, weekly, for prayer, &c., and ultimately I was directed hither and thither, to several places, as Chertsey, Haslemere, Alton, &c., until in an eventful period ever to be, by me, remembered, I found my mind strongly impressed to travel from Farnham to Hartley Row in Hampshire, (a distance of nine miles) merely intending to hear a Mr. Thomas Burdwin, who usually preached there. This was on the Lord's-day, September 26, 1813. I was altogether unknown to any person there, and of course totally unexpected; but, being requested by them to preach in the afternoon, I did so from Zech. iv. 10. It resulted in an invitation to come again. I supplied them two years and a half; and after having received three invitations from the church, the last signed by fifty members, to become their pastor, I found necessity laid upon me to accept their call. My ordination took place on Wednesday, March 13, 1816. It was a holy and solemn day throughout. Mr. John Bailey, of Zoar Chapel, Goodman's Fields, asked the questions; Mr. John Stevens, of Meard's Court, gave the charge from Col. iv. 17, and Mr. George Francis, of Snow's Fields, preached a most affectionate sermon to the church from Eph. v. 2.

Compared with some instances of conversion which we have to record, the before mentioned are of a medium character; there are bolder and more powerful displays of the sovereignty and efficacy of almighty grace, to be laid before our readers; but these are not to be considered as essential standards in proof of the existence of divine life. By no means. Doubtless, thousands are quickened into life—fall at the feet of the cross—silently and humbly follow the Lamb of God in all the heavenly appointed paths—and ultimately pass from the kingdom of grace, to the kingdom of glory, without any such *visible* signs being given as are found in a few who, as brands, are powerfully, mysteriously, and effectually plucked from the burning.

A new series of tracts has been recently issued under the title of

“BERMONDSEY TRACTS.”—The second number of this series, is well suited for distribution among the careless and wretched classes of our lanes, alleys, cottages, huts, &c. The tract we now refer to, is entitled

The Housebreaker in Heaven,

OR, SHORT SERMONS PREACHED IN THE CONDEMNED CELL, AND ON THE SCAFFOLD, BY A SCOTCH CONVERT, PREVIOUS TO HIS EXECUTION.

It is a memoir—quite beyond the usual strain—of one William Mills, to whom—after the sentence of death had been passed upon him;

and he was in the condemned cell—the Lord the Spirit carried home deep convictions of sin, and afterwards most blessedly revealed unto him the glories of Christ; the great work of a finished salvation; and a most holy sense of his interest in the same. We can only extract a few detached sentences. We hope our readers will circulate the tract by thousands. The following are a very few of his words.

“After I was condemned, I was struck with horror from a sense of my dismal state, labouring under a dreadful weight, and at the point of despair, through a view of the greatness of my sins. In this situation I was visited by some persons who, I do not doubt, meant well. I informed them that I could not get myself made easy by prayer, mourning over my sins and all my attempts to please God. They told me they were very glad that I felt myself uneasy for my sins, and desired me to be busy with God, and use all my endeavours to make peace for myself with him. But I still continued very uneasy, for no prayers or tears of mine could atone for one single sin, be they ever so many. In this state I remained, so anxious to make my heart better, that I would willingly have plucked it out of my bowels, if this would have answered the purpose, and rendered me an object worthy of pardon. But all my attempts were vain, till God was pleased so to order it that a certain person came to see me. He asked me how I found myself? I answered, that I was endeavouring to work a very hard work, for I felt a very great load at my heart. He replied, ‘It is a very hard work indeed, if you be working anything to make atonement for your sins. That work is done already: it is finished by Jesus Christ; and whosoever believes in this shall be saved.’ For proof of this he marked down many passages of Scripture, and desired me to mind God's word and not man's.”

After describing the Scriptures by which, and the manner whereby the Lord delivered him—expressing his holy joy thereby, Mills says:—

“I acknowledge myself to be one of the chief of sinners, yet I find I have no room for despair, nor am I locked up from God's grace, though I be chained in bars of iron. The scene before me indeed is solemn. I am just going to launch into eternity, and to face that great and terrible God against whom I have sinned, and Jesus sitting at his right hand, who is able to save and to destroy. The change will be great, and the very thought of it is so affecting, that it must long ere now have deprived me of my senses had not God, who is rich in mercy, opened mine eyes by his word and Spirit to see his glory as revealed in the gospel; that he is the just God and the Saviour; and that even such a wretch as I, am fully warranted to hope in his mercy. This, and this alone, gives strength and consolation to my soul. I go to Christ, my Lord and Saviour, to his judgment-seat who died upon the cross for sinners; to him I commit my cause to him I look for salvation.”

The tract contains, “A Sermon in a Condemned Cell,” and most delightful evidence

of the reality of his conversion to God; these we must pass by; but the circumstances which transpired THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO HIS EXECUTION, are so confirmatory of the exceeding riches of God's grace, that we must take a few lines therefrom. The writer says :

"At his request we spent most of the night in praying, praising, and reading the Scriptures; during which time he often broke out in thanksgivings to God, and said to us, 'Were it not for the glorious gospel of Christ I certainly by this time would have been out of my senses; but now I feel myself quite easy. Look at me, see how composed I am, and consider the circumstances I am in; think what is to take place in the afternoon. In the midst of all this I feel no uneasiness, but what arises from Christ's great suffering for me.' He often expressed a longing desire for the hour of his departure; and when the clock struck two, he lifted up his hands, exclaiming, Blessed hour! referring to that hour in the afternoon.

"He was prevailed upon in the morning to lay himself down to rest, which he did, and slept with great composure for upwards of an hour. When he awoke, he led us into a conversation about death, comparing it to a quiet sleep; and then mentioning the agonies of death, he said, 'I feel quite easy in the view of it—two or three minutes will end all its pain. Oh, what is that compared to what Jesus suffered for me! His sufferings make death easy to me: he took away its sting, and it shall be to me as if I bowed down my head beneath a cloud to lift up my eyes on the bright side of it.'

"After this the jailor came to loose him of his fetters; but it is impossible to describe the ecstasy of joy he was in from this time till we left him. Being at liberty, he took the chain up in his hand, and kissed it, saying, 'Oh, blessed be God for this chain!' and, kneeling down, and praying by himself, he again kissed the chain, and returned it to the jailor; and earnestly exhorted him to attend to the Holy Scriptures, saying to him, 'Peace in your conscience, and the knowledge of Jesus Christ the Saviour, is far better than all you can get in this world. Think upon Jesus Christ, call upon his name: he is a kind and merciful Saviour, he will not refuse the petitions that are asked of him. Think on the comfort I have received; for he has made darkness light unto me, and chains liberty.' He then prayed, kneeling down, saying, 'I had it not in my power before to bow my knees to God.' He thanked God for all the temporal mercies he had all his life received, without acknowledging the hand that gave them: but especially he thanked God for the gift of Jesus Christ, confessing his sins in the most humble manner, and praying for forgiveness through Christ's blood. He blessed the Lord for the peace of mind he enjoyed by the gospel, and prayed that he might be supported to the last, concluding with these words, 'Oh, Jesus! grant the same mercy to me that thou didst to the thief on the cross, who said unto thee, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' Lord, remember me now that thou art in thy kingdom, and bring me to thy glory. Amen."

We cannot follow the narrative further.

On the scaffold, divine grace and Almighty power supported him; but our readers must get the book itself.

Rehoboth Chapel, Tunbridge Wells,

AND

THE CONVERSION OF ANN LEANEY.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Several of the readers of the *Earthen Vessel* having expressed their desire to hear how we are going on at Rehoboth Chapel, I feel constrained, in the fear of the Lord, to inform them, through that medium, that the shout of King Jesus is still heard in our camp, and that he is, in the experience of many, making a show openly of his *Calvary conquest*, asserting his blood-bought right to the objects of his everlasting love, delivering the prey from out of the hands of the mighty, and proclaiming secret and blessed liberty to the once sin-captivated soul. Surely, there is no god that can do such wonders as Zion's God; there is no rock like our Rock. How true it is the last Adam was and is a quickening Spirit; and I trust not a few at Rehoboth have felt his quickening power: "not unto me, but to his dear name be all the praise."

I feel to be often an ambassador in bonds; but to this I begin to feel more reconciled, while I clearly see God honours my public testimony to open the prison doors of the law-condemned, conscience-accused, satan-harassed soul, and the blood of sprinkling through the invitations of mercy, and the exceeding great and precious promises are applied. God, even our own God, doth bless us, nor can Balak or Balaam reverse it. "God is gone up with a shout, even the Lord, and the voice of the [gospel] trumpet," while blessed are the people that have an experimental knowledge of its joyful sound, and shout from the tops of the mountains of Zion after their ascended Lord. Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ; for he was delivered for our offences, and rose again for our justification; and sweet moments are they when the Holy Ghost works a living faith in the heart, to credit the soul-cheering testimony; and we are enabled to hang our everlasting all on the finished work of a dear Redeemer. The thought this moment crosses my mind, respecting the poor woman mentioned in the gospel by Mark, in the 5th chapter, beginning at the 25th verse. She had spent all that she had, yet nothing bettered thereby, but rather grew worse. These are the very characters that are glad to hear of Jesus. She said within herself, "If I may but touch," &c., "I shall be made whole." In the faith of this she presses to the dear Redeemer, and when she touched him, who is the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, it is said,—'the fountain of her blood dried up, and she

felt in her body she was healed." So the Lord finds us in our sins, and in our blood, and when our sore runs in the night, when law condemns and conscience accuses, there is none but the great Physician can command the cure. Then, to be enabled by the help of God to draw nigh, when surrounded by a press of seeming contradictions, and touch him with the touch of faith, and draw healing virtue from him, oh, how sweet! Truly then, in sweet experience, "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." The Holy Ghost adds, "She felt in her body she was healed." There was no mistake about the matter; she needed none to tell her she was made whole. So, when the dear Lord applies the leaves of the Tree of Life, which are for the healing of the nations of the saved family, we feel as sure that the Lord is become our soul's salvation, as this woman was that her body was healed. Dear Hart sings:

"Sinners, I read, are justified,
Through faith in Jesu's blood;
But when to me that blood's applied,
'Tis then it does me good."

We have to praise the Lord that we have good reason to believe that the leaves of this blessed Tree of Life are gently laid on the wounded spirits of some at Rehoboth, by the soft hand of everlasting love. Among I may say several lately, will you allow me to give the following from the experience of one that I a short time ago baptised in the name of Israel's triune God. I will first give you the copy of a letter received from her, and then her own statement in writing to me; for you must know that I actually could not call to mind this woman, although she had attended my ministry so long, having never spoken to her about the things of God. The first time that I heard from her was as follows:

Dear Sir.—I trust you will excuse the liberty I now take in addressing a few lines to you; but I feel constrained to do so, as I have now sat under your ministry two years and a half, though I have never spoken to you about the things of God—although it has been impressed on my mind to do so; for I have felt at times that I could not leave the chapel until I had done so. It was about three months ago that my mind was much exercised about the ordinance of believers' baptism. This led me to the throne of grace earnestly to beg of the Lord for direction; and one Sunday morning, about a month ago, I was coming to hear you preach, when a thought came into my mind that I must have an answer to my prayers about the ordinance of baptism. This made me go on my knees and cry to God for one, and I rose assured that I should have one; and so sure I did, for you read the chapter about Thomas—he would not believe except he thrust his fingers in the holes of his hands, and his hand into his side—when you said you believed that God had given him that desire, and that there might be some poor sinner here this morning like him. Now I knew I had; and I never shall forget that blessed chapter, for what I felt no

tongue can tell, but it seemed on purpose for me; and the love that I felt spring up in my soul to the Lord through his word is more than I can express; and I can say that I have not had more than two or three blank sermons under your ministry ever since I first heard you, for you have read my heart over and over again; and I do feel, if it be the dear Lord's will, I should like to join your little flock if you will receive me. But you may say I have given you no evidence that I am in the right way. But I trust I can give you a clear evidence of my spiritual birth if the Lord should enable me to speak my experience, so that you will have no reason to doubt it. I am such a poor hand at writing that I think I never can attempt to write it, and perhaps should feel much confused to tell it before strangers, but the spirit is willing though the flesh is weak; but this I know I can say—I feel myself to be a poor helpless sinner in the sight of God, but there is a Saviour, and his blood cleanseth from all sin; and I do believe that I can say in the fear of God that he is my Saviour.

But I must now conclude, begging you will excuse the liberty I have taken; but I could not keep from it, for I have never before attempted to write to any one. I do hope you will be able to read it. I remain your's,
ANN LEANEY.

Bridge Green, April 10, 1853.

I must now add that at this time, there were other candidates for baptism, that had been before the church, consequently our sister Leaney's desire to be united to us, was soon attended to, when her plain and simple testimony so refreshed our souls, that almost the whole of us felt an earnest desire that she would give me at some future time a few outlines of it in writing, which she has done since her baptism; for on the 24th of April last I baptised her with six others in the name of the Lord. Her account will perhaps to some appear a confused one, but this I have no doubt arises from the want of more ability to place things a little more orderly; still the golden thread of a rich and striking experience, runs sweetly through the whole, and I am sure there are times when I think no poor soul under heaven, feels more of their ignorance, than I do; therefore I can bear a little with others in these things. She thus commences:

"When the Lord first began to work in my soul, I was alone in my cottage except my little girl, when something seemed to seize me in a moment, and I had a sight of myself, being such a lost, ruined sinner in the sight of God that I cried out, "Oh what shall I do. I am lost for ever." I then sent my little girl to call her father; but when he came I could not tell him what was the matter, only that I was lost, and feared that I should die and go to torment. This was about a week before I was delivered of my youngest child that is now living; it was on the second of September, 1850, and the same night when I went to bed, these words came with power, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and are heavy laden, and I will give

you rest.' These words comforted me much; still, I did not feel that rest I desired. I continued begging and praying for mercy for days, when my mind was in great distress, and then got a little better; and on the following Friday night, I was delivered of a son, and did not die as I thought I should, but was in a very weak state, and still kept praying to the Lord for mercy; and on Sabbath morning, the Lord shewed me the enemy bound with a great chain, and it seemed as though the Lord told me that he could not go one link farther than he permitted him, and I seemed to have a hope that I should be saved. I continued in this way till the next Wednesday, when I lost sight of my hope, and was robbed of all my comfort, and kept getting worse, till at last, I would have destroyed myself, but could not; then I had such a sensation, that to my great surprise there came whole floods of the most horrible blasphemies, such as no tongue can tell, as if there had been whole legions of devils let in upon me. This lasted two months, and all this time, I had only now and then a little light, when these words followed me, 'Who hath known the mind of the Lord?' Now I must inform you, my milk dried quite away, so that I had not one drop left for my dear babe. And then I had a dream. I dreamed I saw a large vine, and it was all laying about in large pieces, and appeared like rotten wood, when I heard a voice say, 'that is an unfruitful vine, hew it up and cast it into the fire.' I awoke and said, 'Now I know I am lost, for the Lord has shewed me that I am an unfruitful vine;' yet it was my daily prayer that God would make me fruitful, that he would shew me the interpretation of the dream, and restore to me my milk. But oh, what dreadful nights did I then pass through. Sometimes I fell into short slumbers, and then it seemed as though the enemy was tormenting me in hell, and I heard the cries and shrieks of the lost souls there, and then would awake and say, 'O, where am I, for I thought I was in hell.' This would seize my whole body, while I felt fast sinking, and expected every moment to be in hell. I thought satan would prevail, and that his horrid blasphemies would escape my lips, but they did not; for bless the Lord with the temptation he made a way for my escape, though at times the enemy seemed to have such power, as almost to stop my breath. One night I was taken for dead, but I revived again, and there came a 'still small voice,' and said, '*There is joy in heaven.*' And often when sitting alone, I have repeated these words. A fresh sight of my wickedness made me so sink away, that I thought I must lose my senses: my strength almost gone, and worn out with trouble; but now the dear Lord began to deliver my soul out of trouble. I was washing, and saying these words, 'Pray Lord, do save me.' And it

seemed to me as though something did touch me, and I looked round, and my life seemed open to me from a child, and it seemed to be in a line, and I said, 'Lord it is a mercy, I am out of hell.' Then I could see that notwithstanding the best thought, word or deed, I had ever done, it was of the Lord's mercy, that I was out of hell. But now the fear of torment left me, and all those dreadful blasphemies had fled away, and these words came to me, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' I then left my work, took my baby, and sat down; it seemed to me as though the Lord Jesus had turned from all in heaven, and was listening to my sighs and tears, pitied me, and would have mercy upon me; and oh, what love did I feel flow to Jesus from my soul. I said, 'O Lord, pray do send me my milk, and shew me my dream.' But now my baby was taken very ill, it was about noon, and it seemed to be sinking fast; but, I could not send for medical aid; for I felt I could leave my babe in the hands of Him that gave it.

But to express my feelings in this case I cannot; for while standing by the bed with the child in my arms, I thought perhaps it would be launched into eternity before morning; but what will become of me? when these words came, 'Why murmur at the Lord—it is his will?' and I said, 'Lord, thy will be done.' I then went to bed, and had a better night's rest than I had before for months; and the child was better too."

This continued till noon, when I begged of the Lord to shew me a token for good, and he shewed me the serpent standing and reaching up to me, with his tongue out of his mouth, and the Lord shewed me that it was the serpent that had beguiled me with those dreadful blasphemies, which greatly eased my mind. I then begged of the Lord to send me my milk, and shew me my dream; and as I was standing at my table ironing there came such a calmness into my soul, that I left my work, and seemed to be listening and looking about me, when there came a light, and I wrote down on the table before me, what an unfruitful vine I had been; but the Lord could make me fruitful. How I saw this light I don't know—whether I saw it with my bodily eyes or not; but I know I did see it, and it was brighter than the sun. I watched it when it went to the other side of the room, and it ascended through the ceiling as if it ascended into heaven. Then came a voice and said, 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just ones that need no repentance; and then heaven seemed to be all in an echo, as if I heard the saints and angels shout for joy over me. Yes, I was the poor sinner for whom all this joy was made, and I seemed to be rejoicing with them, for I had been lost, yet now I was found. But now I said, 'Oh Lord, my milk!' So I took my baby to see

if I had got milk, and I had got plenty. Oh, how happy I was; I envied not the estate of either saints or angels. But the same night something seemed to wako me up—I looked, and saw as it were God sitting on the throne, and his judgment seemed to be over the whole earth, and the earth seemed to be a very small spot to his judgment. When I first looked at it there seemed to be a little fear within me; but now I looked on the other side, and there I saw Jesus nailed to the cross. Now I saw the places in his hands, and in his feet, and in his side, where he was nailed to the cross; and he was in the spirit of a man, with a beautiful white robe on him. Yes, He was nailed there for me—He was my Saviour—He had borne my sins away—and had reconciled my soul to God, through His blood and righteousness; and now I saw myself sure elected by God in Christ. And on Sabbath-morning I went to the Wells to hear you preach; and coming home the Lord shewed me just how the world stood, and how the elect stood in Christ; and I blessed and praised Him.

She then concludes with

“Dear Pastor, I have given you the words you desired of me in writing as near as I can; and now for me to be honest in the sight of God, I must declare to you that it has been so impressed on my mind this last eight months to write to you, and give you an account of my experience, that it has kept me awake many hours in the night season, pondering over it. I have thought the impression must be from the Lord; but as I had been before the church, I thought that was sufficient. But now, about a year ago—one Sabbath evening—I was quite alone, and I seemed to have such sweet communion with the Lord, and I said, ‘Lord, thou knowest that I love thee and thy people;’ and I felt sure that I did enjoy what they enjoyed; and it was my desire to follow the Lord in the way of his commandments; but the way seemed to be closed, and I said, ‘Lord, why is it?’ And these words came to me, ‘first, the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear;’ and then my mind seemed to be easy; but then the words left me, and I thought no more of them, till I received your last note, when they came fresh to my mind, and the way seemed to be opened.

“Thus was I delivered; and oh, what blessedness there did seem in the Lord’s mercy to one so unworthy as I felt myself to be. I could see how he had led me, and guided me; and I have felt so much of the love of Christ in my heart lately, that I have been quite unfit for my domestic duties. Oh, how dead do I feel to the world at these times. The Lord knows that I cannot find language to express my love to him. But all these things have I kept in my heart; I never have before opened my mind to any

one in this way, but it seemed so impressed on my mind to do it; but, if in so doing, I am wrong, I beg you will reprove me, for I feel my own ignorance; yet when things are so impressed on my mind, I feel afraid to reject them, as I was brought into such distress because I did not write to you about the ordinance of Baptism; and I do believe the Lord has been my guide and strength in these things, for I have felt his presence to be with me, and I do feel great firmness in the things of God. I do hope the Lord will own and bless your labours to many poor souls, as he has done to mine. So prays your unworthy sister in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Thus, brother, I have given you, with few exceptions, word for word as I received them; it may appear a confused matter to some, but I do hope the Lord will make it a real blessing to others. Surely, “God’s ways are in the deep; and who by searching can find out the Almighty?”

On June 28th, at our anniversary, brother Wells preached two good sermons; and the most part of the people, including myself, heard him gladly. Our attendance was good; and the temporal profits of the day, after all expenses were paid, amounted to more than £16. Yours, in Him, whose absence my soul often mourns.

TIMOTHY THE YOUNGER.

The Subjects of Zion’s King.

BY C. M. WIGHTMAN,

NOW SUPPLYING AT UNICORN YARD CHAPEL.

THE subjects of Zion’s King are men wondered at, and are distinguished from the subjects of all other monarchs,

1st, *In number.* They compose a number that no man can number. Never, therefore, can earthly or hellish ruler bear sway over such countless numbers as Zion’s King; for in all things it is written, he must have the pre-eminence, and indubitably he will have it in this. Consider the numerous drops of dew in the womb of the morning; there we have a faint figure of the church of the first-born; and as the Holy Ghost has given us this figure to help our conceptions on the subject, this womb of the morning may be viewed as the womb of the everlasting covenant teeming with its countless millions, which the King received from the Father as the dew of his youth before the world began, and had their names recorded in the eternal register of heaven, as the subjects of his kingdom. Thus they became by free and sovereign grace the chosen generation—the holy nation—the peculiar people whom he would form for himself; and being foreknown, were predestinated to be called, justified and glorified, together with him. Here we see the golden chain of union that eternally binds

together the King and his subjects, and thus being forged by an omnipotent hand, bids defiance to the united forces of earth and hell.

2nd, They are distinguished in *nature*. "Born not of corruptible, but of incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth for ever." They are new creatures, partakers of the divine nature, by the washing of regeneration and renewings of the Holy Ghost. This new creation being the work of the divine Spirit, is felt in the soul by its vitalizing and renewing power; therefore it is described as forming Christ in them; for all his subjects are predestinated to be conformed to his image. This work of grace causes many painful, as well as pleasant feelings; many tears and sighs; much self-loathing and stripping; deep groanings under the burden of corruption; hard struggling, and inward wrestling against the world, the flesh and the devil. Conflicts of this kind between the law in the members and the law of the mind, produces at times such a degree of wretchedness and dejection, that its subjects are led to conclude that they are forsaken and forgotten of the King—"Zion said, the Lord hath forsaken me."

But here it is on this dark ground that the precious union between the King and his subjects discovers itself. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, and have no compassion on the son of her womb? She may: yet will I not forget thee. I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." Thus, by the renewings of the Holy Ghost, Zion again sees the King in his beauty, becomes reconciled to God's dealings, and, like Hezekiah, acknowledges that by these things—these inward trials—men live; and that in all these things is the life of his spirit—the life of faith, by which he overcomes the world, crucifies the flesh, puts off the old man, with his deeds, putting on the Lord Jesus, and walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the King blameless.

3dly, They are distinguished in *attire*. Zion's subjects have beautiful garments; the King has clothed them with brodered work, with ornaments, and bracelets, and chains of gold. Therefore, though by nature they are black, they are comely through the comeliness he puts upon them; for though they have been among the pots, he says he will make them like the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. He clothes them with the garments of salvation, adorns them with the robe of righteousness, "as a bridegroom decketh himself, and as a bride adorneth herself with jewels."

"My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself prepares my wedding-dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness."

They thus enjoy the blessedness of the Man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works; are accepted in their King, who is the Head of all principality and

power. This is the ground of their completeness; for as he was the Head of representation to the whole of his subjects, they were loved and chosen in him; and as the Head of influence, they have been attracted to him, and have received out of his fulness. As he is, therefore, so are they in this world. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Justified fully, freely, and eternally. Clothed in this goodly attire, they shall enter into the King's palace with gladness and rejoicing.

4th, They are distinguished for *privileges*. All the highest honours, richest immunities, and noblest enjoyments are their's. "All things are their's." He has elevated them not to wear the paltry coronet of a baron, but a princely diadem—"a crown of glory that fadeth not away." "He has given them the white stone, and in it a new name," distinguishing them with his eternal friendship. As they found grace in his sight from eternity, so in a peculiar manner did they feel this when they were first brought to his feet; when they were led by the Spirit to his atoning blood for pardon, and to his righteousness for justification; then were their soul's feelings sweetly impressed with a sense of his love; then did they know that they were made joint heirs by the law of divine primogeniture with the King himself, and entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the kingdom. By this title, and the divine teaching of the Holy Ghost, they are qualified to attend the levee at court, and have communion and fellowship with their King; and such is his grace, that he admits them to his banquetting house, where the kindness of youth, and the love of espousals, are experienced—where they sup with their Saviour, and lean upon his bosom—where they eat of savory meat, and drink of the spiced wine of the pomegranate, and forget their former poverty, and think of their misery no more. Thus strengthened in their inward man, they are joyful in their King, for the joy of the Lord is their strength. They rejoice in the *change* they have experienced; they know it to be real; they feel that life has been communicated, that light has been imparted, that pollution has been removed, that enmity has been subdued, that sin has been pardoned, that righteousness has been imputed, that holiness has been impressed, and a new creation effected; they rejoice in the choice they have made, having been chosen from the beginning to salvation by the King; they choose him in return, and, like Moses of old, after being enabled to make such a choice, "prefer affliction with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;" they rejoice in the hope they are enabled to cherish; their hope has a good foundation—a good object—a good warrant; their hope is founded not on their own works, but on the well-done work of their King.

THOUGHTS ON A TRUE GOSPEL CHURCH.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD:—Believing that your desire is to do the will of God according to the measure of grace given to you in the knowledge of his will, I gladly avail myself of the present opportunity of shewing you in a few words from the Scriptures of truth what I consider to be “the nature of a true gospel church.” The church, which is designated the church of God, or the church of Christ, is a company of congregated believers in the Lord Jesus, who were chosen and set apart by God the Father before time began to be; called and sanctified by God the Holy Ghost in due time, or the set time, and collected and separated unto the special service of God their Saviour, whose authority they not only acknowledge and admire, but submit unto in all things, ever speaking of the affection of his loving heart, which renders submission to his authority both pleasant and profitable. The apostle declares, as the mouth of God, that “whatsoever is not of faith is sin;” and that “without faith it is impossible to please God;” therefore it follows, that no mere outward observance of ordinances, even though they be divinely instituted, can at all be acceptable to God, who requires the whole heart in the full obedience of precious faith. The authority of Christ, as Head of the church, is unmistakably clear and express in the following words—“If ye love me keep my commandments.” And the apostles, as patterns and examples to believers in the Lord Jesus, went forth and preached everywhere, as they were sent, the gospel of the grace of God; and to as many as received it, in the power and love thereof, and made willing and open declaration or profession of the same, they either themselves baptised, or gave commandment in the name of the Lord to others, that they should be baptised forthwith. Whereupon, and not till then, they were joined to each other in church-membership, on the scriptural ground of Christian relationship made manifest by regenerating grace. And this was done for the solemn purpose of shewing forth in gospel unity their spiritual remembrance of Christ in all things, by keeping the feast of love, in the ordinance of the Lord’s supper, and by constantly assembling themselves together for fellowship, preaching the word, and prayer; and hence they were addressed in the apostolic epistles as the saints of God, and faithful in Christ Jesus.

While the yoking together of a believer and an unbeliever in temporal marriage is condemned of the Lord by the mouth of Paul, how much greater condemnation and sorer punishment await those who know the way of the Lord more perfectly, yet attempt to bring together in the church the believer and the unbeliever, the baptised and the un-

baptised, thereby making no difference between the righteous and the wicked, the obedient and the disobedient, the clean and the unclean; forgetting altogether the solemnly important questions, “Who hath required this at your hand?” and, “can two walk together except they be agreed?” Be it remembered, then, that as faith is an indisputable pre-requisite for baptism, so in like manner is baptism, or immersion, upon a profession of faith in Christ, an indispensable qualification for church membership.

A true gospel church is an incorporated society of God-fearing, sin-bating, truth-loving, and peace-seeking men and women, having Christ for its head, truth for its foundation, mutual edification for its object, and eternal glory for its end. Each member of such society having been scripturally introduced and spiritually incorporated, will be known and distinguished as having the life of God in his soul, the love of God in his heart, and the law of God in his mind. Hence we may add,—

“How good and pleasant ’tis to see
Thy church, dear Jesus, kind and free;
Free to converse of things divine,
And kind to aid each child of thine.”

The following are also unmistakable evidences and signs of a true gospel church:—

1. Harmony of soul and sentiment among all its members with the New Testament in all its doctrines, ordinances, and precepts.
2. Holiness of life and practice in all honesty and humility, enforced and observed upon vital and holy principles.
3. Happiness abounding in an honourable adherence to the truth as it is in Jesus.

In concluding these remarks, I would just observe that the standing, safety, strength, and success of a gospel church, as of the ministry of the gospel, is all of grace. And moreover, you may remember what I have often said in your hearing when administering the ordinance of believers’ baptism, viz., that seven things should be insisted on as concerning each individual seeking membership with the church of God: 1, that the Spirit of grace must first be received; 2, that the doctrines of grace must be believed; 3, that the promises of grace must be pleaded; 4, that the work of grace must be witnessed; 5, that the ordinances of grace must be observed; 6, that the precepts of grace must be practised; 7, that the God of grace must be glorified. Thus shewing, not only the harmony of gospel truths, but also the impossibility of the God of grace being glorified until the Spirit of grace be first received.

Be assured, my sister, that membership with the church of Christ is no small matter; on the contrary, it imposes and impresses solemn obligation upon each to pray for, and

and seek after, the growing good of the whole body; for every man and woman that is not a blessing in and to the church, will not merely be a blank in, but also a burden to it. I regret exceedingly that you have not the truth of God preached and practised among you; however, I trust the God of truth and grace is with you, and will keep you from either denying or departing from the truth.

I am glad that your letters both to myself and our dear brother Rose betoken a healthful state of soul, manifested in humbleness of mind, produced by an holy sense both of your sinfulness and of the salvation of the Lord which he hath shewed unto you.

"Oh! ne'er forget the throne of heavenly grace,
Nor cease to search the word, that you may trace
The hidden beauties of Emanuel's face."

Hold fast the form of sound words, knowing in whom you have believed, from whom you have received, and by whom you have never been deceived, though oft you have his Spirit grieved.

That the Lord God Almighty may continue to bless you with the blessings of heaven above, and of the earth beneath, with upper spring and nether spring blessings in abundance, and cause you to look unto him for wisdom and understanding in all things.

"Who guideth skilfully his saints
Till they arrive at home;
Where peace and joy exclude complaints,
Where they shall never roam."

So shall your heart rejoice, and the prayer of your acknowledged pastor be granted.

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

"There yet is Room."

A FEW WORDS AT THE LORD'S TABLE IN APRIL
ON THE WORDS, "THERE YET IS ROOM."

THERE are two very important declarations in the Bible, producing very opposite impressions on the mind of a seeking soul. One is,—"The door was shut." The other is the words of our text, "There yet is room."

I. There is room at the Fountain. For

1st, The *polluted*, to wash and be clean.

When the sinner is quickened by the Spirit, he is led to see his state by nature, feel his need of cleansing, and fly for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before him, then "in that day there shall be a fountain opened for the house of David." Zech. xiv. 1.

2d, For the *perishing*, to drink and be refreshed. The soul pursued by law, justice, conscience and satan, escapes for his life, he becomes weary, thirsty and faint; his strength is weakened in the way, and he cries out for a drink of the water of the well in Bethlehem, by the gate, that he may drink and be refreshed to run the race set before him. How welcome the tidings to such an one, "There yet is room" at the Fountain. Then the three worthies, Faith, Hope and Love, break

through the host of Phillistine obstacles—doubts, darkness and worldliness, and obtain the refreshing supplies from the Fountain of Life, which increases faith, enlivens hope, and strengthens love.

II. "There yet is room" at the footstool, for the penitent and pleading one to confess his sin, seek pardon, obtain peace, hear the voice which encourages the weeper, cheers the mourner, delivers the captive and seals peace on the conscience. There is, then, no dread of hell or fear of death where pardon is sealed and peace enjoyed. Death thou wears an angel's face, and Jesus is viewed and loved as the Friend of sinners. A sight of him spoils all other sights; and here at the footstool penitents see him as the faithful High Priest, whose word speaks the soul into life, the storm into a calm, and whose hand only can wipe the tear from the eye of the penitent Magdalene, the praying publican, the persecuting Paul and the poor thief. "There yet is room" at the footstool for the penitent and pleading ones who come in Jesus' name: there is no other name under heaven. And

III. "There yet is room at the feast" for the penniless and praising ones. The rich provisions of the gospel are for those who are too poor to pay, and too weak to work; for all who feel their lost, ruined, helpless condition. The feast was provided by the Father's love for the purchased ones of a Redeemer's blood; and such shall be brought, and made willing to enter under the consecrating influences and power of the Spirit, to partake of royal dainties suited to the appetite of the new nature. Such have meat to eat which the worldly knoweth not; they flow to the feast for the corn, the wine and the oil; and the Master of the feast says,— "Eat abundantly;" for he eats and drinks with sinners still; "having loved his own which were in the world, he loves them to the end," and calls them to the feast without money or merit; why, then, attempt to satisfy your appetites with works, duties, opinions or thoughts of making yourselves better?

"All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you," &c.

Duties are the husks which never will satisfy. Christ is the Staff of Life for the hungry, and Strong Drink for them who are ready to perish. You cannot dig, but you are not ashamed to beg. You are the characters for whom it is provided; "there yet is room" at the feast for the penniless, and those who humbly enquire, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?"

IV. "There yet is room" in heaven for the precious and preserved ones; the door is not yet shut, nor will it be, whilst a vessel of mercy is on earth. We anticipate heaven as the place of our final destination; it is the

home of the chosen, claimed and consecrated ones, who on earth are washed in the fountain, bow at the footstool, and partake of the feast. Thousands have arrived there already, and we anticipate joining them; for our seat is at present vacant, our harp untuned, and our crown unclaimed; then shall we exchange sighs for songs, temptations for triumphs, the sword for the victor's palm, and the days of our mourning shall be ended. There will be no more doubt, darkness or death; all will be light, life and love.

"There yet is room" in heaven for those who are precious in his sight, and preserved by his grace; they are the salt of the earth; and when they are taken home, there will be no more room, the door will be shut, and time will be no longer. There,

"No vain discourse shall fill the tongue,
Nor trifles vex the ear;
Infinite love shall be the song,
And God delight to hear."

Tudworth, ELLAS GRIFFITHS.
April 15th, 1853.

THE
PORTRAIT OF AN ANTINOMIAN.
AS DRAWN BY AN ENEMY.

PASTOR J. B. MARSDEN, in his recently published *History of the Later Puritans*, has given us the following sketch of the apostle of Antinomianism, (as he is pleased to call him) Dr. Crisp. After some disparaging remarks on Antinomianism in general, he says: "But there is a vitality in the doctrines of the cross, which, however they may be mangled and distorted, they never lose entirely. As a body, the Antinomians were not immoral; (this is a gratifying admission,) their leaders were not men of impure lives; (we never thought they were, but are glad to have this testimony from an enemy:) some of them with confused heads, were guileless as infants. (We wonder whether their guilelessness had anything to do with their confused heads?) The disease that disturbed the understanding did not reach the heart. Dr. Crisp himself, the founder, or, at least, the apostle of the sect, was such an one. (Hear! hear!) Of a wealthy family, he declined preferment, and spent a plentiful estate in Christian hospitality: [which, by the way, is more than many Arminians would be inclined to do.] He gave himself wholly to the preaching of the word, and the laborious duties of the ministry. [If this be Antinomianism, it would seem that Paul was an Antinomian, for this is just what he exhorted Timothy to do, 2 Tim. iv. 1, 2; 1 Tim. iv. 13—16.] His life and conduct were unblameable, and his household was, even among Puritans, religious and exact. He is described as meek, lowly, and affectionate. [Why, Mr. Marsden, this is the character

of an apostle, not of an Antinomian! [Whatever the tendency of his writings might have been, the force of his example put the best construction on them, and, while he was alive, corrected, to a great extent, the mischiefs they have since produced. (?) He was fond of expressions which alarm, and paradoxes which astonish; and yet persons skilled in theology perceive that many of his statements are capable of a sound interpretation. But they misled the ignorant, and occasioned grievous errors. These however in a religious age, were congenial to the tastes of multitudes, who, casting off religion, were anxious to get rid of its restraints. And this is still the character of Antinomianism: it comprehends men of weak intellects, [Very likely; for God hath chosen the foolish things of this world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty, 1 Cor. i. 27, &c. Solemn words. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty not many noble are called," 26. v.] who are sincerely pious; men of perverted reason, but sound in practice; and with them a clamorous and noisy host, to whom religion is a mere name if not a mask,—a delusion to themselves if not a deception to others, (pp. 228, 227.)] "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Again, he says, "Wild as these opinions (the opinions of Dr. Crisp and his followers,) may seem, they were sustained by a considerable shew of argument and by an appeal to scripture, (yea truly:) they linger in obscure congregations; (yes blessed be God, they do,) chiefly among the anabaptists, by some of whom they were first espoused. In general we (the Arminians) denounce them with abhorrence, and speak of them in these days with contempt. (Just as a Romanist would speak of Mr. Marsden's Protestantism.) It may be questioned whether our conduct is wise in this respect." (p. 225.) [It may indeed; for what if, after all, they happen to be right and you wrong? "Verily, except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 20.]

Well, reader, what think you of the character given, of the apostle of Antinomianism? Have you any objection to be spoken of in similar terms? For our own part we can only say, "Let me live the life of this Antinomian, and let my last end be like his."
Liverpool. M. M.

In all thy actions think God sees thee; and in all his actions labour to see him; that will make thee fear him; this will move thee to love him. The fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and the knowledge of God is the perfection of love.—*Quarles*.

The Late William Croker,

MINISTER OF ZOAR CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

In a letter addressed by his Widow, to Mr. W. Allen, Minister of Cave Adullam Chapel, Stepney.

DURING the last few years, but little has been known, generally, of the late William Croker. From the following brief sketch, however, it will be seen that he had a work to do; and, in his younger days, he laboured hard; God Almighty kept him in the truth to the end; and, although, like many more of us poor servants, he had his infirmities and deep trials, we believe he is gone to dwell in the sweet embraces of that most holy and lovely Saviour—that holy and compassionate Master, whom he delighted to honour and exalt. The following particulars by his bereaved widow, will, we hope, be encouraging to some of the young soldiers now in the field; and also instrumental in causing many of Mr. Croker's old friends *practically* to remember that the afflicted widows of departed ministers have a claim upon our charity.—
ED.

DEAR SIR.—At your request, I send you a short account of my dear departed husband, William Croker, late minister of Zoar Chapel, Brighton. He was born at Grampond, in Cornwall, January 11, 1788; his mother was the daughter of William Groggon, a dyer, at Grampond. I believe he was a gracious man; on his father's side, it seems, they were as heathens, living without hope and without God in the world. His father removed to Plymouth, where he resided ten years. It was while the late venerable servant of God—Dr. Hawker, was rector. Often have I heard my late husband relate, with pleasure, the charitable actions of Dr. Hawker, going with a loaf of bread under his cloak, and tea and sugar in his pocket, as well as imparting the bread of life. He used to say the doctor's whole mind was occupied in seeing how he could do any good, either to the souls or bodies of men.

Mr. Croker experienced several remarkable instances of providential deliverances before he was called to a knowledge of the truth; but these will be noticed in a separate memoir shortly to be published. He had scarcely any education at all; in after days he used to say, "The Lord taught me; perhaps if I had had an education, I should have been proud of it. I have nothing to boast of."

From Plymouth his father removed to Portsmouth; and from thence to London, where the Lord was pleased to call my husband by grace divine.

It pleased the Lord to lay affliction on him for nearly three years; so that, at last, he could not go out without a stick for support; and finding himself drawing near to the gates of death, he thought he would go to West Street Chapel, Seven Dials, the late William Gurney's. The Lord in some measure restored his health; and he began to work *for* life, not knowing then that "it is God that worketh in us, to will and to do of his own good pleasure."

He became collector of the Seven Dials Bible Association. I believe he was the first one to visit his district with a Bible in his hand: he would go and read and expound the Scriptures, and pray in the most depraved families in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials. At Orange Street Chapel, and Peter Street, Soho, he used to give addresses to the children; they were solemn and impressive; the word was with power. His ministry, in after days, was the means of conveying life to my soul; so that I can take upon myself (more than many wives) to speak well of him.

[The details of his private experience are reserved for "The Memoir:" a brief outline of his ministerial life, and his departure from a world of sorrow, is all that can here be given.]

The first place he was called out publicly to preach was Mr. George's, Harrow-on-the-hill: the Lord was pleased to bless his ministry there to the conversion of a woman, a great persecutor. After that, he laboured in the Lord's work, walking miles to King's Langley, Greenford, Waltham Abbey, Hanwell, Uxbridge, Felton, Sunbury, Richmond, and at Hitchin, where he preached the funeral sermon of the late Mr. Gattwood. Often have I let him out of the doors on a snowy morning, to walk from sixteen to twenty miles to preach the glorious gospel of the grace of God. I well remember once he told the Lord he could not go to preach any more without he had boots, for he had worn them all out with walking; and had no money to buy. Strange to say, a lady (who employed my daughter Ann to go of errands) said to our child, "We are going to remove; and there are a few things for your father; if they will not suit him, he can sell them." There were six pairs of boots, in good condition; two pairs were new soled and heeled; there was a coat, waistcoat and trousers, which well fitted; and the boots lasted him for years.

One Sunday, not being called out, he thought he should go and hear for himself; but about ten o'clock Mr. Nunn came; he said, "Brother C., get ready to go to Rehoboth Chapel, Fetter Lane." He preached there in the morning; a rich deacon took him home to dine; he said to him, after dinner, "You preach so and so for us; you shall never want a friend." "What! (said he), do you want me to sell my Master? No: by the help of God, to-night I will be more faithful than ever." His text was, "*Buy the truth, and sell it not.*" When he was done, this rich man said to him, "*When we want you again, we will send for you.*"

Through the recommendation of Mr. Silver, Mr. Croker was called to supply at Rehoboth Chapel, Lewisham Street, Westminster, London, for six months, in 1830. He was ordained March 24, 1831, by Mr. Luckin, of Woodbridge Chapel, Clerkenwell, Mr. Firmin, of Cumberland Street, Shoreditch, and the late Joseph Irons, of Camberwell.

The ordination chapter (Jeremiah the first) suited him all the time of his ministerial life; he had a keen and searching manner of separating the precious from the vile. The Lord had prepared him for the same by fiery trials. He had a particular manner of simplifying and entering into the various feelings and exercises of the Lord's quickened people; in tracing out the footsteps of the flock; in picking up the little

one; and when the Lord touched his heart with the sweetness of the truths while preaching, it filled him with energy and zeal.

Having an increasing family at Westminster, my sixth child being born there; Mr. Crocker's income being only one pound per week, with a rent of twenty pounds per annum; we were often brought into great difficulties.

I remember my husband once said to me, I cannot study, nor take my bible in my hand to-day, unless the Lord appears for me, (it was a trying time.) He had not said so long, before a knock came to the door; Mr. Silver sent a sovereign from a gentleman: "Well," said he, "now I can go and preach; and my text shall be 'What hath God wrought?'" At another time, we had five pounds to pay for our rent; and I was rather cross at paying it, as I knew we should be penniless. I said to him, you will have to go without dinner on Sunday; you have to preach three times; once for widow Horn, on her behalf, at Aldersgate Street chapel. And can you preach without eating? "Well," he replied, "I must leave it with the Lord." He went out for a morning's walk, close to the Penitentiary, Milbank; one of his members had got some fine scarlet runners; she filled his pocket handkerchief with them; he came home quite rejoiced; said he, "I can make my dinner of them, and can be thankful." About three o'clock on the same day a horse and chaise, with Mr. Bunney, of Pimlico, drove to the door. "Sir," said he, "you will think it strange that I have called on you on a Saturday, but a pork butcher has killed for me a pig, and taken half of it; I have got the other half, except this piece, about seven pounds; you came into my mind, and I could not keep you out; I must come and bring you this piece of pork; for I know you love the Lord Jesus Christ and I wish I did." Thus, you see, how God works. "Now," said he, "what can you want more, roast pork and scarlet runners; a dinner fit for a king." "Ah," said I, "but you have no money to go on with;" he replied, "we must wait patiently." On the Sunday afternoon, when preaching for widow Horn, at Aldersgate Street chapel, a gentleman stepped up to him—as he was coming out of the pulpit—put a letter into his hand, containing a sovereign: Mr. Wells, from Newbury, also called to see him, and said, "here is half a sovereign for you."

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread;
Are big with blessings, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

I could tell of numberless instances; but these shall be in his life, if published.

Mr. C. left Westminster in September, 1837; not without seeing the Lord's hand in it. He was made useful. There was a blustering, swearing coal-whipper, who promiscuously came in to hear; a cruel husband and a very wicked man: all at once, his wife said, he became the most affectionate husband; sinking in body fast; one day he said, "My dear, I have been a very bad husband to you; will you forgive me?" She replied, "You must ask God to forgive you." His answer

was, "God has forgiven me some time past; I shall have to bless God to all eternity for ever hearing that dear little man in Lewisham Street Chapel; and now I want one favour of you; will you get two persons to lift me there again, that I may hear him once more?" She did, on the Sunday night, and on the following Wednesday he went off blessing and praising God. He was also made useful to his own father. It was on an Easter Sunday evening; he did not know his father was in the chapel; he was speaking of the free, unmerited grace of God in calling him out of darkness into his marvellous light. He said, "I believe (at this time) I am the only one in my family but what are going the broad road to destruction." His father, at this moment, being under the pulpit, (to use his own words), was obliged to leave the chapel without seeing his son. He told me the words entered him like an arrow; he went home, and kept his bed many days, begging and crying for mercy. After this, the Lord made him a preacher of righteousness. Thus he lived, and thus he died.

My husband's fatal illness first commenced in August, 1852; he used to spit blood; which caused great weakness, and brought on a paralytic fit; but though torn with disease, his mind retained its vigour; but his enjoyments were eclipsed, and his comfort overshadowed. I had, however, the satisfaction of observing, that through all impediments his real ripening for glory was manifest as he travelled nearer and nearer to the grave in child-like simplicity, in humility and self-abasement. How often have I heard him repeat,

"Dear Lamb! still after thee I go,
Through all this gloomy vale below;
Oh, lead me on my heavenly road,
Prepar'd to meet the eternal God."

He never laid by but two Sabbaths; that was when he was cupped. His constant desire was that he might preach with as much power as he had done before; he thought if the Lord would but strengthen him again he never should be able sufficiently to praise him. "The glorious Person and offices of Christ (said he) shall be my only subject."

In October last, he went to London; from there to Theal, near Reading, to his dear friend and brother in the Lord, Mr. Bradby; who, for the last twenty-two years, like Lydia, opened his house to receive his poor brother to recruit his strength: he returned home in a few days much worse; great lowness of spirits; he would burst out crying at times, and say, "If God does not please to raise me up again, he intends me better. 'I know whom I have believed.' How little do we think of improving the time while we have time and opportunity. I find every thing (but religion) vanity. O, my dear, I thought I never, never should have seen you again. I do bless and praise my God for allowing me to see you once more. Oh, that I could leave you an independence!" But then he would add, with a firm faith on divine providence, "I doubt not but you and my dear children will be provided for after my decease by my God, who has so graciously provided for me. Oh, that I had left my enemies in the Lord's hand when he gave me this portion of the word, 'All your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name sake,

said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed."

On Sunday, November 21, his text was Isaiah xl. 1, 2, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," &c. I looked up at him with astonishment. I said, "You that are so broken in spirit, and so full of troubles in your family; and yet you are going to give comfort to the mourners in Zion!" which he did, to the astonishment of all.

On Sunday, November 28, his text was 2 Cor. vi. 17, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The way he commenced his sermon was as this:

"He hath delivered, just when I have thought there was no helper nigh: Before I've asked him to appear, I've always found his help was near.

"Ah, sure it is our faith to try, To know if we on God rely; Well, he will answer what he gives, For by his promise still I live.

"Paul calls it light affliction, too; Says it's to work much good for you; 'Tis faith perceives it to be light, The end it views is glory bright."

A number of simple expository verses follow here: and then Mrs. Crocker says,

This was the sweet way he was led; and so he went on Sunday after Sunday, thinking every Sabbath would be his last, till within a few weeks of his death, he thought he was gathering a little strength, from what he partook of through the kindness of Mrs. Hobden, Mrs. Watmuff, Mrs. Williamson, Mr. Bradby, at Theale, and Mr. Wells, of Newbury.

On the last Sabbath he preached, May the 1st, he appeared very weak in body. When I had put on his things, he said, "What shall I do? I think I never shall preach to-day; but what am I to do? it is my living, and my people will not be satisfied if I do not. Oh, how shall I get through this day?" I replied, "I wish I could assist you; but I trust the Lord will give you strength. I have heard you say you should like to die in harness." Ah, (said he), it is one thing to say it, and another thing to feel it; but the Lord's will must be done." The hymns he chose to begin the service of the day, were,

"Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode."

And,
"Up to the fields, where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll."

He then commenced his sermon: his text was, Col. i. 12, "Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." He first described the inheritance; secondly, the persons by whom it was to be enjoyed; and, thirdly, the gratitude by which they are distinguished.

Returning home, he could scarcely partake of any dinner: he seemed very low in body and spirits. I took the fustina to give him a tune; he said, "Put it away; I cannot bear to hear it." I said, "I want to cheer you." Ah, (said he), there is none but God can do that."

He went again to chapel in the evening; commenced by singing,

"Hark! the voice of love and mercy."
Second hymn,—

"Rock of ages, shelter me."

He took for his text, Prov. xiii. 25, "The righteous eateth to the satisfying of his soul; but the belly of the wicked shall want."

Having concluded, he administered the ordinance to a small number; he remarked, "My number is small; but it is more like my Lord and Master; he had but eleven. Some of my people are dead; some are sick. Those who have staid away, Lord, give them the rod." After he had administered the ordinance, he concluded by singing,

"Ere we leave thy table, Lord,
Drop us down a pledge of peace;
Give us all a parting word,
Seal it with a parting kiss."

And it was a parting indeed to those who were to see his face no more. When we returned home, I said, "Well, my dear, I could not help thinking I should love you better than ever for your faithful ministry this night; the Lord has been with you indeed." "I am a wonder to myself, (he replied), how I have got through this day, so as I dreaded it; but the promise is fulfilled, 'My strength is perfected in thy weakness.'"

On Monday morning, after a restless night, got up and went out to visit the sick. He came home, and one of the individuals had asked him to have a luncheon, and gave him a shilling, which he was ever pleased to bring home to me. He said, "My dear, I shall lay down, being very fatigued." But finding he could not, he called me up-stairs to sit with him, for he could not bear me out of his sight. Looking at me with great earnestness, he said, "Ah, my dear wife, I wish I had five hundred pounds to leave you; you have been a good wife to me, and a good mother to my children; but it seems we must part, and what will become of you and the dear children? I said, alluding to a verse of poetry,

"Cheer up, I will provide for thee
From sources which thou cannot see;
All things are mine in earth and sea,
I'll make them servants for to be.
"The widow's meal he did increase,
So that she might the prophet feast;
Although the poorest in the land,
Yet she is fed by God's own hand."

He said, "I am glad to see you so confident; and I know there is nothing too hard for the Lord when faith is in exercise; but I am a poor shaken reed." He then went on, "When I am dead, get me a parish shell, and lay me any where, so that it will be the least expence to you." I said, "Do not talk thus, for it will not bear a thought."

A variety of incidents are here recorded connected with his last days; but we can only give the closing scene. He had gone to bed before his family; but about half-past ten he awoke, and coming to the stairs he said, "Are you all going to let me die by myself?" My son William, my daughter, and myself ran up immediately; my son gave him a new-laid egg; then my son ran and made him a little tea to wet his lips. He got out of bed twice, and in again, without the least help. He said, "Put your hands on me,

and feel how the death sweats are pouring down. Ah, my dear, none of you thought me so bad as I am, but now you see I am going." We sent for Mr. Braby, a near neighbour, and for Mrs. Tyrell, who came directly. He said, "My feet are quite cold—I am dying upwards." Looking round the room he saw his son weeping, when he said, "Oh my poor Bill and my poor family!" Mr. Braby asked him how it was with him now? He replied, "I have no other arm to lean on but the Lord's arm; he maintains my lot." Laying like in a dose for a few moments he cried out, "My flesh and my heart is failing me, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." I said to him, "My dear, you preached from that some time ago." Said he, "I am now realising it. I went to put his head a little higher, when he said, 'Do not, dear, I am quite comfortable.'" We did not perceive he was gone till Mr. Braby said, "HE IS GONE!" with his hands closed together, his eyes closed, and his jaw never fell. Here, (said I) is a Naphtali, filled with favour, and full of the blessing of the Lord. This is falling asleep in Jesus."

Thus I have lost a loving affectionate husband, my children a loving affectionate parent, the church a truly sympathising friend and brother, and a faithful and true witness, one who would walk miles to visit any poor sick child of God, not ever studying his poor asthmatic body, so as he could comfort others with the comfort wherewith he was comforted of God.

He is now gone to a better country, where the son of persecution will never smite him more, and where there will be no scarcity of bread and water, a day without a cloud, where the Lord God shall wipe away all tears from all faces, and take away the reproach of his people for ever. He will not repent now of having passed through the fire, that is, the fiery tongue of persecution, nor through the waters of trouble, for the Lord has safely brought him to a wealthy land, where he shall see his face without a veil, which he had sought many times with tears. This was my husband's constant song, as he drew near his journey's end:—

"Jerusalem my happy home
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace in thee?"

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

"Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end!"

Sorrow for Sin in the Sick Chamber,
AND
Salvation in the Sanatory.

LAST month we commenced a brief notice of a little book entitled "FATHER REEVES," published by Hamilton, Adams and Co., and the more we look into it, and examine the essential features of the memoir, the deeper are we convinced that Father Reeves was indeed a vessel of mercy; and a really useful Christian man, although, in many things, he followed not with us. The biography

informs us that it pleased the Lord to lay poor Reeves, and his wife too, on a bed of sickness and poverty. Here the Lord laid his hand on the poor man's heart: speaking of his sickness he says:—"This was not the greatest of my affliction; all my sins and unpaid vows came before me, so that I saw and felt, if I died, hell must be my portion. Oh the agony of soul I then felt! I began to cry for mercy, and for God to raise me up again; and that kind and merciful God, who had been so many times merciful to me, once more heard me and restored my health. As soon as I was able, I went to a place of worship. For several weeks I went from one place of worship to another. It pleased the Lord, on the first Monday evening in December, 1808, to lead me into Lambeth chapel. Oh, the blessed hour I ever set my feet over that sill! That dear man of God, William Vipond, preached that night from Revelation iii. 20, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock,' &c. He described the many ways God made use of to knock at a sinner's heart; and every way he described was just the way God had knocked at my heart. Oh, the agony I then felt! every description was like a two-edged sword to my soul. This was much deeper conviction than ever I had felt before; my knees smote together, and I thought I should sink in hell.

"As soon as the sermon was ended, I was constrained to go trembling into the vestry, to know what I should do. He spoke many comfortable words to me: but, alas! I could take no comfort. I went home to my dear wife, and took the bible and sat down and wept. She asked me what I wept for: I told her I was such a great sinner; and if she and I died in such a state we must go to hell. I began to pray in secret and read my Bible at all opportunities, and strove for some time to make myself better by my own good works.

"I could get no rest day nor night, and what added to my sorrow was, my wife began to persecute me. This was a new and heavy trial, because it came from one I loved, and from whom I expected comfort—but, oh! to my sorrow she got worse.

"I then began to pray with her, which at first was a great cross: but blessed be God who giveth grace, my prayers were heard and answered—the Lord convinced her of sin, she went to class with me, and this gave me great joy.

"In about a month the Lord was pleased to set my soul at liberty. Oh, that happy moment! The Lord helped me to praise him and never to forget it! I began to see the worth of precious souls. I began to rebuke sin wherever I saw it, and when I heard of any person sick, I could not rest until I had been to see them and told them of heaven and hell, and that they must repent, and what God had done for my soul. I was so ignorant that I thought they would believe all and receive all I said, and be saved. If they were in distress, I gave them all I had in my pocket."

A SECOND

Letter from John Bunyan M'Cure,

WITH NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

OUR brother R. Minton, of John Street Road, has received, and forwarded to us a second letter from Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, dated Geelong, Australia, Feb. 4, 1853. This second letter, with long postscript, and an addenda, headed, "The Miseries and the Money-seekers of Melbourne, described by an Eye-witness," has been published in a penny pamphlet, by James Paul, of Chapter House Court. Among the many things which this interesting letter relates, we have a detail of our brother's entrance into Melbourne, on the 20th of last December, a portion of which we here quote. Having landed in Melbourne, he says,—

"I went with two ship-mates to the post office,

to enquire for letters; one of them was in conversation with a friend whom he had just met; who enquired the name of the ship he came out by! While he was telling his friend that it was the 'Hyderabad,' a person passing heard the name of the ship, and directly enquired of my ship-mate if the 'Hyderabad' was in the bay, and if John Bunyan M'Clure was come out in her! He was answered, 'Yes;' and that I was at the post office. I saw the enquirer; we had never seen each other, but he had read of me in the 'Vessel,' and had heard that I had left England for Australia; he had been in the town eleven years, and knew every part, but did not know of one room to let, or any place that we could have for a time, for every place was engaged, and many crowded.

"While I was talking to him, a person came up, to whom I was introduced, who spoke kindly to me, and said that he was going past the house of the deacon of the Baptist chapel, and would take me to him. In twenty minutes I found myself in the presence of Mr. Kerr, who appeared glad to see me, and informed me that they had just completed seven rooms that they had built at the back of the chapel, for the use of Baptist families (only) just coming into the town, at 5s. per week. He told me that I could have one of them, and if there were six families with me on board the ship, I could bring them. I at once engaged the whole of the rooms, and returned back to the ship, praising the Lord for his goodness toward me in thus providing for me a place of shelter for my family.

"On Thursday we all left the vessel by steamer for Melbourne, and truly thankful was I to find myself and family once more on land, and in a room. We obtained some provision—bread and meat; the children danced for joy; it was to them a pleasing change after nearly a four month's voyage.

"The next day I enquired as to my future prospects, as to my being supported by the ministry, I found, at present, there was none. To my surprise, I found divisions amongst the Baptists in Melbourne; there is one cause, which was the first in this town, a number of the members, with their minister, left, and opened another place; but I am informed they are in a very low state. One of the deacons is preaching at the first cause. Then there is Mr. Turner, late of Brighton; and some time since there were some who left him, and have opened a room, and one of their number is preaching to them. When I was informed of these things, I could clearly see that I must seek for employment, that I might support my family, and preach the word of life where doors might be opened. I then enquired about the town, and was greatly disappointed on finding all places were filled up, and the only openings were for shepherds, or to break stones on the roads. I was now brought to my extremity; all gone but one shilling; and this was God's opportunity. I went out after tea, not knowing where I was going; but while walking, I felt my mind impressed to go to Collingwood, and find out Mr. Turner. Onward I walked, pleading with the Lord to do as he had said. I felt sure that he would; for I seemed confident it was the Lord who had brought me out, therefore he would provide.

"Mr. Turner received me kindly, and encouraged me; and told me that he was expecting a friend of his to call every minute, who was in want of a person to manage his business, and he would recommend me to him. After waiting about an hour, he came in, and engaged with me at once, and wished me to proceed at once, with my wife and children, to Geelong, by the steamer."

[The letter then proceeds to detail a very narrow escape which our brother John experienced, wherein his life was in danger. Some account of his commencement in the ministry, and of his obtaining a situation in his own trade; of the state of things in general, &c., &c. It is more and more clear to us, that Christians, at any rate, should not hastily decide on emigration.]

The Plague of the Heart.

[We beg the reader not to be frightened at the black beginning of these stanzas; but to read them carefully through.—Ed.]

O Lord, how plagueousome is my heart!
How prone to act the liar's part!
How vile, Lord, none but thou canst tell;
It loves and seeks the road to hell.

'Tis hard as iron, stone, or steel;
Does neither wrath nor mercy feel;
'Tis unbelieving as a Jew;
Dear Christian, is it thus with you!
It plagués my soul both night and day,
That I can scarcely read or pray;
This is no lie: I feel it true;
Dear Lord, dear Lord, what shall I do?

A plague at home, a plague abroad,
It plagués me in the house of God,
It plagués me at a throne of grace,
It plagués me much in every place.

When I read, or sing, or pray,
This heart runs out another way;
'Tis seeking every place for sin,
Sometimes runs out ere I begin.

Then I keep chattering like a crane,
And know not scarcely what I mean;
I say my prayers, then off to bed;
If I'm alive, my prayers seem dead.

Oh! how rebellious is my heart;
It takes the cunning tempter's part;
Yea, oft goes out and asks him in
Before his dreadful pranks begin.

Then how he rages at my door,
Around my walls, behind, before;
And my old house, (you know the name)
Can hardly stand the fiendish flame.

He kindles fires of earth and hell,
My heart t' inflame, my soul to swell;
If Jesus did not him control,
He would devour my troubled soul.

My heart's the pot, the fire is hell,
Where satan blows to make it swell,
And boil up filth which is within,
With folly, vanity, and sin.

But lo! a nobler name we sing—
Jesus our Captain and our King,
Who reigns in heaven, and earth, and hell,
And all our raging foes can quell.

Jesus, my Lord, I feel, I see
These hateful fiends fear none but thee;
Speak, and they fly like frighted ghosts
Down to their wild infernal coasts.

One word of thine can calm my soul,
Make tides of pleasure o'er me roll,
And lay my troubled heart at ease,
Smooth as the softest summer's seas.

Oh speak, dear Jesus, speak once more,
Speak as thou hast to me before;
Speak to the turnkey of my cell,
Speak, and I'm free—I'm whole—I'm well.

Speak to me now, I know thy voice,
Speak, and 'twill make my soul rejoice;
Speak, thou fair Prince, immortal King,
My soul shall dance, leap, laugh and sing.

Dear Jesus, while I write thou'rt come,
Oh make my house thy constant home;
Oh live, and sup, and lodge with me;
Oh may I live and sup with thee.

For if thou leave me as before
These fiends will soon be at my door;
Soon as they peep and spy not thee
They'll all rush in, thy fear not me.

Oh make my soul thy dwelling-place,
Then not one fiend dare show his face:
Oh take thy lodging near my heart,
And sin and hell must soon depart.

JAMES EVERETT.

OUR MINISTERS AND OUR CHURCHES:

OR

SEVEN BIBLICAL BRANCHES ESSENTIALLY NECESSARY TO THE PEACE, THE PROSPERITY,
AND THE PERFECTION OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

It is past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning. With me it has been a very restless night. I could not sleep, do what I would; my mind has been exercised, and I hope somewhat instructed, in the night watches. I have therefore arisen from my couch, struck a light; a little lifted up my heart to God; taken my pen—and now purpose very briefly to write; so that others may read, if the Lord and you will permit.

A certain question was last evening pressed upon my attention. What that question was, and the short answer I gave to it, you may discover by reading the enclosed note, which I wrote at the moment the query reached me. The note reads as follows:

"I GO A-FISHING."—Dear Friend.—You are amazed to learn that no less than three settled pastors over middling-sized churches have been compelled to turn to secular employments for maintenance." Yet all these have been considered great preachers. How, you ask, are these things to be accounted for? This is indeed a serious question. Fully to answer it would involve much that had better not at this moment be spoken; but this much may be said—two out of the three were readers of sermons, and not preachers; and among the Lord's family, reading from notes, and large leaves carefully laid in the Bible, will not do long in these days, except it be in the Establishment, or among the very refined, the philosophical, and the fashionable churches of our times.

Before I dismiss the question, let me ask another: is there not a larger growth of pastors than of really converted and spiritual people in these days? I seriously fear there is. It is my firm, my fearful opinion, that if many of our churches were thoroughly sifted, it would be found that they could produce more, who, in heart, are willing and wanting to be pastors, than they could produce of real, spiritual converts to the faith of the gospel. I unhesitatingly declare that we are not in want of men who can either read from notes, or talk, from a little reading talent, about the things of the gospel; but we are in want of men, who, like Paul, Whitfield, old Daniel Rowlands, and others, could go forth (in the power of the Spirit) to thrash the mountains, bringing into our churches a host of hungry souls who must be fed with living bread, and cheered with heavenly wine.

I had simply purposed to send you, Mr. Editor, the foregoing note for the wrapper of the *Vessel*, and there let the matter rest; at least, so far as I was concerned.

But as I have before hinted, my eyes would not sleep, my spirit could not rest. Something secretly said in me, "*There is a state of things springing up amongst us, (that is, in the midst of our churches and people,) which must not be passed by unnoticed.*" Among the many things, only one can now be referred to—it is, a disposition in some (young men especially,) to neglect their lawful calling, and to run after the ministry; when the people to whom they minister do not supply them

with that essential commodity which their loss of time, and the absolute wants of their families demand. In some instances, very serious consequences have arisen out of this untempered zeal; it is, therefore, but right that a few cautionary words be addressed to such spontaneous candidates for the ministry. And if some of our churches, who have been so precipitate in getting men settled over them, should hereby be led to think, and hear, and pray a little longer, *before* they speak and act, some unhappy circumstances may be avoided.

If you look at the origin of most of our ministers who have stood, and do stand, in real usefulness, you will discover one of these two features in Providence connected with them. In the one case, some men that we have in the ministry were without any specific *secular* calling; but the God of all grace had endowed them with both a *natural* and a *spiritual* qualification for the ministry; in due time, the blessed Spirit put them into the ministry—(they did not put themselves into it; neither did they go about to seek it—but a special power, and a *particular providence* united to give them a position of growing usefulness in Zion;) consequently, all necessary support arose therefrom. In other cases, where good men have come into the ministry after they have been found in a secular calling, they have continued in that calling with diligence and perseverance, until the spiritual claims of the ministry on the one hand, and the temporal remuneration derived from the ministry on the other, have fairly and honorably opened a door for them to throw themselves, under God, entirely into the work. Our churches in London could furnish many instances confirmatory of these things. I say, therefore, let us take good heed to that passage of Scripture recorded in 1 Cor. vii. 21—24.

Many suggestions here present themselves; but your limited space will not admit of more this time. In closing this paper, allow me to say: as I lay upon my bed in a contemplative mood, SEVEN THINGS rose up before the eye of my mind, as very essential to a peaceful, profitable and successful course in the ministry of the word. They are these:

1. *A willing mind.*
2. *A wrestling faith.*
3. *A waiting soul.*
4. *A watchful eye.*
5. *A working zeal.*
6. *A weeping patience.*
7. *An abiding welcome.*

Biblical and practical illustrations of the necessity and value of each of these things, I purpose to lay before your readers, in your successive numbers, if you think them, in these days of *zeal for*, and manifest *weakness in*, the ministry, worth notice. For the present, I subscribe myself,

A REAL FRIEND TO ALL GOOD PASTORS.

[We presume that the remarks of "*A Real Friend*," &c. are by no means intended as discountenancing or discouraging young men in the ministry—*by no means*; but as words of caution, both to churches and ministers not to go *before the cloud*. At Clapham, in Kingsland, near Bethnal Green, Holloway, and in other places, we have men steadily growing in the ministry, providing things honest in the sight of all men, by the sweat of their brow. By God's blessing, we hope after a few years, that scripture may be verified in their experience: "in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Let then, the foregoing remarks be received in charity.]—
EDITOR.

Oldham Street, Manchester.

We have communications from Manchester, touching the hopes and anticipations of the friends of truth in that densely populated northern city; and with no people have we a deeper sympathy than we have with the decided followers of the Lamb in that wealthy, hard-working and rapidly increasing population. The present generation of believers in Manchester, be it remembered, (for the most part), are the spiritual offspring of two eminent "fathers in Israel,"—the late much-beloved William Gadsby, and the devoted and decided Episcopalian Nunn; two noble champions for gospel truth; and nurses most gentle and sincere to the babes in Zion. Is it any reflection upon the good men who have since ministered there, when we say, we marvel not that children so richly fed, and so carefully nourished, should be a little restless, and uneasy, in settling down under pastors of less experience, smaller ability and more slender influence? We trow not. The friends of truth in Manchester have had their difficulties—their disappointments—their divisions—all designed, doubtless, to teach them two important lessons—*to cease from man*, on the one hand;—highly to esteem, honourably and faithfully *to uphold, a living, faithful gospel ministry*, on the other. The Lord—(we write not cantingly, nor carelessly, nor presumptuously, but hopefully and sincerely, when we say, the Lord)—has now sent unto them a good man;—*a sound, a safe, a consistent, a growing minister of JESUS CHRIST*. They have nothing to fear from such a man; but, should it please the great Head of the church, to pour out upon him, and upon them, the spirit of grace and sup-

plication, they may confidently expect, in time, not only to be comforted, edified and built up themselves, but also, to see a steady, an abiding increase. We shall, doubtless, give offence to some; (we have no motive but the real benefit of Zion; and, therefore, we shall not fear to say)—all divisions, petty jealousies, and creature strifes, should now cease:—all attempts to maintain little sections here and there, should be abandoned; all who are not comfortably and profitably settled down at the old banquetting-house in "George's Road," (as it used to be called), should now at once make an effort—in the fear of the Lord—to rally, to unite, to come together; so that the thousands around them may say—"this land that was desolate, is become like the garden of Eden." To the ministers and churches in this favoured isle, we say, "*brethren*, pray that peace and prosperity may be found with the pastor and the people at Oldham Street, in Manchester." Several sheets of the re-opening sermon, preached by Mr. James Wells, of the Surry Tabernacle, in Oldham Street, Manchester, on Lord's-day, June the 12th, is now before us; but the reporter evidently found himself in a position like a man in a large orchard where the ripe fruit fell so fast as to render it impossible for him to catch a quarter of it. What he has caught is good; but to give disjointed sentences would be unfair to the preacher, and displeasing to the people. The text was, "*And for their sakes I sanctify myself; that they also might be sanctified through the truth.*" We need not say, with such a text, and a little of the Lord's presence, our brother Wells would bear a noble testimony.

Our correspondent says:

"Mr. Hanks opened his commission on Lord's-day morning, in Oldham Street Chapel, by preaching from Isaiah li. 9,—"*Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord,*" &c.

THE FIRST

Baptising at Garner Baptist Chapel, WIRTEMBERG PLACE, CLAPHAM.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—At the last annual meeting of the *Earthen Vessel*, Mr. Thwaites (who ably presided) in his opening address made some very appropriate remarks; he said, in the course of the address: "Other denominations have their periodicals and papers, whereby they spread their particular tenets; the Particular Baptists have paid but little attention to their distinctive principles; it is a scandal to the great cause with which we are identified, that we are not better represented. By sustaining the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, we shall be doing that; there we have information that is exceedingly interesting. I allude to various reports from different parts of the country; ordinations, additions to the churches, &c.; these are en-

couraging to the people of God; and the information which the *Vessel* gives, monthly, is peculiarly useful." I trust the following will be so, both to you and the readers of the *Vessel* generally.

The first baptising at Garner took place on Wednesday evening, July 13, 1853. Eight believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, obedient to his command, (by their own request), then cheerfully and gladly followed their beloved Lord in that sacred ordinance of Baptism. And, as God the Father and Spirit were manifestly present at Jordan, when John baptised the Father's well-beloved Son, (Matt. iii. 16, 17), so were they evidently at Garner, owning and blessing those who thus publicly avowed their attachment to Jesus and his word, by comforting, supporting and refreshing their souls, and causing them to "go on their way rejoicing;" and greatly assisting our minister—Mr. Elven—in preaching an appropriate sermon from Acts x. 47, 48. Also, in administering the ordinance in a solemn and impressive manner. Many were brought to the place of stopping of mouths; and all present confessed it was an edifying season. If the Lord is pleased thus to bless, who shall reverse it? Balak may send for Balaam, and they may go to the top of the mountains, and use their enchantment and falsehoods; but if the God of heaven and earth is pleased to continue his favours as heretofore, they will have to confess, "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the Shield of thy help—and who is the sword of thine excellency?" Deut. xxxiii. 29.

I wish, also, to say, that a church will be formed at Garner, (n.v.) Lord's-day, August 14th, 1853, in the afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, (two days before the anniversary), when the leadings of providence in causing the church to be formed—the doctrines the church will hold—and the order the church intends to conform to, will be stated. Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, will describe the nature, and form the church; Mr. George Wyard will administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to the newly-formed body, and others of the same faith and order. Mr. George Elven will be ordained as pastor over the church (it may be, in October, or) as soon as arrangements can be made for that purpose. Timely notice will be given. And to the all-wise God be thanksgiving, praise, power, might, majesty and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

10, Manor Street, Wm. ODLING.
Clapham, July 21, 1853.

Anniversary and Ordination Services

AT BIRMINGHAM.

ON Wednesday, the 29th of June, the anniversary of the opening of Gooch Street Chapel, as a Particular Baptist place of worship, was held; and at

that time the public ordination of our dear ministering brother Mose took place.

I would just review the mercy of God, which has been shewn us since the opening. Many were the prophecies that were spoken: "What do these feeble Jews?" It was thought by some that because the establishment of such a cause had been tried before, and had failed, the same result would follow this attempt; others were waiting for our halting, and would doubtless have greeted it with "thus would we have it." I can assure you, when we contemplated the smallness and weakness of our number, and the heavy expenditure necessary to be incurred, even the most sanguine were not without their misgivings; but something prompted them to go on, looking to and trusting in the Lord, and by his good hand we are brought thus far, and he has not suffered our enemies to triumph.

On the above-named day, which had been looked forward to with prayerful expectation, our services were opened by a hymn invoking the influence of God the Holy Spirit; after which, our brother Ashby, of Higham Ferrers, read and prayed. Our brother Cozens gave us a solemn description of the church in her ancient standing in Christ, her visibility as a part, in a band of baptised believers in the Lord Jesus, joined together to exhibit their attachment to Christ Jesus, to his truth, his ordinances, and to each other, for the Lord's sake. His remarks were weighty; and his description of the church's standing instructive and confirming.

Our brother Dickerson, of London, then called on our brother Marshall, one of the deacons, to relate the circumstances that led to the services of the day. In answer, our brother read a statement of the origin of the effort, which was very interesting, and detailed the particulars that marked the history of this little cause, and the wonders of God's providence in bringing the majority of those who compose this little church, some from the east, west, north and south, into this place, wholly unknown to each other, wandering from place to place to find a home, but failed, till Salem Chapel was opened by our present minister, when their hearts were united to his ministry, which the Lord blessed to them; and from that time their prayers had been presented to God, that he would be pleased to direct his footsteps hither. As it was found impossible that a Baptist church could be formed at Salem, and the chapel at Gooch Street being offered, some two or three friends took it for twelve months; and as they had heard their ministering brother say if a Baptist interest could be opened he would assist in such effort as far as he could, in June, 1852, the chapel was opened by our brother Cozens, and the pulpit was supplied by various ministers until September, when the invitation given to our minister to supply for two months was accepted, and the Lord blessing his labours, was repeated, and ultimately led to the present settlement. The number that were united at first was eleven; seven have been baptised by our brother Mose, and five have been received from other churches; our present number is twenty-three, and, we bless God, there are others who will very shortly be united with us.

Our brother Dickerson then called upon brother Mose to relate the Lord's dealings with him, that we might know his standing as a Christian man, to which he responded, giving an outline of his first convictions when a child, the wondrous dealings of God in providence and grace, in first bringing him to hear the truth, then in enlightening his understanding, and quickening his conscience; his subsequent captivity to sin and satan for sixteen years—his blessed deliverance by the application of the Saviour's blood, by the Holy Spirit to his heart—the days of liberty; and since then changing scenes and feelings. But as these particulars are all set forth in the *Vessel* of February, March, April and June, 1850, we need not enter more fully into them here.

He was then requested to relate how he came into the ministry. He shewed the solemn struggles of his mind, and the deep waters he travelled through

during his early progress—the many efforts he had made to escape from it, through the severe trials connected with it. But the blessing of the Lord attending the word, chained him to the work; though often like Jonah, he would gladly have run away from it. He also gave a concise view of his labours at Crowborough, and the reason of his removing hither—stating that nothing but a solemn sense of its being the will of God, would have induced him to leave that place, to which his heart was attached, as to the wife of his youth. But he had not seen the Lord's power there as formerly; and though Birmingham, from the account he had heard of it, would have been the last place he should have chosen; yet he could not resist the hand of God. He therefore tremblingly responded to the invitation given him, and felt disposed to tarry here while the blessing of the Lord rested upon his labours, and would go on in His strength. But if he should see his ministry become useless, he would at once give up the pulpit: as according to his present feelings, he could better bear to break stones on the road, than to be a useless burden on the Church of Christ.

Our brother was then called on to give an outline of his faith and doctrines which he preached, which he did, stating, that as he had been the means of our formation, and settlement as a church, he could not better give an idea of the theme of his ministry than by reading the articles upon which our mutual federation was founded; as from whatever source they might be gathered, they were the reflection of his own mind on those matters, and stating at the same time that he was quite prepared to answer any question, from any ministering brother, or any other, which they might think proper to put to him.

Our brother Foreman, of London, then, in the name of the christian friends present, and on behalf of the church of God, gave our brother Mose the right hand of fellowship, as a christian brother and minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The morning service, which was rather protracted then closed with the benediction. The afternoon service, was commenced, by singing; after which our brother Dickerson read and prayed and earnestly besought God to bless both pastor and people, and crown the union thus publicly recognised. Our brother John Foreman, then delivered a very weighty address, from the words "Take heed," from which he gave our brother much godly counsel, taking a review of the Lord's dealings with him as related in the morning, and the exercises through which he had passed. He then besought him to "take heed" to the doctrines he preached, to "take heed" as to the spirit of his ministry: to "take heed" as to his daily deportment amongst the friends with whom he associated, that he might not undo by his practice, what he inculcated from the pulpit. An outline of our brother's address, would furnish much matter for profitable reflection, but I must forbear the attempt.

After the singing of a hymn, our brother Foreman presented our pastor with a very handsome copy of Bagster's comprehensive bible, which had been purchased by the subscriptions of the females of the congregation, and some others who wished thus to testify their regard to our brother; this our brother Foreman did in a short address, which was feelingly acknowledged by our minister.

Nearly one hundred persons sat down to tea. The trays, &c., were provided by thirteen ladies of the congregation, that the proceeds of the day might be wholly devoted to the help of the cause.

In the evening our brother Smith, from the Bowling Green, near Dudley, opened the service with prayer, and our brother Foreman preached a very sweet sermon from Rom. xii. last part of the second verse, "That ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Our brother seemed happy in his work, and it is believed his remarks will not soon be forgotten by many who were favored to hear him. The chapel was nicely filled, and a sweet sense of the divin

favour was enjoyed; and we are encouraged to hope the day will prove a beginning of days, and though as our brother remarked, the beginning is small, the number few, and weak; yet it leaves the more room for the display of Jehovah's love, strength and good will. It is better to go on slowly step by step, than too hastily, which not infrequently like a flood soon subsides, and only leaves traces to shew what has been.

Our dear friends are much encouraged by the Lord's goodness, and as the prophecies have hitherto failed as to our coming to nothing by the end of one year, we hope to have a much greater tale of mercy to record by the time another twelve months have rolled over.

May our God foster this little plant, in the prayer of
A MESSER.

Birmingham, July, 1853.

New Baptist Cause at Poplar.

At Zoar Baptist Chapel, Folkestone Terrace, East India Road, Poplar, sermons were preached on Lord's-day, July 10th. The morning by Mr. Felton; the afternoon by Mr. C. W. Banks; the evening by Mr. W. Bidder. Each of the Lord's servants seemed to come up in the "fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ," and were enabled to feed the people with "fat things, full of marrow, with wine on the lees well refined."

Each service was well attended; in the evening our brother Bidder had a crowded house. The collections were good, and the people were constrained to say, "This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven to our souls." Such we have proved it to be; "in the name of our God we have set up our banners."

On the following Thursday, July the 14th, was held a tea and public meeting. In consequence of the heavy rains that had fallen during the day, we anticipated our attendance would be small; but a large number sat down to tea; our platform was well filled with ministering brethren; and our hearts rejoiced to witness so happy a scene. Mr. Robert Bowles presided. After a few remarks from the chairman, relative to the painful circumstances they had passed through, he spoke of the great goodness of Israel's God extended towards them in the time of their extremity; and also of the liberality of several Christian friends, who had not only greatly helped him, but also assisted in furnishing the house of God with many useful and important things. Mr. Bidder then addressed the friends, taking the very vitals of the gospel for his subject. We should not do justice to Mr. Bidder, did we not say that there was such an opening up of gospel truth, as made our hearts glow with "pure seraphic fire." Mr. W. H. Wells followed up the same important subject, in an able and workmanship-like manner; after which, Mr. Messer rose, and gave a lively, instructive and energetic speech, which not only displayed the talent of the speaker, but also deep research and minute observation.

Mr. Collins, after referring to some of the painful circumstances he had passed through as a gospel minister, also related the goodness of God in enabling him to triumph over the craft and malice of many he had had to contend with.

Mr. Searle, as the last speaker, after expressing his deep sympathy with the pastor, directed our attention to a portion of the word, as an embodiment of his own feelings, wishes and prayers on our behalf. "Peace be to thee; peace be to thine helpers—thy God helpeth thee."

After singing and prayer, the meeting broke up, many acknowledging that the things they had seen and heard were worth coming for, worth taking away, and worth treasuring up. R. B.

Adding unto the Church at Horsham,

SUSSEX.

THE prosperity of Zion, and the extension of the Redeemer's cause, is a theme worthy of our highest joys, and demand our loudest songs of gratitude.

We are glad to inform you additions have lately been made to the church of God meeting at Rehoboth Chapel, Horsham, Sussex. Our beloved pastor, Mr. Mote, baptised four believers on Lord's-days, June 26th; three females, and one male; all gave a pleasing and satisfactory evidence to the church that grace had taken possession of their souls, which constrained them to espouse the Redeemer's cause; follow him through the watery flood; and, like Ruth of old, to exclaim, concerning God's people, "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

One female was blessed under our dear pastor's ministry from these words, "*The things which accompany salvation.*" God the Spirit brought home the "salvation," and "the things which accompany it," with power to the soul.

The male has been sitting under a legal ministry for some time; God, in his providence, brought him among us. Here he has had some crumbs let fall on purpose from the Master's table; he has found the truth of God to be his meat and drink; and has been constrained to come and cast in his lot with us; for he perceived that God was with us of a truth.

The other two were arrested, one by reading a tract on "The Judgment Day," the other by sore affliction in the loss of a dear relative by death, which caused great searching of heart, and afterwards she was led to seek for pardon, which she found, and Christ became to her the chiefest among ten-thousand, the altogether lovely, and God's people the excellent of the earth.

Five others have been lately added to us from different churches, so that our God is evidently amongst us blessing the labours of our dear pastor. May he continue to crown his word with almighty power in conviction, conversion, and salvation, is the prayer of your's in the bonds of the gospel,
T. HILL.

A Happy Day for Zion at Sutton, Isle of Ely.

ONCE more the Lord has been pleased to visit his people here; giving us cause to rejoice together.

Six precious souls, having related the Lord's dealings with them, were baptised in the river Ouse on Thursday, June 30. The day was fine; and by half-past two o'clock many hundreds had gathered together to witness the solemn ordinance. A hymn having been sung, our good brother Horsley, of Chatteris, delivered a well-timed address on the subject of believer's baptism; to which the audience (some in boats, some on the banks, and some on the bridge,) listened with the greatest attention and respect.

Prayer having been offered, the pastor, Mr. Flack, led the willing converts one by one into

the water; and, according to the ancient custom, laid them in their Master's grave, that they might be buried with him in baptism.

In addition to the above six, two others were in like manner baptised in the name of a triune Jehovah, from a distance.

This blessed ordinance was seldom administered with greater solemnity or before a more quiet assembly in any temple of God. It was especially a good time with the baptised, and with many beside.

At four o'clock between sixty and seventy friends sat down to tea at an inn by the water side. After tea the company withdrew to the chapel, where our good brother Irish, of Warboys, preached an excellent sermon from Psalm xiv. 10, 11, to a good congregation, and many found it was a soul-refreshing season, and some who came from a distance went on their way rejoicing. Others sad because not among the happy few, but hoping soon to walk in the same steps.

On the following Lord's-day afternoon a crowded congregation assembled, anxious to see the newly baptised disciples received into the church; when the candidates, the church, and the deeply attentive congregation were severally addressed, the right hand of fellowship given, and bread broken in the name of the Lord. "And that Sabbath day was an high day."

May many such be witnessed, and the Lord have all the praise.
W. FLACK.

Anniversary of Jireh Chapel, Kingsland.

ON Sabbath day, July 17, we held our fourth annual services commemorative of the formation of the Baptist church at Kingsland; having, through the good hand of our God upon us, held on our way; still "endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

By express desire, I preached both morning and evening. The texts were 2 Thess. ii. 13; Zech. iv. 9, 10.

My esteemed brother Mr. Chislett gave us (in the afternoon) a most savoury and experimental discourse from Rom. v. 3, 4. The attendance was numerous; our collections were encouraging. At the close of the evening service, the pastor gave out the following original hymn of H. K. White, which was sung by the friends in sweet unison of soul:—

"Come Christian friends before we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One cheerful hymn to God we raise,
One farewell song of grateful praise.

"Brethren! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore,
And there released from toil and pain,
The friends of Christ shall meet again.

"We bless thee, Lord, for mercies past,
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And let thy Spirit and thy Word,
Prepare us all to meet thee, Lord.

"Now to the sacred Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Raise, happy saints, the sound again,
And we will join the loud amen."

On the following Monday evening, my honoured friend, Mr. James Wells, preached to us most sweetly from Deut. xxxiii. 13, 14. That was a night to be long remembered; a season

most refreshing from the divine power and holy unction which attended the ministrations of that honoured servant of our God.

Not a few, I trust, will yet find on some future day, when the Spirit shall bring it to their remembrance, that "here," they found a stone of help; that "here," they gathered up some sweet, some blessed evidences of separation from the world, and of hoped for interest in covenant love.

As to myself, I told the dear people, that on no similar occasion had I met them so comfortably as at the present time. Peace reigns in our midst; there is a goodly measure of "walking in love;" while we are not without tokens that God still owns and blesses the labours of his poor weak worm to the conversion and edification of his own blood-bought people. I recently baptised four dear disciples, one of whom is a seal to my ministry in conversion during the past year; while to the others it has likewise been my mercy "as allowed of God" to be often "put in trust" with words of peace and messages of love. Another dear aged sister, given me also as a seal in her hoary hairs, called by divine grace when past 70, waits now to put on Christ by baptism, having been prevented by severe affliction from doing so (as was expected) with the four before-mentioned.

Thus while daily proving how frail I am, and compassed about with many infirmities, yet helped with a little help, I continue to this day, and often wonder how the Lord can have need of me! but so it is. Thanks be to his holy name, "the race is not to the swift," but of Him who says, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Dear brother, is the Lord among us or not?
Kingsland. J. P. SEARLE.

Bedford Anniversary.

THE friends usually assembling at Mr. Hornsey's rooms, Bedford, for better accommodation held their anniversary at the Castle Rooms, on Tuesday, July 12, 1858; when Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, preached in the morning from Ephes. i. 7; also in the afternoon from 1 Peter i. 23; and Mr. Carpenter, of Dunstable, in the evening from Matt. xxv. 8. We had a good attendance at each service, and between eighty and ninety sat down to tea. Several ministers of the neighbourhood were kindly present; amongst whom were Mr. King, of Hawnes; Mr. D. Ashby; Mr. Fraser, of Blenheim; Mr. Smith, of Wootton, Mr. Whiting, &c.

This being the first time, we believe, that our highly-gifted friend, Mr. Wells, had preached in Bedford, many anticipated the pleasure and profit of hearing him, and we have heard that his visit was a season of rejoicing to many. Our brother Carpenter has long been known and valued in these parts. The singing was well conducted, and the collections were good. J. P.

The Baptist Cause at Newton Longville, Bucks.

FOR many years this was considered one of the darkest places, if not the darkest in the whole county. Between thirty and forty years ago the Lord put it into the hearts of a few zealous friends connected with the Particular Baptist church at Great Brickhill,

to go and hold prayer meetings in Newton; and the Lord was with them—he heard and answered prayer; the hearts of some of the Lord's chosen and redeemed people were changed by sovereign grace through the instrumentality of the truth, accompanied by the almighty energy of the Divine Spirit. For some time the worship of God was conducted in a dwelling house; but within the last few years the Lord opened the way for the erection of a commodious, neat, and substantial chapel.

On June 2nd, Mr. G. Murrell, of St. Neot's, preached the annual sermons; his morning subject was, "The righteous shall hold on his way." He pointed out, in a most interesting manner, God's method of making his people righteous, and keeping them so. In the evening the subject was, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." The preacher dwelt most of the time upon "the Lord liveth," and shewed the divine character of our precious Christ, the church's glorious Head.

The writer preached three times on the following Sabbath, and spent a comfortable day; was pleased to find an interesting Sabbath-school. When he entered the chapel in the afternoon, one of the teachers was reading an interesting narrative, which he afterwards found was in Banks's *Basket of Fragments*, and was surprised to find so much good reading for so little money. They had also a good number of the "Earthen Vessel" and "Cheering Words." Mr. Sear, the leading friend, takes them for the children and young people, and they pay him about every six months; so that though they are seven miles from the booksellers, they know how to get the "Vessel" and other publications.

The friends here are of one heart, and the blessed effects of union are realised. The remaining debt upon the chapel is not more than about £17; and a spirit of sympathy is felt for the members of the mystical body of Christ.

Trusting that the great Head of the church will pour upon his people the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind, and that Zion may know how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, I am, dear brother, your's in Jesus,
W. WOODSTOCK.

Leighton Buzzard, June 16, 1858.

Correspondence between Messrs. Poock, of Ipswich, and Mower, of Shipton,

WITH REFERENCE TO THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. EBENEZER WONFOR.

DEAR BROTHER BAKES.—I send you the correspondence which has taken place between my dear unknown brother Mower and myself, occasioned by the death of my friend in Christ Jesus, the late Ebenezer Wonfor. The letter my brother M. sent me was a well-meant, faithful epistle, to which I replied as follows:

Dear Brother Mower: I fear you are a little angry with me: don't be so; I did not mean to offend you. I spoke and wrote as I felt, nor do my words deserve the name of arrows. I did not know, nor did I want to know, your personal correspondence with either Mr. or Mrs. Wonfor. I know he was a sinner saved, and doubtless capable, as many more of my seals are, of speaking uncharitably and unscripturally against me; and you seem to find it so too. But these things are so very common, I feel but little on that head. I have seen the rod laid on some smartly for it; and

felt the rod so smartly myself, that, positively, when the Lord lets one drop of his love fall into my soul, I can then forgive, and wish to forget, the greatest enemies I have, or ever had. As you refer to the "Vessel," you are at liberty to use this as you please; or, if you wish, I will send brother Banks a copy of this, with your's to me, and let him do what he pleases.

May God Almighty bless you, double your success in the ministry, and crown you with glory at last. Your's in the Lord,
July 4th, 1853. THOMAS POOCK.

MR. MOWER'S REPLY.

Dear Brother Poock: I received your letter with pleasure, as it came to me in a gospel spirit. It brought to my mind the words of Solomon, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." I was angry with some of your words in the "Vessel," but not all. I was very much distressed in my mind from the time I read it, until the following day. I could not sleep the whole of the night—or but very little; for I well knew I was suffering for the truth's sake. This induced me to write to you; your very kind answer has turned away wrath, and I assure you, gave relief to my mind. Grievous words do a great deal of mischief. I assure you, Mr. P., that those two letters in the "Vessel" has stirred up many minds against it. I have been persuaded to give the "Vessel" up altogether; but I feel different to that now. What I wish, is its prosperity, that its pages might be as clear as they can be from all unsound doctrines, and unchristian correspondence. I know brother Banks labours hard for its usefulness every way, and the Lord has not suffered him to labour in vain. The late Mr. W. spent many hours with me; and in private and public too, he unbosomed his mind about many things which we will not say much about. My desire is, that the time past be forgotten; and I trust my correspondence with you is sufficient. Let the numerous readers of the "Vessel" see that we can "forgive one another." What a pity it is, that men cannot be rebuked; no, not even by their own brethren in the Lord, without shewing a revengeful spirit! May the Lord shew mercy to my enemies who would spoil my reputation, and put a stigma upon my character; but I can say with Paul—"None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me." Conscious of my own infirmities, and feeling by daily experience the truth of that poet, "Prone to wander," &c., I can look at a brother's failings with a brother's heart. I know what it is, for years past, to mourn over them; and while I could not associate as I once could, still, I have them in my bosom. Such have been my feelings towards poor E. W. I was greatly delighted with the testimony he gave me, which also you have mentioned in your letter in the "Vessel;" and when I told brother Banks of his death, I said, "I hope he found peace:" not from a suspicion, as has been suspected, but from the desire of my heart. I hoped that he was entered into that peace—that best mansion the dear Lord has gone to prepare for all his own dear, predestinated, called, justified, sanctified people of his love; and I believe that when the dear Lord shall take me home, that I shall see poor W. there, in the sweet enjoyment of the merits of that blood which cleanseth from all sin. To this Fountain may the Holy Ghost lead us daily, that as poor earthen vessels, apt to get dirty, and unfit for use, we may come in with the feelings of that excellent poet,

"There is a fountain filled with blood," &c.

These lines are dear to my heart, for I feel a perfect hatred to my inherent corruptions, and I know that there is no other remedy ever entered the world to cleanse and save from sin, but the blood of Jesus Christ; and when the dear Lord by his Spirit opens to my view the bleeding side of Immanuel, O, how it humbles me, yet cheers my fainting hopes, that I can sing with the poet,

"Believing we rejoice," &c.

May the Lord bless us, with his almighty power defend us, make us more useful, strip us, and wear us from everything that is not for his own glory, in the prayerful desire of your poor fellow-labourer and follower of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Your's, for Christ's sake,
Shipton, Hants, July 8th. R. MOWER.

Twelve Things whereby God Keepeth his People from Evil.

BY THE LATE MR. JOHN STEVENS.

[Mr. Charles Fish, Baptist minister, of Great Gidding, Hunts., has favoured us with the following letter, which we gladly publish.]

DEAR RELATIVE.—I have been very anxious to write to you according to request, but have been so unexpectedly engaged that I have been unable to perform what I have wished to do. I hope I have not prevented you coming by my negligence. I feel desirous of knowing how you fare in things appertaining to both body and soul; and shall be glad to hear from your own mouth. If Fleaton can come with you, she shall be welcome to such entertainment as my circumstances will afford, and I shall be glad to see her. I had thought of visiting them at Wadno, through an invitation Mr. Tibbs brought when he was down at St. Neot's last time, but I must decline it for the present. The prayer of Jabez has just entered my mind, and I think it may suit you very well at this time, "And Jabez called upon the God of Israel, saying, O, that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested." The dear children of God were all blessed in Christ from everlasting. But they are, in consequence of this, blessed THROUGH Christ, under the operation of the Spirit in regeneration, conversion, sanctification, sustentation, consolation, &c. Under the quickening and strengthening power of the Lord the Spirit they cry, "O, that thou wouldest bless me indeed!" that is, openly, evidently, singularly, above others, increasingly, greatly and everlastingly. "And enlarge my coast:" that is, let me have more of the promised good in my possession, (see Deut. xix. 8), which imply a desire for more liberty; Psa. xviii. 19; Rom. viii. 2; 2 Cor. iii. 17; Gal. v. 13, 18; and i. 4, and vi. 14; 1 John v. 4, 5. RICHES—Ephes. iii. 8; James ii. 5; Ephes. xvii. 18, and ii. 7. PROVISOR—Psalm cxxxiii. 15; Ruth ii. 14; Cant. v. 1, latter part; John vi. 54, 55. COMFORT—Rom. xv. 4, 5, 13; 2 Cor. i. 3, 4; Psalm iv. 1, and cxix. 32, and xviii. 36; 1 Sam. ii. 1. Thus, to enlarge our coast is to fill us with consolation in the enjoyment of the promised blessings of the gospel; then are we also enriched and at liberty.

It also denotes more dominion and honour. And as to natural things, our coast is at times very narrow; and in subordination to the wisdom and will of God, our great and gracious Provider, we may pray to have our coast enlarged. See Prov. xxx. 8, 9; Matt. vi. 11; 1 Tim. vi. 6—8; Phil. iv. 19; Psalm xxiii. 1, and xxxvii. 3, 25, 39, 40. You know the silver and the gold are the Lord's, and that he can either support his people with little or much, as seemeth good in his sight. He has promised to withhold no good thing from the upright. He will, I trust, in one way or the other, manifest his care over you as to time things, and enlarge your coast. May his hand be with you for good, to maintain your hope, to keep your heart for himself, to make the waters of troubles divide before you, and even be of service to you. Pray that his hand may lead you, and continue with you, and that you may see it, and be thankful. God's hand is with his people when they are able to honour him in the day of calamity, by casting their care upon him, and waiting for him in faith and patience, and leaving all injuries with him, to be avenged in his own time and way. The last part of this prayer has

something in it strikingly honest and suitable to every upright heart: "Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me." Jabez well knew that grief and evil were sure to go together. He that sins against God wrongs his own soul. Fools, because of their iniquities, are afflicted, nor can any power short of omnipotence keep even a saint from folly. "He keepeth the feet of his saints." Evil often breaks out in thoughts, words and actions, anger, wrath, malice, envy, evil-speaking, hypocrisy, uncleanliness, rebellion, strife, lying, levity, sullenness, petulance, fretfulness, &c., &c. These dispositions are radically in us; and if not prevented by the Spirit of truth and holiness, will be sure to shew themselves, and load the mind with guilt, veil it in darkness, harden the heart, produce irreverence before God, and a universal barrenness as to the fruits of righteousness in the soul. We have therefore need to watch and pray, and to hearken to the voice of the Lord in his word. He keeps us from those things, so far as we are kept, by maintaining in us a veneration for true godliness; 2, a conviction of the real wickedness of these things, and their God-dishonouring nature and effects; 3, an inward loathing of ourselves under a sight of them in the light of the Spirit; 4, a love to the Person and the work of Christ, as set forth in the gospel, and rebeld by true faith; 5, a dread of the Fatherly displeasure of our God, expressed by hiding his face, withholding his Spirit's sealing influence from the heart, leaving us to feel our wretchedness and condemnation by nature, &c.; 6, a concern not to encourage the prince of darkness, nor to be found in alliance with him in his devilish designs against truth and righteousness; 7, a desire not to grieve the Spirit in the ministers and saints of God, nor to wound their reputation, or to burden them with calumnies; 8, a desire to remain in communion with the upright children of God, and to walk in all his holy ordinances faithfully; 9, a jealousy over our own hearts and ways; 10, a spirit of prayer; 11, an affecting view of the inconsistencies of others, and the consequences thereof, as recorded in the word of God; 12, an admiration of the faith, conversation and conduct of the primitive saints, so far as they followed the Lord.

May these things be in you, my dear friend, and abound, that you may escape the fowler's snare, the archer's arrow, the lion's paw, the pharisee's sneer, the children's frown, your Father's rod and your heart's rebuke. Sin is your greatest enemy, the devil your greatest persecutor, and never can you withstand them but in the Lord's strength, which strength he has promised to his waiting people. Read often, pray for what you want, take God's own word to his throne, dwell upon his own sufficiency and faithfulness, expect a daily cross, look for a certain crown; God hath said, he will surely be with thee in all places whithersoever thou goest, and that he will not leave thee until he has performed all that which he has spoken to thee of. Even so be it with thee and me, for Immanuel's sake. Amen.

Friday, noon, JNO. AND M. STEVENS.
April 19, 1865.

Lines Written in Cruden's Concordance, BY THE LATE JOSEPH IRONS.

WITH God the Holy Spirit for my guide,
And Cruden's useful volume by my side,
I'll search my Bible—there my Saviour find,
And still proclaim his glories to mankind.
His rich atoning blood, and special grace,
Shall be my constant theme in every place.
I'll cast wood, hay, and stubble, all aside,
And nothing preach but Jesus crucified.
'Tis Cruden's kindness points from text to text,
Without his aid I should be much perplexed.
And since he condescends so much to tell,
Let those who use him, always use him well.
Plymouth, July 19, 1853,

A Few Words for Ministers to think upon.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman has recently published through Messrs. Ward and Co., an abridged edition of President Edwards's work entitled, "SPIRITUAL PRIDE, its Deceitful Nature and Evil Fruits." The Agod Pilgrims' Friend Society is to receive the benefit—if we understand rightly, all the proceeds of the sale are to go to that fund; thus two good objects will be carried out by one effort—a wholesome work disseminated, and a good charity supported.

We make no comment upon the work itself. Heavy domestic affliction, and a daily handful of labour, have not yet allowed us time to read the work through; but from the hasty glances we have taken, we feel persuaded no real Christian will read it without profit. Toward the end we have some wholesome exhortations, or words of good advice, which ministers did not despise in those days when Edwards wrote and preached. Among these good words there are several for ministers. We quote the following:—

"Above all others does it concern us that are ministers to see that we have experience of the saving operation of the Spirit. How sad and melancholy is the case when it is otherwise, for one to stand at the head of a congregation, as speaking in Christ's stead, and to assume the office of a shepherd and guide to his people, continually to play the hypocrite. What misery should such an one feel, besides the infinite provocation of the most high God, by acting as if he were his servant, while a secret enemy in his heart, and knows him not, nor can have sympathy with his people, whatever his pretence, Scripture assures that no men will be so low in hell as ungodly ministers.

"At this day ministers need much light as well as true experience; the state of the times requires a double portion of the Spirit of God; nor should we rest till we obtain more. In order to this we should be much in secret prayer and fasting, and not only so, but it would be becoming the circumstances of the present day for ministers in a neighbourhood often to meet together, and spend days in fasting and fervent prayer among themselves, earnestly seeking for those special supplies of grace from heaven they so much need; and also, if on their occasional visits one to another, instead of wasting their time in sitting and smoking, or in diverting, or worldly unprofitable conversation, telling news, and giving their opinion on this and the other trifling subject, it would be far more consistent to spend it in praying together, singing praises, and religious conference. While we condemn zealous persons for so much censuring ministers, it ought to be with shame, and deep reflection, and great condemnation of ourselves, that we behave so little like ambassadors of Christ, and do so much to provoke censoriousness, and tempt others to the sin of judging; and while we prove them transgressors of the Scripture rule, our indignation should be chiefly against ourselves."

Memorials of Departed Saints.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Death lost his sting when Jesus bled,
When Jesus left the ground,
Disarm'd, the king of terrors fled,
And felt a mortal wound.

And now his office is to wait
Between the saints and sin;
A Porter at the heavenly gate,
To let the pilgrims in.

THE past month—with many of us—has been a month of mourning. We have been called to part with those most dear to us both by the ties of nature, and the bonds of the gospel. It is astonishing how little we think and feel of death, while merely the report of the departure of any of our fellow-creatures comes to our ears; but when death enters our chambers—when it lays its hand upon our best earthly friends—when we painfully behold those with whom we have lived and laboured—those with whom we have conversed on things concerning our eternal peace—those with whom we have mingled together our sorrows, our songs, and our supplications—those from whom we have received the strongest and most abiding marks of affection and faithfulness of the highest character—when we behold such dear companions of our pilgrimage stretched, pale, lifeless, cold and uncommunicative on the bed, in the coffin, and ultimately in the grave—oh, then we feel the keen, the cutting pangs of mental grief, which almost threaten to untie the strings of hidden life, and remove us, too, from a world of sin and death. Such, dear readers, has been our position during the weeks which have just passed into eternity—leaving us silently and mournfully to gaze on the empty chambers of our dwelling-place where once the cheering voice—the loving heart—the helping hand, and the tenderest sympathies soothed our pathway through the toils of this ever-changing and ever-chequered scene. Truly, indeed, of late, have we realised the truth John Newton so beautifully describes, when, speaking of the soul's departure, and of our anxious desire to follow it into its future inheritance, he says:—

"Faith strives, but all her efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

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"Thus much (and this is all) we know—
They are completely blest—
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour's rest."

This is the safest climax of our imagination. Here we must wait, until, like those who are gone before, we pass the narrow stream of death, and enter the holy city, where all the ransomed members of the mystical body shall

"Round the throne of glory meet,
And bless the Saviour's name."

With these few introductory words we commence a brief record of the last days of some of Zion's faithful friends. They have walked with us to the house of God on earth; but the place that knew them, shall know them no more for ever. Like Job—we wish to exclaim, with heart and tongue—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD."

The first departure we notice, is that of

THE LATE

MR. DANIEL CURTIS,

OF HOMERTON.

DANIEL CURTIS was born in the year 1799. He was baptised in August 1815, and on the 6th of that month was received into the church at Blandford Street, Portman Square, then under the pastorate of Mr. John Keeble. The death of the pastor, and the choice of a successor, by a very small majority, caused about forty of the members, including our deceased brother and his partner, to withdraw from the place where they had so long and so happily communed. In the month of January, 1827, a room was opened for worship, and a church formed, over which Mr. Daniel Curtis was chosen one of the deacons. It was principally owing to Mr. Curtis's perseverance and attention that Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square, was built, to which the newly-formed church removed, having chosen Mr. John Foreman for their pastor. Mr. Foreman gave some interesting particulars in reference to this portion of Mr. Curtis's career, which will be found in our extract from the funeral sermon.

At Mount Zion he sustained the office of deacon most worthily and honourably for the space of more than ten years. During this time he occasionally spoke in the name of the Lord. On the demise of Mr. Eason, the former pastor of Homerton Row chapel, Mr. Curtis was recommended by Mr. J. A. Jones to the then bereaved church as a fitting supply for them. They invited him to supply, and he ultimately became their pastor. He was ordained over them on the 8th of August, 1837. Mr. Foreman asked the questions; the late Mr. John Stevens gave the charge from 2 Tim. iv. 5; and Mr. J. A. Jones preached to the church from 1 Cor. x. 15. If he had lived till the 8th of August, 1853, he would have been their pastor sixteen years complete.

An esteemed correspondent, in a communication made with us in reference to Mr. Curtis, remarks, "Concerning his ministerial career, he dwelt among his own people; highly regarded by all who knew him; amiable in his manners; very liberal (according to his means); so that Mr. Wyard was *correct* when he said over his grave that 'he was given to hospitality.' As a minister he was sound in the truth; and I doubt not had a real spiritual enjoyment of his interest in Christ and him crucified, which was his constant theme. He was not one of *great abilities*, but he was a good preacher of Jesus Christ. *Latterly*, the cause at Homerton Row has been rather low, some divisions and one separation having taken place."

In the month of June, 1839, Mr. Curtis sustained a great loss in the death of his beloved and lamented wife Elizabeth, whose remains lie interred in Kensal Green Cemetery, in the grave where his own clay tabernacle now reposes.

* Concerning his illness we have been unable to glean anything particular. A *first*, and ultimately a *second* attack of paralysis, (very severe indeed) dissolved the mortal tabernacle. He died on Tuesday, the 26th day of July, in the 54th year of his age; and his happy and redeemed spirit now mingles with the heavenly host before the throne.

The following particulars of the funeral obsequies, are short but faithful, having been gathered and taken down at the time by a witness. Such as they are we present them to our readers, as a small tribute of respect to departed worth.

THE FUNERAL.

On Monday, August 1st, the mortal remains of Mr. Curtis were deposited in their last earthly resting place—the grave.

About 12 o'clock the remains were conveyed to the chapel, where, during his life, for many years he had proclaimed the gospel of salvation, and where a goodly number had assembled together.

Mr. NEWBORN, of St. Luke's, read various suitable portions of Scripture, and offered up a most affectionate and appropriate prayer; after which,

Mr. SAMUEL MILNER, of Shadwell, delivered an address, of which the following is the substance:

We are met on a very solemn occasion. Death at all times, and under all circumstances is a very solemn and awful matter. The body parts from the soul. It is a separation of the tenant from the house. It is an entrance into an eternal state of happiness, or an endless state of woe.

Death, apart from Christ, and his salvation, is fearful to contemplate! But it is God's word, and must come to all, both rich and poor, high and low, great and small. Sin caused its entrance. For the Scriptures saith, "By one man came death, and so death passeth upon all men, for that all have sinned."

When Xerxes brought out his large army and looking at them thought and knew that they all must return to dust, he wept; and when I look around, and think how few of this company shall be left on the stage of time in twenty years; and in fifty years perhaps scarcely one left—how solemn the thought! Time will outlive and carry all things away.

The day of death to the unprepared is an awful day. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness." But to the child of God it is a release. "The righteous hath hope in his death." Death is a separation of all natural ties. Then comes the final sentence of the great Jehovah. It will be in Christ, or out of Christ—pardoned or unpardoned—justified or condemned. I repeat, it is the breaking up of all natural relationship; no more a brother, a husband, or pastor. When the spirit is yielded up all this is done with. There lays the poor, the powerless instrument—the soul is gone; and further we cannot trace its progress. But at the resurrection it will appear as an angel of God who neither marry nor are given in marriage. What a day of rejoicing then should this be to the people of God! What a happy release. What a mercy to be prepared for this day. "He that hath wrought us for this self-same thing is God," "Vessels of mercy afore-prepared unto glory." What a mercy that amidst all the conflicting scenes of life, we have the promise and the word of God that we shall to the end endure—that in our dying moments we shall be supported by his kind hand—so that the end shall be, as it was with our brother—peace. And the question will arise with some in reference to our departed brother Curtis—Was he a useless man? Has God accomplished nothing in him? Happily we can reply both in the negative and affirmative to these questions. Undoubtedly he was both a useful and honored man. Called by grace when young, some thirty-six years since, when about sixteen or seventeen years of age; he was happily placed under a sound and spiritual ministry; one of the greatest blessings he could have been favoured with. Ultimately, he became a member of that place, and was under God, one of the chief instruments in the erection of Mount Zion chapel, Dorset Square. He filled the office of deacon there, where we believe he was highly respected; and continued to be so until he entered upon the public ministrations of the gospel. It is sixteen years since he entered upon his pastorate in this place. It does not seem long since. Has his ministry been useless here? I trow not. I think that here he has had many seals to his ministry; he has been made useful in feeding and instructing some; and under his ministry here, some have been called forth into public life.

"I say, therefore, that his was an honourable position; and his constant prayer was that his feet might be kept aright, that he might be preserved from falling. He is now gone where no more fears or sighs will interrupt his happy and

disembodied spirit. Would you have preferred that God had cut him off in his usefulness? would you that he should have had a longer life? would you have preferred him living many years to be of no use? is not God's time and way the best? He finished his course, he kept the faith, and has now received his reward. We believe that our God appoints every man his work, and when that work is done it is as well for the workman to go home. He is gone, but there are some left behind. There is the widow. I was at the funeral of her first husband, and at the funeral of our brother's first wife; yet I am spared; for how long God alone knows. But when we enter upon the marriage covenant it is 'till death us do part.' We know it will be the case on one side or the other with all of us. Is not God's time the best? God has taken our brother Curtis home; and what the Spirit said to John is applicable to him—'Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' &c. This church is now without a pastor. You can easily get another. Take my words as I mean them. That which is got without prayer is not worth having. God has said, 'For all these things I will be enquired of.' If we act without our God we can't expect a blessing. May the Almighty God pour out upon you the spirit of grace and of supplication, that you may wrestle with him for another pastor after his own heart. No prudence or sagacity on your part will supply the place of prayer.

"There are some here, I suppose, who have often sat and listened to his voice with pleasure. You shall hear his voice no more. There are, perhaps, some here who admired his preaching, and liked the principles and doctrines that he held, but perhaps when this is said all is said. You will hear his voice no more. How stands the matter with yourselves? Are you prepared to follow him? Have you heard the gospel in vain? Has it been altogether useless? My friend, sin is not of a trifling nature; death is not a trifle. We may think death to be a long way off, and laugh at it; but when we come to look death in the face, and beyond it, it is a solemn thing. We lay down to sleep at night, but we know not that we shall wake up again. Your dear pastor said, 'My speech is going—oh this is dreadful.' Such is death; he comes and touches the vital cord, and we are gone. May you and I 'learn to live righteously and soberly in this present world,' and then at the end all shall be well. I commend you to God, and the Holy Spirit, who alone is able to keep you from falling. Amen."

The corpse was then replaced in the hearse, and followed by the widow and other relatives and ministers in mourning coaches, accompanied by a goodly number of the members of the church at Homerton Row, in other vehicles. The mournful *cortege* thus formed then moved slowly on to Kensal Green Cemetery, where it arrived shortly after three o'clock.

On entering the grounds of the Cemetery, the coffin was taken from the hearse; the ministers alighted from the carriages, and preceded the corpse, and the mourners followed. The ministers who attended the funeral were all members of the "Strict Baptist Association," of whom there were eight: viz., Messrs. Wyard, Milner, Newborn, Meeres, Chas. Smith, Glaskin and Garritt. Arrived at the grave, (the family grave of Mr. Daniel Curtis), where a great number had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to this servant of God, the mortal remains of the deceased were lowered in the grave, and Mr. George Wyard, of Soho, addressed the meeting assembled.

The following is a sketch of

Mr. Wyard's Oration.

Christian Friends: The matter of our convening together—the little spot of ground we at present occupy—the business we have come to perform, and the several relationships and positions we hold and sustain in life, are all calculated to create thoughts serious in their nature and solemn in their character. The matter of our convening together is death: the little spot on which we stand is the margin of the grave: the business we have come to perform is to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom we have long loved and esteemed; and the relationships we at present sustain we shall shortly have to give up, as our departed brother has done a little before us. God grant we may all fulfil our states as usefully, and finish our course as honourably, as he, through grace, has done. Death is a destroyer of all earthly ties; and the husband ceases to be a husband, and the wife a wife; yet there is a tie that nature will never dissolve, a bond that nature will never snap. Our brother is gone! our brother is dead! And yet though gone, in a sense he is not gone—not from our recollection—not from our esteem. Though dead, in a sense, he is not dead—for his spirit lives. He is only gone before; and although gone from earth, yet he is not altogether gone from our society.

"For saints above, and those below,

But one communion make."

Our friendship he no longer needs; our sympathy he no longer requires. He has gained the place where sorrowing and sighing are for ever banished. God was mercifully pleased to make great use of him. Thirtly years have rolled away since I first became acquainted with him; and never has one circumstance occurred to give me the least reason to regret the intimacy. He was a man of sterling worth, of genuine piety and of great benevolence; but what he was, he was by the grace of God. He is gone now to where hospitality is no longer needed. God blessed him both in providence and grace; and on his tomb-stone it might be righteously written—"He was given to hospitality."

I cannot at this moment view it as any occasion for grief or sorrow. Though ties have become broken, why weep? God has been merciful to our brother not to allow him to lie long on a bed of sickness. His work was done, and why stay longer? True, he has left a widow, but he has left no little fatherless children; and God has promised to be a Husband to the widow. May you, dear sister, prove him to be so. We, as fellow-heirs, can contemplate his ransomed spirit as it now dwells in the presence of his heavenly Father: as co-workers we miss him. We are separated as to place, but not in society really. He is simply gone from the church militant below, to the church triumphant above. Believing that his immortal soul was quickened by the Holy Spirit, we cheerfully commit his mortal remains to the grave, and we charge thee, O grave, in the name of Him who ransomed Daniel Curtis, in the name of Him who made the heavens, and who sustains the universe, in the name of Him who has spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly—we charge thee, O grave, to keep sacred this baneful of Jacob's dust, till the morning of the resurrection. It is the cross that cushions the grave; it is the light of heaven that scatters the darkness of the

tomb, and it is the hope of eternal life that renders the endurance of death bearable, to keep sacred this handful of dust. We withdraw from this grave in the blest assurance that we shall meet again in yonder world. Till then—Farewell! brother Daniel. Farewell, brother Daniel, till we meet you in yonder glorious spheres. Farewell! brother Daniel! The ties of nature are snapped asunder; but this glorious bond shall never be broken. We are, dear friends, just simply performing the work for him, that he has done for others, and which shortly others will do for us. The saints who are left on the earth when the end shall come, will want no funeral obsequies; for it is said, the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." We, therefore, in the pleasing hope of meeting our brother in yonder world, commit his body to the dust. May God sanctify this solemn event to the glory of his great name. Amen.

Mr. GEO. MOYLE, of Peckham, then offered up prayer, and the mourning multitude left the grave.

There were several ministers present who did not form part of the procession; among whom we noticed Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. Poynder, Mr. Bland, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Austin, and others.

On Lord's-day evening, August 7th, Mr. JOHN FOREMAN, of Mount Zion, Dorset Square, preached

The Funeral Sermon

at Homerton. The portion of Scripture selected for the improvement of this solemn occasion was Heb. xiii. 7, 8.

"Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Without exordium Mr. Foreman divided his text thus:

Now, dear friends, our first question is:

To whom are these words spoken?

II. The reference made.

III. The commendation.

IV. The admonitory counsel and exhortation.

With regard to the persons to whom our text is addressed, it is to the Hebrews. They were such as were "called of God;" such as "draw not back unto perdition." To those who have an attachment and love to the name of Jesus, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ and his salvation. They are such as have "fed for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them in the gospel." And here the question arises, "Have we ever fed for refuge to this glorious hope? Has our sinnership been opened to our view, and have we been led to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

I shall address myself first to the church of Christ who assemble here. You have lost your pastor. Now, without doing violence to the meaning of our text, we may read it in the past tense in reference to our departed brother, "Remember HIM that HAD the rule over you." Or it might be read in the plural number, "Remember THEM that HAD the rule over you." You have had two pastors here whom I have known; and if they have not

been possessed of the most extensive talent, they were honest men at heart, and that was far better than having a big talented rogue; for they have aimed to do you good, while the talented rogue would only do you harm. I believe our dear old friend Eason was an honest man, and so was our brother Daniel Curtis.

I first became acquainted with our brother Curtis in 1824; and this time takes in the greater part of my existence. I first came up to London in August, 1824, to preach one Lord's-day at Zoar Chapel, when I was invited to spend the close of that month at Blandford Street. Now the church there had just at that time been deceived by a base and artful deceiver. Well, after I had done preaching there on the first Sunday morning, the people, of course, began to congregate together, to discuss the merits of the new preacher; when Daniel Curtis gave it as his opinion that I was another so-and-so; that I was no good; and he and his good wife Betsey would not go again in the evening to be deceived. Well, when they returned home in the evening, they heard such a good report of the country parson, as made them almost sorry they had not been present. Poor Daniel Curtis came next morning to the house where I was staying, to see me, but I was gone. He then learned that I was to preach at Zoar on the following Thursday evening. Upon hearing this, his wife Betsey, who was a good Christian, said, "I will hear him at Zoar." She went. I preached from these words: "Unto you that look for him he is near." This was in 1824. She died in 1839; but that "looking sermon" she never forgot; so that though she would not come to hear me in the evening at Blandford Street, she went all the way to Zoar Chapel, and got her heart filled. I was invited to come again, which I did in November, 1824, and stayed two or three Sabbaths, when an intimacy was formed between your late pastor, and his then partner, and myself, which was never interrupted. There never was a jar between us. Our hearts were the same way—our faith was one; our views of church discipline and order were the same: we walked, talked, prayed and communed together. The church at Blandford Street then gave me an invitation to become their pastor; but having a little church at Cambridge, without a chapel; and having undertaken to build them one, I could and would not leave them till I had done what I could for them. Daniel Curtis came down to Cambridge, and tried to persuade me to leave there; arguing, that as I had a sickly wife, and four or five children to maintain on a small salary, it was my duty to leave there to better my condition; but I told him that I would sooner live on bread and water, than leave the Cambridge people in their then condition. In 1825 I went out to collect for the chapel, and succeeded in considerably reducing the amount of its cost. In January, 1825, forty persons, including Daniel Curtis and his wife, separated from the Blandford Street cause, and took a place to worship in. I was invited through Daniel Curtis (who was chosen deacon) to become their pastor, and on the 6th of May, 1827, I commenced my stated labours amongst them, and was ordained pastor the following Christmas, with whom I have continued ever since. I have reason to love the name of Daniel Curtis.

When young, he was placed at a dyer's, where he was set to work that was too laborious for him. He overdone it, and brought on a disease termed "melted blood." He never had good health from that time. This brought on pleurisy in the side, which greatly undermined his constitution. This worked much on his mind; and therefore influenced his ministrations. Some have said he did not preach so well of late years. Perhaps if we were servants full of disease, we should not be able to serve our master so well as though we were in possession of full health. I believe he was so completely united to his people, that no man could tell what he suffered when he saw them dwindle away. The dulness of his mind and

ministrations were the cause of this. And while this affliction brought on this state of things, that also fed the complaint. Of his illness I cannot say much. I went to see him after the first fit; and having a journey of nineteen days in the country, I went a second time to see him previous to my departure. When with him on that occasion, he asked, "Where is my arm?"* Poor dear fellow! this cut me to the heart. He said—"It's all right, brother Foreman—'tis all right; God can't do wrong." And oh, how sweetly he sung,

"Jesus, my Lord, my righteousness."

When he came to this place, the church was very low. Through his instrumentality, the church was raised up—the galleries erected, and the school-rooms built at the back—an honour to his name, and that of the church with whom he stood connected. Remember then, him who had the rule over you, who has spoke unto you the word of God, &c. The doctrines held and kept by Daniel Curtis were none but those found in the word of God.—"whose faith follow, considering the end of his conversation: Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Mr. Foreman then made some important remarks on the commendation, the counsel and the admonition; and gave some wholesome exhortation and counsel to the church; and some words of comfort to the bereaved widow; but space forbids our entering further on the subject. We have given so much of it as related particularly to the deceased minister. The little chapel at Homerton Row was thronged on this very solemn occasion; and many there seemed to feel and mourn the loss of an affectionate pastor.

On the following Tuesday, August the 9th, the thirty-first anniversary of the cause at Homerton Row was celebrated, when sermons were preached by Messrs. Foreman, Bloomfield and Milner.

DANIEL CURTIS

AT THE GRAVE OF JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

In the memoir of the late Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, of Brighton, (recently issued by Houlston and Stoneman),—the following address, as delivered at the open grave of Mr. Sedgwick by Mr. Curtis, is given. When Daniel said, "*Farewell, brother! we shall meet again,*" he little thought, it may be, his own end was so near. The immortal spirit of Daniel has soon followed his brother Joseph; and now, amid the millions of ransomed souls, they mingle their songs; and gaze with living wonder upon Him of whom the poet says,

"Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

"Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing;
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King."

"Mr. Curtis, of Homerton Row, addressed the friends at the grave with evident difficulty, under strong emotion. He said:—

"When I was first acquainted with Joseph Sedgwick, he was a very gay, giddy, and thoughtless

young man. But it pleased God to arrest him; and when he was converted, I found to my surprise he no longer indulged in his former gaities and follies, and I wondered that even the grace of God could make such a change. His conversion to God awoke in my heart new and anxious desires relative to myself. I thought, who can tell but that it may please God to change my heart? I was made anxious for such a change, and by the mercy of God did obtain that blessing. I look upon the conversion of the departed as the means of my own.

"But he is now gone. He has been removed from us in the prime of life and in the midst of usefulness. Inscrutable providence! 'But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.' Bowing with submission to the stroke, and yet hoping under it, I would say, Farewell, brother! we shall meet again. Oh, how sweet is the consolation that we shall meet again, bye and bye, under other and happier circumstances! May God in his mercy give the church another minister, such an one as our departed brother—a Christ-exalting minister, and a heart-searching minister. Jesus' blood and righteousness were his constant theme. I loved and revered him; he was a friend to me, and his friendship I highly valued. I find his loss severe, and doubtless, you, who have had the privilege of his ministry and friendship, will feel it too. I pray that God may sanctify this affliction to you. I cannot say more—my feelings entirely overpower me."

THE LATE

MRS. C. W. BANKS,

The Author of "THE SILENT PREACHER."

ON Lord's-day evening, August 14, 1853, Mr. Henry Allnutt, of Ripley, preached a funeral discourse, in Crosby Row Chapel, occasioned by the much lamented death of the pastor's most faithful and affectionate wife. At the close of that sermon, Mr. Allnutt read the subjoined paper, which had been prepared by C. W. Banks. As it contains particulars which may be interesting to many who knew and loved the deceased, it is here given in full. It reads as follows:

I shall here attempt a very brief outline of the circumstances connected with the last day my dear wife spent upon this earth. It is but a few of her words that I can now record.

Before I come to the last day, I will mention a few things which occurred previous to the closing scene.

Before there was any thought of our coming together, I had observed the deep spirituality of her mind. She certainly did possess a very decided love and a holy zeal for the person, work, offices, and gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The works of Dr. John Owen were profitable to her, and much esteemed by her. Portions of many nights were spent by her in close reading and writing; her conversation, as well as her conduct, was chaste, comely, sincere and truly spiritual. I think it was never my lot to know one who seemed to be so much devoted to the best of all studies—the Bible, and the work of the Spirit in poor sinner's hearts. I

* He was paralyzed throughout one side.

have some of her letters and her diary, which I hope to give to the church of Christ some day. I know her little work called "*The Silent Preacher*," was useful to many souls; and I hope the few fragments I may be enabled to gather up may also be attended with a divine blessing, satisfying some who doubted, and comforting others who mourn. It is painful for me to record, that from the time of our becoming engaged one to the other, her writing ceased, and was never again so fully resumed. I feel this very keenly; I know also this was painful to her; often did she regret the want of power and mind to commune with the Lord, and devote herself to his service, as in times past she had done. But the exercises of her mind, as regards our union, and the many trials, deep anxieties, new paths of duty and responsibility which the union gave rise to, seemed almost to absorb her mind and her time. Still, her strong attachment to everything good and spiritual, and her holy faith in the gospel and person of Christ, were often sweetly manifested; and there were seasons when she would converse with me on the best of subjects in a truly evangelical and holy spirit. Her mind was certainly cast into the gospel mould, and it only needed the expression or exhibition of true gospel principles to bring forth from her not only a hearty and cheerful concurrence, but such a comment on things divine, as would blessedly prove her conversation to be in heaven. She was naturally reserved, except with persons in whom she had confidence.

Five years the 4th of last June she was received into full communion with the church at Crosby Row. The promise laid on my mind to give her was Isaiah lviii. 8, "*Thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.*" Upon this I make no comment here.

In a season of very deep trouble she came spontaneously forth as my friend—and a real friend from that period to the time of her departure she proved to me. We have passed through scenes of anxiety and care; but the Lord helped us to look to him, and for our deliverance he always appeared.

On Lord's-day morning, June 5th, 1853, I was in my little study, when these words arrested my mind, "*Because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thine increase, and in all the works of thine hands, therefore thou shalt surely rejoice.*" I received the words as spoken to me. I went on my knees to beg of the Lord speedily and safely to bring her through her trouble; and while pleading in prayer a soft whisper in my soul said, "*thou shalt call his name Samuel.*"

I then went into the room where my dear wife was; and told her I believed the Lord would bring her through her trouble, and give her a son. She burst into tears, and said, she desired to be resigned to the will of the Lord. That very evening she

gave birth to a son; and up to Saturday, June 24th, we hoped all was going on well. But here disease began its work. Sometimes better—and then sinking again. In this state of increasing affliction she lay until Saturday morning, August 6—exactly five weeks—when she resigned her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, as I firmly believe. There was not much said until the last day came that I can here record: although she would talk to me (as far as strength would allow) on the best things. But she was passing through a fiery trial: and once said to me—"I fear I have been deceived; and have deceived others." At another time, she said, in answer to a question I put to her—"I have no fears—I have no joys."

When I returned home from chapel on Lord's-day, July 24th, in the morning, I went immediately to her bedside, to inquire how she was. She said, quite calmly, "How are you?—and how have you been this morning?"—after I answered, she said rather, anxiously,—"*What was your text?*" I said this was my text—"For I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." Isaiah lvii. 16. She said, "*Oh that is nice;—perhaps that text is for me.*" She asked me to read it to her again. It seemed much to comfort her; and I know that through the day it abode with her. I have no doubt she had feared the Lord was wroth with her; but this word appeared in some measure to raise up her spirits.

There is something greatly comforting to my poor soul, in the remembrance of the solid and holy enjoyment she experienced in nearly the last sermon she heard from my lips. I can now see there was a great and gracious suitability in it to her case. The words were—"He is near that justifieth me." As we walked home that morning she expressed herself as most blessedly comforted. I little thought in what way "*He that justifieth her was near:*" but now I painfully feel the deep truth of those words.

In the forenoon, as she died at night, I was sitting in an adjoining room, when Miss Chaplin came to me and said, "*Mrs. Banks wishes us all to be in the room.*" I went beside her bed; she expressed a wish that we should sing a hymn. We said we could not sing. She said, "*Do not be unkind now.*"

I took up Watts's Hymns, and opening on "There is a land of pure delight," &c.

I read it through to her. She said—"That will do. Now read it again." I read the two first lines; and while pausing, she commenced singing it—and as I read it, she sang it through.

After singing this hymn, she said, "*Now read.*" I read the 5th chapter of Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, "*We know that if this earthly house,*" &c. Then a part of the 14th of John; when she said to me,—

"Read something confessing." I read the 61st Psalm. She made no remark, but asked me to engage in prayer. I did as well as I was able; and though I felt a little nearness to the Lord; but I did not even then seriously think she would die. I left her for a little while; and when I returned, she said, "Let us have another hymn." I then opened on

"Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears," &c. and read that through to her. She said, "that is nice; read it again." I then gave it out two lines at a time; she struck it to a solemn tune; and sung it. When we came to the last verse, instead of singing,

"There SHALL I wear a starry crown," she sung,

"There MAY I wear a starry crown." And this she did twice.

She then began to speak most solemnly, and said, "I have been much troubled about that Charles Skinner's book; to think that you should have any hand in such a work. 'Why, (said she), should we, who have such a Saviour, labour so to believe in him, and to love him, and to walk uprightly before him, if sin be so small a thing? And why should he come down, and suffer so much for us, if sin be so light a matter?' She then went on to speak about the foundation of her hope; and said, "I only wish to cleave and cling to Christ and his cross. I have no hope, or salvation, but in him. He is all and in all to me."

These words are but the substance of much that she said at this time; which it is impossible for me to write down. I took the Bible, and said, "I will read to you my poor mother's funeral text; it is in the 31st Psalm, and 6th verse, 'Into thine hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, oh, Lord God of truth.'" She said, (quite cheerfully and confidently,) "that is just me. Read it again." I did; and also much of the Psalm, in which she was greatly interested. Some time after this she said, "Go down and get your supper; and then come and read to me, and talk with me; for that is all I now want." While I was down, a text which Mr. Bax, of Brighton, preached from at Newick, in my hearing, came to my mind; these were the words, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." I went again to her bedside, and began to speak of these words; remarking that a revelation of Christ in a living soul, would produce two things for certain—an inward persuasion of his power to save—and an inward affection or love to his Person," &c., &c. "Ah, (she said), it is that love I want to feel now." I said, "My dear, you have felt it." "Yes," she said, "I have; but I want to feel it now." She then spoke of the weakness of her head: she said, "I cannot understand you." I said, "What a mercy it is to know salvation by

the Lord Jesus before we come to a sick bed." "Oh it is," she replied, "for this is not the place to learn it."

This closed, I think, our conversation upon spiritual things; and as to temporal matters, she said but little of them; and as (even now), I did not think her a dying woman, I pressed nothing upon her, nor asked any questions of her.

About two hours before she departed, a great change came over her, and she thought, and so did I, that it was a good sign. She begged of me to lay myself down on the bed, and rest a little while. I did so; and fell asleep, feeling assured she was better. I was suddenly awake by Miss Chaplin's saying to me, "Mr. Banks—I think Mrs. Banks is gone." I was on my feet in an instant; and on approaching the side of her bed, I saw her poor dear head was gently fallen. All was calm and still; IT WAS DEATH. Thus in quietness, without a struggle, she left us for a better world. Her memory is dear to me. My loss is great indeed. But I hope to be resigned and supported under it.

T. J. MESSER'S ADDRESS

AT NUNHEAD CEMETERY.

ON Wednesday, August 10, 1853, the mortal remains of the late Mrs. C. W. Banks were conveyed to Nunhead Cemetery, followed by her hereaved husband—her two sisters and their husbands, and many Christian friends. In the chapel of the burial ground, Mr. W. Allen addressed the friends from these words—"Come, now, and let us reason together." Some very solemn and suitable remarks were made. At the opening grave, after a hymn had been sung, T. J. Messer, (the minister of Ebenezer, Shoreditch), delivered an address, of which the following is the substance:

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—To weep with those who weep, is not only in accordance with the dictates of our common humanity, but perfectly consistent with the genius of our glorious Christianity.

When the sisters of Bethany stood by the sepulchre which contained the body of their brother Lazarus, the Great Founder of our holy religion blended his sympathies and his tears with theirs. "JESUS WEPT;" and when the Jews beheld his tears, they one and all exclaimed, "Behold how he loved him."

We are come to bury our late departed sister; and we may shed over this grave the tear of affection. To this spot her surviving partner may also come again and again and weep here.

"Whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The fond endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme."

But let me advise my brother when he does so, to listen to that voice which is sweeter in its intonations than those of angel choirs, and which will proclaim that great and encouraging truth, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that believeth in me shall never die." We feel for you, my brother, for we hope we have learnt to say with one of our poets now amidst the golden sunlight of the better land,

"We weep with those who weep below,
And burthened with the afflicted sigh;
The various forms of human woe,
Excite our softest sympathy."

The sad work we are performing to-day, others will have to do for us. Day after day, the hand of death is engaged in separating those whom love has knit, and sympathy made one. These sad events have transpired from the earliest period of our world's history. "There, (said the venerable Patriarch Jacob,) I buried Leah;" and after that he had to mourn by the side of Rachel's tomb.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There's no union of hearts,
But finds on earth an end.

Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest."

Abram had to mourn the loss of Sarah; Isaac had to weep over the corpse of Rebecca; David mourned over the demise of Absalom. Many, before our esteemed fellow labourer now again called to experience the pangs of widowhood, have had to say, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me." We must all die. Who would live always in such a sin-blighted, troublous world as this? Earth is not our rest, it is polluted. Our home is in heaven!

"Brother of my heart, friend of my soul," allow me to remind you, that though you have now laid your late companion in the grave, she will rise again. You know and believe that Spring will visit the mouldering urn, and a day of incomparable brightness and beauty will dawn upon the night of the tomb. How sweet it is to know that

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
Who softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

But it is still more consoling to know that

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

Your late partner is not lost; she is only passed home a short time before you. There may be, there is, in point of fact, much that is mysterious associated with the early removal from earth of your late companion in tribulation. That one, so fitted for usefulness in various ways, both as regards the church and the family, should be summoned to an early rest, while so many "cumbers of the ground" are permitted to live on and on for years, is exceedingly mysterious; so mysterious, that no strength of mind is able to penetrate and understand these things. You must therefore silently and submissively wait for the solution of all the problems involved in the sad event we now mourn. The day is coming when all the whys and wherefores, connected with each painful and gloomy chapter of your life, will be fully answered. But these things cannot be explained to you, until, through the finished work of your Lord, you become an inhabitant of that world of purity and repose, where "All mysteries will be light, and all sounds harmoniously sweet." Be of good cheer; "What you know not now, you shall know hereafter."

Clouds and darkness may now seem to rest upon, and surround the throne of God; but a steady, believing contemplation of the point at which he aims, will tend to convince you that he is too wise to perpetrate a blunder, too good to act unkindly to his people. The Judge of all the earth cannot but do right.

You have the consolation to know, that our late sister, your affectionate wife, died well. She sleeps in Jesus. You cannot forget how sweetly she sung on the day of her departure hence, all that hymn which describes so correctly the Christian's home; nor can you forget the humility she evinced, when

she changed the verb SHALL, for MAY; and when she sung the hymn throughout. You read it to her,

There SHALL I wear a starry crown,
but her genuine deep humility prompted her to change the word SHALL for MAY. You understand that action; the most devoted Christians are the most humble.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground its lowly nest.

Many sat at Jesu's feet. Before honour is humility.

Her days on earth were indeed few, but they were well spent. Her work was done, or she would not have been summoned home. You know that

"The Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour."

It is not many years after all that constitutes a long life.

"Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
That life is long, which answers life's great end:

And such was her's,
And she was your's,
And you were blest!

Her sorrows and pains are now all at an end. I look into this grave with confidence, and in this instance can, as I gaze on her once afflicted body, now in a state of incipient putrefaction, utter with confidence the words of the poet:

"The languishing head is at rest,
Its thoughts and achings are o'er;
The quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more;
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain.
It ceases to flutter and beat,
And never shall flutter again.
The fountains can yield no supplies,
Those hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from her eyes,
And evil they never shall see."

We have placed in this grave a decomposed organism, which must utterly decay. But never forget, that God will watch this body, which will soon be disintegrated, and mingle with the surrounding dust; and bye-and-bye at his bidding, it shall tremble again into life, rise from the grave, shake off the dust by which it has been surrounded, and with which it has been mixed, and 'arrayed in glorious grace,' mount up and meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord.' Let us then endeavour to bow in submission to Jehovah's will. Nothing but grace, sovereign, discriminating, and free, can enable us, when tried by such a bereavement as our brother has been visited with, to exclaim, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. He gave, and he hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,

"Our sister the haven has gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
Her rest she hath soonest obtained,
And left us distressed behind—
Still cast on a sea of distress,
But hoping to reach the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

Methinks I can see her now, and could she speak to her husband, she would say to him with a fervor before unknown:

Go then, and with meek submission,
Bear awhile the chastening rod;
Faithfully fulfil thy mission,
Then come home and rest with God!

That rest has been secured for all the blood-bought family by Him in whom our late sister was led to trust. Through his powerful influence she was made to differ from her former self, and from others; and by his glorious efforts on her behalf, she has passed to a world where adieu and fare-

Wells will be sounds unknown. There sickness will never again depress her mind, sorrow never lacerate her heart, murky clouds never gather around her happy spirit, tempests never beat upon her head, satan never attack, sin never vex, and death never alarm, but all will be freedom and sunlight, purity and song for ever. All that she now enjoys is the result of free and sovereign mercy. She was a debtor to that mercy alone; and sweetly did she think and write about that lofty theme. She will live in those writings, and through them cheer many a tried pilgrim traveller in the way to bliss, many, many years to come.

In conclusion let me exhort those who have been raised by the Eternal Spirit unto newness of life to hang day by day upon the crucified. Remember that the period of your glorification draws nigh. Try to make yourselves familiar with the grave. Start not at the thought that you have to die.

Why should the saints be filled with dread,
Or yield their joys to slavish fears?
Heaven can't be full, which holds the Head,
Till every member's present there.

Think of your home. Gird up the loins of your minds; hope to the end.

Slacken not sail yet
At islet or island;
Strait for the beacon steer,
Strait for the high-land.
Crowd all your canvass on,
Cut through the foam;
Christian, cast anchor now,
Christians, steer home.

May He who dwelt in the bush bless each of you with increasing light and love. May His richest blessings also rest upon our bereaved brother, and upon every member of his family.

And when soon or late they reach the coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they be found no wanderers lost,
A FAMILY IN HEAVEN! Amen.

[A Diary, found since the decease of my beloved wife, and some valuable extracts from her correspondence, will, with Divine permission, be published shortly, entitled "*A Memorial in grateful remembrance of 'THE SILENT PREACHER,' the late Mrs. C. W. Banks.*" This Memorial will be printed uniform with the "*SILENT PREACHER,*" and may be bound up with it.—ED.]

A FEW WORDS IN MEMORY OF

THE LATE MR. JAMES WILD,
Of Richmond, in Surrey.

THIS faithful, useful and much-esteemed brother in Christ, departed for a better country on Saturday evening, July 30th, 1853, at a quarter to eight o'clock;—his mortal remains are quietly laid to rest in the churchyard, at Richmond, after enduring, from paralytic affection, upwards of two years' sufferings.

I should think it is eight years since I was sent for to preach at Richmond, and there and then became acquainted with Mr. Wild. I found him to be a plain, straightforward, decided man of God. Firm in the faith of the gospel; and an unflinching contender for every essential doctrine, and for all the ordinances connected with the New Testament church. I have been in correspondence and association with him more or less, from that 1853.

period to the time of his death. I ever found him the same man. I know and am fully persuaded that I may say these four things of him:—

1. He loved the truth as it is in Jesus Christ with all his heart.

2. The welfare, the peace, and the holy prosperity of Zion, lay very close to his best affections; he could truly say,

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

3. He highly esteemed every faithful and honest servant of Jesus Christ—whether they were little men, or great men. He could sympathise with them in their sorrows; and rejoice with them in their joys. I can bear witness to this. I have often been in converse with him; and I know he was a lover of good men; and most ready to do them good.

4. I know he hated every false way, and every deceitful man.

His affectionate child, Miss Elizabeth Wild, has furnished me with a few particulars, which I here record.

Like many of the Lord's children, he was early convinced of sin; in fact, when quite a child. While serving his apprenticeship in London, he was directed to hear good old John Keeble, of Blandford Street; and under that powerful ministry, God the Holy Ghost led him to the throne of grace; and gave him a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the providence of God, he was led to Richmond, was baptised at Brentford, by Mr. Castleden; and there he dwelt in communion for some time; until he was led to believe the Lord had a people to be gathered in here.

In the year 1829, on the 17th of April, the chapel in Kew Lane, Richmond, was opened. The church was formed of three persons—Mr. Wild, his wife, and one other male member. Truly, it was a little one; but it has been preserved; the gospel has been preached; sinners have been called; saints have been comforted; the doors are still open; and we hope the blessing of heaven will still rest on the little bill.

On Lord's-day morning, August 14, some attempt to improve the death of the late Mr. James Wild was made in a discourse preached in Rehoboth chapel, Richmond, by C. W. Banks, from the words of our Lord recorded in Matthew's gospel—"A WISE MAN WHO BUILT HIS HOUSE UPON A ROCK," &c., &c. The following may be said to be among the last words of the deceased:—

"He had a paralytic stroke two years last December. This deranged his nervous system, so that he was not able to hold much conversation with his friends, as he had heretofore been able to do. He used to call this hymn,

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"

his prayer. The last time of his being in chapel

was July 11, in the afternoon, at the anniversary. On the Friday following there was an evident change in him. On the next day, while in great pain of body, and talking of his end, he was told "There is a crown laid up for you." He replied, "Yes, there is." "And you will help to crown the Lord too." He replied, "Yes, I shall." On the following day he took to his bed, where he lay for a fortnight all but one day.

On the Tuesday we thought him going. I said to him,

"'Tis with the righteous well,"

"Yes," he replied; "in life, death, and in dying he is Jesus the same." "You feel him so?" "Yes," he replied. At another time, "Father, can you say with Paul, to depart and be with Christ is far better?" "Yes." "Then you long to be gone?" "Yes."

On Wednesday morning he spoke distinctly the words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," and stopped, when the verse was finished for him. He appeared to be talking as if communing with the Lord, and I believe the Lord communed with him, but his voice was too low to hear distinct at times. After which I said, "Father, what do you think the Lord is about to do with you?" His reply was, "To take me home." "What makes you think so?" He replied, "Because I do." "Has the Lord told you so?" He replied, "Yes."

He spoke very few words after. On the Friday his speech was going, although sensible at times. On Saturday he appeared unconscious of anything around him. About a quarter to 8 o'clock in the evening of July 30, 1853, the spirit of my dear father entered into the joy of his Lord to spend an eternal Sabbath there. Yours in the faith of the gospel,
ELIZABETH WILD.

The Sudden Death of Mr. Cayzer.

MR. WILLIAM CAYZER, for many years the highly esteemed pastor of the Independent church, meeting in Shalom Chapel, the Oval, Hackney Road, suddenly expired on Tuesday the 5th of July.

In the morning of that day he left his home as well and as happily as ever he had previously done, on a charitable mission, intending also (we understood,) to pay a visit to a daughter at Peckham. He had only reached Fenchurch Street, in passing through the city, when an arrow from the bow of Death struck him; and in an instant, without a sigh or a groan, he fell to the ground, a lifeless corse.

His remains were subsequently interred in Abney Park Cemetery.

On Lord's-day evening, July the 31st, Mr. Gabriel Bayfield, of the Commercial Road, preached a funeral sermon in improvement of this very solemn dispensation of God's providence. Mr. Bayfield read for his text, part of the 8th verse of Matthew xx: "Call the labourers, and give them their hire." The preacher first noticed "the labourers," as beautifully illustrative of God's ministers; ob-

serving that a real God-sent minister was a labourer and not a loiterer; that God was very particular as to whom he employed for that sacred office—that they were none but the elect—the called by grace. Men-made ministers and God's own sent ones, widely differ. Mr. Bayfield noticed their labour; he spoke of the many trials and anxieties devolving upon the Christian minister. In fact, the preacher entered very minutely into the different departments of the ministerial office. Under the second head, Mr. Bayfield noticed the expression used in the text, "Call." He said, What a solemn command! Who gave this command? None but the eternal God. He had heard an expression made use of in reference to the death of God's ministers, which he totally disagreed with; viz.: that some were taken away "in the midst of their usefulness." No minister was called home till the close of the day, when his work was done; and then it was well for him to be at home, to receive his reward. As to their departed brother Cayzer, he had been called for many years to labor in the Master's service, he had arrived to a good old age, and was called home—the close of the day had come with him—he had preached his last sermon. In a natural way there is something extremely pleasant in the close of the day, when we may lie down and rest ourselves for the night. How much more so the close of the day to the spiritual labourer; the day being over and their work done, they rest for ever in their everlasting home. But God will not call the servant till he has accomplished all that God intends for him to do. Again, the preacher observed, the order. There is no more labour to be performed—and a very intelligent, and solemn voice is heard, "Call the labourer." In what various ways does God call his servants home. Some appear a long time before they get their call. The late Joseph Irons for years was dying, whilst Mr. Cayzer's was instantaneous. He leaves his home to all appearances in perfect health—"never felt better"—gets only a short distance from home, when the voice "Call" is heard, and in one moment he is a breathless corpse. In life he had a fear—not of his everlasting security—but of the passage through Jordan. God mercifully spared him the pains of death; for without a groan, a sigh or a tear, he departed hence. To the church of God, sudden death is sudden glory.

Concerning the state of Mr. Cayzer's mind previous to his departure, Mr. Bayfield said, "I was assured that there appeared a holy, calm, and a firm reliance, and reclining on the bosom of Christ, until the Master said, 'Call the labourer.'"

In the next place, the preacher noticed the labourer's expectation. The departed minister though timid of death,—yet he knew full well, and had a glorious expectation that he should receive his reward. The labourers

spoken of in the text fully expected their penny at the end of the day; and the dear departed fully believed and expected that he should receive his reward at the close of the day.

Mr. Bayfield closed his discourse by an affectionate address to the mourning friends, and a word of exhortation and counsel to the bereaved church. No particulars were given of Mr. Cayzer.

A hymn composed for the occasion by Mr. Gabriel Bayfield, was sung after the sermon.

A Brand Plucked from the Fire;

OR,

The Riches of Divine Grace exhibited in the Life and Death of

MR. HENRY CONGREVE,

(Late of Peckham,)

Who died at Adelaide, South Australia, Dec. 18, 1852.

The readers of the *Earthen Vessel* will remember that in the month of March last there was published "a brief memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Congreve, who slept in Jesus in May, 1852, near the Cape of Good Hope, on her voyage to South Australia." Her dear husband, bereft of his truly excellent and sweet companion, finished his lonely voyage, and after a few short months' residence in the colony, he too was called to exchange a world of sin for a world of everlasting joy, there to meet again with her whom he had lost, to part no more.

It may be well to mention here some circumstances relative to Mrs. Congreve's death, which have since come to knowledge by means of a letter from one of her daughters, recently received:—

"Far on our voyage, the evening previous having rounded the Cape of Good Hope, our dear, dear mother glided from our arms, and slept in Jesus to awake in glory. On crossing the line, her illness, which we flattered ourselves the voyage would remove, returned with renewed violence, and from that time she daily wasted to a shadow. Those best acquainted with her know how truly was manifested in her the life and practice of a Christian. The last twelve months, particularly, all secular affairs seemed irksome to her—her whole being was swallowed up in her Lord. A quiet humble Christian was our sweet mother, moving noiselessly in her sphere of action.

"On our long voyage, while she was able, our dear mother was always to be found with her Bible in her lap; many times looking up, her mild countenance beaming with hope, and a precious promise on her lips. One day, as she reclined with her head on my knee, she placed her thin hand in our dear father's, who was sitting by, and suddenly exclaimed, 'A strong-hold in the day of trouble; I feel he is so; he is a strong-hold.'

Another time while seated on the deck, inhaling the sweet sea breezes one lovely morning, she turned to me and said, 'This text has been ringing in my ears all night, it is exceedingly precious to me—"underneath are the everlasting arms,"—with such support what cannot I pass through?' Many precious words fell from her lips; and often in the silent hours of the night, as I watched by her side.

"Sleepless nights were those for weeks before she left us; the waves rolled high, and rocked our vessel fearfully from side to side, but Jesus had whispered PEACE in my sweet mother's breast, and no murmur or impatient word ever passed her lips. Our fellow passengers regarded with astonishment the patient sufferer, and even revered the memory of her; the glance of whose eye has often paralysed the oath, or checked the unseemly song. On the morning of her departure, seated by the side of her hammock, I bent over her, and said 'What a blessing it is, dearest mother, that our Lord thinks of us even when we cannot think of him!' Never shall I forget her earnest answer—'It is, it is.' An hour before her death I gave her a little wine and water; and I said, 'What a sweet promise of our Saviour, "I go to prepare a place for you."' 'Yes,' she replied; and added with marked emphasis, 'I must wait His appointed time.' She dozed again, and when she awakes it will be in glory."

The reader will pardon this digression. To return to the husband. It has been said that he followed his beloved partner in her joyful flight a few months afterwards—December 18, 1852. Shortly after the intelligence had arrived in England, his funeral sermon was preached by his late beloved pastor, Mr. Moyle, on Sunday, July 31st, to a crowded congregation from the text long before chosen by the deceased—"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" (Zech. iii. 2); on which occasion the preacher delivered a delightful and impressive discourse.

The following brief account of the conversion, life, character, and dying experience of the deceased was read at the close:—

Henry Congreve was the child of God-fearing parents, and the second of a family of three sons. His father was for many years a lover of Jesus, and died rejoicing in his sweet embrace. So was his mother also. His father was a surgeon at Bedworth, in Warwickshire, and at that place his childhood was spent. During that period there was ever the best example before him and his brothers. Ministers of the gospel frequently were visitors at the house. One in particular, by his holy conversation and consistent deportment, was a constant sermon to him, and caused him sometimes to say, when his mother was putting him to bed, "Oh, mother, I wish I was like good Mr. Burton!" But these impressions, like the morning cloud, soon passed away.

At the age of fifteen, he was placed with a ribbon manufacturer of Coventry, and towards

the end of his apprenticeship, and for some time after, he became so unsteady as to make his parents' hearts ache with the unwelcome tidings they from time to time received. His evenings were spent at balls, and plays, and wakes, (as they are there called). The house of God was entirely neglected. Sacred things were treated with ridicule; and to all appearance he was on the brink of ruin. His father has been known to exclaim, "Oh, my graceless son Henry—what will become of him?" "*Who can tell?*"

About this time he packed up his Bible, and all his religious books, and sent them home. His sorrowful father returned the Bible, with a note, begging him to read it, reasoning with him in a mild and feeling manner, telling him the dreadful consequences of his conduct; and as a particular request, he urged him to go to chapel on the ensuing Sabbath, while at the same time he cried mightily to the Lord on his behalf.

This affectionate note was received by the son with carelessness, if not with silent contempt, and was tossed on one side into the corner of a bureau. The Sabbath came, and was spent in the usual manner; but on the Monday morning, having occasion to open the bureau, the first thing that took his attention was the Bible, and his father's letter. He took the letter up and looked at it; and a line at the bottom of the letter, doubled down, that he had not noticed before, caught his eye: 'I hope you will go to chapel on the Sunday.' The Sabbath had passed and he had not done so. For the first time deep and heavy convictions seized him, and brought him to his knees; guilt and terror filled his conscience, and continued more or less for weeks, and never left him until he had received pardoning mercy at the footstool of the cross. *Then* he wrote home a letter—but oh, how changed! Instead of being filled with light and frothy subjects, he told a tale which made his parents weep for joy; and, anxious for his brothers' welfare, he warned them in that letter, solemnly and earnestly to flee from the wrath to come.

For some time he laboured hard to amend his life, and make himself meet for Christ; falling in with a company of those who preached salvation *not all of grace*, but grace and works conjoined. His father, when told of it, said, 'Let him alone; it is a mercy for him even to be there; the Lord will bring him out from among them in his own time.' And so it was: for after he had gone about to establish his own righteousness, and found he failed, he was brought thankfully and humbly to submit himself to the righteousness of God. Meanwhile, the letter written home, before alluded to, and the circumstances attending it, had made a deep and lasting impression on his brothers' minds; first one, then the other, were brought to seek the Lord. The three brothers were baptised together, and joined the church at Bedworth on the same day; their father weeping for joy to behold all his children taking up the cross in their youthful bloom. He himself had been for many years before a member of a Baptist church in London, but obtained his dismission to join with his sons at Bedworth. This delightful event took place on the 3d of April, 1814.

Time passed on, and Mr. Congreve removed to London. He joined the church in Mitchell Street, St. Luke's, and subsequently, upon his second marriage, having removed to Peckham, in 1824, he became united to this Baptist church, and con-

tinued a very active and useful member for a period of twenty-eight years. A long chain of circumstances, in the providence of God, led him at length to turn his thoughts to Australia, where two of his sons had emigrated some years before. His beloved partner in life died during the passage, sweetly falling asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan. Soon after his arrival in the colony, he was attacked with a very severe and dangerous illness; which brought him to so low a state, that for the period of six weeks it was doubtful in the opinion of his medical attendant whether he would live or die. But afterwards recovering, as by a miracle, in two months he regained his strength so far as to turn his attention to business, and was about to engage in some active pursuit, when, by the mysterious dispensation of God, he was suddenly removed from the vicissitudes of time to the unchanging glories of the immortal state.

It pleased the Lord to lead him for a considerable period of his life through a very troublous path as regards external things; but yet he would often speak of the faithfulness of God, and tell of the many deliverances he had met from his gracious Lord. The writer of this sketch has seen many memoranda written in his well-known hand of events like these, coupled with the emphatic words, *Jehovah-jireh*. But although tried in temporal things, in things divine he was very highly favoured. Unshaken confidence in his covenant God, a steady and unerring hope, a feeling of his safe standing upon the Rock of ages, he was privileged to enjoy for many years. Love to the Redeemer's cause, a desire to spread abroad the honours of his precious name, a warm attachment to his people, and a *most uncompromising* regard for gospel truth in all its purity, were leading features of his Christian character. His writings, which some years since were often found in the pages of *Zion's Trumpet*, and the *Spiritual Magazine*, were made eminently useful. He was an active deacon of this church for a period of nine years. Formerly, in various places of temporary abode it had been his delight to gather together by his influence the followers of the Lamb; and before his emigration to the far-off country where he so soon died, he said that if it were the Lord's will, he should endeavour to beat the drum for Immanuel's troops, and establish some little cause. But this was not the will of God concerning him. The purposes of God in removing him to the colony would seem to have had more relation to his family than himself, for he left them all in very comfortable circumstances as regards temporal things.

The evening before his death he was in unusually high spirits, and after walking some distance upon business, joined with his children in singing several of his favourite hymns in so loud a tone that his voice was recognised at a considerable distance from the house. The last time his daughters heard his voice was after retiring to rest—he was engaged in fervent prayer. He never rose again. In the morning he was taken with retching, and the only word he spoke was 'yes,' in answer to a question of one of his sons. He lay down again to sleep, and before any one was conscious, he had breathed his soul out on his Saviour's breast. The rupture of a large abdominal blood vessel was the immediate cause of death.

In the colony he met with many kind friends, by whom, although he had been with them so short a time, he was greatly respected and esteemed. The loss of Mr. Moyle's ministry was, however, much felt. 'For myself, (he writes to his son) I can say that I never heard any ministry so long with anything like equal profit. It therefore, did appear a singular providence that I should be removed away, but I am certain that all has been for the best; and even my affliction has been a blessing under the sovereign efficacy of sanctifying grace.'

Some of the observations which fell from his lips during the period of his long illness, when expecting almost hourly to be gone, were pencilled down by his eldest daughter in her note-book, and are extracted from a letter recently received. 'You must not think me unkind, (he would say) but I cannot help longing to be gone. I have had such views of eternal things—such a sight and sense of my standing in Christ that I long, oh! I long to be gone.' On one occasion, after talking in a manner that savoured more of heaven than earth, he said to his daughter Matilda, 'I wish you to write and let Mr. Moyle and the dear friends know how much I loved them. Tell them my only hope was in Christ, founded firmly upon the sure foundation.' And then he repeated with peculiar emphasis a portion of that sweet hymn of Toplady's—

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

On one occasion he exclaimed, 'The Lord has been very gracious to me, he has kept satan at a distance, and granted me much of his presence in the colony. I see so clearly salvation is all of grace—salvation is a finished work. What should I do if I had now to work out my own salvation, poor helpless as I am, unable to think clearly or connectedly?' At another time he said, 'I have had much of the Lord's presence; I am sure he will provide for you; I am able to commit you to his keeping; I have prayed for each of you, and I believe the Lord will hear my prayers.' On another occasion a faintness stole over him, and he imagined he was dying. His eldest daughter was alone with him in the room, and states she never shall forget the tone of voice in which, at the moment of anticipated death, he shouted 'Hallelujah,' but afterwards recovering, expressed his disappointment—'I thought I was going; what have I not seen?' One more extract. He said, 'I do not think I can recover. I shall soon rejoin your dear mother,

'Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I'll adore
The wonders of thy love.'

'I feel no fear in the prospect of death.'

Three weeks before his sudden departure he wrote a very long letter to his eldest son, the only one of his family left in England. One extract will be interesting, as the last expression of the feelings of his soul in regard to divine things which has come to knowledge here—'I am by no means well, nor do I think I shall ever fully regain my strength as I before possessed it; but none of these things move me, and having food and raiment, I desire to be therewith content. My riches, my welfare, are in the Beloved, whose I am, and whom I serve. The possession of gold,

which ever brings anxieties and cares, is not so much to be coveted as the alluring smile of Jesus. My estimate of the unsearchable riches of which I realise only the earnest, consists not so much in the possession of the blessings he bestows, but in the gift of himself, who knew no sin, in being made sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in him. Oh, marvellous grace! invaluable mercy! At thy dear feet, my precious Lord and ever-loving Saviour, would I sit, or lie prostrate, and while drawing from thy dear bosom the precious draughts of consolation, would be dissolved in wonder, gratitude and praise.'

Sweet testimony this to the inestimable value of a good hope through grace! May we be partakers of that grace, drink of the same fountainfulness, and follow the footsteps of the departed saint of God, so far as he followed Christ.

Reader! Is this *thy* character—a brand plucked from the fire? Has God's almighty arm snatched *thee* from perdition? Is Jesus precious to *thy* soul? Hast *thou* a heart to love him and receive him by a precious faith as *thy* soul's salvation? Ascribe it all to rich and free unmerited and sovereign grace.

'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?'

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced me in;
Else I had still refused to taste,
And perished in my sin.'

G. T. CONGREVE.

Peckham, August 21, 1853.

A MEMOIR OF
Mr. Joseph Sedgwick.

A NEAT volume—embodying some interesting particulars connected with the life, the experience, the ministry, and the last days of the late pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton, is now publishing by Houlston and Stoneman. It will be a peculiar treasure to his many personal friends, and those who were favoured to feed under his ministry; even strangers cannot put he pleased and profited if they possess any sympathy with Zion and her faithful sons.

The volume opens with a concise preface by Mr. Samuel Milner; a few introductory remarks; then comes the first division—'EARLY LIFE.' From this striking chapter in the history we select the following paragraph:—

'In the year 1797, I first opened my eyes upon this world of sorrow, disappointment, and care. My father was a Roman Catholic, my mother quite of a contrary persuasion—a Protestant of the Baptist denomination, whose kind attention I can never sufficiently acknowledge; for I was early marked out to bear much bodily affliction, and her unremitting care saved me from being a cripple for life. She was truly anxious for my

better interest, and offered sincere prayer for my salvation, as ever a Christian mother offered for an only son."

The second chapter is descriptive of those days and nights wherein deep and dark convictions are implanted; such teaching leads a man to speak decided as regards the source from whence that power proceeds which turns the sinner savingly unto God. Read the following:—

"Nothing but the same Omnipotent power that created the world can ever, I am sure, upon scriptural assertions and positive experience, create the soul anew in Christ. I intended to save myself by praying, by hearing sermons, by reforming my life throughout: I thought repentance was in my power, and heaven must be my reward, if I did but use my best endeavours: and this ignorance, this fatal ignorance, while I had been brought up under a sound ministry. The mistakes about religion, I fear, are far more numerous than many are aware of. It is a great mercy, such a declaration is to be found in Isaiah liv. 13, 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord,' and then—great shall be their peace, because it shall not be a false peace, which must prove delusive in the end. Now I know, and rejoice in the truth, there is no peace without the blood of the cross: and all our pretensions will avail us nothing, without an interest in the atonement. If there is no blood shed, there can be no remission; and if there is no application of the blood of Christ, no sound peace to the conscience; the poor soul may long for safety, and must be driven by the storm, and exposed to dreadful dangers, till his anchor finds a proper grounding; but once let his hope be fixed in the person and work of Jesus Christ, and all hell shall never drive him from his anchorage."

Mr. Sedgwick's Conversion is neither mystified nor extravagant: a plain statement is given. "In the month of August," he says, "1814, I went to the chapel built by G. WHITEFIELD, in Tottenham Court Road, London; and it may not be uninteresting to state how I came to attend that evening there, for in my worst times I used to go to a place of worship once on the Lord's-day; (like many now, who have something else to do in the morning, but to quiet conscience, or pass away the hour, attend at the close of the day). Leaving home, I said to a relative, who like myself cared for none of these things then, 'let us go to Tottenham this evening, for Mr. KEEBLE (the minister I had heard from a child), he preaches so much about election I am tired of hearing it. I believe it,' I said, 'but I don't like to hear so much about it.' When we arrived at the chapel, Mr. DAVIES, now of Walworth, was the preacher; and his text was from Micah vii. 18.—'Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.'"

This was the time when the arrow entered

deep; Paul's experience was now the experience of this broken-hearted sinner: "*when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.*" In this part of the memoir we have a heart-melting scene wherein Joseph Sedgwick is weeping and confessing in the presence of his mother; and his dear mother anxiously watching over, and praying for, him.

Good John Keeble was the honoured instrument of Joseph Sedgwick's spiritual deliverance. We have thought, lately, if, the justified spirits before the throne have any recognition of the great tribulation through which they have waded, and of the companions who travelled with them through this vale of tears—if, in heaven, the disembodied spirits retain a knowledge of the persons and privileges with whom they were associated here on earth, then, what a happy meeting there must have been lately on one of the high, the holy, the heavenly hills—when the happy soul of good old John Keeble welcomes home the spirits of three of his own children in the faith—Joseph Sedgwick, of Brighton, Daniel Curtis, of Homerton, and James Wild, of Richmond. Pardon this digression. The sweetness of the following paragraph led us astray.

"The following Lord's-day, a day never to be forgotten by me, with a burdened mind, I went to the house of God, in the morning. My late honoured friend and pastor, whose name is very precious to my remembrance, Mr. John Keeble, read his text, 'Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.' Ephes. ii. 19. He began the sermon, and I received nothing for some time, till he made use of some expressions that affected my mind; so much that my body was agitated; such sensations of joy I shall never forget. It was overwhelming when he said, 'Your sins were nailed to the cross of Christ.' Truly the gospel came not in word only, but in power and demonstration of the spirit. That precious sermon, that holy morning, those mighty words, are never to be forgotten; when I forget my children, the companion of my bosom; when the recollection of all that is dear to me in this world is obliterated, when my shattered bark is beating about in the swellings of Jordan, these words, I trust, will not even then be forgotten: When I stand before the judgment seat of Christ, when I hear the final decision, when I enter the regions of felicity—these words are not to be forgotten. These words were the key to unlock my prison door, to bring my soul into liberty, to humble me before God, and enable me to taste the joys of everlasting blessedness.

"Blessings attend where Jesus reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest."

The different events filling up the life of Mr. Sedgwick, are introduced by, and interspersed with some beautiful reflections. His baptism, union in the church, entrance on the ministry, settlement in Brighton, &c., &c.

All these little links in the one chain are neatly joined together, forming an unusually pleasant biography. Joseph Sedgwick had his trials as well as other men; but, upon the whole, the memoir leads us to conclude that the Lord dealt most graciously and mercifully with him indeed. A kind Providence taking him to Brighton; there his ministry is acceptable; and for many years, there he is settled in the midst of a multitude of the warmest friends a man can have in this poor dying world.

The following paragraph is a small sample of the simple yet attracting character of his diary.

"FEBRUARY 16th, 1833.—I have long neglected putting down my texts, but am stirred up this day to record the Lord's continuing mercies to me since I last wrote in this book. Especially would I now remember the interposition of the Lord in redeeming my life from destruction. On the 4th of February, I went to London on business matters; and the Lord was very merciful to me. I preached at Mr. Foreman's chapel, and also at Mr. Lucombe's, and I hope the Lord made it a blessing. I had a good week in London, but returning on Saturday, one of the post horses fell, and by some means I fell; and being heavy, it was likely to have been a serious matter. Mr. S——'s servant fell from the box at the same time. He told me the wheels were just over me. It was a WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE, through the goodness of my covenant God, who has spared me a little longer. Oh, that his truth may be more and more manifested by me in every place! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' Amen."

When this good man began to feel his earthly house was shaking, his notes in his diary became most delightfully spiritual. It is a solemn and holy fact, "*The righteous hath hope in his death.*" One little specimen of this part of his diary is all we can give. It is the following:—

"Jan. 10th.—I have been out of health for some time, and my medical friend has been here to-day, and seems concerned about the state of my pulse, and my breath. To say the sounding and questioning will not make a nervous man feel would be to deny the truth, for I know from another quarter my pulse is not in a healthy state; and when my doctor tells me that I shall have to abstain from preaching, ah, there is the rub! no wonder depression will lift its miserable head. But is not my Lord able to do above what I ask or think? Hath he not, my faithful covenant God, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, with whom I have in each blessed personality had communion, hath not my faithful God said, My God will *hear me*? Hath not study, communion, secret prayer and meditation been more and more my delight of late? Can I be in better hauds than Jehovah's? Will he not establish his *covenant* upon the better promises? Have I not known his love, and can it be after all that he will leave his work undone? No! no! no! I wish to labour in the cause still, but, O Lord, mould me, mould me into thy whole will. Amen. But do not, O, do not lay me aside from thy house! O do keep my mouth

upon to testify of thy truth! Many of the Lord's family are going home, O do Lord fit me for it when called unto it! Do, my Lord, O, do, do, for Christ's sake, do! Amen.

"This next piece closes the book begun in March, 1843.

"Jan. 12.—I am very weak indeed, and it is a peculiar visitation; it looks so much like a breaking up. But my Physician is on high, and it is said, 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' Then for steady, real faith; the Lord's time must be the best time. I have not lived in vain; I have not been put to shame. If I live, Christ lives in me; if I die, or have to suffer, Lord, my covenant God, be with me! My trial is shortness of breath, it seems so much like extreme weakness; I am really at a stand. But I would commit the keeping of my soul and body into the hands of a faithful Creator."

Beside the diary—which is almost entirely of a deep spiritual character, and proves Mr. Sedgwick to have been a man that lived much in communion with, and in meditation upon, the eternal realities of the New Covenant—beside this, we have a quantity of his letters written to some of his dearest friends; and the volume closes with the funeral sermon as preached by Mr. Samuel Milner, on Lord's-day, April 3, 1853. It is a plain gospel sermon; containing but very little respecting the good man whose death occasioned it. With the closing paragraphs of that discourse, we close our notice of the volume. They read as follows:

"For myself, I have been much profited by his friendship and communion. I wish I had some of his spirit. He lived so on the truth, that it was his greatest happiness when he had gleaned up anything, to bring it here, that you might partake of his joy.

"But is the praise due to Joseph? No! to Joseph's God. There sits his poor reliant; had she been a tattling, mischief-making person, you would not have had your pastor seven years; but she has been a quiet, peaceful, God-fearing woman; and that has saved him and you a deal of trouble. He lived his life with you. You have had the whole of his useful life as a minister of God. Do not neglect his widow. She has always been kind to you; don't forget her, but endeavour in some measure to make up her loss.

"In his last hours he could not write or speak, but motioned with his hand; his lips moved; he smiled; his arm dropped; he sighed; and went home. Thus died Joseph Sedgwick. His name is much respected in London; hundreds in that great city respected and loved him. But his work is done; the scene is closed; and the Lord grant that in the place of the father may come up the children. He was enabled to cast family, body, and soul upon Him who hath said, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.' I once more commend to your notice his partner and family. Pray take care of them.

"If I have failed this evening in the work assigned me, I regret it; therefore take the will for the deed. I should be sorry to wound the feelings of any of the members of the family, who have my heart's best wishes for their temporal and spiritual welfare. I pray God may shower blessings around their paths, and that they may find the peace their father found, and know God even as he knew Him."

The Ordination of Mr. Cartledge, AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, KINGSTON.

THE ordination of Mr. Cartledge took place on the 10th of August at the above place. Mr. Bloomfield read, and addressed the throne of grace. After which Mr. Foreman gave a statement of the nature of a gospel church, (from these words, "*The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth,*") in his usual plain and straightforward manner. Mr. Milner asked the questions; first of the church, as to the way we had been led in becoming acquainted with Mr. Cartledge; also, why we made choice of him as our pastor? One of the brethren read an account of the Lord's dealings with us as a church from the commencement in 1845 till the year 1851, when we were in a most singular way directed in the providence of God to send for Mr. Cartledge, who has continued to preach to us the gospel of Jesus Christ up to the present time. We have proved him to be a man taught of God, knowing His truth in the power of it, and preaching it for the love he has for the same; he having had many years' experience of its saving and sanctifying effects, is enabled with a good degree of boldness to commend it to his brethren, whereby we have felt an increasing attachment to him for the truth's sake, and have made choice of him for our pastor.

The next question being put to Mr. Cartledge, he first gave a statement of the beginnings of a work of grace upon his soul, being led on by the Spirit of God through a state of feeling of deadness, darkness, guilt, and bondage; and of being brought into light, life, and liberty through the atoning blood and righteousness of our Immanuel. He next gave an account of his being called to speak in the name of the Lord, in which he shewed to have had a mind and disposition for retiring from it; but could not resist, when called upon, and being enabled by the Lord to speak his word, and he making that word a blessing to many, has been encouraged to pursue his course as marked out for him, which led to the present position.

Mr. Cartledge then read a written statement of his faith in the doctrines of the gospel; and after the church had given their attestation to their choice by the show of hands,

Mr. Foreman rose, and gave the right hand of fellowship to one of the deacons in behalf of the church, and then joined hands of pastor and people; thus publicly forming the union with all good wishes, as from a heart warmed and filled with joy and satisfaction.

In the afternoon, Mr. Coles, of Brentford, read and approached the throne on behalf of the pastor, especially asking largely of God's promises, his heart and soul engaged in petitioning without fear or hesitation.

Mr. Hamblin, late of Foot's Cray, Kent,

gave the charge to the pastor from Acts xx. 28, "*Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.*"

In the evening, Mr. Foreman addressed the church from these words: "*Them that honour me I will honour; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.*" We rejoice to say that it was a good day; a day for disseminating a knowledge of the truth; also a means whereby we became more familiarly acquainted with each other as belonging to the one family which are written in heaven. Several friends from London, and other distances, expressed their satisfaction in the service through the day; and we hope the Lord will answer the prayers presented to him.

The Child of Strife.

Ma. Editor.—I beg you will correct a mistake (or rather a theft) committed by one of your correspondents. It is written in the Holy Oracle, "I am against the prophets who steal every word from their neighbour." That piece of rhymery called, "*THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART,*" to which James Everett has appended his name, is mine, every word of it, to the best of my knowledge. I know not how, or where he obtained it; some one might take up my poor little offspring and give it to him, otherwise he must have taken the poor brawling child from the place where I left it. But,

The child is mine, I know it well,
I brought it forth with pains of hell;
'Twas many, many years ago.
Yes, when I lived at Old Dunmow.

"*PLAQUE OF THE HEART,*" the child was named.
I claim my own: can I be blamed?
Can I be of my child bereft?
Why take my child? I call it theft.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD sheets, I say,
Is where my homely brat did lay;
Till he disturbed, (or some one)
Took it, and said it was his own.

I say, friend Everett, yes, I must
Reprove you for a breach of trust,
Unless in truth you'd plainly said
The child was mine, and your's was dead.

But should you have a living child,
Your own, o'er which you've wept and smiled,
Should it my swarthy child excel,
I'll take it in and use it well:

Not call it mine; I'll tell the truth;
And say, "'Tis Everett's smiling youth;"
Not say your child belongs to me,
Nor father my poor child on thee.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, August 16, 1853.

[In the first place, we have omitted some of the "*WATCHMAN'S*" stanzas; in the second place, we cannot think friend Everett has played the thief. Every deeply exercised Christian knows much of "the plague of his own heart," and it is not at all impossible that two quaint poets, like "*THE WATCHMAN,*" and friend Everett, might write out very nearly the same feelings in the same words. We cannot decide; but we venture to presume that this is something like a charge often brought against ministers. Some little-minded folks, with very brief memories, have, in their small libraries, some very favourite volumes of sermons, which they have read again and again. Bye and bye, they go to hear some good man; and he happens to touch the same subject, and teach the people in similar terms, as the volume referred to contains. "Ob, (quoth Mrs. Critical), that man stole his sermon from Mr. So-and-so." Let us not be too hasty in passing sentence on others in this frail state of things.—Ed.]

HOLY DESIRES

FOR THE PROSPERITY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AT CROSBY ROW.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—You are aware of my recent visit to Crosby Row, in order to preach the morning sermon, on the day of your ninth anniversary. And it occurred to my mind, that it would not be altogether out of place, nor be utterly useless, to lay before you the things which were laid upon my spirit in relation thereunto. On accepting the church's invitation, made known to me through you, I became greatly concerned to have a word from the Lord's mouth, that should well express the inward feelings and holy desires of my soul towards the cause of God, at Crosby Row. And the week preceding my visit, these words were very blessedly brought home to my waiting heart, and sweetly broken up to my wrestling spirit, as the best expression of my earnest and hearty wishes for your growing welfare;—“*That ye may increase mightily.*” Deut. vi. 3.

Well, on Lord's-day, June 19th, I was mercifully helped by the Holy Ghost to address the friends at Crosby Row from the aforementioned words, which God had vitalized in my own experience to a very considerable degree. And after making some few preliminary observations with reference to the alone source and spring of all acceptable and desirable increase, viz. “*the mighty God of Jacob,*” who must, as John declared, increase in his government and peace, while we decrease in self-importance and estimation, we proceeded to consider the text in the following application.

I. That ye may increase mightily in numbers;—according to the promise of Jehovah, as written by his servant Ezekiel, “*Thus saith the Lord God; I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock. As the holy flock, as the flock of Jerusalem in her solemn feasts.*” xxxvi. 37—38.

It is evident, beloved, that since your beginning, when ye were small and despised, though great in the sight of Him from whom all true greatness cometh, the Lord has mightily and mercifully increased you in numbers, from time to time, so that you have been heard to exclaim, with adoring gratitude, “*What hath God wrought?*” He hath abundantly blessed his preached word to the conversion of sinners from the awful error of their ways—the reclaiming backsliders from their sad departures from the truth of God—restoring wanderers from the way of truth, and strengthening disciples in the faith of Christ. And thereby he hath increased you with men and women, as the flock of his pasture. The Lord yet increase you more and more; and for this, beloved, pray ye unceasingly the great Shepherd of Israel to seek out his hidden ones, his chosen ones, his

lurking ones, his redeemed ones, and bring them with weeping and supplications to Zion, that they may declare at the gates of the Lord's house, the wonders grace hath wrought. The Holy Ghost help your infirmities with down-coming power resting on your praying spirits.

II. That ye may increase mightily in strength; that is, that ye may as a body or company of believers in Jesus, be strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man, whereby ye may be able as Christian travellers to walk in wisdom's narrow way, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but pursuing an onward course of truth and righteousness; and as warriors or soldiers of the cross, be strong to war a good warfare, resisting every temptation, even unto blood; striving against sin, and laying hold of the glorious hope set before you in the gospel; looking unto Jesus, the Captain of your salvation. For,

“*As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.*”

Forget not, my dear friends, the soul-encouraging testimony of the prophet Isaiah, “*He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.*” (xl. 29). To the praise of Jehovah's name, I can solemnly declare it hath done me good thousands of times. For years it has been my soul's *vade-mecum*. The Lord write and seal it upon your hearts for a memorial. Be ye strong in the covenant grace of Almighty God, thereby alone ye can stand fast in all the truth of God, and stedfastly pursue the mark of the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Like the seed of Jacob may you increase mightily in numbers, and, like the house of David, wax stronger and stronger. Endeavour, brethren, to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, so shall ye increase mightily, according to the will of God.

III. That ye may increase mightily in knowledge; that is, in spiritual and sanctified knowledge of God's most holy word; in secret knowledge of his heavenly will concerning all the ways in which his infinite wisdom determines you should walk; and in sweetest knowledge of the saving and wondrous work of the Messiah, as opened up in the ministrations of your able and beloved pastor from time to time. The promise of Jehovah fails not, “*I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.*” Jer iii. 15. And unless the ministrations of the gospel increase you mightily in knowledge of divine realities, your continuance here will be but of short duration. With Paul may you be made continually to cry, “*that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings.*” Phil. iii. 10. And

by the help of God, my prayer for you shall be, as was Paul's for the church at Colosse—*"that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."*—(i. 9, 10).

IV. That ye may increase mightily in love; for knowledge without love will only prove to be as Dr. Watts well describes it in a few lines:

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight, and reign,
If love be absent there.

Nor should we forget those equally instructive lines:

"The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love."

Neither can the unrenewed sinner love the things of Jesus Christ. No; he loveth darkness rather than light, and findeth pleasure in sin, knowing not the salvation of the Lord in solemn secrecy. For love as a divine principle, or a gracious operation, is begotten of God, and shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost as evidential of God's election. My earnest desire is, that your love may increase mightily towards your dear afflicted pastor, who labours among you in word and doctrine, "*according to the measure of the gift of Christ.*" Ephes. iv. 7. Also towards the deacons who fulfil their sacred office in the holy fear and favour of God; and as far as I know them, are well deserving of your highest esteem. Likewise, towards your brethren and sisters in Christ, as fellow-heirs with you of the grace of life. Ever remember, that "love is the fulfilling of the law." Eye this more particularly in the infinite perfection of the sin-bearing Son of God; and let your love to the house of God, and the services thereof, be apparent to all, by your continual attendance thereon; and shew by acts of forgiveness and forbearance one with another, that the love of Christ constraineth you in all things.

V. That ye may increase mightily in gifts. Yes, earnestly and fervently adopt the disciples' cry, "Lord, increase our faith;" for without faith, forgiveness and forbearing will have no place in you. The increase of that living and precious faith of which Christ is the Author and Finisher, will always be manifested by these signs following: 1st, A growing dependence upon the all-meritorious work of the incarnate Immanuel. 2d, A solemn delight in his sin-atoning sacrifice. 3d, soul-ravishing discoveries of his immaculate and heaven-meeting righteousness, and ever-prevailing intercession. 4th, A firm desire to glorify his great and glorious name with all the new-born powers of our grace-renewed souls. And the increase of hope is seen in the believers' outstretchings of heart

after Christ, whom having not seen he loves, believing that he shall see his dear Redeemer face to face, where hope for ever dies; while the increase of joy is made known by the saint's perpetuated pleasure in God, whose "*mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.*" Psalm ciii. 17. And the prophet Isaiah telleth us, "*the meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord.*"—(xxix. 19). But these are not the gifts to which I have more especial allusion this morning. The gifts in which I desire you may increase mightily, are these two—prayerfulness and peacefulness. Prosperous will that church and people be where these gifts abound. I was truly glad to hear the holy ardour with which one of your brethren was pouring out his heart this morning in prayer to the God of Israel, that "*we might be favoured with much of heaven's dew.*" It is grievous to have dumb brethren in the church, who can never open their mouths in prayer and supplication; and yet, alas! can open them wide enough, or, rather, too wide, at church meetings. How exceedingly painful is it, when calling on a brother to engage, to receive a nod of the head, or, "I beg to be excused." Let prayer precede your every act in the church and in the world; so shall your peace increase, though other lesser things decrease. I would just add,

"In prayer, the simple and sincere,
The most successful will appear."

VI. That ye may increase mightily in humility; each thinking daily less and less of self, and more and more of the precious and adorable Redeemer. Deeply consider Jehovah's ancient acts of changeless, dateless love, as opened up to you in the gospel of Jesus Christ, which uniformly exhibits salvation by grace, according to the eternal purpose of the Father—the endearing purpose of the Son—and the efficient power of the Holy Ghost. In so doing, you will learn the manifold wisdom of God, while laying at the feet of Jesus, bedewed with those secret drops, which

"Plead and claim your peace with God."

Your growth in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus, will be indisputably manifest, by increasing humility. Peter writeth to the saints thus: "*humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.*" 1 Peter v. 6. And James saith, "*God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.*"—(iv. 6).

"May pride be banished hence,
That truth may flourish more."

VII. That ye may increase mightily in usefulness. I believe that this is an honourable distinction which pre-eminently belongs to you as a Christian church—viz., having a pure desire to be increasingly useful to the dear saints of God. The many charitable and excellent Societies connected with this place, are a demonstration that the grace of God is

no inoperative, dormant principle in you. It is an unspeakable mercy, my brethren, to be helped to live and act under the happy influence of the apostolic precept, "*Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.*" Gal. v. 13. For numberless ways you may be useful each to the other, while bearing in mind what is written for our instruction in righteousness, "*None of us liveth to himself.*" Rom. xiv. 7. I need scarcely say that you may be exceedingly useful in visiting the sick and afflicted, cheering the comfortless, and strengthening the weak-minded of the flock; also in giving wholesome counsel and advice; and, when necessary, in admonishing the thoughtless, and reproving the unwary. But never forget, in so doing, these important words of Paul, "*speaking the truth in love.*" Eph. iv. 15.

VIII. That ye may mightily increase in happiness; being joined together in one mind and in one spirit. To a godly mind, an immeasurable amount of happiness will arise from an inward consciousness of being in some way or manner useful to the household of faith. Seek to promote each other's happiness on the purest premises of gospel truth. Watts was perfectly right in saying,

"Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast."

For where envy and strife, and pride and jealousy, with all their concomitant evils, prevail, there happiness or blessedness cannot be found. Think, beloved, prayerfully, of the apostolic address. how simple, and yet how suitable! "*Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.*" 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

IX. That ye may increase mightily in thankfulness. Now, my dear Christian friends, if it pleaseth God of his infinite and abundant mercy to increase you mightily in numbers, in strength, in knowledge, in love, in gifts, in humility, in usefulness, and in happiness—which I earnestly desire he may—then you will not fail of this crowning grace. The Holy Ghost render you increasingly thankful for the multitudinous services which have been so freely conferred upon you since you have been a gospel church. "It is a good thing," saith David, "to give thanks unto the Lord." Yes, the truth-taught, grace-delivered soul, desires to praise the name of the Lord with thankful lips. And surely you that know the Lord, in whose hearts the good and heavenly work is wrought, which all hell can never destroy, will readily and cheerfully praise, bless and adore him for all those things for the which ye have prayed unto him, and he hath bestowed upon you. It is a maxim with me, that the humble will heartily thank the hand that happily helpeth. The inspired Psalmist, with his heart blessedly enlarged, exclaimed, "*What shall*

I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Psalm cvxi. 12, 13. The God of all grace, as the Giver of all good, be with you all, and bless you. Amen.

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

The Hope of the Gospel.

HOPE is one of the best words in the Bible, one of the happiest graces in the Christian's heart. It is associated with all that is intelligent, holy, and blessed in religion. The Bible speaks of more than one hope, but of only one good hope; all others are delusive: The hope of the hypocrite perishes, while the hope of the Christian makes not ashamed.

1. This hope is peculiar in its existence. The covenant of works excludes hope, because man has broken it, has sinned and come short of the glory of God; the law curses, condemns, and consigns him to everlasting destruction. The covenant of grace—the good news—the better and sure promises, which the gospel publishes, as accompanied by the power of the Spirit, opens the door of hope, and implants the life of hope in the heart. Thus those who were naturally without hope, are now spiritually, by virtue of a gracious union with Jesus, and through the quickening of his Spirit, the subjects of a lively and a happy hope. It is a new hope, having a new origin—the free and sovereign grace of God, "by grace are ye saved;" a new foundation—the atonement of Christ, "Christ who is our hope." "The better hope by which we draw nigh to God;" new joys—the joy of salvation, "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" a new issue—not an earthly paradise, but heaven itself, the many mansions in the Father's house, the rest that remains for the people of God.

2. This hope is salutary in its influence. Here is the test of its excellence; the value of its fruit proves the genuineness of its specie; it is of God because it leads to holiness. It may be laid down as a rule without exception, that he who has not the love of holiness in his heart, nor the practice of holiness in his life, is not in possession of this hope, and does not participate in the blessings of salvation. Holiness is the health of the soul, the dignity of life, and the eligibility for heaven. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." He that has this hope "purifies himself even as He is pure." If we are living in sin we are loving sin, and so both our love and our life witness against our professed hope. True, the sincere Christian is the subject of sinful propensities, but these are cause of daily mourning and hatred, and so shew the reigning power of a gracious life.

3. This hope is happy in its prospect. Its present possession is blessed; its future fruition is inconceivably so. One of the re-

sults of renewing grace is the hope of heaven—a heaven of holiness and happiness; this is ever a fruit of a change of heart, born from, and born for, heaven. The heart created anew by grace and a good hope through grace, are closely associated; the one is the good soil, the other the lovely flower, blooming with joys, and looking for eternal happiness. Hope has two meanings—desire and expectation. In most of the Scripture texts it has the latter sense; but we also think that expectation, whether relating to present grace or future glory, is ever coupled with desire; that which we have reason to expect, we have also longing desire to enjoy. “Hope (expectation) deferred makes the heart sick; but when the desire comes it is a tree of life.”

Blunham.

W. ABBOTT.

A Shulamite's Experience.

“In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.” Psa. xciv. 19.

It is not every one who can adopt this language. Happy indeed is that man who can use it as the experience of his soul, and especially when he remembers what is written, “My thoughts are not *your* thoughts, neither are *our* ways my ways, saith the Lord: as the heavens are *higher* than the earth, so are my ways *higher* than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.”

The words of the Psalmist at the head of this paper reflect the experience of every child of God more or less, in his conflicting thoughts and divine consolations.

1st, *Perplexing thoughts.* “In the multitude of my thoughts within me.” Oh, what distracting, distressing, disturbing thoughts revolve through the mind in a single day! Bewildering thoughts like trees in a forest, whose wide-spread branches are thickly interwoven, and so entangled, that you can't tell which way to turn. So the Lord's family are frequently tried, and find this world a mazy wilderness, thickly set with thorns and briars. Sometimes the mind is cast down and disquieted with distracting, desponding thoughts; with gloomy, dark forebodings of the future; and this is a constitutional infirmity with some people; always looking at the worst, and on the shady side of the way. So Jacob, when told he must part with Benjamin, thought and said,—“All these things are against me.” Asaph, too, when he saw the prosperity of the wicked, thought his religion was a vain thing, because he was chastened every morning.

What infidel, blasphemous thoughts assail the mind concerning the very being and honour of God, as if religion was all a farce, the Bible a delusion, and the solemn verities of the gospel mere fables, invented by priestcraft! So John Bunyan tells, he was fiercely assaulted by this wicked thought—“Sell and part with Christ; sell him, sell him, sell

him. I answered, No, not for thousands, thousands, thousands, at least twenty times. But at last, after much striving, I felt this thought pass through my heart—“Let him go, if he will. Oh, the diligence of satan!”

Moreover, there are unbelieving thoughts crowded with doubts, and fears, and questionings, relative to the providence of God, his love, faithfulness, wisdom and mercy; our personal interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ; that we ever believed aright, or that his mercy is clean gone for ever, and that he will be favourable no more.

Comes next anxious thoughts, full of worldly cares, the business, the family, the market, the times, and the general aspect of affairs, depressing the minds of many, notwithstanding the Lord hath said,—“Take *no thought* for the morrow;” and besides,—“which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?”

These, too, are sometimes succeeded by a flood of vain, light, trifling thoughts, any foolery indeed, that may divert the mind from the best things; and perhaps while engaged in the services of the sanctuary, in singing or praying, in hearing, aye, and in preaching also, even *then* how many lament with Paul, “When I would do good, evil is present with me.” The Lord, however, knoweth the thoughts of men, that they are vain; and it is a distinguishing mercy to feel and say with David, “I hate vain thoughts.”

But these are only a few distressing thoughts named, with which the Christian is but too familiar; they are indeed a *multitude*, and they are *within* him; they follow him up wherever he goes; going out and coming in, rising up and lying down, in company and in secret; he is vexed and grieved with these wandering, God-dishonouring, soul-distressing thoughts over which he has no control. “For we are not sufficient of *ourselves* to think anything.” But pass we on,

2dly, *To the Divine Consolations.*—“Thy comforts delight my soul.” And where does the Christian's consolations come from? Do they not flow from the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost? Yes; for then the presence of God is felt and enjoyed. “Abide with us,” sweet Saviour, then; though we walk through the midst of trouble, though multitudes of perplexing thoughts annoy, thy presence will comfort and delight our souls; we shall have thy power to protect us, and to crush our foes; thy instructions to edify and make us wise, thy support in trouble, and constant blessing.

Our comforts also arise from the manifold promises of the gospel, which are all in Christ yea and amen, sweetly applied to the heart by the Spirit, as he takes of the things of Christ and reveals them to us. What rills of consolation flow from the dear redeeming Lamb! His complex person divine and human; my sympathising Brother horn for

adversity, and my God to save from sin, death, and hell; my Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice; my reigning Prince and glorious Prophet. From the overflowing, everflowing fulness of pardon, peace, righteousness and joy abiding in him; from the super-aboundings of his grace, the all-sufficiency of his blood, perfection of his obedience, and from the magnitude and completeness of his atoning work. Oh what strong consolation for those who have fled for refuge to lay hold of this hope set before them; and what

“ Comfortable thoughts arise
From this bleeding Sacrifice.”

Moreover, “thy comforts delight my soul” in the public ordinances of the sanctuary; these are breasts of consolation where the condescending love and grace of God my Saviour are set forth in the preached gospel, refreshing my weary spirit by love, blood, and power; feeding my hungry soul with heavenly bread; and sealing on my guilty conscience from time to time a renewed sense of blood-bought pardon, as also my personal and eternal interest in a Saviour’s love; for so hath heaven directed her ministers of righteousness—“Comfort ye, comfort ye my people; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished,” &c.

And may we not add the sweet consolations afforded in the private study of our Father’s book—in prayerful reflection on the things of God? David said, “My meditation of Him shall be sweet.” Persons of whom we are ignorant cannot occupy our minds, but we do love to cherish endearing thoughts of absent friends. “We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God.” The servant often thinks of his Lord, he waits and watches for his coming. The child longs for his absent father, and the bride for her loving husband, because she feels an interest in him, and cannot be satisfied without him. These thoughts are pleasing and comforting, though we may be surrounded with distressing circumstances, they comfort and delight the soul. Worldly comforts may delight the inferior, the mere animal part—they naturally gratify flesh and sense, but cannot delight the soul, especially the distressed soul, the wounded sorrowful spirit. But these divine blessings, flowing from the God of all comfort, will satiate the weary heavy-laden soul, and minister strong consolation with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Maidstone.

CORNELIUS SLIM.

A

Sailor Flung Overboard, but not Drowned.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

SIR.—I have sailed many miles in a little vessel on the ocean of time; her name I shall call the “Good Hope.” She is bound to the harbour of Hliss. For many months we had a very fine and pleasant passage, so that a sailor’s life appeared an easy one; we thought not of danger being ahead; but, alas!

our ship ran too far north, so that we got well nigh the Frozen Ocean, the cold of which affected many of the crew; the nature of it is such that it will draw a man to sleep; and poor I, in room of being on deck, was well nigh up to the top of the mast, and from thence (being asleep) I got a severe fall, and bruised my bones and rent my garments, so that I did not look a very good sailor.

Well, there was a court of enquiry held on board, and it so happened just at that time, there was a dense fog of slander, which the ship was enmassed with, and the wind of tale-bearing blew most violently, so that one cried one thing and one another. The fog was so thick that some of the crew had a dreadful quarrel; the officers consulted what was best to be done. Whether there was no doctor, or no medicine chest on board at the time, I know not; but none was applied; one of the officers cried out, “Wap them all overboard.” Another officer, who seemed to be more partial, said, “No; wap some over, but do not hurt the others;” so overboard we go, either to sink or to swim. Alas! alas! like poor Peter looking at the water, we began to sink, and had to cry out, “Lord, save; or we perish.” Praise the Lord for his mercy! he kept our head above water, and still kept us swimming after the ship; though, strange to say, the crew took but little notice of us. But the Owner of the ship ordered the captain to open the cabin window, and cast some bread on the waters for us, which, when received, we took courage, and thanked our dear Lord for.

Again, after this, I was pondering over my folly and unwatchfulness, when a horror and great darkness fell over my mind, and I thought I had better give it all up for lost. Then the Owner of the ship dropped this note into the water for me, saying, “Alas! for the day is great; it is even the time of Jacob’s trouble; but he shall be delivered out of it.” Then I thanked the Lord for his pardoning mercy, and again took courage in swimming after the ship. The sea then continued smooth for some days; and one day I was close up alongside, and the Owner of the ship was on board, and I heard one of the crew begging him very earnestly to bring those back that had wandered from the ship, saying, it would rejoice his soul to see it. I thought we had not wandered away from the ship, but were flung overboard. I then thought the first time I could see this man, I would ask him to put some rope over the side to pull me on board; but alas! the first time I saw him look over the side at us, he swung a great bag, with a heavy weight in it, right on our heads; which made me sink so low, that the water went over my head. When I had recovered, I thought, “What is man—and wherein is he to be accounted of!” But this was to convince me that I had been looking at man more than God. Here I had to mourn my folly; till the Lord said, “Fear not man: for the writing that is written in the King’s name, and sealed with the King’s ring, can no man reverse.”

After this I took courage; and looking and listening alongside, I found they were still murmuring on board; some finding fault with one thing, and some another; some with the captain, that the provision was not good and strong enough; but this, I conclude, is the effect of the fog on their stomachs, that they have neither relish nor taste to judge of the soundness or strength of the food: if they had been in deep waters, as I have, and tasted their bitterness, I think it would bring them to relish the provisions of the ship.

But leaving them, I have to speak to the praise of the mercy I have found, of which this is the secret. One fine day, it being meal time, I was swimming close under the ship’s stern, and by faith I could smell that there was something good. Presently the Owner of the ship ordered the captain to pitch me a leg of lamb, and some caper sauce with it; (not bitter herbs); which, when I had eaten my fill, I jumped and capered so that I jumped out of the water once or twice; and not till then, did I see that there was a life-line and buoy fastened round my middle, which had kept

me from sinking. Thus I am persuaded, that none can separate those from God that have the life-buoy of the love of Christ Jesus around them.

Now, may the Lord be unto his people a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein go no galley with oars, neither any gallant ship pass thrucby. May the blessed Lord clear away the fog, and speak the wind into a calm, and bring the crew to strike their lofty masts, and trim their ballast, and look well to their map and chart; (by doing which, I think they will be able to steer a right course), is the prayer of

A SAILOR OVERBOARD, BUT NOT DROWNED.

A Consoling Epistle.

[We found the following communication exceedingly profitable in the present most painful dispensation: in fact, the contents of this letter being brought afresh to our mind on the Lord's-day morning immediately after death had entered our chambers, was instrumental in enabling us to gird up the loins of our mind, and go forth in the Master's service, even while heavy sorrows pressed down our spirit.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.—I was pleased to receive a note from you, though pained to learn by it, the sorrowful scene, and trial in which you was placed. If we were to judge of God's mercy by the believer's misery, we should soon be distracted; but precious faith surmounts the difficulty, especially when divine and everlasting love is shed abroad in the heart, then we can say blessedly to the honour of God,

"His ways are right, his dealings just,
And all his dispensation good."

We confess his infinite wisdom, and shall we not bow to it, when that wisdom strikes our comforts dead? Ezekiel (xxiv. 16, 17, 18,) was directed to say, "Behold! I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes, with a stroke; make no mourning for the dead. At even my wife died." I hope this is not your case; but if it is may the Lord in mercy apply the words with sealing power to your soul. You know it shall be well with the righteous. And whenever has it been better with them, than when in a rough path. This has afforded our covenant God an opportunity to display supporting, preserving and delivering grace. Think of the ancient acts of Jehovah on record. Moses is strict with the children of Israel. Jehosaphat's distress, 2 Chron. xx. 12; David's sorrow; Hezekiah's affliction; Paul's perils, and the long catalogue in the eleventh of Hebrews, all shew that the Lord's family have been a sorely tried people. And what are promises from God for? They are yea and amen, in Christ to the glory of God by us. But how? not in a pleasant path merely; but more especially in the thorny flint-like path of perilous travelling, where hell thunders, the devil howls, thick darkness encompass the saint's path, and fear and distress beset him on every hand. But He dwells in thick darkness; he, the all-seeing is there; however black the night, and terrific the storm may howl; our God is at the helm of affairs—and more of the pilot's ability, and wisdom is called into action to manage the tempest-tost bark, than when she sails in a calm. God foresaw the direful consequences of sin, and therefore from eternity provided an Almighty manager and infinitely wise deliverer, to bring

his chosen family safe home to glory. But he never promised they should not have trial; but on the contrary said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." "And if ye be without chastisement, wherof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons." Not that we are to infer that trouble is a proof of grace, for many have had that, who never tasted of his grace; but in all the christian's trial grace shall be given to support him therein, bring him safely through, and he ascribes all to the glory of God. Christ is a pattern of encouragement to his people: "I have overcome, and so shall ye." Who ever met with more grief? Who ever triumphed more gloriously? And as he is, so are we in this world. 1 John iv. 17. Union with Jesus federally brought us up from under the curse, raised us above the fall, and enthroned us on high. Glorious liberty, blessed privilege, hallowed fellowship, triumphant conquest, and immortal hope has the believer in Jesus. Hope you may be helped to rejoice in him; hold on his glorious work, and honour him in the fires. If it please God, I pray he may spare your dear wife, and sanctify the affliction to you both. I would write more, but have not time nor space, and doubtless you have a better supply than from such an one as I. But I pray God's grace may rest upon you abundantly through Jesus, in whom I remain your's in the truth eternal. C. FISH.

Great Gidding, Stilton, Hunts., July 28, 1853.

Manifestations of the Pure Grace of Christ IN THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS.

NO. II.

We are compelled to be brief this month in our exhibition of the "*Manifestations of the Pure Grace of Christ in the Conversion of Sinners,*" having occupied so much of our little space in recording the departure of some of our best friends. There is, however, one instance which we wish to press into this number—it is one of the fruits of Alexander Paterson's labours.

Alexander was called "THE MISSIONARY OF KILMANY." He was of the mighty men which our Lord and Master has employed to gather in some of the outcasts from the land of Assyria. Alexander was taken from the plough-tail, and laboured in Scotland as a city missionary. From a volume descriptive of Paterson's life and labours, we only now give one small specimen.

An old woman laid hold of Alexander's own arm one Monday morning—but the following is the Missionary's own statement:

"CASE 2.—'You are one o' the impudent fellows I ever met with,' said an old woman to him one Monday morning, abruptly seizing him by the arm as he was going down the Canongate.

"'In what respect?'

"'In what respect? Such a night as you had last night! You made me out to be the greatest sinner in the Canongate.'

"'My friend, I don't know you; I don't remember ever seeing you before.'

"'Never saw me before! Last night you never kept your eye off me a moment. I would have thought nothing on't, had you come and told me by mysel'; but to do it before a' yon folk—'twas too bad.'

"'Where is your house!' said the missionary, 'and I'll go and see you;' for by this time a crowd had gathered on the pavement.

"'Come awa', then,' was her immediate reply. And taking him up to the top-flat of a neighbour-

ing 'land,' she ushered him into a dirty hovel, full of smoke.

"This," said she, the moment they entered, to her husband, who was sitting by the fire, 'this is the man that gave me such a RIDDING-UP last night.'

"But is what I said true?" asked Mr. Paterson mildly, after they had sat down upon two rickety stools, which, with that on which the husband was sitting, composed the chief articles of furniture in the apartment.

"True? It was all true; and if you had'n't been going about among the neighbours, you never could have known what you said."

"Well, what was it I said, that's given you so much offence?"

"Said? I'm sure all you said was meant for me!"

"How do you think that? I never named you; as I said before, I didn't so much as know you."

"What! you never took your eyes off me all the time you were speaking; so you just meant me."

"But tell me what struck you most."

"You said that I was a liar, and that I would be cast into hell."

"Well, then, are you a liar?"

"Yes, I am."

"What kind of life have you been living?"

"Oh," she said, in a tone of deepened feeling, 'I've been living a bad, bad life; I've for many years been a fortune-teller; and I may say I've made my bread by telling fortunes; and that's just telling lies, you know.'

"Well, then, you needn't be saying that I said so. But let me tell you, it wasn't my words that I spoke to you, it was God's words, and he knows your every thought, and every word you speak.' He read to her Rev. xxi. 8—'But the fearful and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.' 'If you continue in that sin,' said he, believe me, you shall never enter heaven.' He next read Rev. xxii. 11—'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still. . . . And, behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.' 'Now it is the Lord Jesus,' he added, 'who says all this, and not I.'

"I see you are right," replied the woman, in a tone more and more subdued; 'I'm no less a sinner than you said I was. But what is to become of me?"

"There's nothing for you but to go to Jesus."

"But will he take such a wretch as me? Oh! I am a great sinner! And oh! Jamie,' she added, turning to her husband, in evident concern, 'you're no better than me; I doubt we'll both be cast down into hell."

"It really doesn't look well," said the husband, shaking his head significantly, as if himself began to be alarmed also.

"But, sir, do you think," asked the woman, 'that Jesus would take such sinners?"

"Yes," said the missionary, opening his Bible, 'it is written in this book, "Whosoever confesseth and forsaketh his sins, SHALL find mercy." Have you a Bible in the house?"

"Oh, no; we have none."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Never; I haven't had my foot within a church door for sixteen years, till last night that I heard you; but I'll come and hear you again. Have you any other meetings?"

"He told her he had four meetings each week, and where she might find them each night."

"From that day the woman gave up her fortune-telling. Along with her husband she attended every meeting. They got a Bible, and read it, and prayed over it. A great change came over their whole life."

"The husband lived for some years, giving marked evidence of his interest in Christ. 'Oh! had you not come to my house that day with my wife,' he used often to say to the missionary, 'and had she not gone to that meeting where she thought you exposed her so much, I am sure we should both have gone down into hell; for, oh! we lived a sad life of sin; but since that, we have had great peace and comfort, even when we had little to eat, for that little had God's blessing with it.' He died in the faith of the Lord Jesus."

"The woman died on 23d September, 1847," says Mr. Paterson, a manifest trophy of sovereign grace."

Thanksgiving at Cave Adullam, Stepney.

MONDAY, August 1, will be a day much to be remembered by those who feel an interest in the cause of God and truth at Cave Adullam Chapel, Stepney. Our dear pastor, at his own expense, gave a special thanksgiving tea-meeting to the church and congregation, in token of the dear Lord's goodness to him and us in bringing us through, and permitting us to see the long-wished-for day when the poor Cave was free from debt—a load under which she has had to struggle for many years.

Yes, we can say now the people at the Cave have seen the day, the long-prayed and wished-for day when she could, to the praise of her covenant God, say "I am free! I am free!" And, as our dear pastor promised, should we ever see it, that in holy thanksgiving we would sing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

We did with heart and voice more than once; and some too, I believe, with holy anticipation of singing in a better world, without a pain from self or sin, sing that eternal soul-transforming song—"To Him that loved us, and washed us from sin in his precious blood, be glory for ever and ever."

About two hundred sat down to tea; the peace that reigned in the midst was indeed a confirmation of that sweet part of God's word—"How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

After tea a public meeting was held, when Mr. Allen took the chair. After reading the 46th Psalm, brother Parker begged the Lord's blessing on the service of the evening; when our dear pastor gave some short statement how the debt was contracted, the reason of which was the enlargement of the chapel for the comfort of those that pressed to hear the word of life. One of the deacons then read an account of the way in which the money had been obtained, and the kind and liberal way in which the friends had come forward during the past year, not forgetting the liberal way in which our dear pastor had acted on more than one occasion. A letter was read from Mr. Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, expressing his sorrow at being unable to be with us. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. C. W. Banks, Bland, Pearce, Eiven and Parker. A more happy day has not been experienced by us for some time.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

A MEMBER OF THE CAVE.

The Baptist Cause at Hanslope, Bucks.

For many years this was considered one of the darkest places in the whole county; in the Lord's own time, he was pleased to send his word into this corner of his vineyard, and heal a few poor souls; and in the year 1809 to erect a meeting-house; by the help of our God, we have been upheld to the present day, although we have met with much opposition. The parish of Hanslope is surrounded with professors; yet it is to be feared there are but few that love the truth as it stands revealed in the Word of the Lord. Blessed be his dear name, there are a few poor souls that love to feed on good sound gospel truth; God's Isaacs love wholesome food.

The cause of Christ at Hanslope has for many years been very low indeed; yet our blessed Lord has given some a desire to abide by the stuff. One of the now living deacons tells me he well remembers the time when there were only himself and one more to carry on the worship of God in that place; they thought they must give it up, and shut up the place; but since then, the Lord has appeared in a wonderful way and manner, and given them a desire to live to show forth his praise for ever; bringing his word amongst them; giving them a position of growing usefulness in Zion. Some few years ago, a young man came to preach amongst us whom we very highly esteemed, but in a short time finding he did not walk the gospel so clear as he preached it, we could not hear him; he was obliged to leave us. We trust, the Lord sent one Mr. Mountford amongst us; we loved him much; but being so poor could not support him, and he removed to another part of the vineyard, where we trust the Lord is making him useful. For these last four or five years, we have been supplied by neighbouring ministers, one Mr. Levett has been very useful amongst us. Many of the sons of Ashdod have been blowing their trumpets upon the mountains of Gilboa; still this little cause has stood. In the order of God's providence, I received an invitation for to go to Hanslope and supply for them on the last Lord's-day in August, 1851; and have continued as a supply occasionally ever since. I was there on the first Lord's-day of this month, and attempted to speak in the morning from Heb. i. 14; in the afternoon, Judges v. 10; in the evening, Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21; had a good day; the Lord was amongst us. On the Monday following, they gave their school children a tea; after which about eighty friends (with the church) sat down to tea. The writer addressed the meeting, noticing the good effects produced in Sabbath schools. We enjoyed a good opportunity, this being the second time I have been down there on such occasions. We were constrained to say, "what has God wrought at Hanslope?" A poor thing in the field.

WILLIAM MOORES.

A Happy Sabbath at Limpley Stoke,

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS.—Having had such a refreshing season from the presence of our God on Lord's-day, July 24th, and believing that there are many of the lovers of Jesus who rejoice in prosperity of Zion, the triumphs of mercy, and the magnifying of the rich grace of a glorious Triune Jehovah, in the snatching of poor sinners as brands from the everlasting burning; these feelings prompt me to send you some little account of the services connected with our baptizing day.

We commenced the day with a prayer meeting at seven o'clock in the morning; at eight, we repaired to the banks of the river in procession, with the candidates, where we found about one thousand spectators. We commenced by singing hymn 442, Rippon's Selection:

"In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands."

The divine blessing was invoked, when Mr. D. Wassell, of Bath, delivered a most impressive and thrilling discourse on the nature and design of the solemn ordinance. We sung again; then our pastor—Mr. W. Huntley—led six believers into the watery grave, and immersed them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Though the natural sun withheld its shining brightness, yet we believe our dear Immanuel, (as the Sun of righteousness), shone upon many of the souls of his quickened family present, for they found it good to be there; many were affected to tears. How very different a scene this, compared to the human, unmeaning, unscriptural, God-dishonouring ceremony of baby-sprinkling, that relic of Popery, which is so often attended to, I am sorry to say, even among the professed lovers of truth. Oh, that their eyes were anointed with the eye-salve of the Spirit, that they could see its inconsistencies.

In the afternoon our chapel was filled, every corner of it, to see the new converts taken into the church; when our minister related each of their experiences; and in addressing one of them, he stated that he made the seventeenth of that family which had been united to this Christian church. He had been a hearer amongst us for more than twenty years; was caught in the gospel net at last.

Three of the family were baptised last summer, and added to our number. The dear Lord hath done great things for them, whereof we are glad. Doubtless we should have had another amongst the ranks; but God, who is too wise to err, saw fit to remove him into another world, but not without leaving some pleasing testimony behind, that a work of grace had been begun in him. He was a very interesting character, inasmuch as he went on in sin, as it were, even to the brink of hell; but God, who is rich in mercy, stopped him, and put a cry into his soul; he was turned from a lion to a lamb, as a monument of the efficacy of Christ's gospel (which is faithfully proclaimed here) and a trophy of sovereign and redeeming grace! so that when past sixty years of age, his praying wife (who is a member of our church, whom he had so often persecuted,—yea, even beaten her) had the pleasure of seeing him upon his knees, and hearing him cry for mercy.

His conduct up to his death shewed forth, in a striking manner, the efficacious power of God's grace, as he was enabled, by his regular attendance upon all the means of grace, and in his entire deportment in life, to shew that he had been with Jesus, and learnt of him. I name this as a matter of encouragement to others, who may have similar husbands, to stimulate them to besiege the throne of grace frequently, knowing nothing is too hard for our glorious Immanuel to do.

Thus, dear Editor, I have sent you some little account of the services of the day, &c.; and truly we could say at the close,

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,

In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

With great affection, your's sincerely,

Aug. 3, 1853.

JOHN HUNTLEY.

AN AVOWED INFIDEL—A GENUINE CHRISTIAN—AND A
USEFUL MINISTER OF CHRIST

IN ONE AND THE SAME PERSON :

BEING,

A Memoir of the late Edward Blackstock,

For Thirty Years a Preacher of the Gospel.

A HANDSOME five-shilling duodecimo, with nearly 600 pages of good matter, has this month been published by Houlston and Stone-
man, entitled, "*Mercy manifested to a Chief Sinner : or, Autobiography and Letters of the late Edward Blackstock,*" &c.

Comparatively speaking, we knew but little of Mr. Blackstock out of the pulpit; but there we loved him; there the Lord made use of him; from thence (as an instrument) many precious souls in various parts of this land, were fed and comforted by him. He was, indeed, a man deeply exercised in every point, in soul, in body, in circumstances, and in Christian relationships, and he was *tried unto the end*. It falls, perhaps, to the lot of many of the humble and more obscure servants of Jesus Christ to be *almost always* in the waters of affliction of some kind or other. There is scarcely one faithful ambassador of heaven whose biography has been handed down to us in the Scriptures of truth, but who had a life of opposition, affliction, and woe. Of such a character was dear Blackstock's life; and believing some of the incidents connected therewith calculated to be very useful to the Lord's hard-working and heart-aching servants, we purpose to notice the volume at some length.

We are not informed who the editor and compiler of the book is. The important task has been accomplished with much care; the different parts of his life, and the letters, are well arranged; a table of contents, a prefatory sketch, and a "*Preface by Mr. Blackstock,*" precede the body of the work, which being thrown into chapters with descriptive headings, renders the reading pleasant and easy. The work, altogether, is a valuable boon to the churches of Christ; and as it is published cheap, considering the immense mass of purely spiritual and richly-edifying information it contains, it will be sure to find its place in the libraries of all who love to treasure up testimonies of the Lord's leadings of his flock through this lower land of Egypt.

The prefatory sketch commences by stating that

"The following particulars of the life and dealings of God with the late Mr. Blackstock, were written by himself, and left by him for publication, in the hope, as expressed in his Preface, that praise would redound to the glory of God, and benefit accrue to the Church of Christ."

Vol. IX.—No. 105.—October, 1853.

"It is greatly to be regretted (says the editor) that the memoir was not continued to a later period, but many and sorrowful causes combined to render that undertaking painful and difficult. The hiatus has been supplied as far as possible, by extracts from letters and other authentic documents; and as Mr. Blackstock left behind him a mass of correspondence, extending over a period of upwards of thirty years, the task, though a tedious, could not be a difficult one. The friends of the late Mr. Blackstock have kindly furnished letters of his on various subjects. It is thought they will enrich the memoir, and be precious to the Lord's tried family. A selection from those of his late excellent wife will be read with much interest. The Lord, who knew the path of trial through which his servant was destined to go, had graciously given him in Mrs. Blackstock, a true help-meet—a most devoted and loving wife. She was a woman of much weight of character and energy of mind, an excellent mother and a blessedly taught Christian. Her memory is sacredly revered by her children; and she is remembered with genuine regard and esteem by the friends to whom she was known. Her letters exhibit more faithfully than any biographer could do, the servant of God in the family circle, where character and temper are best tested. Under all the varying circumstances through which they had to pass, straits, difficulties, privations, illnesses, deaths, a large family to maintain, with scanty, and humanly speaking precarious means, they struggled on together, encouraging and supporting each other. They were both made and kept, by the favour of God, conscientiously honest. 'Owe no man anything,' was an injunction of much weight with them, and one which led them to the practice of rigid self-denial. But the narrative will unfold that secret, whence sprung those fruits of 'whatsoever was lovely or of good report.' The children relate now, with feelings of emotion, how their venerated parents on all special occasions of trial or difficulty—as well as on those of deliverances or mercies—were in the habit of retiring together for secret prayer, or of gathering their children around them, and there pouring out their hearts before God. To this source may be traced those qualities which endeared this servant of God to his family and friends; and from this source arose that needful power to act and stand alone, under circumstances which called for independence, when a disposition naturally cleaving, would have inclined him to lean upon a brother. Mr. Blackstock was a man of plain, simple habits, of unassuming quiet manners, and of natural refinement and delicacy of feeling. He was possessed of sound judgment, and had a remarkable portion of common sense. He was very reflective and cautious in forming or giving an opinion; and was in the habit of weighing well what he advanced. There was a natural vein of humour in his character, but grace restrained it; and the severe trials through which he had passed, had given to his mind and deportment a subdued and chastened tone."

These characteristic sentences are beautiful specimens of the spirit and style in which the work has been produced, and will prepare the reader not only for a record of deeply in-

teresting facts, but also for a very choice pen and ink portrait of a good man; a faithful detail of his pains and his pleasures will now be handed down to our children's children; and will help to light up the dreary valley wherein may oft be seated some poor burdened pilgrim in the hour of temptation and sorrow.

We are not pleased with one paragraph in the "*Sketch*," where, referring to those things which tended to separate Mr. B. from some of his ministerial brethren, the editor says—"The principles of the Strict Baptist contain the very germ of that bitter root, whence springs the persecuting spirit of popery." It may be, that our acquaintance with the Strict Baptist body is quite as extensive as is the author's; and we must confess, that something like a *bitter spirit of persecution* may here and there be found; but it is not general; it originates not from a difference of sentiment as regards close or open communion, but, most frequently, from irregularities in the life, or unsoundness in the creed of the person against whom this seemingly unkind spirit goes forth. If a man—for conscience sake, abide steadfastly in the practice of open communion, we scarcely know where to look for that Strict Baptist minister who would dare to persecute, or to deal unkindly with such open communion brother. But when a man vows himself a *Baptist*—when a man allows himself to be the settled pastor of a Particular Baptist church; and, after this, permits *external circumstances* to stifle *internal convictions*, and thus violently breaks faith with himself, with his friends—and with the New Testament, then, indeed, we must not allow the absence of visible union and fellowship with such a brother to be called persecution. We have known good men in the ministry who have openly, boldly and perseveringly opposed baptism by immersion altogether; and yet they have prospered; aye, and have been greatly and extensively beloved too. We have also known good men, who, through weakness, and the force of temptation, have been *strict* in their communion at one place, and *open* in their communion at another; one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow; and such wavering brethren have most surely fallen into some good measure of disrepute among the churches; the working out of, and the steady, unflinching abidance by, sterling gospel principles, is what God will honour, and good men will love; but let the best man on earth depart from his once openly avowed principles—let him forsake his colors—and ten to one but many will forsake him.

We hereby cast no reflection upon poor dear Edward Blackstock. In character he was clean; in experience he was deep; in doctrine he was sound; in all the vital principles of a new covenant salvation he was as firm as a rock; as a pastor he was affectionate; as a preacher he was useful and power-

ful; but his *giving way* to the opinions of others, in the matter of church government, he most deeply wounded some of his friends; and ever after beclouded his ministerial path. We grieve over these things in such a man especially; because he was one so well qualified for real usefulness among the living in Jerusalem. His precious soul is gone to glory. Turn we, therefore, to a more Christ-exalting theme.

The first chapter opens with a plain detail of his birth and early days. We wish the **EARTHEN VESSEL** to contain, to some extent, faithful memorials of such departed ministers as have been a blessing to Zion. Our notice, therefore, of this volume, before we have done with it, will comprehend a correct outline of the life and labours of Mr. Edward Blackstock. We begin where he begins. He says:—

"The name of my father was Samuel Blackstock. He was a native of Scotland, born near Dumfries in 1752. When a young man, he and his youngest brother removed to Halifax, in Yorkshire. He married Elizabeth Ogden, of Denholme, Bradford. After their marriage my parents went to reside at Manchester, where my father became a master cotton-spinner,—that trade was then in its infancy. The two younger children died early; I was the third son, and born May 20th, 1791, at Oldham Road, Manchester. My father was a Presbyterian, and had me baptised after their manner. They attended the ministry of Dr. Jack, of the Scotch chapel, in Lloyd Street, until his decease. I hope that both my parents were possessed of the grace of God. I used to think my father very strict, and rather austere in his manner towards me, but he was a good father and meant well; he set me a good example, took me to chapel as soon as I could walk there, gave me good advice, and did not spare the rod to spoil the child. Whilst under his roof he never suffered me to use improper language, to play in the streets, or to associate with evil company."

Well indeed can we enter into the feelings he was exercised with, when his poor mother died. Oh, what a change doth the loss of a mother, or the death of a father, often make in families! The circumstances which befell his father, owing to the unhappy second choice he made, holds out a solemn warning to bereaved husbands. But, we pass that; Edward says—

"About my ninth year, my dear mother was seized with a violent attack of fever and suddenly carried off. Her death was a strange shock to me! I was unable to comprehend it; and could not be brought to believe that I should no more see her. I looked everywhere for her. I remember, long after she was buried, when sent of an errand, that I used to run like one frantic from street to

street, hoping to find her, and crying as if my heart would break when she was nowhere to be found. Her death was to me the beginning of sorrows; I loved her dearly, and up to the moment of my writing this, I cannot think of her but with strong emotion. Her loss, both to my sisters and to myself, was unspeakably great. My father shortly after married again. His second wife was much his junior, and inferior to him in every respect: she was a widow with a young family, and treated her own children with great partiality, while we were harshly used and made to feel her severity. To me she was the instrument which God had ordained to alter the purposes which my parents had had in view for my future prospects, and was the procuring-cause of much of my bitter suffering and misery."

The years of his apprenticeship were years of sorrow and oppression. We have a dark chapter on "the yoke he had to bear in his youth;" and of the struggles and exercises of his mind while endeavouring to settle down in Deism, and a denial of the Bible altogether. In the second chapter, we have the end of his apprenticeship—his launches out into the world, &c., &c. In the midst of this unhappy record, the following occurs:

"About this time I had a dream, the impression of which I never wholly lost, although at that time I was unable either to understand it, or to profit by the warning. One night as I slept, I dreamt that I was at Shudehill, Manchester. I thought it was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the darkest and most gloomy day that I had ever seen. It was deeply impressed on my mind that my death was at hand; and I thought that I must first compose my own epitaph, and immediately commenced it as I walked along. When I had completed it, an apprehension seized me that the earth was about to open under my feet, receive me, and close upon me for ever. In momentary expectation of this event happening, I stepped slowly and cautiously, and full of anxiety and terror. The darkness was continually increasing, until it exceeded all that I had ever seen—when in an instant, and as if by magic, that awfully black and gloomy day was exchanged for the fairest and brightest that my imagination had ever pictured: the sun shone in refulgent splendour, the sky was a brilliant blue, and cloudless; on each side, and before me, lay beautiful green fields here and there studded with trees. The birds were singing in the branches and the whole scene appeared to be enchanting. Before me, at some distance, stood what seemed like a church, and the sun was shining pleasantly upon it. In the front of this building I observed groups of persons who appeared to be foreigners, their skin was a little tanned by the sun, but their features and forms were exquisitely beautiful. Whether these persons were men or women I could not tell; each was dressed in the Oriental costume, with flowing robes, and they all appeared united in love and harmony. Each held in either hand a large basket of ripe purple grapes, and the bunches hung in clusters over the sides of the baskets. Suddenly, and with admirable

softness and melody, they all burst into a song! Their words, their music, and their manner struck me as rapturous and heavenly, and I was filled with admiring wonder and esteem. I could not understand the language in which they spoke, it being entirely new to me, but I thought, 'Ah! you are the happy people; you carry your heaven along with you. O that I were one amongst you!' The feeling of admiration was so strong, and the desire to become one of them so powerful, that the agitation produced in my mind awoke me. For a long time during that night I lay and pined after that heavenly company. I could not attempt to unfold the dream.

"The next day, when at my usual occupation I could not help musing on its singularity, and wondering what it might portend. An aged saint, who perceived a change in my countenance made enquiries which led me to relate to her my dream. She was greatly touched by it, and quitting her seat came up close to me, and looking earnestly in my face, said—'You are a Deist now, I think?' I replied that I was. 'Mark my words, now,' said she, 'you will never die a Deist.' I was more affected by her words than I was then willing to admit; but she lived to see them fulfilled, and to hear me relate what the Lord had done for my soul; my account gave her great satisfaction and pleasure."

Among other temptations which frequently ensnare the minds of young persons, and often deeply wound even the hearts of established believers, is infidelity, deism, &c., &c. When satan could rob us of our peace in no other way, he has frequently hurled his blasphemous infidel suggestions into our poor souls with such power, as to make us stagger and reel to and fro in distress, confusion, and sorrow. Both Edward Blackstock and his young wife were deists. He says, "*our awful infidel principles were deeply rooted; and we both resolved to live and die in them.*" What an awful setting out in life! But who can tell what vast amount of good may have flowed down to the fallen children of men through the public ministry and written testimony of such a convert to the faith of the gospel? We understand two thousand copies of this volume have been struck off; and we see it advertised on every hand. To the present and to the future generations, it will, we trust, be a living and soul-penetrating witness for the vital principles revealed in the word of our God. How striking is the following sentence! Referring to the spiritual condition of himself and his wife when they were married he says:—

"Formalists, or hypocrites, there was no danger of our becoming, for such was the hatred of my heart to the religion of Jesus Christ, and to his person, that nothing but the almighty power of God could ever have brought me to profess that holy name. But God's ways are not our ways; he leads the blind in a way they know not. My dear wife, by the converting grace of God, became eventually a highly favoured Christian. She proved an excellent wife to me, my greatest earthly comfort, and a shining vessel of God's rich mercy."

Temporal disappointments and withering hopes, with heavy afflictions, followed hard upon this young couple, even in their earliest days. He says, "*We prospered in nothing.*"

With the following expressive sentence, we must close our notice of this valuable, excellent and richly spiritual specimen of Christian biography; but our readers may fully rely on our continuation of it next month, if spared. We will not leave the volume, God willing, until we have thoroughly canvassed its contents. The following paragraph closes the second chapter:—

"My dear wife had typhus fever for four months, during which time we appeared to be quite deserted by every one. I was her only nurse, and had to sit by her side, and watch the progress of the malady until I became so hopeless and wretched, under the accumulated trials, that my health failed, and I longed for death as affording the only prospect of relief. Yet, under all this severe chastisement I remained firm and unmoved in my opinions. I greatly felt for and pitied my wife and child; but in all other respects my heart remained as hard as adamant. I can set my seal to those lines of Mr. Kent:—

'Judgments or mercies ne'er can sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way.'

The Issue of a Good Man's Trial.

Sketch of a Sermon preached in Wootton, on Lord's-day, Sep. 18, 1853.

"When I am tried I shall come forth as gold."
—Job xxiii. 10.

How frequently we find the characters of God's people misrepresented and aspersed, by an ignorant world! The apostle's assertion concerning them, will ever hold true, "*Unknown and yet well known.*" God's dealings with them, make them a peculiar people; and that very peculiarity involves them in the world's hatred; while they not unfrequently meet with rebuke from others who are not exercised with the like troubles. This was the case with Job; God had led him into the deep waters of tribulation; and so great were his sufferings, that even good people derided, and accused him of insincerity. They could not see how a good man could be so severely tried. But Job was persuaded of his own uprightness, and was confident that after the trial was over, he should appear as a genuine lover of God, and an heir of eternal glory. "When I am tried I shall come forth as gold." From this text we may notice three things:

I. That good men must be tried in this world.

II. Give some of the reasons why it must be so.

III. The certain issue of a good man's trials—"He comes forth as gold."

1. God tries all his people, more or less, before he takes them to himself. In this trial there are two things worthy of notice—

1, What it is that tries them: 2, What it is in particular that is tried.

Now, there are various things made use of in God's hands, to try his people. Bodily afflictions, domestic troubles, losses in trade, perverseness of children, temptations of satan, prosperity and adversity, and sometimes the hidings of God's countenance, which is added to other troubles, and render them more intolerable. This was the aggravation of Job's trials—that God hid himself in a cloud, and Job could not behold him. "I go backward," the good man says, "but I cannot behold him, and forward, but he is not there." He could obtain no clue to unravel the mysterious providence; he seemed a mystery to himself, and much more so to others; yet he solaced himself with the thought, that though he could not find God, God knew where he was, and what had befallen him.—"*He knoweth the way that I take.*" Though the people of God may be at their *wit's* end, they are not at their *faith's* end; for Job's faith triumphed—"When I am tried, after all these storms are blown over, I shall come forth to the light, and behold God's righteousness."

2, What is it that is tried? In general, it is the graces which are implanted within: such as faith, hope, love, confidence, &c.; these are the fruits of the Spirit, and they must be tried, that they may be found to the honour and praise of their divine Author. An untried faith is no faith at all. Look at Abraham, Joseph, David, Jeremiah, Peter, Paul, and all the train of God's servants. Great faith was not given them to lie tarnished in a napkin, but by exercise to shine brighter and more glorious. O, what a conflict faith passes through when heavy afflictions overtake us, and God seems to stand at a distance, and add spiritual grief to our temporal sorrow! We may well say, at such times, "Woe is me!" Jer. xlv. 3. This heavenly discipline is intended to work for our good. Let us,

II. Look at some of the reasons why we must be thus exercised: 1, God has so ordained it, his appointment should silence us under rebuke. 1 Thess. iii. 3. 2, To distinguish us from the world, and the mass of formal professors. Exclude trials, and where is the difference between the church and the world? The great body of professors are obviously without these chastisements, which characterise the Lord's people. Scripture denominates them "*bastards*;" they are not of God's family, not heaven-born, not legitimate children. The rod of God is never on them, as it is on the righteous. "If ye endure chastisements, God deals with you as sons." Then by this trial we are distinguished from all others. Ever remember, it is not gifts, not zeal, not eloquence, not profession, not attainments, will prove us to be God's people; but trials which bring us to

God's feet, in humbleness of soul, and teach us the heavenly art of self-renunciation.

3rd. Trials preserve us from self-deception. We read of persons "deceiving and being deceived." Religious deception is very common, and who can help pitying such? I think it is very foolish to quarrel with them, for after all, who can enlighten but God? Let us rather pray for them, and admire the heavenly teaching which has made us to differ. Trials have taught us what religion consists in, what it is able to do in us and for us.

When I was very young in grace I gathered a good stock of religious knowledge, but I was deceived in it—it could not support in the hour of trial. It must come from God to do us any good; it will not do second-hand. "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." We have just so much religion as God has wrought in us and exercised us to, all the rest is dross. A little faith, hope, and love that will stand being put in the crucible is worth an abundance of showy religion.

Trial, then, preserves from deception; it teaches us what we are, what sin is, and what God is. Job was very self-righteous, but trials discovered this, and ultimately delivered him from it, so that he could say, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now, now I am put in the furnace, now God has laid his hand upon me, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

4th. Trials purge us from sin. Oh that word of Paul's, (Heb. xii. 14.) "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This holiness is not imputed, but imparted by the Spirit. "Sanctify them through thy truth." We must have a meetness for heaven as well as a title to heaven; we must have our fruit unto holiness if the end be everlasting life. Rom. vi. 22. I have heard that the late James Osbourn, of America, while in England was once thought to be an old Methodist parson—I suppose on account of his singular appearance—his quaint reply was, "It is better to be an old Methodist parson and go to heaven, than a dead Calvinist and go to hell!"

Now Paul, (Heb. xii. 10,) tells us "this is the end and object of all our afflictions to make us partakers of his holiness." And this is the test whether afflictions have done us good, whether the trial has been sanctified. "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." 1 Peter iv. 1.

Oh how much sin remains in us to be mortified, to be put off, to be condemned and crucified! Hence, perhaps, one trial is no sooner past than another comes, wave upon wave. Well, here is our anchor hold,—when I am tried I shall come forth as gold—when my heavenly Father, who sits as a refiner, can discern his own image in the

metal, he will bring me out of the fire to reflect his honour and praise."

5th. Trials make us anticipate the rest that remains for God's people. A worldly man may lose his farm, his money, his honour, yea, his all, still this earth is his home, and he cleaves to it. But a believer can sometimes say, "I loathe it; I would not live away; I had rather depart." Now when trials have produced this frame of mind God's purpose is effected, and we either come out of the furnace to be more useful, more holy, more humble, more self-denying, or are taken to that

"Land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign."

This then, is the certain issue of a good man's trials. T. SMITH.

September 22, 1853.

DR. CUMMING, On the Second Coming of Christ.

A COURSE of lectures, in connection with the "Leicester Auxiliary of the British Reformation Society," has recently been delivered in the New Hall of that town. They are published in the "PENNY PULPIT," by James Paul; and the ninth of the course, by Dr. Cumming, we consider to be of much value to the Christian churches at this time. We are aware that the great event to which the lecture refers, is much controverted in the Christian family. As the Doctor says, so say we,

"We believe, and all Christians believe, that Christ will come again, but some believe, that he will come previous to the millennial glory; others believe that he will come at the close of the millennial glory. It rests with our investigator of God's holy word to decide whether that advent shall be pre-millennial or post-millennial, and what shall be the accompaniments of that glorious day when he shall come again a second time without sin unto salvation.

A number of New Testament passages are then given; and immediately follows this conclusion:—

"When he comes a second time, then 'we shall see him as he is;' we shall reign with him in heaven, we shall dwell with him in glory. The attitude of the church in the present dispensation is that of the bride looking for the bridegroom, and nothing will satisfy the bride but the bridegroom; nothing will comfort the waiting widow but the presence of the everlasting husband. The great high priest of the Jewish nation was a perfect type of Christ. What was the attitude of the great priest at their great and solemn feast? He offered up sacrifice and then went into the Holy of Holies to make intercession for the people, and then he came forth from the Holy of Holies and blessed the people. Now our great high priest exactly corresponds with him. He has offered up a perfect sacrifice once for all for those without the camp, and is now in the Holy of Holies, in heaven itself, where he now makes intercession for us.

"Now what was the attitude, of the Jewish people? When the high-priest was in the Holy of holies they were waiting for him to come forth to bless them. What then is to be our attitude when our great high priest has offered up the sacrifice? Not as the Roman Catholic should we continue to

offer the sacrifice, but the christian should be waiting on the tiptoe of expectation for our great high priest to come forth from the Holy of holies. It is the christian's duty to look forward, as I hope you are looking forward, for the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Now, I hold that no millennial state will precede our Lord's personal advent. I know that many excellent Christians differ from me on this, therefore you will pardon me if I state distinctly what the word of God indicates respecting this point. If you turn to the 13th chapter of Matthew, you will find a passage at the 21st verse; but you have not many of you Bibles with you, therefore you must exercise your faith in some measure, and I will endeavour to quote accurately. 'The kingdom of heaven is likened, (in the christian dispensation,) unto a man sowing good seed in a field; and while he slept, the enemy went in and sowed tares; and when the seed sprang up, the tares and the wheat came up together.' What did the Lord of the harvest do? Did he send the reapers to separate them? No; he said, 'Let both grow together until the harvest; and then I will say to the reapers, Gather first the tares, and then bind them in bundles and burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.' It is so in the present dispensation; the good and bad grow up together and are not separated, but grow together until the end; and as the tares were gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be at the end of this dispensation, the Son of man shall come to cast the unbelievers into a furnace of fire, 'where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' Now, just mark what is stated here. The whole christian economy is a composite one. The visible church is not the wheat, but a mixture of tares and wheat, and it will continue to be so till Christ himself comes at the end of this dispensation. It is quite plain from this then, that there will be no such thing as a perfect visible church till the Lord comes. It will continue a mixture of good and bad until the end. I regard, in fact, the very existence of a visible church as I do a provisional committee. We used to hear in railway times of provisional committees, and they were simply committees appointed to act until the true or competent committee should be appointed. The whole visible church is at this moment purely provisional, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is provisional shall be done away. This provisional church is made up of tares and wheat, and this mixture will continue throughout this dispensation and there will come that perfect state in which there will be neither spot nor flaw, nor sin, nor defect, but the church shall be presented a glorious church without spot or blemish or any such thing. We are told that this takes place when Christ comes but according to those who hold that the millennium must come first, they must conclude that the tares will be separated from the wheat a thousand years before Christ comes. According to the text I have read, they will not be separated until Christ comes himself, and therefore the perfect church is not prior to Christ's advent, but subsequent to Christ's advent, and therefore that Christ's advent is pre-millennial and not post-millennial is the corollary we deduce from the passage. If you examine, you will find in the second chapter of the second of Thessalonians, 'Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come, except there come' (as I shall translate it) the apostacy, 'and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him, whose coming is after the working of satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they have not

received the love of truth, that they might be saved.' Now, then, we have a prophecy in this chapter that the great apostacy commenced in the apostle's days, and that the great apostacy would continue till Christ came again. According to those who hold that the millennium precedes Christ's advent, Popery is to be destroyed by the preaching of the gospel, but according to the apostle Paul, Popery is not to be consumed progressively by the preaching of the gospel only, but to be uprooted and destroyed, indicating that it will be in existence during this dispensation. I cannot conceive any one passage of Scripture more fatal to the theory that the millennium precedes Christ's advent than the prediction of the great apostacy. It begins in the days of the apostle, stretches forward to the millennial glory, and is to be destroyed not by the preaching of the gospel, but only by the personal advent and glorious appearing of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

We are glad Dr. Cumming has spoken out plainly; and although we are not pledged to every sentiment he advances, still we say, no inquiring Christian can read this lecture without deep interest, and we think spiritual pleasure.

After discussing the question—will there be any further spiritual coming before the personal, the Doctor says:

"I think in this matter we can only have some scattered glimpses of the approaching glory, scattered as it were on the mountain tops, to make God's people gird up their loins for their Lord's glorious appearing, and to make them more prepared for his coming. St. Paul says,—'All things shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.' And what then are believers to look for? 'We, then, according to his promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' I gather from this passage, that the instant Christ comes to this world—and I believe that coming is almost at our doors—that instant the earth will melt with fervent heat, and the elements shall pass away, and all shall be converted into a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. There is nothing improbable in this. The most accomplished geologists have now come to the conclusion that the globe on which we live is merely a hard crust, and that the interior of this globe is one tremendous rolling ocean of liquid fire, and that the volcanoes are the occasional safety valves that let out the superabundant accumulation in the interior, and so prevent a tremendous explosion, so that God has only to let loose the imprisoned fire, and the whole earth would become calcined by heat, and a new heaven and a new earth will take its place. I mention this only to show you that there is nothing improbable in it."

Again:

"I do not believe that this earth will be annihilated. I believe that this globe was beautiful and fair when it came from the plastic hands of the Creator some 6,000 years ago; and God has only to expunge that which mars and disfigures it, namely, sin, to make it again the same fair and beautiful globe, so that the desert will be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I could take you to the Highlands of Scotland, and to glens so beautiful, that if I could be assured that no sin and no tears should come there, I could consent to live there for ever. I do not see why God should give up this earth as a hopeless thing; I see nothing that can be put forth as a reason for its being destroyed but sin, and if sin be expunged, it would close as it commenced, in Paradise and Eden, when all was blessedness and joy. I believe that this earth is to undergo the same process that our bodies undergo. Every body becomes a lifeless

form; it must be laid in the grave, the worm must be its brother, and corruption must be its sister, and out of its disintegrated elements God will construct, not another body, but the same identical body without an atom of sin, or disease, or decay. So it will be with this world. God will not destroy this world and substitute another in its place, but he will rebaptize it with fire, and pass over it a new Genesis, and that which is now groaning with the burden of sin, like a mother weeping at the sufferings of her offspring, will then be regenerated by the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings."

The Christian Ready

FOR A BETTER AND A BRIGHTER WORLD.

"*The Voice of Melody: or, Songs of Praise, for the use of God's people everywhere scattered abroad,*" is the title of a small volume of original hymns, composed by Mr. Thomas Stringer, minister of Zoar Chapel, Gravesend; and recently printed by Messrs. Nicholls and Son, at the Milton Press. In the preface our brother says:—

"Feeling myself happy in the things of God exclusively, and a holy delight in his service, I have at different periods composed and compiled the following Hymns, or Songs of Praise, under the title of 'The Voice of Melody.' They are not intended to exclude other authors, nor written to supersede other hymns, but can be used alone, or as a supplement to Dr. Watts's hymns, the most part of which I love, and freely admit they are not equalled by any author. I will only add may those who read or sing these hymns, enjoy as much sweetness and pleasure as I have had in writing them. I commit them to God for his blessing, and to the people of God for their use, hoping they will pardon all imperfections and defects. And may the Lord help us to sing with the Spirit, and to sing with the understanding also."

As regards the quality of our brother's hymns,—although they have neither Hart's experimental deepness, or Watts's heavenly eloquence, still they are sound, savoury, plain, and well suited to the capacities of thousands of that ransomed flock whom Jesus loves to hear in honest and in hearty strains his holy name adore. Take one sample:

"Oh what a pleasing thought,
My soul and Christ are one;
I never can come short
Of my eternal home.
I'm ready now, let death appear,
My Saviour's waiting for me there.

"I'm ready to depart,
And dwell with Christ above;
He's put within my heart
His everlasting love.
Made ready by his sov'reign grace,
I only die to see his face.

"Death is a conquer'd foe,
We Jesu's vict'ry sing;
He gave the final blow,
And pluck'd the monster's sting.
He shortly will our souls release,
We're ready to 'depart in peace.'

"Our race is nearly run,
We soon shall bid farewell
To all beneath the sun,
With Christ above to dwell.
There all his glory we shall see:
Come death, we'll gladly go with thee."

Crucifixion of the Flesh.

It is said of the chosen, purchased, and peculiarly beloved flock of Christ, that "they have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," Gal. v. 24. Doubtless by the term "flesh" is meant our corrupt nature, that in which Paul declares dwelleth nothing that is good; and by "the affections and lusts," all those evil passions and desires which spring from a depraved heart as branches and fruit from a corrupt tree. Now these, the people of God, deriving power from their divine Redeemer, are said to have crucified.

Now there is much contained in the term here employed to comfort the minds of the exercised children of God; for while they have to feel day by day that sin is not destroyed, because it continues to dwell in their members, yet although it exists still, not in its former power, but as a crucified malefactor; and he lives indeed, but has no power to do either violence or hurt. So it is with sin in the believer. It entwines itself about all that he does, and this causes grief and sorrow of heart, for "we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened;" but it does not now hold the reins of government—on the contrary it displays the writhings and strugglings of a conquered foe; yea, a captive enemy nailed to the cross; and gradually expiring in the throes of a spiritual crucifixion. And let us for a moment dwell upon the thought that crucifixion is by no means a quick, but a lingering death. And oh, how slowly does sin die! Sometimes we may think that some particular sin has been destroyed, and that we shall never be troubled with it again; but it not infrequently happens that we find to our sorrow the enemy is still alive and active; but it is our mercy to know that the Conqueror of sin lives too, and that "He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength."

But we must remember that crucifixion was not only a lingering but also a painful death. And the crucifixion of sin has ever proved painful to the believer in Jesus; yes, it is compared to plucking out a right eye, or cutting off the right hand. One cries out during the process, "I am feeble and sore broken, I have roared, by reason of the disquietness of my heart." Another exclaims, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" A third goeth out, and vents the anguish of his soul in deep lamentation and tears, for he wept bitterly. Ah! it is no painless effort to crucify sin, but, bless the Lord, Jesus reigns, and "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

We observe again, that though crucifixion was a slow yet it was a sure death. And although, as an old writer well observes, "Sin, like a salamander, can live to eternity in the fire of God's wrath, so that it must die a violent death by the hand of the Spirit, or if never dieth at all." And this we indeed know by experience; but the promise is, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace;" and our Elder Brother must and shall reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet; and ultimately he shall make these vile and sinful bodies glorious bodies—yea, "We know that we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Let us then with bold confidence look

forward to that happy time when sin and sorrow shall be known no more. And although the conflict may be sharp, yet it cannot be long; and then an everlasting anthem shall be sung by the blood-washed throng, even "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us our kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

TIMOTHY.

Truth Defended;

Or, the Endless Punishment of the Ungodly and Finally Impenitent Considered; by WM. FELTON, of Zion Chapel, Deptford.

Two pamphlets have been just published by Houlston and Stoneman, with reference to a subject which we were determined not to notice — we mean, the doctrine of the endless punishment of the finally impenitent: — but the truth must be told. When Mr. Charles Skinner (the author of the first pamphlet) told us his views, and Mr. Felton's views were to be published together, we certainly did consent to send the united letters out among our churches; but when we found Mr. Felton's was *not* to accompany Mr. Skinner's, we were grieved at having had anything to do with the affair. Because, as we have said to Mr. Skinner, "What good can arise out of the promulgation of such a doctrine as the one which he is so busy in setting up?" Mr. Skinner says, (as some others, whose religion altogether is seriously to be questioned, have said before him) that eternal life, and an endless immortality are given *only* to those who are given to Christ; and that the souls of the finally impenitent will ultimately cease to have any existence whatever; now the Christian, the true believer in Jesus derives no comfort from this destructive doctrine; and to publish such a delusive bait for ungodly men, is doing, as we fear, the devil's work with a vengeance. However, Mr. Skinner has published his book: and Mr. Felton has now stepped forward publicly to *oppose* and to *expose* the hypothesis. If we give our reader the first page of Mr. Felton's tract, the history of this controversy will be more fully explained. Mr. Felton says, at the very commencement,

"When an author intrudes himself upon the public's attention, it is proper that he should state his reasons for so doing. It is but within the last four months that I have known anything of Mr. Skinner. Some little time prior to last Good Friday, the 25th of March, I was invited by Mr. S. to preach at Hatcham Chapel. I cheerfully responded to his request; not being aware, at the time, of his views relative to future punishment; and if I had been fully informed on that subject, I do not know that it would have deterred me from going; as I deem it the solemn duty of every servant of God to go wherever a call in providence directs him, provide there be nothing questionable about the character of those we are called to serve.

"I was soon admonished by some of my friends at Zion that Mr. S. embraced some erroneous sentiments. My reply was, 'What is it! and how do you know it?' In a little time a dear young friend brought me two of Mr. Skinner's tracts, written in defence of the sentiment in question. I read them with close attention, and perceived that the ultimate non-being of the wicked, in other words, their annihilation, was strongly contended for.

"I went to Hatcham according to my engagement. Several of the friends from our Zion were present; and they will bear me witness that what I write is the truth. After preaching for about an hour from John v. 25, I then, in the most kind and affectionate manner, addressed a few words to Mr. Skinner on the subject matter of his tracts. From what Mr. S. has said in his preface, the reader would be led to conclude that I gave an unqualified approbation of what was written in those tracts; this is untrue; I merely admitted what I now am ready to allow — that the word **EVERLASTING** did in some places admit of limitation, as contended for by Mr. S.; but this by no means prove that I assented to all he had written. No, very far from it. A charge had been preferred against Mr. S. of some error in sentiment. I wished to ascertain how far it was true. My admissions, therefore, as to what was right in the tracts, were very far from shewing that I approved of them as a whole.

"It will be recollected by those present on the morning of Good Friday last, that I made three or four objections to the doctrines as embraced by Mr. S. I did not then fully understand the length and breadth of his views; my thoughts were then confined to the question of future punishments; and the endless nature of those punishments; I did then insist, as I do now, that the word **ETERNAL** does not, like the word **EVERLASTING**, admit of any LIMITS. I then quoted two portions especially, as bearing on the question — viz. Mark iii. 29: "But is in danger of eternal damnation." The other passage is Jude v. 7: "Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." I then proceeded to give four or five reasons for my opposition to the views of Mr. S. 1. That they were not founded on Scripture. 2. That they were calculated to mislead poor sinners. 3. That they savoured of the attaching merit to suffering, and consequently were opposed to the atonement; and, 4. That they presented a wrong view of the divine goodness. All this was done in a truly kind manner, which Mr. S. has not acknowledged in his preface.

"Some little time after the preaching in question, I received a somewhat bold challenge, to meet Mr. S., and dispute with him in public the point at issue. This, I declined; giving my reasons for so doing, as believing such a method would not prove beneficial. I requested Mr. S. to write his thoughts on the objections I had made, and that I would reply to him, confining my thoughts to the objectionable ground I had taken.

"My friend replied to me, by sending the manuscript copy of the work just printed, entitled, 'Death in Adam: Life in Christ.' Having carefully perused it, I found clearly, for the first time, that I had to do with an opponent denying the immortality of the soul of man — that is, as the creature of God.

"There is no charm in the doctrine of future punishments to induce any Christian man to write in its defence; and where it is not that I believe it is a solemn truth, maintained by Bible testimony, I would never have taken my pen in hand. Besides, the great evils flowing from the views taken by Mr. Skinner, are such as to require the solemn protest of every honest man of God."

In a straightforward and Christian spirit, Mr. Felton has performed his task. We understand other pens are at work; but we think they might be employed on subjects more essentially bound up in the glories of our living Lord, and the good of his family.

THE DYING TESTIMONY OF JOHN KENT,

AUTHOR OF HYMNS,

In a Letter from his Son to the rest of the Family.

THE first illness of my father was in the latter part of the year 1838; from that time to the last, he endured four different attacks, which, as he said, were warnings from the tomb. "Be ye also ready." The final struggle came on the night of Sunday, November 5th. Distressing as it was, he bore all with astonishing fortitude and patience. It increased rapidly upon him; when, on the Friday following, November 10th, he was strengthened to bear four different operations during the day, without relief. Another was repeated on the following morning, but entirely failed; then might the natural feelings have shrunk back at the intimation of "No hope;" and then might the flesh have trembled at the thought of death; but, armed with the promise of a covenant God, he stood unmoved. Previous to the last operation of Friday, when solicited by his medical attendant (Mr. May) to try the only effort which he thought might relieve, formidable as the operation appeared, yet, a short consideration led him to consent. Four surgeons, with myself and Henry, were in the room. With an effort he rose in the bed; and with the usual fervour of devotion, sought help from above. Referring to the surgeon, he said, "Give them wisdom to act, and me strength and patience to bear; into thy hands I commend my spirit." "Thou hast redeemed me, O God of my salvation." He said, "I am ready." The same operation was repeated in the morning, but failed. He was then informed that nothing more could be done, and that probably his time was short. "Thy word is never forfeited." He said, "Thou art a covenant-making and covenant-keeping God." In the evening of the same day, the first symptoms of death appeared; but to him it brought no terrors. Speaking to those with him he said, "My hopes are fixed upon the Rock of ages." During the night I read to him Psalm xxvii. He remarked upon those passages very sweetly which suited his experience, dwelling much upon the words, "He shall hide me in his pavilion." When I had finished reading, he raised his trembling hand, and with much strength of expression said, "I can put my hand upon the whole of that; every word is big with meaning." Requesting to be raised in the bed, I asked to take him in my arms. "Yes, (he replied), but I am in better arms." He then said,

"The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed;
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast."

At this time he endured much suffering, though without a murmur. During the time of his affliction, he never repined; the consolations of his Redeemer sheltered him under every trial. "We must all appear (he said) before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body," &c. "Ah, (he exclaimed), if I am to stand by myself to yield an account, I am lost, lost for ever. But this is my hope, it is the judgment-seat of CHRIST; he is my Surety; he paid all demands; I shall be tried there by a covenant of grace, and not a covenant of works. Blessed be God for his great salvation."

About this time he fell into a doze, from which he awoke much distressed in mind. "What is it?" he said. To calm his fears, I took up his words, and replied, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ came into the world to save sinners." "Ah, (he said), it is a faithful saying; I bless him, and I'll praise him too, that the promises of the covenant met me in all my wants, wounds, and wretchedness." Addressing cousin William's son, (Samuel), he told him he wished to die with "God be merciful to me a sinner" upon his lips. As if the sufferings of 1863,

body were not enough for our dear parent, he had to endure struggles with the enemy of the Christian's faith. He enquired who was in the room. I told him we were alone. "Ob, (he said), Isaac, the enemy has again thrust sore at me; I have often endured the conflict, but I shall triumph." He then told me what had so long distressed him, and which had for many years remained a secret; it was, that the enemy had often urged him to self-destruction; but the best defence he found from the temptation, and the sweetest balm he had, was this, "Being tempted, he knows how to succour them that are tempted."

At another time it appeared as if he had been tempted to give up his hope, and renounce his belief in the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, as a cunningly devised fable. After reading a little, he said, in most emphatic language, "And so will I go; if I perish, I perish;" as if he had told me that he was ready to go into eternity with his belief in his hand. Two of his old friends (Beveridge and Littleton) were present, though unable to converse much; when for the last time, before they left, he took them by the hand, he said, "I would not part with Christ now for a thousand worlds. If I had a thousand tongues I would speak well of his name."

He was never visited by his medical attendants without warmly acknowledging their many tender cares and anxious desires to afford him relief; like the rock upon which the overwhelming waves would burst their strength, he stood unmoved, when told that everything which their utmost skill could devise had been tried, but in vain. One of them called to enquire for him. "How are you, my dear sir?" "How am I, sir? Why, I am dying."

During his affliction, he at all times possessed humbling views of himself. "Not unto me, O Lord; not unto me," was an expression which often was heard silently falling from his lips, now quivering in death. "My frames and feelings now are not the grounds of my acceptance; no, blessed be God, salvation is all of grace from first to last." Not having made use of any kind of food for five days, he asked me for a little bread, softened with water. The nurse did it for him. Before he raised it to his lips, he paused; a smile rose in his countenance, plainly telling to those with him o this peaceful frame of mind. Leaning on the hand which held the cup on the bed, he exclaimed, in sweetest accents, "He made himself known by the breaking of bread." The pains of his disorder were still heavy, and he was gradually sinking before their power, causing the fleshly tabernacle to quail; for a little time some of his sentences were incoherent of which he was afterwards sensible. Throughout the whole of his sufferings the strength of the believer never forsook him. "What should I do now, (he said), if I had salvation to seek?" The kind visit of a minister, (Mr. Poyer), gave him much gratification; an expression which fell from him in prayer, hung upon his lips, the savour of which seemed to give a relishing sweetness to our dear father, now on the confines of eternity. The minister thanked God that the hope of the Christian could never be cut off. It was often repeated, after he was gone. It left a grateful odour around the room, to cheer the soul of the drooping saint. None could now doubt but what death was near. His bed was attended by those who watched every occasion to relieve his wants. The poor body, returning to the dust from whence it sprung, required but little from the hand of its fellow mortal; the soul none. He who breathed into it the breath of life, made provision for the dying hour. Never was it exemplified more clearly of the truths of the Christian religion than now. The dying saint had

long shewn it in his life, and was now leaving behind him, in the trying hour of death, a bright example, that we should follow in his steps. Well might the language of Isaac Watts be used now :

"Jesus can make the dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

To his medical attendants he expressed strongly the powerful influence of divine grace in the hour of nature's dissolution. When Mr. May told him that a few short hours, and he would be entirely free from all his sufferings, with an amazing degree of firmness he replied, "that is a consoling thought." Never did the insufficiency of that hope wrought by the labours of the sinner, appear stronger than in the prospects of our dear father. After speaking freely to me upon the glories of his great Redeemer, in the finished work of redemption from sin, and expressing an immovable belief that all must be of grace, he said,

"The best obedience of my hands
Dare not appear before my God."

In reply to what I now asked him, he answered, "Oh, yes, on the Rock of ages for ever." For a long time, by the motion of his lips, and the frequent lifting of his hands, we were certain that he held much communion with God. Those who were favoured with witnessing the last trying scene, when the struggle for life was at its height, will never be unmindful of what sovereign grace can do. Addressing one who came to see him, he said, "Ah, sir, the war with Amalek will soon be over." After a brief pause he again said, "O, the infinite merits of Christ!"

About half-past two on the last morning of his life when the sand had nearly run down, and when the brittle thread which bound him to earth would soon be snapt asunder, he asked the time; being told, a smile cheered up that face upon which death, the last enemy, had stamped its image, he said with sweet composure, "Enable me, speak to me, teach me to number my days." Before the light of morning broke in upon him for the last time, he seemed to have had another conflict with the enemy; lifting himself a little in the bed, and exerting to its greatest extent his voice, said, "This false, thou vile accuser; go." For a short time he was silent, after a little, he exclaimed, "If one should perish at thy feet, I'll be the first to perish there." From this time, the power of a strong constitution began rapidly to give way, difficulty of breathing increased, but the strength of his hope shone brighter; occasional sentences from his lips filled our minds, who anxiously endeavoured to catch every word as it fell; with unspeakable delight, with tremulous voice he said, "Remember Calvary." A short time after, stretching forth his hand, he said, "Isaac, I rejoice in hope." He appeared to have had a sweet foretaste of the goodly land upon which he was soon to set his feet; his ears seemed to catch the swelling anthem from the glorified hosts of the redeemed in the new Jerusalem, and responding to the subject of their song, he rapturously said, "Worthy is the Lamb."

The change for which he had long waited was now very near; as he approached the swellings of Jordan, so his prospects for eternity brightened. Turning himself as well as he could in his bed, he said to me, "Isaac, let me put my arm round your neck, and for the last time commend me to God and the word of his grace, that his blessing might be upon my children and my children's children through the infinite merits of him who hath redeemed me, O God of my salvation." He now asked for a little tea, without sugar, when I gave it to him, I said, "You will soon taste of the honey and the honeycomb." "Ah! my dear, Yes!" He was now quite free from pain. Asking him how he felt in his mind, he replied, "No doubts, no fears, no temptations." From this time to his death which took place at five o'clock in the evening of Nov. 15, 1843, the glories of salvation by the cross hung sweetly upon his lips;

the powers of speech and memory held their reign to the latest breath; no anxious care disturbed his parting moments; the swelling waves of the river over which he must soon pass, were lushed to a calm; he died as he had lived, a dependant sinner on the mercy of God. His last words were, "I am accepted, accepted," which words were repeated distinctly and deliberately; upon my ears they still ring, and to all those who were present, his dying testimony will never be forgotten. He departed this life, strong and unwavering in the faith of Him who loved him and gave himself for him, washed him in his own blood, to whom he ascribed the glory and honor now and for ever, amen.

His mortal remains were interred in the same grave, where his dear partner, our mother rests, and near the spot where eighteen members of the family now lie, waiting for the last trump to sound, when the grave must give up its dead. Never was the burial service more appropriate, than when it was read over him whom we so long had the pleasure to call "Father."

After I had wrote the letter which will accompany this, I thought I would save a post by sending to-day. I set about it immediately, and wrote until twelve o'clock, went to bed, and turned out again at five to finish it before breakfast, so that if possible you might have it on the Sunday to read, when I hope John Kent might be with you.

As I tarried five nights and four days with our dear father, it was my privilege to see and hear a great deal. I took notes in my little pocket companion of what fell from his lips, and as his reason and memory never left him, it was a pleasing task I assure you. You may depend on its correctness, as I write this to you from those notes which I took at the time. May you have as much enjoyment in the reading, as I had in the writing, then I am sure we shall feel equally thankful to him who gave strength in the hour of dissolution, and support under the bereavement; may it be blessed to you all, my dear brothers and sister, and may you be supported and comforted, and be enabled to say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him best." I wish you to acknowledge this by return of post, if only two lines.

From your affectionate brother,

ISAAC KENT.

"The Golden Dove with Silver Wings."

PSALM lxxviii. 13.

THIS psalm contains a sublime description of the majesty of heaven's Ruler, the church's Maker, and the sinner's Friend. He rules for the good of his people, and dwells in Zion among the humble and contrite—yes, in their hearts he has erected his throne. The congregation of his chosen enjoy his presence and teaching; for while kings of armies flee apace, she that carries at home divides the spoil.

The topics of truth divine are varied and interesting; and its beauties and harmony are appreciated only by those who have grace given and desire imparted to remain and glean in the fields of Boaz.

The verse under consideration contains two points for illustration: 1, the degraded state of God's people by nature; and 2, the exalted state to which they are raised by grace.

1. The degraded state is implied in the words, "Though ye have lain among the pots." Much interesting and instructive matter is to be obtained by a consideration of ancient Israel. In their troubles and travels, fears and fightings, thanksgivings and murmurings, they typify the pilgrims of the present day in their onward-bound journey to the land of eternal rest. It is the privilege of the Christian traveller to live in anticipation of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; yet while they are here they are subjects of change, fears, and trials.

But, first, the state implies alienation. By nature God's children are alienated. They are in the far-off land of Egypt. Dead in trespasses and sins. The powers of mind, affections of heart, and senses of the body all devoted to evil. The mind darkened, will perverted, and tastes vitiated, and God far from their thoughts, and no knowledge, or desire of knowledge of God, possessed by them.

2. The state implies bondage.

Israel were slaves in Egyptian bondage, working in mortar, at hard labour, with taskmasters over them. How sore the bondage, and severe the labour imposed on us by our taskmaster! Yet we felt it not! Pleased with our employ, willing slaves to satan, following greedily the ways of sin, and loving the wages of unrighteousness; no desire to change masters, or leave the house of our bondage, because being born in it, we had no conception of a brighter land or happier clime; we heard no account of the good land, saw no beauty in Zion's Beloved, nor had any desire to take upon us "his yoke," which we now find to be easy; we lay contented "among the pots" until the appointed time marked in heaven's decree, when Moses came with his law, condemning us; and our spiritual Aaron with him, telling us of a Father who loved us, and a land he would lead us into, and freedom and pleasures which he had reserved for us; and his determination to bring us out of horrible pits and miry clay, to more honourable employment and a more exalted position, where we should sacrifice to the Lord, and be employed in his service. Then did we begin to feel our degradation, and felt uncomfortable in our employ; then arose the desire in our hearts to arise and go to the Father, for we anticipated joy in his presence, food in his house, freedom in his service, and a crown at last.

3. The state implies covetousness.

We coveted not the best gifts, but the applause of men, which is of short duration, the riches of the world, which take to themselves wings and fly away, the pleasures of sin, which leave a sting behind. How we laboured in pursuit of one object! The worldling's trinity influenced us—"the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," and propelled by these, we coveted that which ministered unto their gratification; and not only so, but even now, we feel that we comprehend in ourselves a mixed multitude. Nature unchanged we still retain; yet by grace it is bound and kept within the limit God has appointed; nevertheless, we feel its indwelling, which causes uneasiness and conflict, and compels us to cry, "Avenge me of my adversary." And we have sometimes found this principle retarding our onward progress, in suggesting to us that it was better with us when we sat among the fleshpots of Egypt, and ate bread to the full. Exodus xvi. 3.

The mixed multitude raised the cry, and set the children of Israel on. Num. xi. 4. The request was granted, but leanness was the consequence: therefore do we perceive a salutary lesson is afforded to us. And have we not sometimes found ourselves contrasting our present state of conflict, trial, and poverty, with our past state of comparative ease and worldly prosperity, forgetting that the promise is, "through much tribulation ye shall enter the kingdom!" We are too prone to covet the applause of men, riches of earth, and freedom from opposition, together with the approbation of God and a good conscience, forgetting that these opposites are incompatible, for "ye cannot serve God and mammon." And it is an easy matter to account for the fact that "if ye will live godly in Christ Jesus ye must suffer persecution," and suffer the loss of all things in most cases. The Churchmen will not employ you; the Independents will not deal with you; therefore your diminution in profit and worldly gain is easily accounted for. Remember, then, that if any man can give up these for Christ, he shall be no loser in the end, for "though ye have lien among the pots, ye shall be as golden doves with wings of silver." But

4. The state implies defilement.

Israel lying among the brick-kilns, smoked, sun burnt, and bedaubed, gave them a mean appearance. The defilement of nature cleaves to us, we come in contact with the world, and men of the world, and we cannot pass through the world without having our feet dusted, our garments spotted, our hands soiled, our consciences wounded. We feel that from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head we are defiled; but here comes the suitability of the remedy—"In that day there shall be a Fountain opened," from which purity shall be obtained; for though ye have "lien among the pots," it shall not always be thus, for ye shall be furnished with a covering of wrought gold, (Psalm xlv.) to make you meet for the palace, and silver wings of faith and love to bear you thither to behold the King in his beauty; and no longer dwelling among pots, ye shall be liberated from all that is earthly and defiling, and obtain an abundant entrance into that mansion of light and glory where nothing that is unclean shall enter.

But turning aside from the degraded state in which we lay by nature, let us look at

II. The exalted state to which by grace we are raised. The promise is, "Ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Some of the Eastern doves have the feathers on the side of the neck of a bright shining copper colour, which in a bright sun might resemble gold, and their backs white as silver; therefore the figure employed is not so forced and hyperbolic as some might suppose. The figure to me suggests the idea of

1. Affection. The affection of the little dove is celebrated by every writer that alludes to her. The believer is likened to the dove. The love which he bears to Jesus is ardent and constant, and being of divine origin, it has a heavenly tendency; and his restless spirit finds no rest in any thing earthly; and, like the needle in the mariner's compass, which constantly points towards the pole, so the love of the new creature constantly points towards Jesus, the centre of attraction; and however the vessel may be blown by wind, driven by tide, buried in the billows, though sails may be shattered and bulwarks stove in, the crew driven below hatches, and the storm of the terrible one threatens destruction, yet the Pilot is at the helm, and whatever point the storm causes the vessel to take, yet the needle-point is constantly directed towards his Beloved; and we hear him say, "I love him because he first loved me."

Neither can this dove, during the absence of its beloved, take up with any other to supply the vacuum which his absence causes. The vapours arising from our marshy soil, and the clouds ever flying in our atmosphere, frequently intercept the rays of the Sun of Righteousness from our view, and we feel not the healing which his wings produce; nevertheless, our hope is in him as an anchor entering within the veil, and we hope for his return, knowing that though we see him not, yet he sees us, and knoweth the way we take, and is not far off.

His absence, too, makes us cry the louder for his return; nor are we satisfied till he again makes himself known; nor are we satisfied with merely seeking him in a formal manner, but we determine to arise and walk through the streets of the city, and broad ways, and ask the watchmen too for their advice and information; but being a Sovereign, he proclaims his return in his own time, and in an interview secret and personal, which causes us to say, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest," &c. Song i. 7. Earth has lost its charms now; the world cannot fill the heart when Jesus has made known his beauties.

2nd. This exalted state promised implies activity. Here are wings furnished to us to be made use of. There is activity in the bird—though he be in a cage of twelve inch square, yet, when in his native element, what a range he takes! We are allowed a little room and exercise for our wings of faith and desire; we are not now in our element when in the snare of the fowler, we want to escape; not

in our element whilst engaged with the men of the world, we want to fly away to our native sky, for now we are heaven-born and heaven-bound; not in our element whilst mourning in the valley, we want to ascend and sing in the heights of Zion, in the groves of Paradise; not in our element if our silver wings happen to be tinged with dust, or rust, or soot, we want to shake off these impurities, leave behind these imperfections, and fly as doves to our windows. When storms arise, or birds of prey approach, we take shelter in our Rock, and fly to the secret chambers until the indignation be overpast. We can no longer associate with the grovelling swine or loathsome reptiles, no longer feed on husks, or refuge among the congregation of the dead, but seek higher and purer joys, and employments suited to that nature given from above, and therefore the tendency upward is natural to that spiritual nature. Every believer is possessed of two natures, that which is earthly cleaves to the earth, but that which is heavenly tends heavenward. It is not the experience of the carnal nature that I adduce as evidences of your sonship, but the experience of God's grace, and Christ's preciousness to you as seen by faith and enjoyed by love, that I would ever proclaim as evidences of your being new creatures in Christ Jesus. Then will you find employment for the wings by grace to you given.

III. The exalted state promised, implies beauty. What beauty in the figure employed! and what beauty is seen in the bride of Christ when viewed in him! no comeliness in self is seen; we cry, "Look not upon me for I am black, the sun hath looked upon me." We may have thought ourselves passable in our own esteem, and fair to look upon, considering we had not so committed ourselves as to have rendered ourselves amenable to the law of our land; yet when the light, beauty, and perfections of Jesus looked upon us, what a contrast presented itself to view! We then saw ourselves in a proper light, and our deformity and blackness came into view. We wish no longer to be looked upon in self, but being beheld in Him in whom the Father is well pleased, we are seen beautiful with that robe of wrought gold, and raiment of needlework, in which we are arrayed by our Lord, and he will then have respect to the work of his own hand, and shall greatly desire our beauty. Psalm xlv.

The beauties of nature shall fade away; the beauties of art shall decay; the beauties of character shall pass off, and the beauties of person shall be laid in the dust; but the beauties of Jesus and his salvation put upon his Dove shall perpetually unfold themselves to our admiring view, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and amid the splendour of that day, we shall be free from all pestilential influences; for, unlike the beauties of nature, these shall never wither. In that land of perfection are no rude and wintry blasts to stunt our growth or blight our beauty; we shall be then satisfied when we awake in his likeness; we shall be with him, and be like him.

IV. There is implied in this promised state **GENTLENESS**. The dove is gentle, harmless, cannot defend itself, has no gall. When the Lord calls a man by his grace, and imparts that new nature, then is the lion-like man of Moab tamed, the persecuting Saul prays, the penitent Magdalene weeps, the dying thief relents, and sinners stern and ferocious, become humbled at the footstool, meek in spirit, and being led by the Spirit, they sit at the feet of Christ, clothed, and in their right mind. Here they become teachable; they learn that all things are ready; and having an "unction from the Holy One," they know all things. They learn here, that it pleased the Father that in Christ all fulness should dwell; everything God requires, and the sinner needs, has been done by him, for them.

Does law demand fulfilment? Here its claims are met. Does justice claim satisfaction? Here is full satisfaction given; for the sword has awoke, and the Shepherd has been smitten. Does Sinai's taunders roll? Calvary's blood flows down. Does

holiness require its purity to be maintained! Here is a Lamb without blemish. Does mercy wish to enter, and extend its peaceful sceptre, where wrath is felt, and troubles flow? There is now no obstacle to its full, free and blessed development of the sovereign bestowment of its heavenly favours, on sinners chosen in Him who stands as covenant Head and Source of all blessings. Thus they find all things ready, and they are made gentle enough to receive them. Opposition to God's will arises from nature; murmuring against God's providence arise from nature, bitterness, malice; wrath and impatience belongs to the nature which is from below, not from that which is from above. Nature stands up in its own defence, maintains its own rights, seeks its own end, glories in itself;—not so grace; it draws supplies from heaven, seeks help from above, stands on the Rock of ages; it is an exotic, and belongs to a lovelier clime, and shall by and bye ripen in glory. This is the nature possessed by the regenerate, which cannot sin, but which produces a hatred of sin, and a confession of sin; for it has no sympathy with it, but always antagonistic thereto, which constitutes the conflict within, and the desire to fly away and be at rest.

And in the fifth place, the promise implies **PURITY**. The dove was a clean bird, fit for food, fit for sacrifice, not like the raven. The raven sent by Noah returned not, but finding plenty of food in the carcasses floating on the waters, he fed thereon, and remained absent. The dove could not feed thereon, therefore returned. The profane and profane ravens who enter our ark as outer court worshippers, can always feed on the offal; like sharks which follow ships for a dinner, they eat up the sins of God's people, and find therein a delicious morsel; they can turn aside to the world when it suits their wishes, and feed on the vicious and immoral practices thereof. But when the Lord's people have no corn, wine and oil, they go fasting and mourning every one for his iniquity, like doves of the valley, (Ezek. vii. 16), and never can be satisfied till the Beloved spreads his table, saying, "Eat, O friends, and drink abundantly, O beloved." They cannot eat of that which dieth of itself; frames and feelings die of themselves; they cannot feed on them; free-will dies of itself, they cannot feed on that; self-righteousness will not feed them, corruption-preaching will not do either; they want something clear, sweet and precious; some of the Father's handfull of purpose; some of the juice of the grape, from the true Vine; (John xv. 1); some of the oil of joy flowing through the golden pipes; (Zech. iv.); these are the things which gladden the heart, cheer the faint, feed the hungry, and cause them to go forth in the dances of them that make merry.

These doves are not at home among the pots, they cannot dwell with swine; their native element is above; their prospects brighten, and they anticipate soon to migrate to happier scenes in sunnier climes.

They are not only pure in their tastes, but also in their nature: "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Song iv. 7. They are accepted in the Beloved; his righteousness is theirs: "This is the name by which she shall be called—the Lord our Righteousness;" and not only so, but purity imparted; Christ in her the hope of glory; she must be clean, for "she is all glorious within."—Psalm xlv.

Thus are we authorized to tell Zion that her warfare is accomplished; her Captain fought the battle single handed, and decided the contest, swallowed up death in victory, and he came forth crowned with triumph, and laden with new spoils, leading captivity captive; and the conquest is placed to Zion's account, so that she shall come off more than conqueror. The Conqueror died to achieve the conquest, but she shall live to wear the crown. "Tell her that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." She deserved hell; but he has pardoned, and she escapes hell: but in her escape from hell, she is not fit for, and entitled to heaven,

therefore something more is required; pardon for the past is not sufficient; for she is unable to answer for herself for the future, then she must love double; pardon for the past, and righteousness for the future; and in that she shall stand; stand in time, in death, and through eternity; and when she arrives there, she shall sing a new song—Rev. v. 9.—her song will no longer be mournful plaints, but full of triumphs; her eye no longer filled with tears, or her heart with sorrow; but joy and gladness shall fill her heart, and the days of her mourning shall be ended.

"Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more."

ELIAS GRIFFITHS.

REHOBOTH.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Your account of our late esteemed brother Mr. James Wild, of Richmond, brought to my recollection, memorials of bygone years. Mr. Wild, and his first wife were members of the Baptist Church, under my pastoral care at Brentford. Mr. Castleden baptised them, and I preached the sermon on the occasion, from Gal. iii. 27: "As many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." Our worthy brother living at Richmond, where there was no church formed on *New Testament* principles; became at length anxious to have a little *scriptural* tent erected there. He was foiled in his object in one or two instances, when nearly attained; but at length found "room" or rather the Lord found it for him. At my suggestion, the tablet inscribed "REHOBOTH," was placed on the front of the building, as circumstantially appropriate. I preached at the opening; and as I find the substance of my sermon yet preserved in Manuscript, I send it for insertion in *Earthen Vessel*. My various labours for upwards of twenty-four years since that day, has caused me (at least latterly) to lose sight of them; still as by *your* account, "the little crib is preserved; the gospel preached in it; sinners called; saints comforted; the doors are still open; and, as you hope, the blessing of heaven will still rest upon it." Then *proof* has been repeatedly given, that it was the Lord himself that made "room" for its erection; so that we have ground to look to him, "to lengthen the cords, and strengthen the stakes." I am your's,
Jireh, London, Sep. 1853. J. A. JONES.

REHOBOTH.

The substance of a sermon, preached at the Opening of the Baptist Chapel, at Richmond, Surrey, on April 17, 1829.

"And he called the name of it Rehoboth, [i.e. Room, margin,] and he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land."—Gen. xxvi. 22.

Invaluable instructions are afforded to the real bible christian, by the eventful lives, the removals hither and thither, and their constant acknowledgment of the Lord's hand in all their concerns, which marked the pilgrimage of the ancient Patriarchs. This is most strikingly illustrated in the conduct of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; who committed their way to the Lord, trusted in him, and behold him bringing it all to pass.—Psalm

xxxvii. 5. We see, in the commencement of this chapter, Isaac divinely directed, at a time when perhaps he was much exercised how to act, and what step to take. There was a *famine* in the land; and Isaac seemed (by the context) inclined to "go down into Egypt," to avoid it. The Lord directs him not to do so. He says to him, "Sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and will bless thee." (Verse 3.) So that Isaac continued in Gerar, and did not go down into Egypt. Often has this been the case, as respects ministers of the everlasting gospel. They frequently look *one* way, but the Lord directs *another*. See in the instance of Paul and Silas. The Lord had a work for them to do, at Philippi; they would have gone into Asia; why not? "*forbidden*." They assayed (tried) to go into Bithynia; but, "the Spirit suffered them not." But, to go and preach the gospel at Philippi, the door was open.—Acts. xvi. 6, 7, 9; and 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

We have an account of the prosperity of Isaac, and of his large possessions. What he sowed, increased an hundred-fold in one year. "*The Lord blessed him*." He became *envied*. Several wells were opened *afresh*, that Abraham his father had formerly digged, for the Philistines had stopped them, and filled them with earth. (Verse 15.)

When the eye of my mind takes only a cursory glance at our former gospel ministers, those princes, and nobles of old, who by the direction of the Lawgiver, explored and digged salvation's wells of up-springing, living water; (Num. xxi. 17, 18,) and perceive those wells in *our* day, if not altogether stopped up by our modern Philistines, yet, filled, many of them with *Fuller's earth*—I cry out, "Help, Lord, for the *faithful* fail from among the children of men."—Psalm xii. 1. Wells of water were greatly needed on account of Isaac's cattle. Three wells are here especially particularised by name. The first called "*Esek*," (contention,) the right to it causing strife and contention; the second "*Sitnah*," (hatred,) their strife having now increased to hatred, and maliciousness. Sad work this! It is true they were herdsmen, serving *different* masters; but when strife and confusion, and alas! even hatred is found among those who should "endeavor to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," surely these things ought not so to be. O, to listen to what Abram said to Lot. Gen. xiii. 7, 8.

However, it seems that after striving for one well with much contention, and even to hatred for one another; for a *third* well they strove not. They had now water sufficient, and "*room*" for their flocks and herds: they acknowledged the hand of the Lord to be in it, and anticipated fruitfulness and prosperity.

Let me now look away from Isaac, from his herdmen, and from the herdmen of Gerar

with all their contention and strife: these are long since gone by. But the word of our God, the gospel of his grace still remains and we may with joy draw water out of the wells of salvation, and sing while we draw, "Spring up, O well."

"Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

But, to the concerns of *this day*. We are assembled together to proclaim the name of the Lord; to record his name in this new place of worship; to preach and set forth Christ and him crucified therein, as the only salvation of poor sinners. Our friend who has erected this place of worship has named it "REHOBOTH," and I have promised to speak from the words I selected and read to you. Looking to the Lord, I shall aim to shew,

1. That which we are attending to to-day, is as the digging and opening of a well.

2. The application of the name "*Rehoboth*" to the well, the place this day opened. "For now the Lord hath made room for us."

3. That the reception of *present mercies* may warrant anticipations for the *future*; and that *now* the Lord having made "*room*," we say, in the language of faith, hope and humble reliance on Him, "*And we shall be fruitful in the land.*"

1. As there is, necessarily, water, *prior* to the discovery of it, or all the digging, opening, or exploring, will never produce it, *so of the gospel of the grace of God*. There is water, and that water shall be *found*; there is grace, and that grace shall be *discovered*. And the great and all-important work of gospel ministers, is to *dig*, and explore the same, crying out, "Spring up, O well." There are the "blessings of the deep that lieth under;" (Gen. xlix. 25), even of that deep that "*coucheth beneath.*" (Deut. xxxiii. 13), "*Hid in God the Fount supreme.*"

"Love's the fountain whence it rose:
Who its height or depth can tell?
Christ the channel where it flows,
O'er the banks of sin to swell!"

The everlasting love of God to his chosen in Christ, is as the mighty deep that coucheth (layeth low) beneath the land of spiritual Joseph; the *blessings* of the deep that layeth under. His love to Christ and the church in him, may be considered as *hid* and treasured up in the depths of the resolves of his eternal mind. (Psalm xxxvi. 8, 9). The *breaking forth* of that love, was an everlasting breaking forth in his eternal choice of the beloved ones, who were "chosen in *him* before the foundation of the world." Eph. i. 4. Here the *well* may be considered as discovered in Christ, who is the great Depository of all love, all grace and all glory. (See Col. i. 19.)

Another discovery of grace, as of living water, is in the everlasting covenant. Here sprung up to view the grace of Christ, and

the bowels of his mercy, when he cried out, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." Ps. xl. 8.

Another discovery is, in Jesu's incarnation; in his life of holy obedience; in all his sorrows, blood-shedding and death; in his glorious resurrection, as illustrative of the completeness of his mediatorial work upon earth; and his intercessory life may be considered as a breaking forth from our Fore-runner in the realms of glory, of this *overflowing well*. But,

II. The digging and discovery of this well.

It lays hid in the sacred Word. (John v. 39). — "*Search the Scriptures.*" It is discovered by the Holy Spirit to living men, who are made alive by his gracious operations on their souls. These persons find Christ, and they find life and salvation through faith in his life-giving name. They draw living water for the supply of their souls from him. He gives it them, and it becomes in them "a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life." John iv. 14. Spiritual men and women, who have found Christ for themselves, and drank of this living water, have much concern and anxiety on the behalf of others also; their desire is that other poor sinners, as well as themselves, may be brought "to know *Him*, whom to know is life eternal." Now, these *herdmen* of Isaac had the care of many flocks and herds, and were solicitous to procure *water* for them. So a *gospel* herdman, a minister of *God's* anointing and sending forth, has a concern for immortal souls. He discerns the sad state poor sinners are in: he beholds them as Ezekiel did the *dry bones* in the valley of vision, that, "Lo, they were *very dry.*" Ezek. xxxvii. 2. He preaches the gospel of the blessed God: — it is owned and blessed.

"Lo, God the Spirit deigns to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey His powerful voice—
They move, they waken, they rejoice."

The solicitude of some of the Lord's people to have the gospel proclaimed where *they reside*, is often very great indeed; and the attainment thereof seems to be the summit of all their wishes. (See Psalm cxxxii. throughout). Now, these choice blessings are promised in the Word; and with the staff of God's promises, ministers go forth and dig; they explore; and by the direction of the Lawgiver, they find wells of living water; and they sing, "Spring up, O well." Numbers xxi. 18. They wrestle with the Lord; they plead his word; they believe his almighty power; they depend upon his faithfulness. They meet, it may be, with many disappointments; contention *here*; strife and confusion, or, it may be, even hatred *there*; but they give it not up; *they dig again*; and, in the Lord's own good time, *he* appears and *rewards their toil*; makes a way, discovers an opening, blesses with "*room*," and

they name the same "*Rehoboth*;" saying,—
"Now the Lord hath made room for us."

This brings me to my next general head.

II. The application of the name to this day's important concerns.

What claim have we on the Lord, and what ground to believe that we to-day are favoured with his smiles, and are under his Divine direction? That he has given,

1. Room to preach the everlasting gospel in this place.

2. Room to set forth to poor sinners their lost and undone state and condition, and point them to the only Remedy for sin and uncleanness—even Jesus.

3. Room to exalt the Person, office, and ministry, of God the Holy Ghost, in regeneration, calling, conversion, &c., &c.

4. Room to maintain the honour of Christ as Zion's King and Lawgiver; to treat of the nature of his ordinances, and the practical obedience which his people should render to him.

5. Room to erect a sheep-cote; to have a church of Christ gathered together according to gospel order.

6. Room to feed the flock of slaughter; to roll away the stone from the well's mouth, and water the flock. Gen. xxix. 10. And that the Lord's ministers, like Abraham's servant standing by the well, may tell to the Lord's Rebekah's, that the Lord hath blessed their Master Jesus greatly. Gen. xxiv.

[The above six particulars were enlarged upon at the time.]

Now as the Lord alone doth all this; for whoever may be the instrument employed, the work and performance is all of the Lord, (Psalm cxviii. 23), so there is room to believe that he will do according to all his promise; but, "for these things (he says) I will be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." This brings me to my third and last particular.

III. Present mercies warranting anticipations for the future. "And we shall be fruitful in the land."

It is blessed when the graces of *faith* and *hope* are in exercise, depending on the Lord. What may be brought about in days to come, in this place, is not for me to say. We have his word to depend upon. (See Isaiah lv. 8—11). And the day of small things is not to be despised. (Zech. iv. 10.) And the prophet Isaiah anticipated an abundance of rain, when only a small cloud appeared like a man's hand. From very small beginnings I have seen great things result. And, I have also seen the fairest prospects blighted, wither and come to nought. We find important lessons are in Psalm cvii. 33, to the end. Of one thing I am assured: that all the purposes of infinite wisdom, connected with the erection of this place of worship, must be accomplished; but what those purposes are, is with the Almighty purposer.

May the pure, unadulterated gospel be preached here, that so with joy the Lord's people may draw water out of the wells of salvation. Isaiah xii. 3.

May this house be a Beth-el, the house of God; a Beth-esda—the house of mercy; a Beth-lehem—the house of bread; a Beth-car—the house of the Lamb, and the house of knowledge: a Beth-shan—a good dwelling-house; a Beth-any—the house of song in affliction; or, as it may be rendered, the house of obedience; let it also be a Beth-ezel—a neighbour's house. But O, may it never become either a Beth-aven—the house of vanity—or a Beth-oron, the house of wrath. But, my friends, you are fully warranted to expect future mercies; and to conclude,—
"We shall be fruitful in the land." The place is erected for the express purpose of lifting up Christ therein on the gospel pole; for the full developement of Bible principles in doctrine, experience and practice. The Lord make you fruitful in every good word and work; and increase you in the knowledge of God. Col. i. 10.

Thus have I aimed to drop a few things, calculated, with the Lord's blessing, to encourage and stimulate you; and also as suited to the present occasion. I close, leaving all with Him whose word shall not return unto him void. I shall watch respecting you; and, I hope to be enabled to pray for you. In conclusion: may there be a standing up for the truth of God in this place; for ALL the truth. May you love the truth, enjoy the truth, and live the truth.

"Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know."

The Lord grant it, for Jesu's sake. Amen.

THE

True Position of Christian Deacons

IN THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH.

THE insertion of a paragraph some time since reflecting on the occasional abuse of the deacon's office, has given birth to several papers which have come to hand. It has been our mercy for many years to stand in connection with deacons who have purchased to themselves a good degree, and some boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus. We have travelled some thousands of miles, and witnessed the spirit, the movements, the zeal and the self-denial of not a few good men, who stand in the honourable and very responsible position of deacon in many of our provincial churches. It would, therefore, very ill become us, to allow that office, or the good men who stand in it, to be thrown into disrepute. Of course, there are some crooked sticks, and some officious personages, with here and there a Diotrephus to be found in the midst of the saints; there are also some pastors, who are far from being perfect men;

and, perhaps, a few private members who ought to be the last to throw a stone at their brethren; but, the few imperfections to be found, will never justify a general censure upon the whole body. We purpose,—God helping,—to give, month by month, a few papers under this head, and commence with the following from a very excellent brother who has, for years, proved himself not only a faithful, but a fruitful servant in one of the oldest Baptist churches on the Surrey side of our metropolis.—Ed.

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No. I.

Dear Sir: I should suppose there are some hundreds of deacons who read the *Vessel*. I expected that some one of them would have answered your correspondent, on the subject of "Deacons and Ministers," inserted on the wrapper of your August number. Perhaps they were like myself—waiting for some "abler pen" to take up the subject. Though they have been silent, I see by your September number that another ministerial brother has availed himself of the opportunity of aiming a blow at the "other cheek;" but you have very wisely warded it off. May you enjoy the promise to its fullest extent,—
"Blessed are the peace-makers."

If good men were to attend to the old puritanical rule, "Never do anything that you cannot ask the blessing of the Lord upon," bitterness, wrath, clamour, and evil-speaking would be done away from us. That men who are under the dominion of satan should be hateful, and hating one another, we do not wonder at; but for the followers of the meek and lowly Lamb of God to publish the faults and failings of their brethren is very unbecoming. "These things ought not to be." "Our worthy Christian brother" believes the sorry fact,—
"there is fast gaining ground a feeling of opposition to the pastoral office." Such may be the case; but I think if he had carefully sought for the *cause*, he would not have passed by a great many stumbling-stones, and made a dead stop at what he considers the principal—that is, "the deacons."

It is an aphorism in social life, "A man that wishes to be respected, must respect himself." It is also a Scriptural truth, "A man that would have friends, (or retain those he has), must behave himself friendly." If it was necessary for Paul to give this admonition to Titus, it is as necessary for ministers to observe now, "Let no man despise thee." (See Abraham Booth's *Pastoral Caution*).

"See how they degrade the sacred office by becoming slaves to their deacons," says your correspondent. Is there not other things that degrade the sacred office, such as levity, moroseness, covetousness, a deviation from the path of strict moral rectitude, that the Word of God enjoins upon all believers,

and especially those who are commanded to be examples in the church? "Poor Joseph Irons" is called in for a witness; and it is requested that we should give him credit for *once*, for what he has *said*; which is this: "Let the deacons attend to things temporal, the pastor to things spiritual." Saying and doing is very different; did he act according to this rule himself? I was not sufficiently acquainted with him to know, therefore will not go by hear-say. If I had asked my late friend Pope, he could have informed me whether pounds, shillings and pence were a matter of indifference to him. I trust they are both now where a purer spirit is breathed, and a better language spoken, than when he designated his deacons* "lay lords," and considered it an insult for them to offer an opinion to an "Ambassador of the King of heaven and earth."

"Confine men to their proper sphere," our christian brother says. If I had been reading the orders of a commanding officer in the army, I should have understood it, (having been brought up among military men,) but from the servant of Jesus Christ, it sounds rather incongruous. Then the question is, how are they to be confined? but suppose this desirable object is attained—what is to follow? "We should not see such strife in the church for the deaconship." I have been more than forty-three years a member of strict baptist churches, and I must acknowledge, that I have never seen that "striving for the deaconship;" but the reverse—a shrinking from its responsibility—a determination not to stand if elected—and frequently a resignation of the office, because the individuals have found the duties too arduous.

I once knew an instance, where a minister canvassed the church to get a rich man into the office, and was sorely displeased because he was not allowed to nominate who the church was to choose from.

William Jones in his *Biblical Cyclopadia*, on the word Deacon, has a just remark upon this point; speaking of the election of deacons, "The apostles said, *Look ye out* therefore among yourselves, seven men, &c. Even among those churches which arrogate to themselves, the highest pretensions to apostolic constitution, we may find some entirely reversing the scripture rule; and the pastor or the presbyters of the church, instead of retiring like the apostles and leaving it to the body from whom all official authority emanates, to make its own election, claiming the privilege of *going before the church*, and pointing out the individuals whom he or they may wish to have chosen; a plain proof how much easier it is to declaim against the spirit of Anti-christ, than to divest ourselves of it."

If a minister can be so blind as to hold up

* See his Memoirs, pages 146—148.

improper persons to "admiration because of advantage," and churches can prefer property men, to pious men, they must take the consequences that will inevitably follow, for they deserve them.

We are further told, "the deacon should have the same *spirit* as the minister." Query: What sort of a *spirit* does the minister possess? If it is in the *spirit* of Christ—Amen, they will walk together and agree. If it is his own *spirit*, and he wishes to be lord over God's heritage, and the deacon the same *spirit*—woe to that church.

It has been said that the world was not large enough for the two Cæsars, and we may be well assured the meeting-house is not large enough for two lords.

"Should have the same *spirit*, (our brother says), but not the same *POWER*." I feel grieved that such a "great swelling word," should come from one who knows himself to be a pardoned rebel, a worm. "The princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion; and the great exercise authority; but with you it shall not be so. Whosoever will be the greatest among you let him be your deacon; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your slave, (*Campbell's Notes* on Matt. 20, 26, 27.) This said he who hath all *power* in heaven and earth." If deacons are what they ought to be, they will hold up the hands of their ministers, as Aaron and Hur did the hands of Moses; and if ministers possess a right *spirit*, they would not envy the deacons, or people prophesying, or doing all the good they can, if they did but speak and act as the oracles of God speak and direct.

Again: "Let the offices be kept *distinct*," &c. Who is to draw the line and say, "Hitherto shalt thou go." The Redeemer prays that we may be one; we are one body, and if the eye is single to the glory of God, the body will be full of light; whoever plants, or whoever waters, or sows, or reaps, we rejoice together, and give God the glory. The gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, and the offices assigned to the members of his church, are so beautifully blended that one cannot say to another I have no need of thee; like the colors of the rainbow, we cannot perceive the commencement of one, or the other. A building fitly framed together.

What is meant by the expression "When a *Philippian* is really wanted," I am at a loss to understand. I have asked much wiser persons than myself for an explanation, but they could not give it. An old lady says it means "a jailor to flog ministers." This I can hardly think is the writer's meaning—a subject that is more likely, I should think, to cause anguish of soul than to give occasion to indulge in irony. Further, we are told that "deacons may help;" so I should think, and so ought every member, or the charge of burying their talent will one day be brought against them. They may help, "but not

1853.

lead." It is well when a minister leads, as the apostle Paul did, and can say, "Be ye *followers* of us as we are of Christ." "They are second to the pastor." I read we are all one in Christ Jesus. "They never ought to *rule*." What has been said on the word "power" may apply to this word *rule*, only this I would say—if "the peace of God ruled in our hearts," there would be no contention for power.

"A worthy Christian brother believes the sorry facts he complains of, though he is not a sufferer." I am thankful I have not seen the evil he complains of. It can answer no good end in spreading abroad each other's faults. David treats his people when a calamity had befallen Israel, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon."

"Let's no more contend, or blame each other, Blamed enough elsewhere; but strive In offices of love how we may lighten Each other's burdens."

The world is ever ready to triumph over our failings; the enemy of souls is ever accusing. Let this be our earnest enquiry, "Is there (no) balm in Gilead that the wound may be healed? What can we do to stay the plague?" It is well to know the cause of it; it is useless to try to shift the blame to another—this mean expedient the first transgressor tried. Let us examine *ourselves*, prove our own selves by the word of God, and we shall be constrained to say "In many things we all offend." James will give us a correct solution to the question "From whence come wars and fightings?" And he also gives us the direction how a better state of things is to be obtained—"Humble yourselves in the sight of God, and he shall lift you up." It is from our own deceitful and desperately wicked hearts proceed all the mischief we witness in the church; and He that searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins hath told us we know not what manner of *spirit* we are of. In the closet we acknowledge we are less than the least of all saints and the chief of sinners; then in our little circle a frown, a slight, a word offends our self-importance—we think we have not that respect paid to us that is due to a person of our rank, talents, office, &c.

Is there not a lamentable deficiency of deep, unwrought, real, heart-religion? that if we possessed more of would lead us to *live* the gospel, and not to be contented with the form of godliness, or anything short of its sanctifying humbling power. If we lived under an abiding sense of what we profess to believe,—the omniscience and omnipresence of God, should we speak and act as we frequently do? May God the Holy Spirit lead us *into* the truth; may ministers and members be led earnestly to pray that God in his infinite mercy would pour out upon us the graces of his Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, tem-

perance, that we may learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and find rest, that we may live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit.

If the early Christians had not walked in the fear of God we should not read of their enjoying the comforts of the Holy Ghost;

and when that happy time arrives when Ephraim shall not vex Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim, (nor deacons pastors, nor pastors deacons) it shall come to pass in that day they shall *fear* the Lord and his goodness.

A DEACON.

A

Few Words from the Editor: and a Brief Notice of some of our Churches,

To my many kind brethren, who, in the midst of my present affliction, have written condoling letters, this grateful epistle is addressed.

I commenced it while on my journey into Essex.

I have proved again that the Scriptures are unfolded to; and solemnly confirmed in, us, as we pass through the varied trials, and realise the numerous mercies connected with the life that now is. The heavy bereaving dispensation with which I have been so recently and unexpectedly visited, has thrown my mind into deeper exercises, of certain kinds, than I have known for some years. Sometimes I have been thrown into the miry clay of contingencies; and have been ready to reproach myself because I did not call in a certain physician who was laid much upon my mind; but the fact is, I was fearful—having called in two different heads of hospitals, and my dear wife having so much confidence in her regular medical attendant—I was fearful practically to question that skill by turning to the Homœopathic school. Had I been permitted to have done so at the first, a hope hangs about me that her valuable life to me might have been spared. At other times, something would say to me,—“This is a judgment; it is the beginning of great sorrows about to come upon you.” Under this fearful feeling I have sunk down low indeed; and have crept to the feet of my heavenly Friend, and groaned out a prayer to him for mercy—for deliverance; and for a little light upon my dark and dreary path. Then again, when I have laboured to wrap my mind up in the happy persuasion that the disembodied spirit of my much-loved Kerenhappuch was in glory, ten thousand times more happy than ever I could have made her on this earth; (and I did feel a pleasure in making her happy)—then, in would rush the fiery dart, “What proof have you that there is a heaven? and what evidence have you that she is *now* in glory?” Down I have sunk again. In the midst of all this, let me tell you, there has been an inward certainty that the Lord gave her to me to do me good—and took her from me at the appointed time, having, from all eternity, predestinated

her stay on earth to be short, and her entrance into glory to be sure; and then my restless spirit would stretch herself with the most earnest desires to look into the heavenly city, and gaze upon the glorious Person of our exalted God-Man, and all the blissful spirits surrounding his throne, and ranging the lofty and the lovely hills of that “better country” of which Isaac speaks so sweetly when he says:

“There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from our’s.”

In truth, I have so tried to be more certain about heaven, and to become so much more acquainted with heavenly things and heavenly spirits, until, really I have felt almost careless about anything or anybody on the earth. How eagerly have I read Mr. Wadsworth on the Immortality of the Soul, and the evidences which the Bible furnishes of its immediate entrance into glory. Robert Bolton’s Treatise on Death, and the Heavenly State, I have also turned to again and again; and then I have sat down and wept in secret heart-aching sorrow to think I was left in this cold and careless world to combat with its conflicting elements, without one heart into whom I might sometimes pour my sorrows, and from whence the purest and sweetest sympathy might be received. Strange, indeed, have been my inward trials; but in the midst of all, there has been grace given, steadily to press on in the course of my ministerial and editorial responsibilities; and again, without one doubt, I must say, “*the Lord is good; a Strong-hold in the day of trouble.*”

One morning, while my heart was fast pressing up heaven-ward, in affectionate feelings, I took the Bible to read my morning portion to that little family I have left, when I was led to read the first of Acts; and those words of the angels’, “*Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? THIS SAME JESUS,*” &c., particularly arrested my mind. They were a kind of gentle reproof to me; they seemed to say, “Go thy way in preaching the word—in publishing the truth; in doing all the good you can to the sick and sorrowing sons of men, until thy course is finished; for thou

shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the days." And so, dear friends, by the good hand of God upon me, I have been helped with some degree of patience and resignation to press on in the different spheres of labour wherein a gracious Providence has placed me, and never surely did I more heartily desire increasingly to know, steadily to follow, and devoutly to serve our blessed God and Saviour, than I do in these days of deep sorrow and pungent grief.

I venture once more to give you

A FEW FRAGMENTS,

GATHERED UP

While walking among some of the little gardens connected with our portion of the militant Zion.

ESSEX.

COGGESHALL, MONDAY, SEP. 12, 1853.

THE anniversary of the old Baptist chapel in this town, was held yesterday; I reached there safely on Saturday evening, very low in spirit, and empty in mind. Early yesterday morning I was favoured to have the promise (which our dear Master gave to Nathaniel) made very precious to me—"Thou shalt see greater things than these." John i. 1. Whether this promise was designed for the church generally, or for any individual soul, God knoweth. We had crowded congregations—the smiles of heaven—and a bountiful supply of that which is needful for an honest passage through the world. God helped me to preach three times; and a hope lives in my heart that when the great day shall come, the labours of the past day shall be found not in vain. Generally speaking, the causes where truth is maintained in this part of Essex are in a low condition. We had friends from the different churches round about; and some of the reports which they brought, by no means bespeak a very prosperous state of things. Here in Coggeshall, the people are satisfied with their pastor; yea, they are thankful to God for him. Brother Collis's ministry is acceptable, edifying, and gathering; but his trials have sharply tested his strength. A very intelligent friend, who sat for some years under Mr. James Wells, said to me, "I feel more at home under Mr. Collis, than I have done for a long time." I was pleased to hear this; it was a confirmation to me that there was both life and light in our good brother's testimony. We were told that friend John Corbitt is likely to abide at Chelmsford; and it is not unlikely that some of the separating walls will be taken down, and the sheep at Chelmsford soon all turned into one fold again. If the Lord should be pleased to bless brother John's labours, then it would be wise, perhaps, not to attempt to hold up divisions; but we do not dictate. At Braintree, brother Warren still holds on; one of his people said—"I heard Mr. Warren most blessedly this morning." The Spirit of the living God still hedews his tender branch, and makes it bear some wholesome fruit; this, to God's living family, is of more real value than all the natural talent in this world. At Halstead, things are looking sadly; our brother Bartholomew has been laid down in a deep affliction for many

weeks; he needs the sympathies and the prayers of the Lord's family, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. A brother minister,—with a large family, a long affliction, and a very poor people, is one of the cases where charity should never fail to do her utmost to cheer the almost fainting spirit in Achors gloomy vale. At Dunmow, things are in a sad state. The "Association" have possession of the only chapel belonging to the Baptists; and they cannot find a man either to suit the Generals or the Particulars; still, they will not give up their hold of the pulpit: it's a dog in the manger; and none but our great and gracious Master can turn out these money-changers. At Dunmow, there is George Holliday, too, preaching in his own hired house; and, although he is not so much encouraged as he could wish, still, as he has heard that the Catholics are coming to Dunmow, he is determined there to abide; for should he leave Dunmow, "the cause of Christ must certainly fall to the ground." So George thinks. Well, it is astonishing what a very high value some men do set upon their own poor weak instrumentality. We esteem George Holliday as a good Christian man; but we fear his determination to stop at Dunmow will do more real injury to the cause of truth than ever he can do it good. Run home to Malmesbury, George, by all means, and there tarry until the Lord sends for you. Tidings from Colchester are by no means cheering. Brethren Brocklehurst and Chappell are both proclaiming the gospel in that dull metropolis of the country; but heart-breaking power, heavenly dew, and anointing oil, they would both be glad more richly to enjoy. Friend Thurston, of Harwich, bids fair to be a useful man. He preached the anniversary sermons at Providence Chapel, Halstead, this year: and many of the old Essex hearers and lovers of sound gospel truth speak well of him, as one among the very few who seem to be fitted for usefulness in our churches. Brethren, pray for the Essex flocks. We are fast nearing London. The Lord be praised for his mercy and his truth. Apart from the gospel, mine is now a lonely path; but all my times are in his hand. Amen.

Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New Road.

THE first anniversary of the re-opening of this place of worship, was holden Monday, September 12, 1853. Mr. Coles, of Brentford, preached in the morning; Mr. Chivers, the pastor, in the afternoon. He gave us, (from Ezekiel xxxvii. 7, "So I prophesied as I was commanded," &c.) a discourse well laid out with much energy, decision, and feeling. Brother Chivers's whole heart and soul is evidently in the work. He thinks much out of the pulpit, and labours hard in it; and a large measure of success has been given to him. In the evening, Mr. James Wells crowned the services of the day, by giving us a sermon full of weighty, and deeply important matter, from Judges vi. 17: "And Gideon said unto him, If now I have found grace in thy sight, then shew me a sign, that thou talkest with me." The trembling hope, and the earnest request, were the two leading points; but in fact, the preacher took up the whole of Gideon's biblical history, and throwing it into the gospel mould, opened all the different parts in an experimental and

truly Christ-exalting manner. Gideon's burnt-offering, and his "Shalom" altar—his fleece both wet and dry—the lessening the number of his men—the barley loaf—his trumpets and pitchers, &c., &c. All these signs were spiritually, consistently, and powerfully opened; in such well-clothed ideas as to commend the preacher's testimony to every right thinking mind. In our travels through the country, many a shallow pate and yellow eye have sneered and snarled at us for our feeble illustrations of men in the ministry; but we can never be altered. The gospel of Christ to us, is of infinite value and importance; hundreds of men tap and talk about it; while but very few, with holy unction, christian courage, heavenly light, and convincing power, enter into it, bringing forth the invaluable treasures which it contains. When we sit under a man thus favoured, we will, God helping, bless the Lord for such a privilege, and hold him up on the flag of our vessel, that others may be fed with wholesome bread and get their hearts made glad.

CHIPPENHAM, SATURDAY, SEPT. 17.

HAVING spent nearly the whole of this week among the little churches in these parts, and being now on my way homeward to London, I purpose to employ an hour or two on my journey in writing a brief record of my travels in this western plantation. I have looked, listened, and laboured for the information of all who are interested in Zion's welfare; a few fragments are here gathered up. Some people think that a travelling preacher's life is a pleasant one. I must confess that the diversity of scenery, the changes of society, and the happy liberty now and then enjoyed in a work so blessed and so valuable—these things have a tendency to cheer my present lonely position; and was it not for great weakness in body, and occasional dark conflicts in the soul, a decidedly gospel man cannot spend his days to greater spiritual advantage, whether his own soul or the souls of others be considered. The afflictions and depressions of our churches and their pastors are often a great drawback. Still,

"Though our cup seems mix'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

I left London last Tuesday morning by the six-o'clock train from Paddington, and reached Bath in safety before noon. Dined with pastor Huntley's son; and then with him walked to his father's chapel at Limpley Stoke. Limpley Stoke is a village where not many years since there was no gospel place nor gospel preaching, except in the little old church, and there the clergyman did not afford them a sermon but once in a month. By little movements the gospel was carried into Stoke; our friend Huntley was one of the first-fruits of the itinerant labours of good men who occasionally went over from Bath. Since then God has called him to the ministry; a nice chapel and Sunday schools have been built; for some length of time now the gospel of Christ has been preached, and not without effect, because God had a people here to be gathered in. I was specially invited to preach to the people here on my way to the Trowbridge anniversary. I did so. We had a small bench of bishops; a fair congregation; and I was favoured to enjoy my Master's presence. The good deacon could not

cordially receive all the message, but this arose from a misunderstanding on his part, and a lack of clear elucidation on my own. I fear we are not always sufficiently explicit in defining the different parts of our discourses. I certainly never meant that the Bible was not to be read to all, or the gospel preached to all, but I did mean, and I do mean that a revelation, a saving revelation, and a holy realisation of the sweet mysteries of the cross are made known to none so as to change the heart, purify the spirit, and sanctify the mind, but to the election of grace. "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father." I am fearful that many of our country ministers are not clear and decided enough in distinguishing between the common and the saving operations of the Holy Ghost. I have reason to fear this: but I cast no reflection on any brother. I know many professors are blind to and at enmity against the truth; I also know many weaklings in the Lord's family will receive anything from their own pastor, while they will carefully criticise and soon condemn a stranger in the pulpit. These things we must expect to meet with in this imperfect state. Some of our Londoners would be pleased to see what a delightful pastoral residence our good brother here inhabits. Here is literally a fountain of gardens and a spring of waters. Quarries of Wiltshire whetstone, have been dug out; and in the cavities, and on the risings of the rocks, you have gardens beautifully laid out; and by flights of stone steps you ascend from garden to garden; from shrubberies to summer-houses, until you might almost be entreated to believe you too had found out Jacob's ladder and the way out of this lower world.

The next morning, I and my little son, walked from this delightful spot into Trowbridge, where we found our brother Allen, who preached the first anniversary sermon in the afternoon from the words, "Called to be saints."

In the evening the *Earthen Vessel* preached from Ephesians iv: "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and some teachers, for the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ," &c., &c.

The next day we both preached again: but the crowning discourse, they tell me, was from brother Allen, on Thursday evening, who gave them a precious discourse from the 45th Psalm. I did not hear it, for I had to speak that evening at Bearfield, in brother Silas Lambert's Chapel. We had a place full of people, and hearts full of apparent delight, while I preached to them from, "My Father who gave them me is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." I was truly thankful to find that had Bearfield is still privileged to have a living ministry in their midst. The next morning brother Allen left for London, leaving me to finish the week's work by preaching at Southwick. In carefully considering the state of things in the churches round about and in Trowbridge, I feel but little must be said. I saw the venerable John Warburton: he is above 76, and still occupies the pulpit at Zion, and other places: but it is to be feared that these his last days are not the happiest he has spent in the vinyard. He has been a very highly-favoured servant of God—he has been

much indulged—a good work and a great one has been done through his instrumentality; and we hope his end will be PERFECT PEACE. The pastors and the churches at Bethel and Bethesda are both progressing. I received the greatest kindness from brethren Webster and Edwards: in their different spheres of labour, I sincerely pray that their utmost desires may be granted to them.

BRIGHTON, TUESDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1853.

LEFT home early this morning, and have been to Brighton, where I have spoken twice, and am now returning; it will be midnight before my day's work is over. I feel indeed as though I must decline preaching and travelling so much; my heart and flesh fail; but I do hope a God in Christ is my portion for ever. I feel as though Brighton is completely barricaded in—in a gospel sense:—for many years there have been Mr. Vinall, Mr. Sedgwick, and Mr. Savory;—these in their different paths have been the leading men of truth in Brighton. In later days, there has been Mr. John Grace; who, in gathering people, and obtaining support, has been very successful. Mr. Atkinson, late of Woolwich, is now in Mr. Sedgwick's pulpit; some are for him; some are against him. It will be no easy task for any man to maintain a standing in that pulpit where Joseph Sedgwick laboured so happily for such a lengthened period. The work of the Lord in Brighton, if it is prospering at all, is very slow and silent. Brighton is a mighty place; and is increasing fast. There are many who go forth out of Brighton to preach Christ's gospel to the village churches; but in Brighton itself we think it requires much better men than ourselves to break up a new piece of ground.

Knowl Hill Baptist Chapel.

BETWEEN Maidenhead and Twyford, in a delightful corner of Berkshire, with Oxfordshire and Bucks close at hand, on a small summit called "Knowl Hill," stands the little Baptist Chapel which some years since was built for Mr. Savory, now of Brighton. In the beautiful little cottage adjoining the chapel dwells the elder pastor, (for Knowl Hill has two—brethren Mason and Webb), Benjamin Mason and his excellent spouse. On Thursday, September 22nd, two sermons were preached, one in the afternoon by Mr. James Raynsford, of Horsham, from those sweet words, "Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, according to thy word," and the other, such as it was, by myself, in the evening. It so happened that I could not leave London in time to be conveyed in the same state-carriage as carried the Sussex ox from the railway station to the preaching station; so I was compelled to walk full five miles; and having this journey all to myself, I had plenty of opportunity for lonely reflection. The road I had to travel lay in the immediate neighbourhood of the birth-place of my late beloved wife; and many a wave of heavy sorrow rolled over my mind as I gazed in the distance upon the very spot of this earthly globe where Kerenhappuch Hunt first drew her breath, and spent her earliest days. Every scene that I was acquainted with in her history, down to the period of her death, crossed over my spirit; and sometimes I stood and gazed in sadness upon the rustic and variegated scenes then surrounding me; again, in retrospective reflection I walked on, brooding over my lonely lot, until deep melancholy enwrap my mind and fiery darts of infidelity pierced my soul. No good word came in to my

relief, nor do I recollect being able to lift up one prayer to the Lord for help and strength to overcome the weakness within, and the powerful suggestions to question the genuineness of my faith from without. In this state of mind I entered the chapel just as the afternoon preacher was reading his text, "THOU HAST DEALT WELL WITH THY SERVANT, ACCORDING TO THY WORD." Immediately I felt something say in my soul, "SO HE HAS DEALT WELL WITH ME;" and from that moment a sweet freedom was given to my spirit, and she smiled and felt indeed that God has not left off to send his people help from the sanctuary. We had a comfortable and happy day; but I was sorry to learn that both at the last anniversary and on the occasion now referred to the collections were very poor; yea, so low, that I am sure the dear old servant of God and his faithful rib must endure much hardness in the coming winter if the good hand of Christian sympathy is not put forth. I had almost said, I wish I had it in my power, I would gladly visit and administer to the necessities of all such venerable and useful servants of Christ as Benjamin Mason, of Knowl Hill, truly is.

The Islington Baptist Cause.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—With a view of magnifying the name of Him who reigneth in Zion, we again record his goodness in the extension of our borders, by inclining a few more of his subjects to become obedient children, and to walk in the footsteps of the eunuch who went down into the water and was baptized. Nine persons—three married couples, and three females,—went down into the water, in the baptistry of Homerton Row Chapel, and were baptized by our pastor, Mr. Glaskin, on Thursday evening, September 1st; and were added to the church on the following Lord's-day. How cheering to see husband and wife walking together in the ordinances of the Lord! May He who inclined them to this act of obedience, enable them by his grace to go on their way rejoicing!

"With the scrip on their back,
And the staff in their hand,
March on with joy
Through the enemy's land;
The way may be rough,
It cannot be long;
May they smooth it with hope,
And cheer it with song."

Your's in the truth, H. HALL.

Anniversary at Stretham, Isle of Ely.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

MR. EDITOR.—If you can find room for the enclosed, you may ship it for the various ports to which you may be bound.

Stretham again! yes; Stretham, the centre-spot for the free-will-exalting, the free-grace-opposing neighbourhood. Stretham lifts her head again, although more than twelve months' secrecy has been employed by lawyers, preachers, and people, who have consulted together to bind the little cause with bands, to tear it in pieces, and to separate pastor from his people; as yet, however, blessed be the Rock of our salvation, they have not been permitted to accomplish their designs. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. This is our sheet anchor; and we have not been forgotten of him; neither will we cease to praise his name either from the pulpit or the press. No, no, for we will continue to publish the name of the Lord, we will ascribe

greatness to our God; "He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he."

On July 26th, we had a monster gathering at our anniversary. We were truly thankful that the Lord had put it into the hearts of so many ministers and Christian friends so kindly and so timely to sympathise with us—to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Our brother James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, London, has lost none of his fire, none of his confidence in the truths he has so long maintained, nor his courage in boldly defending them from the pulpit; and under the sweet, the humble, and the holy temper of the gospel, they were brought into solemn, soul-refreshing, ministerial exercise, for in the afternoon of the day he preached most sweetly from Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," to a crowded congregation. About 300 sat down to tea in a barn kindly lent for the occasion by our esteemed friend R. Taylor, Esq., of High-hill, who is ever ready to assist the little cause.

In the evening the chapel was crammed with throngs of anxious hearers, while our valued, long-standing, and highly-esteemed brother Wells again poured forth, under the favoured presence of his Master, a flood of stirring powerful eloquence on the truthful, the solemn, and the feeling elucidation of Dent. xxxiii. 13, 14. Many found it good to be there, and returned refreshed; nor will they soon forget the precious things, the dew, nor the deep that coucheth beneath. Many prayers have been presented that his life may long be spared to visit Stretham, and that the Surrey Tabernacle may never want a minister unworthy of their present pastor for his usefulness in town or country, for his fire, his confidence, and his courage in the maintenance of the truth.

J. CRAMPIN.

A CASE

Calling for Christian Sympathy.

WE have received a painful letter from our afflicted brother, Henry Bartholomew, Baptist minister, of Halstead, Essex, from whence, (without his suggestion or permission), we extract the following. We shall urgently appeal to the Society for the Relief of Faithful Ministers in Affliction; and we trust this note may move many to aid a deeply tried Christian brother.—ED.

My dear Brother in affliction's vale.—You and I have had to travail of late in the deep waters of affliction, but of a different nature. But the promise runs, "I will be with thee." I dare not say it has not been so; though I have been brought to the borders of the grave; devastation and ruin threatening me; for typhus fever has been very bad in this town; and report has gone out, I and my family were laid up with it; so that my shop has been almost deserted; yet, amidst all, I have been at times sweetly favoured in my soul; could leave all in the hands of my covenant God, death or life, adversity or prosperity, I could meet, these words were given me. "My God shall supply all your needs," &c. And again: "Thou who hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and bring me up again from the depths of the earth," &c. And again, (Psalm cxviii.

17, 18). What the Lord intends to do with me I know not. To sense and reason things look very dark; but I am favoured to hang on the faithfulness of a covenant God. I am now gathering strength; can just manage to walk across the room; but another trial has sprung up; my dear partner is very ill, which makes it a very trying, expensive time; but I believe it is all right. I am much straitened.

I believe a way will be made, for these words have followed me, "I will work, and who shall let it!" Our friends, I believe, have done what they can, yet it is but little they can do. If you can suggest anything for me, do. How mysterious are the dealings of our God towards his people! But doubtless there is a necessity for these painful dispensations—there is such a proneness in us to be cleaving to something short of the fulness of Christ. But these fiery trials burn up much rubbish under the sanctifying operation of the Holy Ghost, and bring us sensibly to feel the emptiness of all things here below, and endears more to us a precious Christ. Excuse more, as any little exercise fatigues me, and I am suffering pain. Your fellow-labourer in tribulation's path,

Halstead, Sept. 20, 1853. H. BARTHOLOMEW.

Close Spiritual Self Examination.

THE following beautiful breathings of a heaven-born soul are extracted from "*the Diary*," which forms part of the pamphlet just issued; being, "A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF THE SILENT PREACHER," &c.; published by Houlston and Stoneman.

February.—O, my soul! what means these struggles? from whence do they arise? What is it makes thee thus to mourn and sigh, being grieved in spirit? Ah, it is this sinful clog of clay makes me groan; it is the secret evils of nature that cling about me; the proneness of my heart to follow after vanity; the snares and traps of the enemy, working upon my fallen and depraved nature. O! this makes me sigh; this clouds my sight; this keeps me at such a distance from my best Beloved; this makes my affections so cold, so carnal; and yet I feel an ardent desire underneath all this, after my precious Saviour's spotless holiness. I would be rid of sin; I would be delivered from the trammels of that ugly monster self; this foolish self, this proud self, this righteous self, this conceited self. Hideous monster! how does one solitary principle that dwells in my breast, labour, groan, sigh, struggle, long and cry to be spared from your reigning power!

O, my heavenly Father, do be pleased not in wrath, (though so much deserved), but in tender mercy to look down upon thy poor worthless child; search me and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting; turn my feet out of the path of evil, into the path of truth and uprightness; hold me in the hollow of thine hand; keep me from the secret and flattering baits of the enemy. O, my Father! to whom can I go but unto thee! for thou hast the words of eternal life; and nothing short of thy words can ever satisfy the ardent cravings of a living desire. Thou hast said "open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Lord, thy poor frail child comes to thee hungry, empty, needy; wilt thou send her away? One crumb, Lord, is sweet, if presented by thy own hand; one word has sovereign power in it, if dropped from thy own mouth. Thy all-seeing eye can

discern what most my soul desires; thou knowest O Lord, how I long to be clothed upon with thy grace; and, too, thou knowest, O Lord, how I long to be clothed upon with thy image; and, too, thou knowest the rebukes and many discouragements from within and from without that fall upon me. Do, dear Jesus, send down thy Holy Spirit; the sweet Comforter, to support, to instruct, to lead and direct thy poor fainting child in the way of truth; lay underneath thy arms of everlasting, unchanging love; let me feel the support of them, lest my poor frame sink under this oppressive weight which it has to carry. Do let me have a glimpse of thy lovely face, and that will be more valuable than all the kind solace, or sharp rebukes of poor mortal worms like myself; that will solve every doubt, remove every fear, and afford sweet satisfaction to the desires of my breast. Dearest Lord, enlarge my heart with heavenly wisdom; then will I run with delight in the way of thy commandments, though hosts of enemies may arise up to oppose. It is my earnest wish to tread in those steps which thou shalt mark out for my feet; but then I want the light of divine revelation to shine upon the Word, that I may see and be satisfied that it is indeed the way of thine own appointment, and not of my seeking. O, then, remember thy waiting child, with the favour thou bearest unto thy chosen; then will my leaping heart return and sing thy high praises in the holy city, even of Zion.

"Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."

A SHORT SERMON

ON

PAUL'S DESCRIPTION OF OUR GREATEST FOES,
AND
HIS WATCHWORD TO WRESTLERS IN ZION.

ONE Lord's-day morning, very recently, being in London, I went to wait on the Lord in one of your metropolitan Baptist Chapels. After singing and prayer, which I enjoyed much, the preacher read these words for his text: "*And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.*" I have hoped the following outline of his discourse, which I here send you, might be useful in stirring up in our churches a spirit of zeal and thoughtfulness in these eventful times.

YOUNG ADAM.

I think I never heard a plainer preacher in my life. After he had read his text, he proceeded very simply to say—"These words came to me, 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood,' &c. I have for years felt my ignorance as to the real meaning of Paul in these words; but this morning they came in—if not with power, they did with light, opening up, as I do hope, somewhat of my present real condition before God.

I felt to understand Paul, in one sense, to mean that mere flesh and blood are somewhat conquered and subdued. Since I last stood in this pulpit, I have stood in many different pulpits; travelling several hundreds of miles, I can say, to the praise of my God, flesh and blood

have not much troubled me. I have felt weakness, sorrow, and some darkness; but have been mainly helped in all places; and I hope I have fully preached the gospel of Christ. There have been things, however, which have troubled me—they are those things which Paul enumerates. We have to wrestle with *principalities*—the higher order of fallen angels; *powers*—a combination of them; and the *rulers* of the darkness of this world—false and ungodly men, who sit in places of either temporal or ecclesiastical government, and wicked spirits in heavenly places. Now, how do these things afflict, or oppose the church of God, and the real saints? In several different ways at least.

1. By spreading diabolical and dirty delusions abroad, in connection with religion.
2. By casting down some of the tried saints.
3. By dividing churches and communities of believers.
4. By fiercely assaulting some precious souls with infidelity, blasphemy, and trying to lessen Christ and his gospel in their esteem.
5. By filling even ministers with ungodly spirits—such as 'pride, covetousness, jealousy, bitterness and the like.
6. By causing some flaming professors to fall away into open apostacy; as has been the case in some of our provinces, and in London too.
7. By casting down, and deeply wounding coming souls, and such poor sinners as are seeking for Jesus.

In full view of all this, Paul points to the provision made—"the whole armour of God." He also speaks of the necessity of *possessing* this armour—"Take unto you," &c. He also gives the word of command as regards the firmness of our posture—"Stand, therefore," &c. To understand Paul's exhortation, we must consider well the nature of the work of the Holy Spirit, and the state of watchfulness into which a diligent and lively Christian, by grace and sanctified trials, is sure to be brought.

The work of the Holy Ghost is to give divine life, a new heart, an understanding of the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. Brought under the influence of these divine possessions, and with heavenly light the watchful Christian looks three ways—1, into his own heart, discovering its vileness and deceit; 2, he looks at satan's many snares, and discovers his danger; 3, he looks at the Lord's merciful provision in the new covenant, in Gethsemane, in Christ's righteousness, and in the gospel of his grace; and if this three-fold view of things be deeply sanctified, his heart is then much stirred up to prayer, his faith goes forth in earnestness, and like Deborah he says, "Awake, awake;" and like Caleb, "Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are able," &c.

One important part is for the feet—having your feet shod. The text gives rise to three questions: 1, what are we to understand by the Christian's feet? 2, What is he to have on his feet? 3, What are we to understand by his feet being shod? 1, The feet are foundation principles in which we stand and move. The shoes of the world are either open wickedness or mock morality. The shoes of the Arminian are free-will and a mixed righteousness; but the shoes of the Christian are made in heaven—his shoes are iron and brass, that is, they are the eternal

and immutable purposes, the never-failing promises, the undying provisions, predestinating, electing, and redeeming love, with a meetness for glory, in which they shall appear before the royal throne, and lift Immanuel's glories high.

TRIAL OF FAITH.

Rouse up, my saddened soul, and want outdare :
This is a time to trust—not to despair :
Faith in great want, hath still more active been :
It is not in the eye, but things unseen.
What, though my love be gone, and I forgot ?
There is a loving God forgets me not ;
He sees my wants, and he beholds my ways,
And he denies me not, though he delays.
What, for a while, though he should deny me ?
'Tis not to punish, sure, but to try me ;
Faith raises those, whom want would soon cast
down :
Believe God smiles, although he seems to frown.
It brings things far remote near hand to be,
And makes us look beyond what now we see :
Faith leaves us not, in just desiring things,
Till them to us, or us to them it brings ;
It either helps us to the things we crave,
Or, in our wants, supports us till we have.
And cannot God as well relieve me now ?
Cannot he help, unless I tell him how ?
To trust in God belongs to sinful men ;
Not to describe to him the means, or when.
Look back, my soul, upon the time that's past :
How oft thy case has been brought to the last !
When little has been left of all thy store.,
Then—not till then—has God afforded more ;
And cannot God as well relieve me still ?
What he has done, assures me that he will.
Pinedon. G.

MAN.

MAN, from the cradle to the grave
Is fill'd with care and trouble ;
And floats upon time's silent wave,
Like a light and transient bubble.
Under gay looks he hides heart-grief,
His mind and will's uneven ;
And somehow he expects relief,
And hopes to go to heaven.
But what is heaven ? A sunlit place,*
That simple ones may scan—
It beams with light, and love, and grace,
And saith "Behold the man."
Behold his arms extended wide,
His head too, lowly bent—
His hands, and feet, and bleeding side,
To give his heart's blood vent :
That mortal man—that guilty worm,
Whose life to death's a prey,
Might safely glide from this world's harm,
To life and endless day.
Say heav'n's not here ! where can it be ?
Minds of the greatest span
Find terror in eternity,
While they reject "the Man."
Oh, hear his words, "My life I give
That I my sheep might save ;
I lay it down that they may live,
I ransom from the grave.
"I have the power to lay life down,
And power to take again,
The life and power is all my own,
And I this life maintain.

* Malachi iv. 2.

"From everlasting I am God,
There's none can save but me ;
I rule the nations, and my word
Gives life and liberty.
Sep. 1853.

A. W. ORM.

NEW WORKS RECEIVED.

"*Watchwords of Gospel Truth, with Scripture Meditations.*" This is a volume of extracts from the writings of Francis Goode, Lecturer of Clapham. London : Aylott and Jones ; and W. Harris, Clapham. The Scripture quotations in this volume are very full ; the meditations are too brief to be considered of much value, except to some who have neither time nor mind to think long on matters connected with religion. This class of persons, we fear, is large.

"*Free Will and Merit Fairly Examined,*" &c., by the late Augustus Toplady. Simpkin and Marshall. This is an establishing little tract for souls who are unsettled in the doctrines of grace. The whole substance of this tract is summed up in the following words :
"In one word, all the glory of our pardon and justification belongs to the Trinity and not to man. It is one of God's crown jewels, unalienable from himself ; and which he will never resign to, nor share with, any other being."

"*The Bank of Faith.*" Aylott & Co. The following paragraph from the *Cheering Words* for October, will explain a little of the origin of this volume :

"The Irish boys at the Bonmahon Industrial Printing School—under the superintendance of Mr. Doudney—have recently brought out a new edition of William Huntingdon's '*BANK OF FAITH.*' William little thought, when he penned out the mysterious dealings of God with his soul, that they would form employment for the training of poor Irish boys in the art of printing. But so it has come to pass ; and we entertain the hope that while some of these poor boys have been picking up the types, and gathering up the sentences which constitute the volume before us, entitled, "GOD, THE GUARDIAN OF THE POOR ;" the Lord may secretly have impressed some one or more of their spirits with the solemn facts which these pages record. We are glad to see so neat and so cheap an edition published by Aylott & Jones. We have dipped into the book ; and believing that many of our readers belong to the rising race, and consequently have never read these gracious testimonies, we give these two extracts ; and think of giving more in future numbers."

"*Why are you a Christian ? or, how can the Faith of the Nineteenth Century be a saving Faith ?*" London : Aylott & Co. While on a journey we took a cursory glance at this singular book, sent to us for review. It is a daring onslaught on the bishops, priests, ministers and professors of the Gospel in these days. The writer is no novice ; he seems to be one who has seen, heard, and noticed much in and about the visible church of Christ ; but for the want of a grace—union to the saving realities of the Gospel, he has taken upon himself to expose the extravagancies of our professed bishops and deacons, and to question the genuineness of our faith altogether. Works of this kind are on the increase—they bespeak the rapid strides infidelity is making.

Christ Revealed: Pardon Received.

THE above four most weighty words stand at the head of the fifth chapter of a volume which we noticed last month, entitled,—

“*Mercy Manifested to a Chief Sinner; or Autobiography and Letters of the late Edward Blackstock, thirty years Minister of the Gospel,*” &c., &c. This volume has been beautifully got up by Clay, of Bread-street Hill, and is published by Houlston and Stoneman, of Paternoster Row. The deeper we penetrate into this unusually voluminous piece of ministerial biography, the more we are convinced that we cannot too warmly recommend the work to all godly persons who are interested in the promulgation of undeniable testimonies to the power of divine grace in arresting, converting, and bringing home, the wandering sheep which the Father gave to His beloved Son.

Beyond all question, Edward Blackstock had three things: first, a deep, experimental knowledge of man's condition in the fall, under the law, and of the holy freedom and happy fellowship of betrothed saints in the gospel kingdom. Secondly, he had, spiritually, provisionally, and ministerially, a rough and thorny path through the wilderness of this sin-poisoned world. Thirdly, he had a chaste and prettily-balanced mind, so that all things were turned to the best account for the use of Zion, and the glory of his divine Master; consequently, we fearlessly assert that there is a clean simplicity, and an attracting power in almost every part of this work, which you shall seldom find in the writings of men whose origin has been of the more humble class.

Among the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL we have a goodly number of heaven-born souls who are anxiously seeking to know two things: first, *what are the safe and certain marks of a vital union to the Lord Jesus Christ.* Secondly, whether they as individual followers of Christ, have, in their own experience, these marks or not. On the behalf of such seeking souls we are very thankful that so comparatively pure and powerful a testimony has been published; and for their sakes we shall make a few suitable extracts, whereby a relish for the work will be given, and good to many anxious spirits will be imparted.

The two leading points which we this month lay before our readers are these:—*an instance of a genuine conversion*—and a delightful, untainted, unstrained description of how a poor prisoner of hope was brought into the palace of the King of kings; had the

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best robe put on him; and joined heartily in the songs of the ransomed.

Take first, (as given in his own words)—

HIS CONVERSION.

It was shortly after my wife's illness, viz., about the end of January, 1816, that, on returning from my work one Saturday evening, I found that a sum of money which we were expecting had not been received; this disappointment, which I foresaw would inevitably involve us in difficulties and privations during the ensuing week, so vexed and exasperated me that I flew into a violent passion, rose from my seat and uttered a dreadful volley of blasphemous oaths and curses.

Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! In an instant—swift as the lightning's flash, and more terrible than the loudest thunder—these words struck upon my soul:—

“Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field. Cursed shall be thy basket and thy store. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out. The Lord shall send upon thee cursing, vexation and rebuke, in all that thou settest thine hand unto for to do, until thou be destroyed, and until thou perish quickly; because of the wickedness of thy doings, whereby thou hast forsaken me.”—Deut. xxvii. 16—20.

Overwhelmed by the power of these words I staggered—reeled—sunk back into my chair, and burst into a flood of tears. The Lord had opened my eyes to see, and my heart to feel that there was above me a holy, righteous, sin-hating, sin-avenging God, and that if I lived and died as I was I should be lost eternally. In one moment my fabric of Deism was demolished.

“The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.”—Ps. xxix. 4, 5. For ever adored be the name of Almighty God. Amen, Hallelujah.

I needed no man to tell me whose voice this was. The testimony even of an angel from heaven would have been light compared with the power which I then felt in my heart and conscience. I well knew that this was the voice of God, but I did not know that it was sent to bring about my conversion in due time. In the words of Habakkuk, iii, 16, “When I heard, my belly trembled; my lips quivered at the voice; rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled in myself.” In an agony of terror, and without uttering a word to my wife, I hurried out of the house and went into those very fields where lay the scene of my dream already related. My object was to escape from the dwellings of

man, and to shun his society: I had the revelation of God's wrath in my conscience, and I apprehended it to be the beginning and foretaste of eternal damnation. I concluded that like Cain, I was doomed to be a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth during an appointed period; and then to reap in an eternal hereafter, the bitter fruits and consequences of my wickedness. God made me to drink that night of the wine of astonishment; my sighs and groans, and even my tears were abundant; for who can say, but such who have drunk of that cup, how bitter it is! A soul must have passed under a sense of God's wrath to enter into my feelings. I believe that God upheld me with one hand, whilst he chastened with the other. My horrible blasphemies stared me in the face, and I feared that I had rushed on the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for saving me through that night; it was one of anguish and agony to me,—a night never to be erased from my memory! My friends, sin brings sorrow sooner or later, this we all shall find. How dreadful did sin appear to me now! I loathed and abhorred myself, and concluded that I was abhorred of God. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." O solemn words! and in their experience how bitter!

Towards midnight I returned to my dwelling, slept a little, and awoke under the same terrors: I was full of the fury of the Lord. I rose, paced the room, sat down in astonishment, and wondered where all would end. About noon I took up a book and read a few pages of Mr. Newton's preface to Cowper's poems. I was surprised to find he described the state in which I had been; but when he adds these words, "Without God in the world," like an arrow from a bow, they entered my heart, and I fell under a conviction of their truth; I saw that I had lived without God in the world, and to this cause I ascribed all my miseries. Again I sunk in despair, and, throwing down my book, I recommenced pacing the room. As I hurried to and fro, the name of "Jesus Christ" passed through my mind: it was repeated—I heard no vocal sound, it was a loud internal whisper through my soul. It came continuously for the space of about two hours—"Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!" Arrested by the words, I marvelled why that name should so powerfully and incessantly vibrate through my soul!—that name which during five years I had so wickedly derided, so awfully blasphemed! Still, the name passed through my soul, and with such power and light as recalled the hidden malice of my heart against the Lord Jesus, and the evil thought that I had indulged in towards him. And yet I felt inspired by a secret drawing towards that

holy name; and a glimmering hope arose, that if ever deliverance should be wrought for one so lost and vile as I, that deliverance should come from Jesus Christ! My hope was the faintest that can be imagined: but I believe all this was a divine impression; and I have since judged, that from this hour I was a quickened soul.

Between the slaying of the sinner by sharp arrows in the hands of the Spirit, and the raising him up to peace, and a blessed assurance, there are seasons of anguish—of deep mental sorrow—of diligent enquiry—and of severe conflict, which only those who have struggled in the womb of the new birth, can have any conception of. Mr. Blackstock has practically and minutely traced out this path which the vulture's eye has not seen. We must only take one small leaf from this important chapter. Let the reader carefully peruse the following account of the quickened soul's industry, while pressing—by faith and prayer—into the kingdom of God.

I then sat down and read the first chapter of Matthew, with the intention of proceeding through the Evangelists. I read in a most careful and solemn manner, believing every word I read to be the truth of God, as firmly as though I had heard an angel proclaim it from heaven. I found the word of God to be "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and the marrow, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and that all things were naked and opened to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." I felt I had a soul, and that my heart was laid open before the all-searching eye of God. The word of the Spirit cut me up effectually; and as I knew not my interest in the promises, every chapter I read seemed more or less to condemn. When I came to the 11th chapter of Matthew, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes,"—the words immediately arrested my attention; I laid down my book, exclaiming aloud, "Why, ELECTION IS TRUE! the doctrine of Election is a Bible truth! Human power had all failed to convince me of this; and now the first truth that was shewn me from reading the word of God was election. I clearly saw that there was a chosen people, and that that people would be eternally saved; but then followed the agonizing thought, that they would be in heaven, and I might be in hell. Yet this apprehension only increased the vehemence of my supplications; for as I read that few would be saved, I became the more urgent that peradventure I might find myself among that number. The truth of election was thus no hindrance to me; it cut down my pride, and made me tremble, but it never had any tendency to stop my cry or produce despair, I believe that election,

when it is received in the power of God, operates to humble the sinner, and cause him to cry aloud for mercy; to stimulate him to diligence in supplication—not to induce apathy and sloth: to raise to hope rather than sink to despondency.

From this time until my deliverance (a period of three or four months), I believe I was not suffered to lose five minutes of my leisure. The grace of God engaged me in self-examination, reading, hearing, or prayer—the last particularly. I often prayed mentally while my hands were occupied. This was the Lord's doing, and he shall have the glory."

Edward Blackstock is now in glory. His once afflicted soul, his oft oppressed spirit is now amid the millions of the glorified. The disembodied spirits of Thomas Hardy, George Coombe, Henry Fowler, William Gadsby, David Denham, and a host of the faithful servants of Christ beside, have, no doubt, hailed his happy entrance into the world of bliss! And now, upon the throne they gaze; around the throne they stand; anon, they climb the celestial hills, and sit in pure converse on the immortal glories of that kingdom, which, through the righteousness and atoning sacrifice of our dearest Mediator, Daysman, Advocate, and Elder Brother, they now possess and enjoy. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! crown him—crown him! Lord of Lord of all.

"A few more rolling suns at most,"

and some of us longing and sighing ones will with them sing—

"Worthy the blessed Lamb of God,
For he was slain for us."

These few heaven-bound thoughts have spontaneously broke forth from our present poor imperfect mind, on reading the following "*earnest of his inheritance*," which Edward Blackstock enjoyed, when the Lord broke his fetters, and set his ransomed spirit free. After much preliminary matter, he says:—

In the state of mind which I have just narrated, I continued for about four months from the eventful night of my awakening. I had now come to the conclusion that I had stood as long as I was able under the floods of revealed wrath. That evening, as usual, I went to hear Mr. Roby. Strange and mingled feelings filled my mind, and I had a strong presentiment that I should that night know the worst! that I should either hear the voice of mercy and forgiveness or receive my dreadful doom! I expected, or rather feared, that God would give the preacher a testimony by which my damnation would be for ever sealed. Under these impressions, and trembling in every limb, I took a seat away from the people, and against the wall, and there awaited my final sentence.

As the service proceeded, I anxiously watched for the text, which I had persuaded myself would be full of the wrath of God, and all levelled at me. It was in Acts iv.

12: "Neither is there salvation in any other." These words brought me some relief. Mr. Roby commenced his discourse in a very serious manner, and then proceeded to the inward evidences of being in a state of grace. I was all breathless attention; and as he brought forward many evidences, and dwelt upon them in succession, my conscience bore me witness, and I solemnly said, (within myself,) "I know that—and I have felt that—and that." And as I could respond to what he described, my fears began to subside, and hope gradually to rise higher and higher. But now, on a sudden, a terrible blast from the powers of hell poured in upon me, and swept away my hope and all the ministerial comfort which I had received. It was suggested, "All that is only what Mr. Roby says;" and, knowing I durst not build upon a human or even upon an angelic testimony, I immediately sunk fathoms deep into what Jonah calls the belly of hell, ejaculating, "It is all over with me now! I am lost—lost for ever!—I shall rise no more!" But blessed be God for his unspeakable mercy, with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, and before my astonished mind could realise the transition, the dear Lord Jesus Christ entered my very heart and soul, revealing to me his person as the Son of God in human flesh, his presence, his atoning blood, his righteousness, his salvation, and his everlasting love to my soul. The power and energy of this manifestation, legions of devils could never have withstood! I saw Satan fall from the expectation of his prey like lightning, and this passage came with a mighty, saving efficacy—"For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." It was instantly followed by this, "Or ever I was aware, my soul had made me like the chariots of Amminadib." My heart was so filled with the glories of Christ that he seemed for an instant to withdraw himself, as though the revelation would overcome me; but feeling his absence I cried out, "Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that I may look upon thee." He again entered my soul with his train of graces; he took his seat upon the throne of my heart, and, swaying his sceptre over me, he drew my soul, a willing and delighted captive, in holy triumph at his chariot wheels. Pardon for all the black scroll of my offences was now sealed upon my conscience, under the power of the blood of sprinkling; I saw, by faith, his righteousness, and he covered my soul with it. His salvation was stamped, and the love of God was powerfully shed abroad. Magnificent grace opened her treasures, and I sensibly felt its overflowing tide pouring into my bosom. The chief of sinners was dazzled by its glories, and vanquished by its all-conquering power. Doubts and fears were swept away by the rich streams of covenant mercy; and the mighty love of God came

in these words, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

I saw nothing with my bodily eyes, but with the eye of faith I beheld and gazed upon my glorious Redeemer. The blessed Spirit then enabled me, for the first time in my life, to cry, "Abba, Father." Yes, and I felt that God was my Father! Who can describe the solace, the joy of this assurance? I seemed another being! The Sun of righteousness shone blessedly upon my soul, the guilt and condemnation of all my dreadful sins were removed—of this I had not the shadow of a doubt. Silently, but fervently, I now adored the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. My soul broke out in strains before unknown to me, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Contrition, broken-heartedness of spirit, repentance, humility, faith, hope, love, and the fear of the Lord, were all awakened. My sackcloth was taken off, the veil was removed. I sat as in an heavenly place, possessing joy unspeakable and full of glory. This was the Lord's doing, and without any instrument. I had heard nothing of the sermon beyond what I had stated. My cup was now full, and I longed for the moment of dismissal, that I might pour out before the Lord the overflowing of my ecstatic soul. The preacher gave out the beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts:

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain—"

this called up my attention; and, unknown to myself, I sung so loud that the people turned to look; but no one there knew anything of me or of my joys. As soon as possible I escaped from the crowd, eager to find some retired spot, where, far from the abodes of men, I might feel alone with God. My year of Jubilee was come. The Son had made me free, and I was free indeed! He had released me from the bonds of sin, the world, Satan, conscience, wrath, and law. I thought of the lame man healed by Peter at the beautiful gate of the temple, who, "leaping up, stood and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, leaping, and praising God." I thought of David, and felt as he did, when he danced before the ark of God with all his might. My soul praised the Lord in adoring gratitude, and I called upon all his works to assist me in glorifying his holy name: "Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise ye him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heaven of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens."

I thought that God had never shown so much mercy to anyone before; I judged myself to be the chief sinner of the human race, and his mercy appeared to me then so wonderful, and so astonishingly great, that I concluded there must be much joy in heaven over me as a repenting sinner!

The Lord had not to say then, "My son, give me thine heart;" it was his, he had taken it (I had almost said) by storm. Christ had me made willing in the day of his power, and how he rode in triumph through my soul! The universe, as the handywork of God, claimed my admiration; and I clearly saw that man's sin had tainted everything earthly. I could now view the world in its true light, and despise its vain and delusive pleasure, which no longer possessed attractions for me; that dream was ended, God had revealed himself as my Father, I felt his love in my heart; he was my all in all; and I looked up to him as being mine, with exceeding joy. No more wrath, no clouds, no storms, no frowns now; but all was peace between God and my soul. Jesus was sensibly present with me; his power and love were great, his smiles gracious, and his sensible embraces of a poor prodigal son were to me a heaven of heavens. O how precious was Jesus then to me.

[We cannot lay this favorite book aside yet. We must return to it again next month.]

Jesus Talking to the Soul.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul."

But may I so say, and may I thus speak,
Who am but a sinner, and still mercy seek,
A poor trembling weakling, whom none would
scarce own,
And may I then say I am loved by God's Son?
The truth should be spoken, the truth it is free;
The truth is God's word he has spoken to me;
He spoke of my sins, he spoke of his blood,
He told me of hell, but he brought me to God;
He told of his law, but he told of his grace,
He bid me to mourn, and he then shewed his face,
Thus making me know his love was to me,
Eternally so, unchanging and free.
How timely the time, when he now shews his love,
When Satan tries hard to cause me to rove,
From the rich grace of Jesus, so glorious and true,
By sneering, "perhaps, Jesus the Lamb ne'er lov'd
you,
Your convictions are not by the spirit of God,
You cannot be one, redeemed by such blood,
A hypocrite sure who has not entered in
By the one only door, the Saviour from sin;
The life you now live is not in the Lord,
So slow now to learn, so deaf to his word,
So ready to waver, so backward, so weak,
So seldom the dear blessed Saviour you seek,
So full of uncleanness, with sin upon sin,
Now is your heart fit for Christ to dwell in?"
Yes, in these sad times, my Jesus doth come,
Turning all the faces out, and makes me his home,
Cheers up then my soul, and tells of his love,
And makes me again his mercy to prove,
He tells how he lived, he tells how he died,
And tells how he rose, the Christ crucified,
Thus justifies freely and makes all complete,
And tells me in heaven remaineth my seat,
Which his dear Father gave in eternity past,
Which ever is thine and ever will last.
Thus Jesus has told me God thought e'en of me,
Loved me in his Son, and wrote that which I see,
My name in the Book, the Lamb's Book of life,
And gave me to Jesus his bride, and his wife.
How sweet to my soul, is such love as this,
When he whispers he's mine, and that I am his,
This love seems to twine my heart through and
through,
I say he loves me, and I love him too.
Notting Hill, Sept. 1853. P. W. W.

The Grave—

AND THE GLORY THAT IS TO BE REVEALED.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS:—I expect you have concluded that I had forgotten you, but this can never be the case. My silence has arisen from first a severe and protracted affliction in my head; secondly, I have had to wade through deep and turbulent waters; thirdly, I have been from home for a few weeks. My beloved partner and self were at Lady Lucy Smith's, Wilford House, when we heard the very painful news of your truly great loss, and amongst your numerous sympathisers some were found in that excellent establishment. When the footman told us that dear Mrs. Banks was dead, we felt truly grieved. The following text struck deeply into my mind, and followed me for several days, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Luke viii. 52. Ah, my dear brother, I know that you and the other surviving relatives feel all the distressing, cheerless, and stern reality of the dreadful work of the king of terrors. But as to the dear departed saint, she has only been dismantled of her terrene dress that she might be enrobed with eternal glory, and as the apostle says, "she sleeps in Jesus." 1 Thess. iv. 13—18.

Thus both our dear Lord Jesus and Paul teach us that the state of the grave is not permanent. Sleep is not the extinction, but only the suspension of the faculties, and extends only to the body. The mind continues its activity; and when we awake the two will continue, as before, to act together. So far it is an appropriate emblem of death. That event is not the final end of the believer. The stroke that confines the body of the Christian to the grave does not destroy the active powers of the soul, it still exists in a state of consciousness in the unclouded enjoyment of its precious Redeemer, and at the resurrection will be re-united to its raised and glorified companion. Phil. iii. 20, 21. Indeed the state of the grave to the saint will be improving in its consequences; for when the body has slept its appointed time in the dust, the glorious and triumphant morning of the resurrection is come, we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, "for them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." The end of all will be most glorious and blessed; and so shall we be ever with the Lord, which will be a state of nearness and enjoyment of our God. Whilst we are at home in the body we are, comparatively, absent from the Lord; and while the body is in the grave we are, so far, absent from the Lord. But when our bodies are raised again and united to our glorified spirits, then, in our whole person, we shall be brought near unto him. With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought into the King's palace, and there abide for ever.

"They shall be pillars in the temple of our God, to go out no more." Rev. iii. 12.

We shall be blessed with the immediate vision of the Redeemer's glory. John xvii. 24. Oh, what a vision will this be! There will be no more cares, death, nor sorrow, for we shall be with him, and "we shall see him as he is." This will be a deep impressive view of the dear and blessed Jesus, connected with feelings and emotions of which, while in the body, we can form no adequate conceptions; but this we know, that we shall admire, love, and praise him evermore. Then we shall see that face which on earth "was marred more than the face of any man," and even covered with shame and spitting; yea, we shall see that face smiling with brightness, with more than the brightness of ten-thousand suns; we shall see that head, which on earth bore the crown of thorns, crowned with glory and honour; we shall see that body, which in this world was dressed in mock majesty, transformed into a glorious body, and shining in beauty indescribable. "But this we know, we shall be made like unto him." Oh! what an honour! though the body when it falls asleep be laid in the grave, yet in the morning it shall be awaked out of sleep, and shall arise refreshed, refined, and raised in glory, and made conformable to Christ's body.

This resemblance is of such a nature, that it must shed a glory and a lustre around the Redeemer, which in this world we cannot perceive. The face of Moses when he had been only forty days on the mount with God, shone so bright that the people could not look upon him without a veil. But there will be no need of a veil in heaven; for the eyes of our glorified bodies shall be fitted to behold the unspeakable glory of the great Three-One Jehovah in our all-glorious Christ. Thus, being made like him, we shall be swallowed up in life, love and praise.

In the heavenly world, there shall be no sin in our souls to cause the Lord to hide his face for a moment; no cloud to obscure the sky; no frown shall ever be seen on the Saviour's countenance; no reproof shall ever be heard to proceed from our Father's lips; no withdrawing of the Spirit's manifestations to the saints of God. All glory, honour and praise to our new covenant, redeeming and sanctifying Jehovah! when we get home there will be no sorrow from any cause whatever. There the Saviour's love and friendship shall beam upon us with eternal brightness and satisfaction. Even in this world Jesus rejoices over his people to do them good, and he rests in his love to them; but when he has them all around his throne, all perfectly holy, he will lead them and feed them, and wipe all tears from their eyes, and they will be glorified in him, and he in them. That will truly be the day of the gladness of his heart. (Song iii. 11; Psalm xlv. 13—15). In heaven what the Psalmist says shall be

realised—"I shall be satisfied when I *awake* with thy likeness." Thus we shall be perfectly happy for evermore. O, what blessedness to be with the Lord for ever! Here, by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the believer has the earnest of the inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, &c. But when they enter heaven they shall be put in the full and eternal possession and enjoyment of their inheritance. There will be no end of it; the fountain of their hope, like the throne of God from whence it arises, is an everlasting fountain; and the streams of happiness flowing from this fountain shall never be stopped, but continue to roll on to eternity, as the prophet Isaiah so beautifully sings, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Well might the apostle say, "But I would not have you to be ignorant," &c. 1 Thess. iv. 13. "Wherefore, brethren, seeing that we look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless."

My dear brother Banks, my heart's desire and prayer for you is, that the Lord the Spirit may comfort and uphold you in the truth, and make you an abundant blessing to the churches of his love, for Christ's sake. Amen, and amen. Your's truly,

Downham Market, Norfolk, D. WILSON.
October 12, 1853.

AN UNPUBLISHED

Letter from the late Dr. Hawker.

MR. EDITOR.—I send you for insertion in the *Earthen Vessel*, the following precious and most blessed letter, written by Dr. Hawker to the late William Smith, Esquire, of Brighton. Mrs. Smith was the subject of great bodily affliction for very many years. The *writer*, and those written *to*, are *safe* arrived where the glorified inhabitants no more say, "I am sick." Isa. xxxiii. 24. I copied this letter from the original in Dr. Hawker's own hand-writing. J. A. JONES.

"Plymouth, Oct. 15, 1824.

"Dear and beloved Sir, and Brother in Christ: I greet you in the Lord!

"I avail myself of the opportunity which presents itself of saluting you in His most holy name, who is, 'The Lord our Righteousness.' Days are hastening, and time is on the wing, to finish my pilgrimage: but, what a blessed consideration to my soul I find it, that, resting on the Rock of ages, I am waiting the Lord's call, knowing whom I have believed, and, that whether I live, I live unto the Lord; and whether I die, I die unto the Lord; whether I live, therefore, or die, *I am the Lord's*.

"And I rejoice, yea, heartily rejoice, from

the short, but most interesting statement you gave me of yourself, and your knowledge of Christ, in the letter which you sent me. Yes, dear sir, *we* have not followed cunningly-devised fables. We are the Lord's *witnesses* to the Lord and his truth. Every blind eye the Lord hath opened, and every deaf ear the Lord hath unstopped, testifies of his glory, and of our salvation in him. Isaiah xliii. 8—11.

"It hath been told me of your dear Mrs. Smith being still in the furnace. Doubtless there is a *needs be* for the exercise. (1 Peter i. 6, 7). Give my kind love in Christian remembrance to that dear woman, whom I love in Christ; and tell her to be *always* keeping in view the almighty Refiner and Purifier of silver; and never to lose sight of *Him*. Depend upon it, *He* is sitting by, tempering the heat, regulating the whole process, and will not suffer a particle more to be in her trial than she is able to bear. (Mal. iii. 3; 1 Cor. x. 13). She would lose sight of the greater part of her sufferings, were she *never* to lose sight of *Him*. Tell her, that *Jesus is nearer to her than she is to herself*. Tell her, that our Lord hath a tender heart, not only to sympathise with his redeemed ones in their sorrows, but was *himself* touched with the feelings of our infirmities; and could she *see him as he is*, and, as he sits up by her in her days and nights of pain; turns her pillow for her, wipes off the tear, and makes all her bed in her sickness, she would feel with Paul.—(2 Cor. iv. 8—11). *Tell her all this*, and infinitely more; and, when you have told her *all you can*, you will not have told her the *half* of what the Lord Jesus is to his people, what he doth for them, and how he loves them. Farewell, dear sir, and brother. Jesus have you *both* into his *especial* keeping:

"So prays, your's in Him,

"ROBERT HAWKER."

Salem Chapel, Meard's Court.

A Tribute of Affectionate Regard and Testimonial to Mr. Bloomfield, Minister of the Place.

ON Monday, August 27th, a large company,—the deacons, church members, and congregation, assembled together in the above truly hallowed spot and garden of the Lord's right hand planting, to present to their beloved and affectionate pastor, Mr. John Bloomfield, a token of their love and esteem. At five o'clock, the chair was taken by one of the deacons; after which, our venerable, and sincerely respected brother, Mr. John Jennings, having implored the divine presence and blessing, the Chairman, in the name of his brethren in office, his brethren and sisters in the Lord, and the congregation, presented Mr. Bloomfield with the standard edition of the learned Dr. Kitto's Pictorial Bible, in four volumes, with the same good man's

Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, in two volumes; an elegant time-piece, and a purse of gold, with an expression of the affectionate feelings of the donors towards their beloved pastor. This handsome present was a token of affectionate attachment to Mr. Bloomfield for his faithful labours, since his settlement amongst them, as a minister of the Lord Jesus, and as a birth-day gift.

Mr. Bloomfield acknowledged this valuable offering with sincere and heart-felt thanks; and as an expression of confidence and love to him as the Pastor of the church at Salem, and as the successor of so great, and good, and distinguished a servant of the Lord as the late pastor of affectionate memory, Mr. John Stevens. Above all, he wished to express his gratitude to the God of all grace, for the numerous conversions of souls to his ministry, since the Lord had brought him amongst us, and for that measure of harmony and peace which the Lord in his manifold mercy had granted us.

On the same evening, at seven o'clock, there was an especial prayer meeting, which was most numerously attended, to acknowledge the great goodness of our covenant God, due to him in eternal praises and humble acknowledgments, and songs of highest gratitude for his infinite mercies to us as a church and people. This evening, it is believed, will long be remembered as the lovely manifestation of the grace of our beloved and glorious Lord in the midst of his people, "who is ever good, and is ever doing good," (Psalm cxix. 68), who is the Author of all our blessings, and all our hopes—our best Friend and eternal Portion! who,

"Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd,
Of Majesty divine, sapience and love
Immense; and all his Father in him shone."

On Thursday evening, September 29th, eight brethren and sisters in the Lord were baptised by our dear pastor, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, after a very clear, scriptural and interesting sermon on believers' baptism by our excellent and good brother, Mr. Thomas Hodley, of Walton, Suffolk. May the good Lord, in his rich mercy, bless it to the conversion of the people, that they may see the necessity of his commands, and of his own great ordinance. He is Lord of heaven and earth, and King of Zion—hear his voice—"Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Matt. v. 19.

It will be pleasing to you, dear brother—dear Mr. Editor, to know that the Prince of peace, the Prince of power, the God of Salem is still with us: "In Judah is God known; his name is great in Israel; in Salem also is his tabernacle, and dwelling-

place in Zion." Psalm lxxvi. 1, 2. We have, through the Lord's great mercy and goodness, received, since this man of God was sent among us, nearly eighty souls. O, may this fact humble us in the sight of the Lord, and keep us at his dear feet in the spirit of the tenth leper, giving all glory to him, and encourage his dear servants, who are favored to proclaim the glorious gospel of the blessed God, to go on their way rejoicing.

We are anxious that this token of love and esteem should be recorded in your valuable periodical, as an expression of gratitude to our friends, and an example for other churches to follow; and also as a sweet evidence that the labours of God's servants are in some humble measure appreciated by the grateful, the thoughtful, and enlightened, whom they are labouring and praying for to Him to whom they shall have to give an account. Solemn, awful thought!! And will not the supine, the careless, the covetous, the thoughtless, and the unfeeling have to do the same? Yea, doubtless. "But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." 2 Cor. ix. 6. "Know ye not that the Lord will judge his people?"

The Lord in his infinite mercy save us from a Laodicean spirit, and bless the preceding statement and the following lines of a celebrated writer and good man, who has been, and still is, a great light in the church. The title he gives to these lines is,

The Danger of Coldness in Religion.

"Coldness is a far more dangerous extreme than too much heat. The one may consist with real goodness, *nay*, may be the *consequence* of real goodness, commixing with a perturbed imagination, or an ill-formed judgment. But *coldness* can be resolved only into an absolute want of feeling! Enthusiasm is excess; but coldness is a want of vitality, a want of sincerity. The enthusiast, in a moral respect, is insane, which implies a possibility of recovery, and a partial recurrence of reason. *But the cold person is like an idiot*, in whom reason never, or but seldom, shews itself, and in whom convalescence is desperate. Professors of Christianity! members of churches! ponder gravely this solemn thought—are you lukewarm, cold or hot?"

My prayer for you, my dear Mr. Editor, is that of the excellent Dr. Young, that He will in his infinite mercy, bless your labours, and "never suffer you to unbuckle your armour until you put on your shroud." "May your smooth stones of the brook, slung by the hand of faith, continuo to pierce those foreheads of brass which oppose themselves to the living God," and the doctrine of a free, full, and finished salvation! And he shall have all the glory, Father, Word, and Holy Spirit, in the Saviour's right. I am, my dear brother, your's most affectionately in Jesus.

W. L.

On Organs in the House of God.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I have been requested to send you the two following letters for publication in the *Vessel*, if you will insert them you will oblige

W. O.

June 17, 1853.

DEAR SIR.—Although I have no personal acquaintance with you, I believe you will permit me to ask your opinion relative to the propriety of an organ being introduced into a chapel (where I believe God has been acceptably worshipped without one for 200 years), to “assist the singing” as has been said.

I am not a member of that church where, by some, it is now thought necessary, but perhaps I may be solicited to subscribe; but if I were an opulent person I would not give one farthing.

If you should have the same feeling will you oblige me by giving me your reasons for your objection, as I wish to know what men of good sense and piety have to say against it. Believe me, dear sir, yours, I trust, in Christian feeling,

T. Odling.

E. P.

DEAR SIR.—Although you are an entire stranger to me, your respectful letter, of the 17th inst. upon rather a polemical but doubtless important subject, compels me to reply, believing you to be sincere in your request, and from “Christian feeling.”

The subject is important, inasmuch as it demands serious thought and diligent research, that we err not before God, by introducing anything into worship that is superfluous and which he does not require. The New Testament should be our guide in all that pertains to the public worship of God’s house; whether it be called a chapel, a church, or a house. The ceremonies of the Old Testament or Jewish Church, or temple worship, much of which were but shadows and types, we must not take as a pattern or guide, being all abrogated by Christ, the Substance and Author of a new dispensation.

Whatever kind of an instrument the organ was originally, our modern organs are doubtless very different. If we keep the primitive order in worship—I mean that which was established by Christ and his apostles after the day of Pentecost—we shall not err. Organs or instrumental music was not known in the Church in the first ages, but (like infant sprinkling) was an invasion of later times.

It is evident, from Church history, that the organ was first introduced into the church service by Morianus Sanutus, in the year 1290. I very much question whether worship has been more spiritual and acceptable to God by the innovation.

It is somewhat remarkable that organs have never yet been used in the Establishment, or Kirk, of Scotland since it became Presbyterian; and I believe the Synod have rejected them to the present day.

As regards an organ to “assist the singing” in worship. It appears to me to spoil the singing, with its lifeless (but it may be flesh-pleasing) sound. But can a lifeless sound please the ear of an immaculate, spiritual, all-creating, omniscient, heart-searching God, who is not moved by anything that mortals can invent? In the Old Testament God gave particular orders for all things relative to worship in the Jewish Church or old dispensation. Deut. iv. 2. But they provoked

him to anger with their inventions. Psalm cvi. 29. And have we not sufficient as a guide in the New Testament relative to worship in the Gospel Church, or new dispensation? Matt. xxviii. 20. “If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues which are written in this book.” Rev. xxii. 18. Can anything be acceptable to God in worship but that which comes from Him? it must be spiritual: “They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;” for such he seeks to worship him. Not an organ!

My reasons then for objecting to an organ in a place of worship to assist the singing are:

First, because they were not known in the apostolic or primitive ages of the church: an age doubtless as perfect for order in the church as ever it will be on earth.

Second, because we have neither precept nor example in the New Testament for them, nor are they once named therein.

Third, because they are of Popish origin in worship, and only calculated to feed and elate the natural passions, but not to instruct the soul, nor make the worship more spiritual or acceptable to God.

Fourth, because we have many exhortations in the New Testament, to sing praises to God vocally: “If any be merry let him sing Psalms.” Singing psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs. Singing with grace in our hearts to the Lord. Paul says, “I will sing with the spirit (not with the organ) and with the understanding also.” 1 Cor. xiv. 15. Hence the assistance of the Spirit is required in singing as much as in prayer, to make it acceptable to God. What can an organ, or any human instrument do in this matter?

Fifth. Because the first hymn that was sung in a gospel church, was sung really by the Great Head of the church, after he had instituted the first supper. “And when they had sung a hymn they went out.” Matt. xxvi. 30. The New Testament is a sufficient rule in all things for the church.

My desire is ever to take it for my guide in all things for time and eternity, “to prove all things by it, and hold fast that which is good.” May it be your desire also, is the prayer of your’s in the faith and hope of the gospel, Wm. ODLING.

“O the glory, O the glory that remains for the people of God above! But what if after all I should deceive myself and friends? Methinks the very possibility thereof were enough to make one tremble.

“But the Lamb’s wrath they need not fear,

Who once have felt his love:

And they that walk with God below,

Shall dwell with him above.

“Rage earth and hell; come life, come death;

Yet still my song shall be,

God was, and is, and will be good

And merciful to me.”

“Come, Lord Jesus, come; for I long to be gone from the footstool to the throne, where there will be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain. O how sweet will it be! It will be far better to depart and be with Christ for ever, for ever, than remain in the present state of sin and sorrow. It is true, I love my husband, I love my child, I love them dearly, and I love life; but I can cheerfully die, and leave them all, to go and be with Christ, because it will be far better. His arms are open to receive me, and bid me welcome, welcome to heaven, and all the glorious enjoyments of it.”—Mrs. HOUSMAN.

COVENANT UNION BETWEEN CHRIST AND HIS PEOPLE.

EVERY reflecting Christian will be led to examine the ground on which God hath caused him to hope; and finding that there is no other foundation but the efficacious sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, he will endeavour to ascertain how it was that the holy and just One should thus suffer for the unjust. An infidel once said to the writer, "How is it that you Christians can conceive it possible that a God of justice could punish an innocent person, such as Jesus Christ, for your sins? You say that God is merciful; but, certainly, he shewed no mercy to Christ, if what you say be true." The infidel's remarks led me to reflect upon the subject; and the doctrine of covenant union came to my relief. This, and this only, can render the system of redemption by the blood of Jesus consistent with the divine perfections.

The blessed God has revealed himself to us as possessing the perfections of justice, holiness, truth, mercy and love; it follows, therefore, that we are not to expect any exhibition of mercy and love, but in a way perfectly consistent with justice and truth. It is said in the Scriptures, that the soul that sinneth shall die; (Ezekiel xviii. 4); that every man shall die for his own sins; (Ezekiel xviii. 20). It was also said to the first transgressor, "The day thou eatest thou shalt surely die." Gen. ii. 17. How is it, then, (it may be asked), consistent with truth that the holy and innocent Redeemer should suffer? for it is also said in Scripture that it shall be well with the righteous. Isa. iii. 10. It certainly is contrary to justice to afflict or punish the innocent; yet it appears that the iniquities and guilt of Christ's people were charged upon him. His willingness in undertaking to have this iniquity charged to him does not prove his right to suffer; because it is not willingness, but the approbation of justice, that would prove his right to suffer the death of the cross; and as the nature and property of justice is always its own rule of acting, it cannot admit of the innocent being punished for the guilty, nor of transgressors being acquitted; for the righteous God hath pronounced a woe unto such who justify the wicked, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him. In the case of debtor and creditor, the law admits that one man may be surety or bondsman for another; still, a suretyship has no connection with crime and capital offence; and the present subject of attention being sin, that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of the blood of the sinner, which punishment justice must inflict before it can be properly satisfied; nor can it admit of a surety here; because it can only punish him that it finds guilty. How, then, is the punishment of Christ and the

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pardon of sinners consistent with justice? Mercy cannot—consistently with its own nature—manifest itself in a way of unmercifulness. Though there may be an appearance of mercy towards those that deserve punishment by inflicting it upon another in their stead, yet there is such a want of mercy towards the other undeserving person, that this manifestation destroys itself in its own exercise. Where, then, is there any sign of the mercy of God towards Jesus Christ?

The Scriptures are very explicit in declaring the Father's love to the Son; but the punishment of the Son for crimes that he did not commit implies a defect in love; yea, greater love to the offender than to his well-beloved Son.

Now, nothing but the union of Christ, and his church and people, can afford an explanation of the before-mentioned discrepancies, without which a large part of Scripture would want a key, and be altogether unintelligible.

I shall quote a few of those passages which speak positively of this truth: "In thy Book all my members were written." We are members of his body; "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so is Christ." "Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular." "He is the Head of the body—the church." "And they two shall be one flesh: but I speak of Christ and his church. For both He that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are all of one." These passages clearly shew the union subsisting between Christ and his church in direct terms; and it is likewise exhibited through the medium of a variety of illustrated images. I shall therefore refer briefly to a few of those.

The apostle teaches us that Adam was a figure of Him who was to come. Moses tells us that when God created man, male and female created he them. Thus were the twain created in one—the woman in her husband; and when the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, the rib was taken from his side, of which he made the woman, and brought her to Adam, who said, "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." In a manner similar to this, it is declared the church existed in Christ, "according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world; having this purpose and grace given us in him before the world began."

The man and woman had but one name—Adam. So Christ and his church—he is called "The Lord our Righteousness," and she is called the same. We are also called the righteousness of God in him. Many other titles applied equally to Christ and his church are to be found in the Scriptures.

The Lord God in covenanting with Adam as the head of the earthly creation, having the woman in himself, drew a figure of his covenant with Christ as having the church existing in him. He, as the Head, engaging for his members as the Husband for the wife, as the King for his subjects, as the Root for its branches, which covenant was afterwards confirmed of God in Christ when he swore that in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed. After this manner did the beginning of the creation preach Jesus; and thus did the union of Adam with his spouse represent that of Christ and his church.

The next point to which I would direct attention as explanatory of this divine union is the fall. The apostle tells us that Adam was not deceived; hence it is to be gathered that from love to Eve he put himself into her condition; and his union to her made it equitable for the curse to fall upon him. In like manner Christ the Husband was not deceived, but his wife, the church, being deceived, was in the transgression; yet as the union was such that Christ was not without the church, nor the church without him, at any time it was equitable for her curse and condemnation to fall upon him. Moreover, such was his love, that he voluntarily put himself into her condition. Our divine Redeemer also teaches us this union under the similitude of a vine and its branches. When the stock or set is first planted there are no branches, but having his seed in himself, he puts them forth.

The apostle also treats of this union under the figure of many members in one body, and likewise by the similitude of a building, of which Christ is the Foundation and Topstone. The whole of the argument here employed is not to make Christ a transgressor, but to show the equity of charging upon him the iniquities of his people, and likewise to prove that none but those who were chosen in him, and united to him, and for whom he made an atonement, can be saved. If in a court of judicature an individual is found guilty of any capital crime, and the Judge is about to pronounce sentence upon the criminal, if at that moment some other person who loved the criminal came forward and entreated the judge to pass sentence upon him and spare the criminal, what would the judge say? He might admire the generosity of the individual, but he could not punish an innocent person. In like manner the blessed God could not have laid our sins upon the Lord Jesus unless our union to him had made it equitable. These considerations will show clearly both to the infidel and the believer, the equity of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus, and the limited nature of their extent; for it is impossible that any should be lost for whom he suffered, or that any can be saved for whom he did not make an atonement.

October 13, 1853. C. M. WIGHTMAN.

A Word to "Sincere Friend."

MR. EDITOR.—On the third page of the wrapper of your October number, a "Sincere Friend" says "if there were a little less *crawling* on your part towards one or two ministers in particular, it would look a great deal better." Now I think it would have looked a great deal better if "Sincere Friend" had not said this, *unless* he had pointed to some part of the *Vessel* in proof of his assertion; but this in my judgment would be impossible. "Sincere Friend" may for ought I know be a sincere friend, and faithful are the wounds of a friend, whilst the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. But who are these one or two ministers? For myself as a constant reader of the *Vessel*, I am utterly at a loss to know. I do not know a *good* minister that does not now and then get a good friendly christian salutation from the *Vessel*, and therefore if the Editor cringes to *any*, he cringes to *all*.

Holy men of God of old spake *not evil* one of another; but spoke well of each other and never disputed one with another, except some solemn necessity compelled them so to do; as when Moses rebuked Aaron in the matter of the golden calf; Paul withstood the apostle Peter in the matter of Jewish ceremony because he was to be blamed; but these matters soon came right, and so it is that if you *justly* reprove a just man, he will love thee; wisely teach a wise man, and he will yet be wiser.

But I can see neither the truth, nor the justice, nor the propriety, much less the necessity of "Sincere Friend's" assertion. What minister is there standing, manifest to the conscience of the Editor, of whom he has not spoken kindly—at the same time decisively, and faithfully, and thus *speaking the truth in love*? How would "Sincere Friend" have the Editor speak? Would he have him adopt the barbarian manners of some Editors, whose one-sided work has driven more real christians assunder, than it has ever united together, and has uprooted and ruined more churches than it has ever established? So true it is that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

But who are these one or two ministers? Is one of the two, or are both of them favored with a little more success than is palatable to the taste of "Sincere Friend?" *Supposing* this to be the case, let "Sincere Friend" remember that as they succeed by the ministry of the word of life; it is by the mercy and goodness and power of the *best* of all friends, that they so succeed. And would it not look a great deal better if "Sincere Friend" did not shew himself aggrieved at the goodness of the friend that loveth at all times? Would "Sincere Friend" like the Lord of all to say unto him "Is *thine*

eye evil, because *I* am good; may I not do what I will with mine own? Does "Sincere Friend" pray for the peace and prosperity of Zion, and yet is so wanting in good feeling towards *one or two* of the Lord's servants, that he hurls a false, utterly false, accusation at the Editor of the *Vessel*, simply because the one or two ministers share in common with other good men and ministers in the good will and good word of the Editor?

"Sincere Friend" must also remember that the *Vessel* has to bear a record of things *as they are*, and must therefore describe the sayings and doings of men as they are; and if the one or two ministers differ in gifts and success from their brethren, they must be spoken of accordingly. But must the Editor on this account be accused of *erawling* to them? As I before said, I am at a loss to know who these ministers are. I believe "Sincere Friend" is the only one that knows who they are; the Editor cannot know who they are, for the very simple reason that he has never I most sincerely believe cringed to any, and I know not who they are; I may surmise, but I better not give any names, lest I should give the wrong.

But these one or two ministers, are by "Sincere Friend" turned into a world, and so he advises the Editor to write and speak independently of the frowns and smiles of the *world*. But perhaps by the term *world*, "Sincere Friend" does not mean the two ministers, but somebody else, and so the Editor is in most deplorable dependance in matters pertaining to conscience; but it is well for him that his conscience bears witness to the contrary. From temporal affliction and trouble every body knows he is never free; but he is free in the Lord, and he uses that liberty most industriously. Who is there among our ministers that labours more either by the pulpit or the press? Pity! that good men should have nothing better to do, than to requite his sincerely well meant and useful labours, by casting arrows at him, in that very part too wherein he has always appeared to me to be so praiseworthy; for I have often noticed instances where he has been spoken of anything but kindly; yet in the very face of this, he has, where he conscientiously could, spoken kindly of them; and has never withheld from them the credit of their well-doing, nor does he envy other churches because of their prosperity, but rather rejoices therein. He has I confess often passed by the defects and peculiarities in his remarks upon ministers, choosing rather to make the good overcome the evil, than the evil should overcome the good.

The more I look at the assertion of "Sincere Friend," the more I am ashamed of it, and more unable do I feel to reconcile "the coarse insinuation," with the courteous signature "Sincere Friend." Art thou in health my brother with dagger in hand? To shew the sincerity of heart is certainly nothing new.

The Editor is a *tried* man and in providential circumstances, often ready to halt and is as a lamp despised, in the thought of him that is at ease. Job's sincere (?) friends thought that because he was tried in temporals, that therefore he was dishonest in spirituals. But was their judgment righteous judgment? Did the God of knowledge, by whom actions are weighed, approve their judgment? A man may be full of sores temporally, and so dependant as to be lying at the rich man's gate, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table; this was his (Lazarus's) bondage temporally; but in things pertaining to God he was a king and a priest; free, and at times happy. Indeed, Lazarus was so crippled, that he could not (to use the *elegant* phrase of a "Sincere Friend") even *crawl*; for he was *lying* at the rich man's gate.

"Sincere Friend," let me say to you, that your assertion is untrue, unkind, unchristian, and uncalled for; while I say to the Editor, Fear not; still go on as you have done—doing your best to serve God and man; and though you have your enemies and mistaken friends, yet there are many with you, and always will be; many who do not expect perfection from any man; but while they know you are a man of like passions with themselves, nevertheless love you and esteem you; and will ever honour you for your work's sake; but above all, the Lord of hosts is with you; the God of Jacob is your Refuge; otherwise vain would be the help of men.

FAITHFUL.

If thou has strong affections that carry thee to Christ, certainly thou has grace, though thy strong corruptions often carry thee from Christ. Peter had more infirmities and corruptions and sins than all the disciples besides (excepting Judas). He took Christ aside, gave him carnal counsel, and said to his sufferings, "Far be it from thee Lord, this shall not be unto thee," for which Christ said to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He dreams of merit, and boasts of what he had done for Christ, as it is observed of him when he said to Christ, "Behold we have forsaken all and followed thee, what shall we have therefore?" Peter of all the disciples was the most confident of his own strength, and boasts what he would do and suffer for Christ: "Though all men be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." And if I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." Nay, and presently after this confident undertaking Peter denies Christ, and swears and curses that he knew him not. Some observe that Peter's cursing was not only his cursing of himself if he knew Christ, but that he also cursed Jesus Christ, that so he might appear to them to be none of his disciples; and yet notwithstanding all this Peter had not only truth and reality, but eminency and strength of grace—*Love*.

THE TRUE POSITION OF CHRISTIAN DEACONS

IN THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH.

No. II.

WHAT IS A DEACON, AND WHAT HIS DUTIES!

[We continue to receive papers on the office, and work of the Christian Deacon: all that appear calculated to be useful we give entire.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR:—As you have expressed a wish for some suitable papers on the Christian "Deaconship," should the following, which is very respectfully submitted, appear to you to be such, please to give it a place in your Magazine.

At the outset I would just say, that I know of no book on the subject that has satisfied the enquiry of my own mind; nor can I pretend to much more than a statement of my conclusions, which are frankly and modestly submitted to my Christian brethren. As a class, I hope our deacons are worthy men; and am persuaded that in many instances they are eminent in grace, holiness, and usefulness. Whatever can be done to assist them ought to be done, especially by those whose great business it is carefully and thoroughly to study the Holy Scriptures. It will be readily allowed that that will promote our greatest good which goes to show the way of the Lord more perfectly in any of its scriptural descriptions, which, truly prized and piously acted on, will, under God, secure to our churches the strength and prosperity necessary for real comfort and vigorous action.

What is a deacon? and what are his duties in the Christian church and the qualifications necessary in such a brother? It has usually been considered to be an office for the management of our pecuniary and temporal concerns. Is this really and scripturally correct? The writer believes that it is not. That this is *no part* of their proper business he will not deny, but what he does say is this—that the notion that their office is to "serve tables," has been too readily assumed on slender insufficient evidence, and that the proof of it breaks down when fully examined by the light of Scripture.

It seems to have been a common practice to take the case of the seven brethren recorded in Acts vi. as the proper authority and model for the Christian deaconship; and this office is seldom described or largely discussed without reference to it as our chief guide. It is seriously submitted that in this we have quite mistaken our way, and that the passage is not at all to our purpose. This must be decided by a fair appeal to the facts therein recorded. These are few and clearly written. At the first, at least, the church at Jerusalem supported its needy members, and especially its widows, by a daily allowance. The widows were partly Hebrews located in

Palestine, and partly Grecian Jews, who had come from various places into which the Jews were scattered. After a while the Grecian brethren murmured against the Hebrews because their widows were neglected in the daily distribution of the provisions. To settle this affair, which might have done much harm, and greatly hindered the apostle in the specially spiritual work of the ministry, and the exercises of prayer—it required, he called the church together, and bid them choose from among themselves seven men of appropriate qualifications, which they specified, whom they (the apostles) would "appoint over this business," giving this reason for it, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables." This clearly shews that what was brought and laid "at the feet of the apostles," had been distributed formerly by *themselves*, perhaps assisted by others as needful; and that they would have managed it still, had not other and more important duties demanded all their time and energies. The necessity of the case led to the creation of the office, and the choice of the brotherhood to the apostles appointing the officers for a distinctly defined business—the daily supply of the widows. The supply being daily may account for the number seven—one for each day of the week.

Beyond this there is no evidence; and it confines the office to this one thing, and fixes the meaning of the words "serve tables" without the shadow of a doubt. How strange it is that the meaning should have been mistaken by those who take, or think they take, Scripture alone for their guide. If we had a fund for widowed sisters, like the above church, and needed a distinct class of officers to distribute it, here we might find a precedent; but for the deacon's office among us, it yields us no authority, gives no guidance whatever. It must be cast out of our account on the subject altogether.

It appears from 1 Tim. v. that other churches supported their widows when needy, without children or nephews to help them, not under sixty years of age, and of useful and benevolent character. But whether these were supplied by a distinct class of officers does not appear from the record.

There is no evidence of the existence of such officers except in the church at Jerusalem; and it seems to me probable that they were peculiar to that church while the community of goods lasted, and the peculiar condition of the members required it. When Philip, who with his seven gifted daughters lived at Cæsarea, was visited by Paul and his company many years after this appointment

which he received at Jerusalem, he is distinguished by a reference to it thus—"Philip the evangelist was one of the seven," though probably at that time engaged with another and distant church. It is not said, "who was one of the seven deacons," according to the common notion, nor of the seven at Jerusalem, as if to distinguish them from similar officers in the churches, but simply one of the seven, as of one of a well known but peculiar body of men. I submit this to all thinking readers. But be this as it may, the case of "the seven" applies not to the deacon's office among us, nor is there any proof that it bore any relation to the deacon's office among the first churches. The heading of Acts vi. in the common version is wrong and delusive, the effect of groundless tradition, which the Reformers ought to have cast off. The question returns, what is the scriptural office which Paul calls "the office of a deacon," and speaks so honourably of, and is so grave about? See 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

Should this part be well received, I will send a finishing paper on the subject. In the meantime I entreat my brethren to ponder the subject; and when I have done, I shall be happy to attend to what they may think well to offer on the point, and in a kind spirit. Your's truly,
T. OWEN.
Cranfield, Beds, Sept. 9, 1853.

Safety and Salvation

IN THE

Imputed Righteousness of Christ.

MY DEAR AND EVER RESPECTED BROTHER BAKES.—Though very faint and full of pain, I sit down to record a few of the Lord's gracious dealings with me in the wilderness; believing, as I do, that my race is nearly run, my pilgrimage is nearly ended; and as thou hast been the partner of my sorrows in my former letters, and I have called upon thee to weep with me in the depths of trouble, so I call upon you to rejoice with me in the glorious salvation I have found. How often have I thought of your words when you preached in the upper room in Cranmer Court! You said, it was a blessed thing to preach the gospel; and so I have found it, to the joy and rejoicing of my heart; for when I have been bearing testimony to my dear brethren and sisters, of that precious salvation made over to me by the precious work and blood of our thrice precious Jesus, my poor little heart has sunk into nothing, as it were, to think that one so vile, so filthy, so sinful as I, who have wrought hard for damnation, should obtain salvation; and that by One I have all my life saluted. Well may the poet say,

"Salvation, O, the joyful sound,
'Tis music to my ear,
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for my fear."

Yes, my brother, those weapons you spoke of last Lord's-day at Norwood, have pierced my heart, and made it bleed on account of sin; but, glory be to my precious Christ, the Holy Ghost

hath brought to my wounded soul some of that precious balm you was speaking about some few years since at Farnborough; and truly that day was a good day to my soul; for I felt the melting power of the blood of Jesus, my once dying but now risen Lord, to heal and bind up the fourfold hurt which sin had made upon my soul, feeling the power of the Lord present to heal. That sermon was much blessed to my soul for many months after; but many a dark cloud has enveloped my sky since that time; fearfulness and trembling have taken hold of me; sin has been rampant upon my conscience, and the devil lording it over me; but, glory to my almighty Captain, I have found by experience that the triumph of the wicked is but short; for my Lord has come down to my miserable state, and brought the blood-stained banner, and hoisted it over my head, at whose presence devils flee and sin is drowned; and once more he hath brought up my soul from the pit, and I have shouted, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb." Go on, my brother, in the strength of the Lord God, and make mention of his name and of his righteousness only, and preach that blood, before whose power sinners fall and devils tremble; and a full reward shall be given you of the Lord God of Israel; for though you and I have sorely tried our much beloved master's patience, and devils have tried him, and the world have tried him; yea may I not say that God his Father tried him also? Look at Gethsemane! look at Pilate's bar! look at Calvary! Think you this was not enough to try his love and patience? James calls our attention to this: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, ye have seen the end of the Lord." Yes, bless his dear and holy name, such was the power of his love to sinners, that though he knew

"The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

and what enhances this love in my soul is, because it is so free; there is no good cause in us why he should do this. I declare before God I cannot trace one good action of my life that is without infirmity. If I should think so, who are so sinful in myself, and unable to judge rightly of the purity of his requirements, what must he think, whose holy soul cannot look but with the utmost abhorrence upon the least spot and stain of sin. Doctor Watts beautifully expresses my mind upon this subject: he says,

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Upon my soul be found,
He took the robe my Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

Next the glory of the gospel, my brother, my soul hugs this robe: it is the imputed righteousness of my glorious Christ, which pharisees hate, and formalists spurn at: but my soul approves it well; I have no other dress to appear before a heart-searching God in; and the joy of having this dress makes me weep for joy whilst I write. O, my God, put my tears in thy bottle; thou knowest I love thee, though the devil and my wicked heart often say I do not, and the world is writing hard and bitter things against me, but not more than I do against myself; but one smile of thine sets my soul dancing for joy. O, the joys of salvation! I only live, my brother,

when Christ lives in me ; so that I can say with Paul, " The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me : and though all things in nature decay,

" Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent arm,
The righteous shall bold on his way."

Painful has been thy pathway, my brother : few have been called to pass through the deep waters as you have ; and though you have had to weep over the loss of those dear to you, both in the ties of nature and grace, yet you cannot but say that the Lord has given you much cause of rejoicing : for Lazarus is not dead, but sleepeth ; and He who is the Resurrection and the Life shall quicken your mortal bodies, and fashion them like unto his glorious body, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Let the recollection of these mercies fire your soul onward in the good cause ; it is these blessings that fill my soul with holy peace in the prospect of death. O, I should tremble indeed to meet that piercing glance without my precious Daysman, my glorious Advocate, my mighty Counsellor ; for I know without him that glance would sink my soul to hell ; but his sweet promise is, " I will send the Comforter to you, and he shall teach you all things : he shall not speak of himself unto you, but he shall glorify me ; for he shall take of mine, and shall shew them unto you." Blood for blood, life for life, body for body, soul for soul, hath he given for us—so saith the blessed Spirit in the gospel ; and in bringing these things home to our hearts, we with joy run in the way of his commandments, because it is the love of Christ constraineth us. I do not rehearse these things to my brother because I think he does not know them, but because he does know and preach them too, and knows the sweet effect this blessed salvation has had upon his own soul, and what will constitute our song in eternity, will and must, cheer our hearts through the wilderness ; a complete deliverance from sin, and from all the deaths which sin brings into the soul here, for I know they are many ; and the sweet presence and glory of our blessed Husband, from whom all fruits of our love and rejoicing are found. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, my brother—the evidence of things not yet seen in their fulness and glory ; but now and then, as we pass along, we get a sup out of this heavenly stream, and it gladdens our hearts and strengthens our faith, fires our hopes, and brightens our prospects, and makes this earth and earthly things, in comparison, a mere speck.

I did hope to have joined you, and the dear family at Crosby Row, in partaking of the sweet embraces of his dying love ; but it is otherwise with me : I am in my little room, confined with great pain in my chest, where great and mighty things have been unfolded to me. Here he shews me he is a Sovereign, and deals sovereignly with his own, and gives none account of his matters ; and though he loves the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob ; yet when he takes Jacob aside from these blessed assemblies, he teaches him to know that he can and does bless his soul in his lonely retreats ; and though he will have his children walk in the way of his commands, and has promised to bless them in them ; therefore they that love his name and

thirst for his salvation, will seek them where he has promised to meet them. I believe David knew this ; for he said, " One thing have I desired of the Lord—that will I seek after." None can tell the earnestness of soul for mercy, but those arraigned at God's almighty bar. There is a great agonizing in the soul : this I can bear testimony to—after salvation ; and when the soul has found it, he serves God in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter, and so glorifies the spirit, but to shew us that he can bless in the ordinances of his house, or in a sick chamber—that he is not confined to time or place. He is blessing my soul here, and giving me such a deep sense of his love to me, a poor sinner, that my soul melts like wax before him. O, may it be so with you, and the dear people over whom the Lord hath made you an overseer, whilst you are telling out some of the feelings of your soul in the contemplation of his dying love. May I beg an interest in your prayers, as you always have in mine ; and while we do bless our God for the ordinances of his house, yet we desire to make no more of them than God intends them : but wherever the Lord blesses the souls of his people, that is the true Bethel, though it may be under a hedge, in a barn, bay loft or stable ; that will be a sacred spot to the renewed soul.

It is here, then, my brother, in my chamber of affliction, I set up another Ebenezer, and say,—
" Hitherto the Lord, ever faithful to his promise, has helped me : " and should it be my last testimony upon earth, I believe my soul has an interest in his dear blood, such an one that sin, the world nor the devil can deprive me of.

" O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !

Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to thee."

Farewell, my dear brother : may grace and truth crown your journey's end, as I believe it will,

" When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave."

Until then, believe me your's most sincerely,
in the love of the gospel, R. EVS.

The Death-Bed Experience

OF

MRS. HEPHZIBAH CLACK,

One of the Oldest Members of Eden St. Chapel.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—My reason for addressing you at this time, is to give you some account of the last words that dropped from my poor dear mother's lips—Mrs. Clack—whom I think you knew ; as some of the friends thought it looked like a slight not for it to be mentioned from the pulpit, as I think she was one of the oldest members of Eden Street Chapel.

I believe it was about twenty-seven years ago, when the Lord sealed home the pardon of her sins, and she had many very sweet manifestations of the Lord's lovingkindness to her soul. Since that time, but lately, she seemed to walk more in the dark, and was much concerned at times to know how the end would be with her ; I mean, death. Some short time ago, those words were much on her mind, and she felt a firm persuasion that the Spirit dwelt in her. He that raised

up Christ from the dead, shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.' And she told me, a few nights before she brought up the first blood, she dreamed four angels came to take her; and she said their raiment was so glistening, and so white and beautiful, and they were singing; and she said she joined them in the singing. And when she awoke, she said, it left a very sweet and pleasing impression upon her mind. For some time past I have noticed that her mind was in a very particular way solemnized about death and eternity; and she has told me what solemn views she had had about eternity; and there seemed a very solemn awe of God's great Majesty.

As soon as she brought up the first blood, she thought her time was near; and she told father to give her love to the dear children, and the chapel friends; which was on Saturday, February 14. That night I sat up with her; but she was very ill. I heard her say to herself, 'I will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever; and the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' A little after this, I gave her the medicine; and she said, 'My dear, I have had some sweet communion with my God. Ah, it's heaven to dwell in his embrace, and nowhere else.' But then I think she was very comfortable in her mind all that night. Betwixt her doses, she was praising God for his goodness.

On Sunday, the 15th, she said, 'He has ascended up on high, he has led captivity captive; he has received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also.' I asked her during the day how she felt in her mind. She said, 'My dear Lord does not lay upon me more than I can bear; my mind is kept very staid and very peaceable; he knows my weak frame; the enemy is not permitted to harass me.'

Her brother came to see her; and she was very anxious that he should read a chapter and engage in prayer, which he did; and it was a very solemn season, at least to me, and I think to her; and she wished him to hurry her. I did not see her again till Monday evening. I again asked her how she felt in her mind. She said—'It is peace.' She did not fear death so much as she feared being choked with the blood. She said—'I believe God has done a work in my soul; and what he does is for love.'

On Tuesday I asked her if she felt comfortable. She said, 'Yes; sometimes I fear I may be too easy; for nothing troubles me: this crosses my mind sometimes, "the wicked have no bonds in their death." But it does not trouble me.' Another time she said, 'Thy yoke is easy, and thy burden is light.' Again: 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; whosoever will, let him come.' She told me that the hundred and seventh Psalm had been a great blessing to her many times. The morning, that she died in the evening, father read Isaiah lii., and she seemed to enjoy it very much. Soon after, she brought up a quantity more blood, and I thought her time would not be long. She was very quiet for some time; and after that she seemed strengthened: she begun talking; and repeated that hymn:

'Think how day by day his love shall see good,
Upon me to lay his fatherly rod;
Yot be not dejected; however oppressed,
Though sorely afflicted, 'tis all for the best.'

This hymn begins:

'My soul now arise, my passions take wing.'

After this she was silent for some time, and then she spoke of the great work of redemption; what Christ had redeemed his people from, and what they were redeemed to. She spoke of the love of his heart, to think that he should lay down his life for his church. 'O, (she says) to have a view of him in Gethsemane's garden. How huge the heavy load of all, when only mine's so great! Dear Mr. Kent, how he was led into the sufferings of Christ!' She said,

'At most we only taste the cup!
For he alone has drank it up!'

She said to two of her daughters who were with her, 'My dears, do not say anything of me when I am gone, but that I am one of the vilest of the vile out of hell, saved by God's sovereign grace.' Then she said, 'I hope the dear Lord will keep you, and plant his fear very deep in your hearts, and cause you to depart from evil. I hope you will be enabled to pursue the narrow path that leadeth to life. If you belong to God, you will find that it leads through much tribulation; for I have. Do not be too much carried away with the vanities of this world; for you will find it an empty bubble.' She said, 'I have got nothing to bring; my only hope is in Christ. I am naked, and want a covering—the righteousness of Christ to clothe me, his blood to wash me; 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.' She said, 'I feel like the woman that pressed through the crowd; if I could but touch the hem of his garment, I should be whole.' And then she spoke very sweetly of the virtue; that Christ perceived that virtue had gone out of him to heal that poor sinner. 'O, (she said), I am like Mary; if I could get at him, how I could kiss his dear feet, and wash them with my tears, and wipe them with the hair of my head.' After she had slept a little, she again spoke of the goodness of God in providence; how kind he had been to her in supplying her needs, and how he had blessed her in her family; and not long before she died, she repeated those two hymns:

'Rock of ages, shelter me!'

And,

'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

And then she repeated, with much confidence, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' She dosed a little, and turned herself over on the other side, and said: 'He has ransomed me from the power of the grave;' and I think they were almost her last words. She was made very sensibly to feel her vileness and unworthiness; and said, 'If ever I get to heaven, I think I shall sing the loudest there, but in Christ; his riches are enough to atone for all my transgressions.' She said, 'If I am not most awfully deceived, I have had many sweet testimonies of the Lord's lovingkindness to my poor soul; he has manifested himself to me as a God gracious and merciful, pardoning iniquities, transgressions and sins; and then it was that I could worship the Lord in the beauties of holiness; I have felt so strong in the Lord, and in the power of his

might, that should an host encamp against me, I did not fear; I felt like Gad—I could overcome a troop, and leap over a wall. I have forcibly felt the mountains that stood betwixt me and God to flow down at his presence; and he alone is my only Hope, my only Refuge, my only Trust; all other foundations are but wood, hay and stubble, which must be burnt up.' She said,

'If this Foundation be removed,
What can the righteous do!'

'Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his.' She repeated all this before she said, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion,' but it had slipped my memory, for I have a very poor one. I was not with her all the time, but this I heard her say. The dear Lord dealt very mercifully with her in her afflictions. She said once: 'The peace of God is perfect peace.' Her mind was kept staid upon God; she seemed enabled to leave her husband and family in the hands of that God that had been so good to her. I never saw her shed a tear after she took to her bed; and she said once—

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

She prayed very earnestly that she might not be choked with the blood at last; and the Lord very graciously answered her request. Her last words were, 'Who will lift me up?' But before we could get to her, she got up in the bed, sit up, and I put my arm round her, and she seemed like one going to sleep. Her death was very easy; so much so, that her last breath was hardly perceptible. I thought if it was the Lord's will, I should like to hear her shout victory at the last; but my mind was wonderfully supported. Those words came into my mind very sweetly when she was dying, 'When this corruptible body shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory; and blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labours, and their works shall follow them;' and I felt a firm persuasion in my mind that she was one of that number. I went and looked at her two or three hours after she was dead, and those words dropped into my mind as I was looking at her,—

'Sweetly sleep, dear saint in Jesus;
Thou with Christ shall rise again.'

And, 'The memory of the just is blessed.'

Dear sir, I have felt my inability to write you on this subject: nothing could have induced me to do so, but for the glory of God, and the encouragement of poor, needy souls. If you should think proper to speak from anything that may strike your mind, may it not be in vain in the Lord; but I will leave it in your hands to do as you think best—it will not make any difference to my poor dear mother. I feel her loss, but am constrained to say, 'The Lord has done all things well.'

I must conclude, with kind regards to Mrs. Wigmore, and accept the same yourself; wishing you every blessing the Lord shall see fit to bestow upon you in time and for eternity.

ПЕРФИВАН СЛАК.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

AT

JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Through the kindness of our gracious God, and the attendance of our friends, we had an excellent meeting on Monday, September 19th, 1863. We met in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock; Mr. Stenson spoke upon the subject given him until tea time; our school room was then opened by some of the friends taking tea there. Nearly three hundred sat down; after which the meeting was resumed, and the report of the committee read; then our brethren Bloomfield, Coles, Wells, Bland and Allen spoke, each of them to the subject given, excepting Mr. Bloomfield, who could only stay to congratulate us on having such a happy meeting. I have been able to get a report of the substance of the speeches, which if you will publish you will much oblige your's, in Jesus,
P. W. WILLIAMSON.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Mr. John Stenson, of Chelsea, delivered the following address in the afternoon, on

Christ Prefigured in or by the Levitical Law.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.—Some few weeks have elapsed since my good brother, your pastor, waited upon me, soliciting my presence with you to-day, in order to address you on the subject of "Christ prefigured in or by the Levitical law." When I demurred and objected thereto, and after raising many unavailing reasons wherefore I should be excused, and desiring him to place the subject in other and abler hands than mine, I hastily remarked it would require some three hours to handle such a subject with any degree of propriety; when he immediately replied, "Well, I'll meet you half way; you shall have two hours, for you shall take the pulpit, and have the afternoon to yourself." I then reluctantly consented, concluding I should be expected to preach this afternoon; for I must say that I feel an almost insuperable objection to mere speechifying; although to preaching the good word of the Lord I have no objection. Yet I now feel perfectly unfit for such a task, inasmuch as when I received the published notice of this meeting, I read the bill again and again, and finding nothing relative to preaching or to my occupying the afternoon, I conceived that our brother had, since his interview with me, altered his mind, and that he intended two or three of the subjects announced on the bills to be spoken upon this afternoon, and the others in the evening. But since my arrival he tells me that his mind has undergone no change upon the matter from the time he saw me to the present, but that I am expected to occupy the afternoon.

Well then, dear friends, if the Lord shall deign to help me, a poor worthless worm, I will endeavour, according to the measure of grace given unto me, to address you, earnestly praying that God may make his glory known, while I attempt to speak of Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write—even Jesus of Nazareth.

But I would first premise that if there be within these walls among this unusually large congregation any lifeless, heartless, hopeless hypocrites, who are apt critics, always upon the look out, ever ready to catch at words or sentences capable of being wrested to other meaning than that intended by the speaker, I deem it unwise to trifle with

time in attempting to parley with them, seeing they are totally incapable of exercising a spiritual judgment upon divine realities. - I would just relate to them a circumstance which happened to me some four and twenty years ago; it may be made useful. At that time I was engaged to preach at Hammersmith, which I did according to the ability that God gave me, which was then, as now, but very small. After the service, a person of some imaginary importance walked into the vestry, and looking at me, said, "I very strongly object to your closing sentences this evening." "Indeed," (said I) to what part of them do you object?" "O," (said he) I object to your praying God to wash your preaching and your prayers; for be quite sure that if your preaching is not in faith, and your prayers are not of the Holy Ghost, no washing will render them acceptable to Jehovah, for all that is of the flesh is an abomination and an offence to God; but if your preaching and prayers were the production of the Holy Spirit, they would need no washing at all." Several stood around us, and looked astonished at the effrontery of the man. I merely said to him, "Sir, I read that they (the saints) washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Now, according to your reasoning, if their robes were their own production all washing would be unavailing; and if they were Christ's they would have no need of washing." To which the intruder replied, "Oh, I never read that, or at least never thought of it." "Well," (said I,) for the future try first rightly to think, then you may venture to speak out your thoughts."

Now in calling your attention to the subject before us, let me first notice that in my humble opinion, every law emanating from the high courts of heaven more or less prefigured Christ Jesus our Lord. Thus the Adamic law, which was a law of provision, prohibition, and probation, pointed to Christ in whom all fulness dwells. The Noahic law, which was a law of divine providence, that "Seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night should not cease," (Gen. viii. 22,) shadowed forth a spiritual import in the kingdom of Christ. The Abrahamic law was a law of circumcision and separation, setting forth the true characteristics of the spiritual seed belonging to Christ Jesus. And the Mosaic law was a law of condemnation and death, exhibiting the necessity for a day's-man (the Lord Jesus) to deliver from death, by suretyship engagements and suffering consequences, all that were given him of the Father.

But the subject given me for consideration this afternoon is, "Christ Jesus prefigured in or by the Levitical law." Had it been Christ Jesus prefigured by or under the Levitical dispensation, I should have had to speak more largely on the sacerdotal character and office of our adorable Lord, and to have shewed how the divers forms and ceremonies observed at the installation of a Levite into the priesthood portrayed the manifold characters of our all-glorious Lord. But I will endeavour to restrict my present attention to the highly-important and deeply-interesting subject given, "Christ Jesus prefigured in or by the Levitical law;" and in so doing, I shall not attempt to preach from any particular verse or verses, but rather take the entire book of Leviticus as the solemn basis for my few remarks. And no doubt you are aware that whenever the good William Romaine either read or preached from this book he was wont to announce it as "the gospel of Leviticus." And Jerome, commonly called St. Jerome, writing to Paulinus, saith, expressive of his high opinion of this book, "In hoc libro singula pene syllaba celestia spirat sacramenta," that is, almost every syllable in this book breathes a spiritual sacrament. Blessed be the Lord for this delightfully instructive book which contains so large an embodiment of the gospel of Christ.

I shall now endeavour to shew you how Christ Jesus was prefigured in or by the Levitical law in four distinct particulars :

- 1st. In his personality.
- 2nd. In his purity.
- 3rd. In his work.
- 4th. In his excellency and fulness.

First. Consider Christ in his personality. As a decided Trinitarian, I here openly and cheerfully avow my solemn conviction of soul that the person of Jesus Christ, independent and irrespective of humanity possessed, except in purpose and decree, is coeval, co-equal, co-eternal, and co-existent with the persons of God the Father and God the Holy Ghost. Therefore in his divine personality he is self-existent, unbegotten, uncreated and underived. And hence, Watts was right when he wrote,

"A Person so divine was he
That yielded to be slain,
That he could give his life away,
And take his life again."

None but He that hath the divine perfections in himself, as eternity, immortality, immutability, and infinity, could by any possibility enter into compact or agreement with the infinitely great and glorious I AM. Yet Christ Jesus, our Representative, Redeemer, Righteousness, and Reigning Head, viewing in his infinite mind the whole election of grace, engaged his heart, (or himself) to draw near unto God, and opened his mouth in righteousness, saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God; thy law is within my heart." Yes, this law is infinitely higher than the Levitical, Mosaic, Abrahamic, Noahic, or Adamic law, for it is the law of eternal life, which law is still in his hands and his heart. In the covenant arrangements entered into between the Three-One God, we may clearly perceive the truthfulness of Kent's lines—

"Christ and his members ever stood,
A glorious mystic Man;
Loved with the highest love of God,
Before the world began."

It should ever be remembered, that when Christ was set up, or stood forth as the covenant Head of the church, the entire members composing that body, all stood complete in him according to his purpose and grace, who had blessed them in Christ Jesus with all spiritual blessings before the world began. In the glorious Person of Christ, that is, in his personal suretyship and responsibility, the whole church was viewed in one eternal glance with infinite delight; and as Kent observes—

"Although the Lord of earth and sky,
Knew what we all should prove,
He on the Saviour kept his eye,
And rested in his love."

Think, dear friends, of the infinite omnipotence of Jehovah's mind, whose one thought embraced the everlasting salvation and eternal felicity of all the vessels of mercy, which were afore-prepared unto glory, the number of which can neither be diminished nor increased. The Person of Christ was pre-figured or foreshadowed in the mystical person and priesthood of Melchizedek. Hence David, by the Holy Ghost, saith, "The Lord hath sworn and will not repent: thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek, (Psalm cx. 5), who was king of righteousness, and also king of peace, without father, without mother, without descent; having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; having an everlasting priesthood, eternally exceeding every other priesthood." And hence Paul also, in writing to the Hebrews, exhorts them to "consider how great this man was, unto whom even the patriarch Abraham gave the tenth of the spoils; and verily, they that are of the sons of Levi, who receive the office of the priesthood, have a commandment to take tithes of the people according to the law, that is, of their brethren, though they come out of the loins of Abraham. But he whose descent (or pedigree) is not counted from them, received tithes of Abraham, and blessed him that had the promises. And without any contradiction, the less is blessed of the better. And here men that die receive tithes; but there He receiveth them, of whom

it is witnessed that he liveth. And as I may so say, Levi also, who receiveth tithes, payed tithes in Abraham. For he was yet in the loins of his father, when Melchizedek met him." Jer. iv. 10.

Thus we see that the Person of Christ stands pre-eminently distinguished from every other person, and that his priesthood endureth for ever.

But now, with reference to Levi, if you turn your attention to Genesis xxix. 34; you will there find the true purport of the name—viz., *JOSEPH*. And surely Christ Jesus is here pre-figured, seeing that in him Deity and humanity are joined, eternity and time are joined, God and man are joined, heaven and earth are joined, mercy and truth are joined. And Paul saith, "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." 1 Cor. vi. 17. Again, look at the words God spake to his servant Moses, saying, "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well." Exodus iv. 14. Here likewise our precious Jesus is pre-figured in his relationship to the church of God, as our life-speaking, truth-speaking, and peace-speaking Brother, of whom it was justly said, "Never man spake like this Man."

"His word in heaven's high court prevails,
On earth it never, never fails."

Let me now conduct you to the 14th chapter of Leviticus, 49th and 53d verses, in order that you may contemplate the adorable Person of Christ, as pre-figured in or by that typical ritual. The living bird set forth his Deity; the killed, or slain bird, his humanity; the cedar-wood, his cross; the hyssop, faith; the scarlet, love; and the running water, living truth. There could be no cleansing of the leprous house, but by the strict observance of the Levitical law, which set forth not only the two distinct natures of Christ, but also shewed the efficacy of his atoning blood, when with the running water, it was sprinkled as commanded. Yet must we bear in mind, that

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Nor wash away the stain."

"But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they."

And again, in the 16th chapter, 22d and 23d verses, you have the same things prefigured by the scape-goat, upon whose head all the iniquities and trespasses of Israel were to be laid, being thereon confessed; and by it to be borne into an uninhabited land, so that when sought for they should not be found. Here my soul would exclaim,

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

Much might here be said concerning Christ Jesus, on whom it pleased the Father to lay imputatively all his people's sins, and who, by his sinless sufferings and death hath for ever put away sin, and ever liveth to make intercession for them, that come unto God by him.

But I forbear, and hasten to notice in a few remarks the second particular named:

His *PURITY*. The Holy Ghost testified by Paul that he (Christ) is "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." Heb. vii. 26. And also Peter, that he is "a Lamb without blemish and without spot." 1 Peter i. 17. That is, without blemish as to his birth, and without spot as to his life. Let me here observe, that Christ was made a little lower than the angels, (Heb. ii. 7), made of the seed of David according to the flesh, (Rom. i. 3), made of a woman, (Gal. iv. 4), made under the law, (ib.), made in the likeness of men, (Phil. ii. 7), made sin for us who knew no sin, (2 Cor. v. 21), made a curse for us, (Gal. iii. 13), in order that he might

be made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. (1 Cor. i. 30).

The Levitical law prohibited anything being offered to the Lord that was either "bruised, or crushed, or broken, or cut." Everything was required to be perfect and pure. And herein Christ Jesus was pre-figured, inasmuch as his inward parts were perfect purity. Indeed, I have often observed, as illustrative of his innate purity, that not one single drop of his whole life did he ever desire to retrace, not a single word he ever spake would he recall, nor was there ever a thought in his righteous heart that he had need to repent of. No, he was personally pure in thought, word and deed, and in every way adapted to his office, as the High Priest of our profession, his body being holy, his soul humble, and his spirit honourable. The very air we inhale is impure, the bread we eat is adulterated, the water we drink is defiled, and the sun itself is not without spots; but in Jesus not the shadow of a spot can e'er be found. Perfection in purity abides in him.

III. Consider Christ Jesus prefigured in or by the Levitical law, with reference to his work.

Dear friends, the finished, glorious, and heavenly work of our elder Brother, Immanuel, secures unto us poor, fallen, guilty, helpless sinners, everlasting life, with unfading glory and honour. David sweetly saith, "His work is honourable and glorious, and his righteousness endureth for ever." Psalm iii. 3. The work of Christ, as prefigured by the Levitical law, was to make a complete atonement, perfect reconciliation, and everlasting peace. Hear how the Saviour spake in the days of his flesh, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." John iv. 34. Who can conceive the vast delight that Jesus felt when he exclaimed, "Father, I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." John xvii. 4. Think, beloved, for a moment, upon the many typical offerings presented under the Levitical law, such as the sin-offering, the trespass-offering, the burnt-offering, the meat-offering, the drink-offering, the peace-offering, the thank-offering, the wave-offering, and others, all of which were declared to be perfectly inefficient to meet the necessities of the church of God. For the Holy Ghost bears his infallible testimony, that "the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did, by the which we draw nigh to God." (Heb. vii. 10.) How strikingly true, yea, how soul-cheering is the solemn statement of the divine Testifier, "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14.) Thus we see, (whose eyes God had opened) the infinite pre-eminence of Christ's one offering, to all the offerings of the Levitical priesthood. The prophet Micah represents the deep and holy concern of the awakened soul to know wherewith to come and appear before God, asking, "Wherewith shall I come and appear before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come and bow before him with burnt offerings, with calves, of a year old? will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" (Micah vi. 6, 7.) And how delightfully descriptive of Christ Jesus, does the Holy Ghost answer the question, saying, "He hath shewed thee, O man what is good." Yes, the Lord Jesus is supremely good, being the good Shepherd, the Saviour, the good Sacrifice, the good Samaritan, yea, goodness itself. Of him Dr. Watts wrote thus,

Join all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love, and power;
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of our God,
My tongue would bless thy name,

By thee, the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience, seek
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne."

And I much admire the following expressive lines
of Toplady,

From whence this fear and unbelief?
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on thee?

Complete atonement Jesus made,
And to the utmost farthing, paid
Whate'er his people owed:
How then can wrath on me take place,
Now sheltered in his righteousness,
And sprinkled with his blood?

As Christ has my discharge procured,
And freely in my room, endured
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

Turn then my soul, into thy rest,
The merits of thy great High Priest,
Speak life and liberty:
Trust in his efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee."

Let me also add, that while the every offering of the Levitical law preached Christ Jesus our Lord, so likewise did the every feast of the Levitical dispensation. As for example, the feast of the Passover, the feast of Pentecost, the feast of first-fruits, the feast of Tabernacles, the feast of Trumpets, and the great feast of the Atonement, all prefigured him of whom it is written, "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." (1 Cor. v. 7, 8.)

In the fourth place, I shall make but a few closing remarks on the excellency and fulness of Christ. His excellency appears in the following particulars. 1. That he hath an everlasting priesthood; 2, that his sacrifice hath an everlasting value and virtue; 3, that his intercessory claims, are based upon his vicarious sacrifice; and 4, that his relationship to his people is of an everlasting character. And blessed be his great and holy name, though we be so vile, sinful, and desperately wicked, yet is he not ashamed to call us brethren. Be assured believer, whatever Satan may suggest to the contrary, that Christ Jesus, your beloved, has a brother's heart, and a brother's eye, that never can be withdrawn from the righteous.

As to the infinite, exhaustless, undiminished fulness of our dear Redeemer, it is well known of all them that have been favoured to receive therefrom day by day, and hour by hour. And these cannot but rejoice that it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell in Christ, and that for us, who are nothing but nakedness and emptiness. I must just beg of you to look at the 35th chapter of Numbers, and you will there find that God appointed eight-and-forty cities with their suburbs for the Levites, and of them six to be cities of refuge for the man-slayer that fled from the avenger, and it is remarkable that three of them were to be on the one side of Jordan, possessed by nine tribes and a half; and three of them on the other side, occupied by two tribes and a half only. Which was designed to shew forth an all-important

truth, that Christ Jesus, our one city of refuge, is as necessary where the number of congregated sinners may be comparatively few, as well as where they are most numerous. For without him we must for ever die, but in him found, we shall live for evermore.

I thank you for the patience and attention you have shewed, while I have endeavoured to speak plainly on the subject given to me. No doubt some will find fault and others imagine they could have done much better, however, if the poor Pimlico labourer shall have done any harm or mischief by the freedom of his remarks, you have the remedy in your own hands, "ask him not again." To the blessing of the true Jehovah, I desire most affectionately to commend you, and heartily pray that you may long live under the shadow of his throne, and the covert of his wings. Amen.

A continuation of the proceedings and addresses delivered at this interesting meeting will appear in future numbers.

Thanksgiving Meeting at Ipswich.

ON Wednesday, September 21st, a joyful thanksgiving meeting took place at Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich; about five hundred persons sat down to a good, well-ordered tea; satisfaction appeared in every face, and a sense of the goodness of the Lord to that cause, tuned many hearts and tongues. After tea, a public meeting was held, begun by singing part of 509th hymn—Rippon's Selection. Brother Wilkins, of Leighton Buzzard, read Psalm exxvi, and prayed. Brother Poock, the pastor, was called to the chair, when he briefly stated the object of the meeting, which was, to render thanks to the Lord for his great goodness to that favoured place; he having so evidently blessed the labours of his predecessors, and also deigning to hear testimony to his weak instrumentality during his eight years' labour among them. Eighty-one were baptized, and a sum of money amounting to about £300 had been raised, by which means the cause was entirely free. He hoped not one bitter word would be spoken, nor one vindictive reflection be felt. He expressed his own imperfections; and if directly or indirectly he had hurt the mind of any child of God, he craved their forgiveness and prayers.

Brother Manning then read a documentary historical account of the cause, exhibiting both by word and deeds the watchful care of the great Head of the church towards his Bethesda from the first to that memorable hour.

Brother Bloomfield, of Mcard's Court, London, then rose, and in a warm-hearted speech congratulated us on our condition, referring to gone-by days, when he was blessed among that people, whom he ever loved, and ever prayed for; showing in no mean manner the unchangeability of God's thoughts of love to his people in the Person of Jesus, and effectuating his own glory amidst the workings of enemies; was pleased with the flagrant proofs that God had blessed, was blessing, and felt certain he would further bless his people in Ipswich.

Brother Hoddey, of Walton, next addressed the meeting; his affectionately solid manner, filled with a soul pregnant with love and praise, gave us a word of gospel direction in an eight-fold point of view: how to walk, talk, work, watch and pray, as becoming those who had been so signally blessed of the Lord.

Brother Pawson, of Waldringfield, succeeded, by most energetically stimulating, by various incidences and coincidences, to encourage to hope for yet greater displays of grace to be manifested among us. He doubted not many sinners would yet be born of God, many backsliders be reclaimed, many hearts broken and healed, many a captive set free, he felt assured; for when among us, he felt such reviving influence he seldom felt anywhere

else. He did not doubt but we should soon have side galleries: "and you (said he) Mr. Chairman, shall see them." Our singers, anxious to mingle praises on this interesting occasion, performed in a style of solemn sound, suitable and solemn pieces between the speeches.

Brother Edmunds, of Otley, next concluded by a most appropriate prayer, and the chairman pronounced the divine benediction. The friends went home, having had light, and gladness, and joy and honour. Thus concluded a meeting truly delightful: a meeting for which many laboured and prayed; a meeting crowned with the blessing of the Lord. The scene itself was characterized with solemnity, void of clapping or stamping with feet. A platform covered with ministers of the gospel, anxious deacons, and an interesting, willing, liberal, affectionate treasurer, who welcomed the Lord's servants to his house to a wholesome supper.

Brother Pegg, of Claxton, preached to us a gospel sermon the next night.

Brethren, pray and praise for us.
Bethesda, Ipswich.

Anniversary at Walpole.

ON Lord's-day, September 25th, 1853, three anniversary sermons, and on Tuesday 27th, a thanksgiving sermon was preached at Mr. Lewis's chapel, Walpole, Suffolk, by Mr. T. Poock, of Ipswich. The weather was wet and windy, but the presence and power of the Lord was so graciously attending, that the seasons enjoyed will not it is hoped be soon forgot; collections also exceeded the year before. Brother Lewis appears a lover, and preacher of a full, free, and finished salvation through the covenant love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Few of his brethren know or associate with him in those parts, the doctrines maintained by him not being of the most popular character; his chapel is one of the first that was built in the county, will seat from three to four hundred, and is more than two hundred years old. He would be glad to hear and entertain any brother who loves and lives Christ, who may be passing his way.

A Baptist to the Back-bone.

TRING, October 11.—The anniversary of the Sunday School connected with West End Baptist Chapel, was held this day. I spoke to the children in the afternoon, preached to the people in the evening; and very happy seasons were we favoured to enjoy. Brother Skelton and his friends are in peace; and some are being added unto the church.

The next day, Oct. 12, my work lay at Dunstable. My kind brother Joseph Wilkins, of Leighton, journeyed with me; and at the Dunstable station we were met by brethren William Collyer, of Irvinghoe, and Carpenter, the pastor of Dunstable. I preached in the afternoon as well as I could from the words, "THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS;" and again in the evening. The new chapel at Dunstable, which has been erected during Mr. Carpenter's pastorate, is a neat and comfortable place of worship. The singing was most delightful; and the people appear to be plain, spiritual, and decided. I was favoured to lodge under the roof of a good man, who has waded through deep waters, and seen much of the good band of God towards him. The next morning on my way home to London, a gentleman accosted me in the carriage, and enquired what meeting I had been to? I told him. He said he was a Baptist layman; and expressed much displeasure in an attempt which

had recently been made at a certain Baptist chapel in Dunstable to introduce open communion. My companion was evidently a respectable, well-informed, and decided man. One or two sentences which he uttered appear to me of so much importance that I shall here record them. Speaking of the minister who had so recently endeavoured to throw baptism overboard, he said, "That gentleman has been preaching there six and twenty years; and he is most decidedly a talented man; but the church is a stereotyped church. The fathers die, the sons take their place; but no inroads on the territories of the great adversary have been made; no conquests over the powers of darkness have been gained. The people have had *intellectuality* instead of *spirituality*, and consequently no real good to their souls is done. Our academics, (said my travelling friend,) take young men, who learn—a smattering of the dead languages, to smoke cigars, and drink wine; and instead of giving us pious, powerful preachers of the gospel, they send out a parcel of time-serving Levites; they are a curse to our denomination." These were his own words; and solemn words they were, but to a great extent I fear they are true.

With reference to the question of Baptism, and the evasion of some who say, "I cannot see immersion to be necessary or scriptural," he said, "That is a satanic excuse. If I have a master, and he gives me certain plain directions and commands—if I am an obedient servant, shall I dare to say to my master, I cannot see this or that command is necessary? No, indeed. I shall endeavour to obey his commands; and our Master has said, 'Them that honour me I will honour.'" I was truly pleased and profited by this good man's decision and intelligent converse; for it is but seldom we fall in with so good a companion in travelling.

When I reached Leighton, Joseph Wilkins met me again, and gave me the following lines written by himself:—

THE SABBATH-DAY, BY JOSEPH WILKINS.

"O SACRED day! the glory of the land!
Welcomed by all; by those especially
Who know thy worth. Thou sacred day of heaven,
I prize thee much—not merely as a day
From toil; though were this all, hail thee I would,
And as a boon would take thee from my God.
But now, 'tis worse than sacrifice that thy
Most golden hours should be devoted to
Indignences, and steal thy time for self!
And yet what thousands do! and thus pervert
The gift of heaven into a curse for them.

"How much thy time is desecrated thus
By infidels called men! devils exalted,
If possible, in sin; more to be feared [heaven.
Than those who fell down from the heights of
"But though thy hours are thus abused, thou
hast

Thy friends—thy friends who thee adore, who hail
Thy kind return, and reverence thee whilst here,
And when thou'rt gone, thy absence deeply mourn,
And wish thee back again, that on them thou
May'st shed the balmy fragrance of thy God
To mitigate the sorrows of the way. [condescend
"How kind that heaven's high God should
To make of thee an outlet from the world
For man, whose sin deserved no rest. But thou,

From heaven the key dost bring to let us in
To banquet with thy God, our King; if but
One moment, oh how sweet, 'tis infinite!

"What heavenly glow is on creation put
By thee! Yon sun is by thee tinged anew,
And his refulgent beams, thus sanctified,
Doth give a sacred hue to all below
But man, vile man, of all creation worst!
And yet on him there is a something new, [ne'er
Though unperceived by those whose eyes have
Been freed from scales, scales that God's glory hide.

"Who but a demon in disguise would e'er
Deny thy God that once has seen this change,
And felt the influence of this sacred day?

"Bold sinners wish to shun this light divine,
Draw hack, and seek a secret place where they
May sin. Dare not be so presumptuous on
This day, and bold! though sin is none the less
In corners dark than in the open sun;
Yet shamed by thee, they seek a place where they
May whisper out their crimes; but this is heard
In heaven as loud, as thunders in the clouds.

"Thrice blessed day! thou shalt not always thus
Be used—abused! nor art thou now by saints.

"Thou art by some* more basely used, who call
Themselves thy friends, who turn thy hours to gold,
Make merchandise of thee, and thou art sold
For sums immense! though never wast thou made
By the eternal God for deeds so base.

That carnal men, who thy great God deny,
Should thus monopolise thy God and thee
Is treason base, the worst of all—to God.

"Others more honest make a gain of thee,
Profess no love to Christ, nor yet to heaven;
No surplice wear; yet they advantage take
Of that release which thou to man dost bring,
And let themselves, and beast, and chaise, for
gold,

Make merchandise of time, and thou art sold.

"Others, thy sacred counsels disregard;
Will toil, and sell, and do just as they please;
As though no God! no heaven! no hell! As if
Thou, sacred Day, and thy more sacred GOD,
Were scribes, without authority to give
To man his laws. Others there are, who thy
Dominion own: or why ashamed! be bold!
But no: their windows dark'd, but doors un-
At jar, as if thy Author could not see: [harr'd,
And thus invite the thief of sacred time
To buy. All this is done for worthless gold,
For which thy high authority is sold.

"But wilt thou ne'er be on these foes aveng'd,
Who thus abuse thee and thy law!—Thou wilt!
Thou hast a Friend. That God who marshals
yon

Bright sun and stars, is thy defence; and he's
Decreed, that mock'd he will not be; but man
Dares to insult thy God, by slighting thee!

"No wonder that thy stay's so short, since
thou'rt

So much despis'd. And yet how kind thou art
To visit us again, to see if man
Will hail thee with delight, and use
Thy golden hours to profit by. But no,
Alas! as oft thou dost behold this base
Ingratitude to God and thee, kind heaven,
Or long ere now thy visits would have ceased.
O, sacred pledge, that "God is love;" and thou,
His messenger, dost preach his love to man.
Immortal Day! thou dost our hearts inspire

* Filthy lucre proachers.

To wait till thou shalt come, and come to stay.
O, long'd for day! now would I thee embrace!
I would detain thee now thou'rt here; but lo!
Thou can'st not bear such gross insults as these.

"Grant me, O heaven, thy help to entertain
This glorious One, whene'er from heaven he
comes!

"Thou sacred morn, at once bid sleep depart
When thou return'st to visit us again.

"How much thou art like he that brought
thee forth!

And this my reason for such love intense
To thee, thou Day of God, made by his Son
For men below! What truth thou dost unfold!
Eternal truth! Rest! rest! a Day of rest!
And can it ever be, that this sweet sound
Should e'er be heard from heaven for man, who
ne'er

Deserv'd such grace? 'Tis truth infallible!

'Tis given by God, through Christ, and on the
'Tis sealed by the agency of heaven. [soul
And thou, blest day, a sacred pledge of this.
O, sacred pledge! that Christ doth reign, who
once

Was dead; that he his work has done below.
Redemption's work! which none but God could
A God and Man! a mystery divine! [do,
And yet how true. 'Tis done; and thou, blest
day,

Beheld the sight, that Christ did rest. His work
Quite done on earth—the law quite satisfied,
And justice too; the justice of a God!
The first with life, the last with blood; by which
The door of death was open'd, and God went in
To shake the powers of hell: to take the sting
From death's own jaw; for all the elect of God.
Sin all atoned—and hell subdued; and thou
Blest day! a pledge: a witness to the deed,
Thou didst behold him rise. Love thee, I will,
I can but love; thy transient visits hail.

"O type of rest; my soul hath found by faith
In Christ, my God! when winds did blow, and
Did roll, when sis arose in cloudy hue [waves
And vengeance loud did cry, 'Pursue!' 'twas thus
That Christ did by his spirit say, "'Tis done,'
My soul replied, Lord what is done? My die
Now cast, my doom now fixed; for ever am
I lost? 'No, no,' replied my loving Lord,
'Salvation's work is done, thy soul is freed,
Thy debt is paid, and God is reconciled
To thee;' 'Twas rest indeed! and thou blest day
Didst witness this, for thou didst bring the news.'

"Thou antepast of heavenly joy! how much
Thou art like heaven! when thou didst come,
and at

Thy call, thy friends respond; to worship thy
Own God: then they rehearse his acts of grace,
And, listening to his heavenly voice, forget
Mortality! Think death is past, the world
Quite gone, and thou art come to stay. But soon
Alas thou sayest, 'Farewell,' and we come back
To earth; thou takest thy flight to yon blest shores
Where too we fain would be. How kind is heaven
To send thee thus, and likewise promise too,
That with thee we shall soon return and dwell
With God and Christ. Can this be so? 'Twill be
Indeed, when freed from sin, when Death is dead,
When better powers which ne'er shall fail, to serve
Thy God and thee; shall to our souls be given.

* The writer's soul was first delivered on the
Sabbath day.

"O heaven forgive our slumbering sloth, our Half-heartedness in dealing with thy gift. [cold Much warmer hearts, high heaven now grant! that we

May prize this more, this glorious boon of heaven. And then when earth shall to its mother fall; Corruption be! Then take this soul, God's breath! To thy embrace, a sabbath day, there to Enjoy thy God and thee eternally. Oh happy hour! Oh glorious rest from sin, From fear, from pain, from death set free. No mournful news shall strike the ear, nor notes Of discord there; no parting lays will there Be sung; but one eternal glorious song To God, to Christ. O blessed day when I His face shall see, without a cloud, without A fear. Rest in a triune God's embrace In heaven's eternal Sabbath day.

Leighton Buzzard, Oct., 1853.

I was glad to find my young ministering brother possessed of so much native talent, and thus stirring up the gift that is in him for the glory of God and the good of souls. I hope it will be read with profit, and rendered useful.

C. W. B.

Recognition of Mr. S. King Bland,

AS PASTOR OF THE

BAPTIST CHURCH, AT CHESHUNT, HERTS.

THE recognition of Mr. S. K. Bland (one of the Secretaries of the London Gospel Mission) as pastor of the Baptist church, assembling for divine worship in the new and neat little Baptist chapel, situate in Water Lane, Cheshunt, took place, on Monday, October 17th, 1853.

Morning Service.

After singing a hymn, Mr. JOSEPH CHISLETT, of Walworth, read a portion of Scripture, and fervently implored the divine blessing on the day's services. Another hymn having been sung,

Mr. T. JONES, late of Chatham, delivered an interesting discourse on "the nature and constitution of a Gospel Church;" taking the following words as a foundation for his remarks: "*But Christ, as a Son over his own house, whose house are we.*" Heb. iii. 6. In introducing his discourse, Mr Jones said:

Objection may be raised against taking a portion of divine truth in a dislocated form, separate from its context—without its connection. Such an objection would be good, if taken to serve a purpose; but I hope in the present instance there will be found no ground for it. In looking at these words I shall notice,

I. The house.

II. The Master.

III. The order of the house.

I. The word house sometimes means one thing, and sometimes another. At one time it conveys the idea of a building with roofs and walls, &c. Another idea is that of a family of persons who inhabit the building.

Both these figures will apply to the subject before us. The church of God is compared to a house, built with stones, called, "lively stones;" referring to men quickened by the Holy Ghost. They are taken from, and hewn out of the quarry of nature, dead and inert. They are lifted up, framed and polished, and thus built up into a house for God. Another idea, is that of a family. It is to this we shall particularly bend our attention. God's people are compared to a family—a house. Our idea of a family, is persons of different ages: some in years—others not so far advanced—and little children, of whom, when all things go right, give great delight, and add to the harmony of the scene. So in God's family, there are old men, young men, and babes. The old men should not quarrel with the young ones—remembering they are all of one family. There is always an idea of *crabbedness* connected with old age; yet there is no reason why it should be so, especially in the Lord's family; born of the same Spirit, and watched over and nourished by the same almighty care. Some of the older ones have been in deep waters, amidst many conflicts, and bear many scars in testimony of the onslaught; and they have therefore become wiser in their days, not for themselves alone, but for their younger brethren also. The young men, too, must not think they are not in need of the old men's instructions, and fancy they can do without their help and guidance. They must remember that these have been longer in the divine life, and therefore know more of the way, and the Master of the way, than they do. Then there are the little children, "*babes in grace*," who are ornaments in the house; but they must not think too highly of themselves. There is a proneness in all to wander and err; and children oftentimes think because they know a little that they know everything. We may confess that we thought so in days that are past. God has done great things for you children, in bringing you from nature's darkness into his marvellous light; but there is much more yet to be learnt. I hope you will all grow and become stronger. Yet remember, whatever your age or standing, you are all brethren—"holy brethren" by the sanctifying grace of the Spirit of God. And this sanctification is not hidden—no; it bears testimony to others by your temper, demeanour, and carriage, that you belong to the Lord's own family or church. Not indeed, as some people would have us believe, that a church comprised a whole nation; as, for instance, all those who are born on the south side of the Tweed are said to belong to the church of England; and those on the north side of the Tweed to the church of Scotland. But these fancies are totally foreign to Scripture. The family whom we are considering consists of holy brethren; and what is true

of the whole church is true of every little branch. They are a holy people, sanctified by God the Holy Ghost, and God makes great account of them.

II. *The Master*—Jesus Christ. He is said to be “a Son.” The Lord Jesus Christ stands in this relation to us. He is our Elder Brother. It was a part of the divine economy which God instituted, that his Son should be the heir, and take our nature; so that while he was God he should be the Son of man; thus enabling us to claim affinity with him. There is nothing that we could conceive of that would give the same claim. So that you are related to him by his own condescension. When we can believe this, oh, how precious the thought!

“How firm a foundation!”

You know that the ancient Britons were in reality the Welsh. These are the people who were driven away into the fastnesses of Wales; and the greatest enmity existed between them and the conquerors of England; and it seemed impossible to conciliate them. But by stratagem, a plan was hit upon to effect this: The queen at that time was pregnant; and it was resolved she should be taken into Wales to be delivered. This was acted upon. She was conveyed down there. I have been shewn the room where it is said she was delivered of a son,—the first prince of Wales. This event assimilated the two people, and thenceforth the Welch ceased marauding and robbing their Saxon neighbours. He who was born their prince in due time became king. Something like this is God’s sending his Son into the world: he assumes our nature; is one with us in flesh, that we may become the same in the Spirit. He is the “Son over his own house.” We are told in Scripture that in addressing the Father, the Son said “Think they were, and thou gavest them me.” Think of that, sinner, you who are led to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. God knows you, and says, Bring that man and that woman, from the wanderings of sin and the curse, bring them to my throne, and the Son undertook it, and gloriously has he accomplished it. Jesus Christ undertook to redeem them. He gave himself for the church—his family. His whole heart’s blood was poured out. How great, how fearful the sacrifice! The church is his, also, by right of conquest; and of him it is justly said, He is “a Saviour, and a great one.” And though we frequently lose sight of the fact—yet he is “*Master*.” “One is your Master, and ye are brethren.” Remember that. We sometimes hear of men who want to be masters, which is not merely the means of sowing discord among the churches, but is a direct dishonour to Him who claims to be Master. I hope no complaint of this kind will ever reach us from Cheshunt.

III. We notice *the order*. Every house must have its order. Some people say that we have no fixed plan shewn us as to how we may proceed. It does not do much honour to the Master to say that he has left no direction for the management of his house. We think we have very sufficient and clear instructions about the order of the church. I would not say anything offensive to those who think otherwise, always supposing them to be Christians. But we cannot go over to them. None may claim to belong to “*the church*” but believers. You may sprinkle a child’s face ever so much, but you cannot make it holy. It is not what the god-father or the god-mother may say about them; they must be able to tell something of God the Holy Ghost’s work upon their consciences. Those who can give no such account, are not to be admitted: “This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise.” Then, in the order of this house we find that *Baptism* is a sort of doorway into the house. Christ has said, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” Then follows “*the supper*,” whereat we may, with our brethren, commemorate the dying sufferings of our Lord, remembering the assurance given at the table: “I will come again: do this in remembrance of me.” Sweet thought to the weary pilgrim; in a little time he will call his church up to dwell with him for ever. The whole of the Christian precepts rest in this one word, “*Love*.” “Love one another.” There is a great lack of this principle felt now-a-days in all our churches; and hence arises the many strifes and divisions therein. Paul exhorts you to “behaviour becoming his house,” the house of God. There must be good behaviour. O, how comfortable it is when love and unity abounds among the brethren; then we can understand the words of the Psalmist; “How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” They will then help to bear each other’s burdens. “Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.” A happy state we should be in if we kept the Lord’s advice. May the love of God rest on you all.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jones’ discourse, of which the above is a sketch, a portion of a hymn being sung, the venerable pastor of the Cave Adullam, Stepney, Mr. Wm. ALLEN, rose to ask the usual questions: which, with Mr. Bland’s answers, the church’s report, Mr. Moyle’s charge to the pastor, and Mr. Wyard’s sermon to the church, we are unavoidably compelled to leave till next month.

NEW CHAPEL AT WOOBURN GREEN.

As I passed through the streets of London on the morning of Wednesday, October 5th, the different church bells were calling the people to assemble for spiritual prayer to Almighty God, beseeching him to keep from us, or graciously to limit, that fearful foe—the cholera. I do feel thankful when people are led to acknowledge the hand of God—I seem to hope that amid the masses of professors of various kinds, a goodly quantity of the true seed doth exist. Beside the cholera, the declaration of war, by the Turkish Empire, was exciting and disturbing the breasts of many. I was silently wending my way to the quiet little valley called Wooburn Green, in Buckinghamshire, where the foundation stone of a New Baptist Chapel was, by my poor hands, that day to be laid in the earth. I thought of the war with Russia—the ravages of the cholera, and of the positive predictions of some that the next fifteen years will bring many changing and closing scenes before us as a people; and while thinking, something almost seemed to say—“Why set to building chapels in these days?—in these times when in almost every place there are so many chapels, numbers of them unpaid for?—in these days of death, division and apostacy from the faith?” These unholy thoughts had scarcely entered my mind, when, as with light and power, Nehemiah's words sounded in my soul, “THE GOD OF HEAVEN, HE WILL PROSPER US; THEREFORE WE HIS SERVANTS WILL ARISE AND BUILD.”

The coming in of these words not only removed cold, unbelieving fears, but these positive and precious words of Nehemiah, (“THE GOD OF HEAVEN, HE WILL PROSPER US,”) also purified my spirit of jealous feelings: for you must know, Mr. Foreman, Mr. James Wells, Mr. John Bloomfield, and I know not who beside, had been invited to lay this stone; but these good men were all so busy they could not go; so I was for a kind of make-shift. I was commissioned to commence the erection of another little house for the worship of our ever-to-be-adored covenant God and redeeming King. The coming in of that sweet text made the rest of my journey somewhat pleasant; our brother Richard Howard met me at Maidenhead, and drove me between the two great estates occupied by Lord Boston on the right, and the Duchess of Sutherland on the left. The autumnal stripping the trees of their verdure, made us think of the word, “We all do fade as a leaf.” “Ah,” says Richard, “there is nothing in this world that goes up and stays up; it all comes down again.” Men grow up, but death takes them down; and the grave holds them fast until the resurrection morn: birds fly in air, but they fall, too, in death; trees lift their heads heaven-ward, but they are cut down for the use of man. Indeed, 'tis true, the fashion and the form,

with the fruit of this world, passeth away. We reached the Green in safety; a small spot of earth was chosen, and purchased, and marked out, whercon this “Ebenezer” is to stand. A number of friends were assembled around the corner where, after singing, reading and prayer, I took the trowel, spread the mortar, and laid in the first stone of the new house for the worship of God. We then repaired to a convenient house, and spoke from the words, “*The God of heaven, he will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build.*” A happy company partook of tea; in the evening we repaired to the Independent chapel, and closed the day by preaching the gospel, and supplicating the blessing of heaven. An historical review of the rise of the Baptist Church at Wooburn Green has been written for the **EARTHEN VESSEL**; and as some proposition is made to furnish a series of articles under the heading of “**OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES,**” with engravings of the interior and exterior of our Baptist Chapels, we have no doubt that Wooburn Green will, in a more interesting manner, be brought under our reader's notice.

The Saint's Ground of Rejoicing.

“THE LORD IS GRACIOUS.”—1 PETER II. 4.

Come all ye chosen ransomed saints,
A while forget your sad complaints,

Your griefs and cares vexatious;
We'll try to raise a joyful song,
And as thro' time we pass along,
We'll sing, the Lord is gracious.

We'll triumph in his glorious name,
His wonders tell, his love proclaim,

With all our powers capacious;
Tho' fears annoy and foes molest,
We'll eye by faith the promised rest,
And say, the Lord is gracious.

How oft while here we sweetly prove,
Electing, saving, calling love,

Through Jesus to us precious;
Ah! if he had not lov'd us first,
In him we ne'er should place our trust,
Or taste, the Lord is gracious.

When satan threatens to devour,
Our Jesus comes with sovereign power,

And prove his threats fallacious;
Again our drooping heads we raise,
Again we shout our Conqueror's praise,
And feel the Lord is gracious.

And when our faith is greatly tried,
When trials meet on every side,

His thought how sweet and precious;
He who hath bought us with his blood,
Makes all our trials work for good,
We know the Lord is gracious.

And when we pass thro' death's dark vale
Should satan make his last assault,

And say our hope's fallacious;
Our Jesus will be present there,
And we with eyes divinely clear,
Shall see the Lord is gracious.

And when with me in glory bright,
And range with infinite delight,

Thro' heaven's vast plains so spacious;
We'll stretch the wing and raise the song,
And with the holy, happy throng,
We'll shout, the Lord is gracious.

Drury Lane,

Kitty.

The Special Work of the Holy Spirit

IN A CALL TO THE MINISTRY;

AND IN THE APPLICATION OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST;

WITH

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

WE have in two previous numbers given extracts from the "*Autobiography and Letters of the late Edward Blackstock.*" We are glad to find these quotations have moved some of our readers to obtain the entire work. The *Baptist Magazine* recently noticed this same work; and in doing so, poured contempt upon the testimony which Mr. Blackstock has given of the special answers to prayer in "giving" him certain scriptures to preach from, and directions to guide him in his intricate and trying path. We are deeply grieved to find that some of the so-called Baptists do not hesitate to say that the only essential qualification for the ministry now is "learning." The special operations and powerful teachings of the Holy Spirit they declare are neither given nor realised in the days in which we live. That the editor of *The Baptist Magazine* should so openly confirm such a denial of the special work, the teaching, and the unction of the Holy Ghost, is to us a most awful omen of the apostasy of that part of the Baptist body who are decided for nothing but conformity to the fancies, the fashions, and the flesh-pleasing delusions of the present day. That cold-hearted, soul-deadening system of things, which sets up creature-ability, human wisdom, and moral perfection, instead of the sovereign, saving, regenerating, conscience-cleansing, character-reforming energies and powers of the Holy Ghost, is the withering blast and mildew now spreading itself through our churches, to a most fearful extent. It was only the other day, that one of these Baptist turn-coats, (we can speak of them in no better terms), came from the fastidious town of Cheltenham, to give a young man "a charge" on the western borders of our metropolis; and so carnal, so decidedly legal, so totally wanting in gospel matter was this charge, that a highly-esteemed and long-standing minister of Christ, who went in to witness the service, came away in total disgust. Alas! alas! what is the state of things to which we are coming? We do not unchristianise these men; it is not for us to judge of their eternal state; but we can come to no other conclusion than this—if a man, directly or indirectly, denies, or omits to bear testimony to the electing, conquering, and constraining LOVE OF ALMIGHTY

God, the peace-speaking blood of the Lamb, and the invincible powers of the Holy Ghost as realised in the hearts of the quickened children of heaven, we then fear that man knows but little, if anything, of a vital and saving religion in his own soul; and a minister without the burning and the blazing love of a Triune God in his own soul, is worse than old Juggernaut himself; for he tells no falsehoods; if the benighted Indians will worship him, they must; but a minister without a powerful testimony of the life, the love, the peace, the keeping, and the comforting powers of the Holy Ghost in his own soul, is a dangerous man; such a man will rob God of his glory, and the people of their heavenly bread. Oh, brethren, such of you as are indeed NEW CREATURES IN CHRIST JESUS—such of you as have not only the form, but the essential and ever-living power of godliness—such of you as fetch your credentials, not from the classical tutor of some manufacturing academy, but from Heaven itself—such of you as know that Christ liveth in you, and that, through grace, you both *preach* and *live* the Lord Jesus Christ—to such of you we say, "*Be ye always mindful of the covenant;*" keep ye a jealous watching over your own spirits; live ye at the throne in wrestling prayers, and near the cross of Calvary by precious faith; plunge into the very bowels of the Bible; labour with all your might to *exalt*, in the highest strains, the Lord Jesus Christ, as able to save unto the uttermost; *love* him, *follow* him, *honor* him: by all the types and metaphors of the Old Testament, and by all the glorious examples, doctrines and promises of the New Testament, *exhibit* him: and, withal, commit the keeping of thy body and soul to him; and cleave ye close to one another; sympathise with one another; pray for one another. Under such circumstances, neither in time nor eternity shall ye ever want *any good thing*. But we have run on too far.

On page 268, of our last number, we promised to return to Edward Blackstock's life. We have borne testimony to his conversion; and the reality of his coming into the liberty of the sons of God.

Mr. Blackstock's Call to the Ministry

is clearly and carefully detailed. We do not

say this is an unerring standard by which to test a man's call to the ministry; but we do say, it would be well for our churches, if but one half of their pastors could give as good a reason of the hope that is in them of their ministry being from heaven, as Edward Blackstock does. We only extract one paragraph on this head. He says :

"While I was one day in my room, pursuing my usual study of the scriptures, I was filled with astonishment by the powerful application of the 18th and 19th verses of the 4th chapter of Luke : 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.' This was to me a singular and unlooked-for visitation. No thought, nor even desire for the ministry had crossed my mind since I had known the Lord. But with that passage, a deep solemnity fell upon my spirit. I knew that the words primarily belonged to Christ, but now they impressed me with the conviction that the Lord had then and there anointed and separated me to that sacred work; and there was such a power upon my soul, as made me wholly willing. Yet, as I pursued my meditations, the magnitude and solemnity of the work, and my own unfitness and disqualifications were so set before me, that I fell upon my knees by the bedside, and there poured out my soul before the Lord, and opened the whole affair to him. I was favoured with a solemn season in prayer; I begged of him not to suffer me to be deceived, but to grant me (if it were really his will that I should go) some further direction. No answer was sent at that time; but the conviction that I was to be sent out remained firm and unwavering. Yet I desired another word with power in confirmation of the former; and for this I waited at the throne. At the end of nine or ten days my request was granted, and the following passage was sent : 'They that be wise (margin, 'teachers') shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' Both this scripture and the former being sent to my soul, not with ordinary, but with great, manifest, and overwhelming power, I could no longer entertain a doubt on the subject. My call to the ministry was as evident, as distinct, and as clear as my call by grace; they must stand or fall together. These words were the commission which my Captain gave me; they are my credentials; and better than these I do not want. In deep humiliation of soul I was led to the throne of grace, where I was enabled devoutly to receive and acknowledge this commission; I fervently adored him who had counted me worthy; I besought the Lord's counsel, care, and keeping; that he would be with me, to maintain, preserve, and bless me; and giving myself up to him for the work, in body, soul, and spirit, I entreated him to send down upon me the blessed Teacher to instruct me for the ministry. I said, 'Lord, here I am, I yield myself to thee; do with me as seems good in thy sight.' And from my inmost heart and soul I added, 'Lord, when thou wilt; where thou wilt; how thou wilt; and as thou wilt.'"

Blackstock's first pastor (Mr. Roby) was disposed to encourage him in his going forth into the work of the ministry; and made arrangements for sending him to Blackburn Academy. But this course of proceeding was frustrated by two remarkable circumstances :—The first was the drying up of Mr. Roby's ministry; so that it became powerless and useless to our friend Edward; the second was his being led, in a most singular manner, to hear the late Mr. William Gadsby.

This last circumstance is related in such an interesting manner, and is so fair a specimen of the Lord's special dealing with and constant direction of our author, that we rejoice to hand it over to our readers: it will fire you with more thirst for the book than anything we have yet written or quoted.

Our readers must remember Blackstock is now a member of Mr. Roby's church. Mr. Roby is about to send him to an academy to be duly qualified for the ministry; his prospects appear now to be brighter than ever: but in a sterling gospel testimony, and in the deep vitals of a christian's conflicts and comforts, there is such a deficiency in Mr. Roby's ministry, as produces dreadful uneasiness in Mr. Blackstock's mind. At this critical juncture we find the following :—

"The Sabbath following my last interview with Mr. Roby was ordinance day. My harass and distress under the word had increased, but I attended the commemoration of the Lord's Supper, and then it became almost distracting. I looked round on the five hundred members; they all seemed more or less peaceful and happy, while I, unable to find my Lord, was scarcely able to bear the weight of my trials. I was in darkness, desertion, and as though in the belly of hell. At this point, a thought rushed into my mind, 'Go and hear G—y!' I instantly rejected the suggestion: but again it returned, 'Go and hear G—y! Go and hear G—y!' Against Mr. G—y I entertained strong and deeply-rooted prejudices, imbibed in childhood. My father had published a book against him, and all my relations and friends, more or less, denounced him as an Antinomian.

"After a great conflict in my mind, some attempt to pray, and much terror that I was doing wrong, I decided to go to his chapel, the same Sabbath evening. But, arrived there, fear and shame drove me past the door; I dreaded lest he might be a licentious character. To be brief, I at last entered the chapel, and took my stand on the gallery stairs, where I could hear every word without being seen, and could easily make my escape if needful. The minister was then about to commence the prayer. No sooner had he begun than my prejudices gave way. I had never before heard any man that did so thoroughly enter into my case and feelings, or with whom I could so cordially unite in petitioning. His prayer was to me like a glass of wine to a fainting soul, and at the conclusion of it I felt compelled to go where I should be able to get sight of him. A

young acquaintance of mine drew me into his pew in front of the gallery, and I found myself to be directly facing Mr. G——y. I looked up to the Lord in prayer to hold me fast, to keep me from falling, and to shew me whether or not the true Gospel of Christ was preached in that place. I was therefore both a serious and an attentive hearer. My eyes were riveted upon the preacher as he read his text, which was from 2 Cor. i. 18: 'But as God is true, our word toward you was not yea and nay.' Every word of the text went through me. He first undertook to shew what was meant by a *Yea* and *Nay* gospel; and in a very short time, he had picked the bones of Arminianism. 'You hate Arminianism,' said I, mentally, 'so do I; so far agreed!' He then took in hand what he called the *modern gospel*, and proceeded to dissect and demolish that—a work in which I followed him with tears in my eyes, and breathless with interest.

"To my astonishment I recognised in his description the very gospel which for three years had caused me so much suffering! all its varieties, indistinctness, confusion and bewilderment he pourtrayed as though he had been hearing it for years; and he wound up by saying, 'And now I will tell you how it is with a poor, vile, hobbling child of God, who sits under it.' And then he entered in detail upon the experience, the trials, and the conflicts of the individual under the 'Yea and Nay' word, until I felt that he had not only minutely described my case, but that he had actually turned me inside out!—a work which had never been done by man before. And he finished this part of his discourse by saying—'And when the ladies and gentlemen came out from the preaching they would look as pretty as pretty could be; and say to the poor hobbling soul—'Well, how did you like the discourse? Wasn't it excellent?' while the poor soul would be ready to drive them all before him.' Thought I, 'That's true! for I have been there many a time.'

"And now he proceeded, in a very solemn manner, to declare the gospel of God, and I judged that I had never before listened to a *full gospel sermon*; it appeared to me, indeed, to be God's gospel—sweet and new—so plainly, so boldly, so forcibly preached; and I believe I may add, sent with such power, light, unction, and peace to my soul, that I was quite set free: my prejudices were dispelled and forgotten. During the last hymn my heart clung to the man in the pulpit, and my eyes wept over him. 'This,' I mentally ejaculated, '*this*, verily, is the Lord's clumsy workman! The man is uneducated; yet in one hour has he anatomized Arminianism; arraigned, tried, and passed sentence on an Andrew Fuller's gospel; he has told me all my heart, and preached the gospel of God in such a way as I never yet heard it.' Upon this, these words came to me: 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise,' and, 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.' I went home with some brokenness of spirit, and altogether like another man; and I at once made up my mind to return. In coming to this conclusion, I had to go in opposition to the feelings and opinions of

every relative and friend I had in the world—to relinquish my prospects of instruction for the ministry at Blackburn—to risk losing the favour of a gentleman from whom, as before mentioned, I had constant employment (and who was an Independent); and, what I think cost me infinitely more than all, to appear acting an ungrateful part towards Mr. Roby, who had all along been a kind and true friend to me. The sacrifice was not made lightly: I felt these things most sensibly. But the love of Christ outweighed them all, and I gave them up at once, and became a hearer of Mr. G——y, at St. George's Road."

We must lay aside this savoury book; but, if spared, we hope to cull here and there a spiritual crumb.

Since we commenced our notice of this Life of Blackstock, it has been suggested that our quotations would hurt the sale of the work. This is a very foolish idea. For three months successively we have written such commendations of the volume, as we thought it deserved, following up our remarks by pithy extracts. What has been the consequence? Why, our readers have sent for the volume; and highly delighted they have been. The cold, common-place—neither dead nor alive—"criticisms," or "Reviews," as they are called, which are always to be found in our religious monthlies, clearly prove that the editors are too lazy to read the works they receive; or that they have no zeal for the good of their readers' souls.

We like to tear a book right open; shake and sift its contents to the very bottom:—if it contains nothing sterling, nothing striking, nothing demonstrating the power of God in any measure, then we fling the lifeless thing amid the heap of waste paper always accumulating at our feet: but, on the contrary, if there be that in the book which proves a special blessing to our own soul, we must give our readers a taste; and in so doing, we help them to test the merits of the work before they buy the book.

In the case of Edward Blackstock's Life, we have not one grain of temporal interest: we neither print nor publish the work: we know not even its compiler: we only know three things: Houlston and Stoneman sell it; we read it with the deepest spiritual pleasure; and we have sent our readers a few of the choicest morsels, leaving hundreds of pages untouched. Condemn us who may, we shall, God helping, always look out to give our readers the very best spiritual matter we can possibly find, whether it be in books, in bundles of letters, or in Biblical expositions.

And here, dear reader, let us remind you, we have now laboured hard in the production of this work nine years. We have not pleased everybody; we have not pleased ourselves; but we have done our best; and we hope to do better. One word, and we have done. We ask a favour; it is this: that every per-

son who has found the contents of the EARTHEN VESSEL to be a blessing to their souls, do immediately become an active agent in endeavouring to extend its circulation. By addressing a line "*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel, No. 1, South Street, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey;*" they will receive suggestions for carrying such an agency into effect.

THIRD

Letter from John Bunyan M'Cure,

MY DEAR FRIENDS IN OUR MOST PRECIOUS AND ALL-GLORIOUS CHRIST.—I wish you the abundance of peace and truth, through the anointing of the Holy One, God the Holy Ghost, who shall teach you all things, glorifying the dear Redeemer, and bringing all things to your remembrance, that you may trust in him at all times, and not be afraid, for he himself is a Refuge for us. Through his abundant mercy and unmerited favour, I now raise an Ebenezer to the praise and glory of his most holy name; for the Lord hath fulfilled the promises upon which he caused me to hope in the day of my trouble. I know that I was thought to be sanguine, respecting my future prospects in Australia. I could not help it; because I felt sure that as it was the will of the Lord for me to emigrate to this land, that he would provide me with the means; and though every means was used on the part of some to prevent it, the Lord assured me with his own word, and enabled me to believe, that he would be as good as his word, that the mountains should depart and the hills be removed, "and no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." And there were weapons and tongues indeed; but the Lord hath done great things for me, by turning my captivity. I did sow in tears, but now I am reaping in joy; and when I present to you the history of the past, which I intend doing as soon as I can, you will then plainly see that it was the Lord's doing, and that the wrath of man shall praise him.

But the Lord not only provided me with the means, through your liberality, to leave my native land for these distant shores, but in providing for me and mine, he has more than supplied our need. "Oh, let us praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works" to one who is no less than the least of all his people!

In my last I informed you that a minister in this colony has no prospect of support by the ministry; that is, a man of truth; therefore I was obliged at once to seek for employment, praying the Lord to open a door for me, that I might maintain my family. He did in this appear for me; a door was opened; I was engaged, and I agreed to enter into the employment of a person in this town. I arrived with my wife and children; our house was a small tent. The next day, January 1st, 1853, I went to work; and to my astonishment I found that I was to be groom, coachman, and

I know not what. The first day I was ordered to drive out a party in the carriage, and was out from eleven till eight. We had spent the last shilling; there was provision for the day, but not for the next day, which was Lord's-day; but the Lord knew how and when to provide. When I drove the party home to their house, just as I was leaving, one of them put eight shillings into my hand. This to me was a gift from the Lord, and another token for good, and a confirmation of his faithfulness; and when I met with my accident, by being kicked and trampled upon by a horse, and was lying between life and death, my wife and children crying, not knowing what to do or think, we were then living in a tent; but the Lord opened the heart of a man and his wife, and I was carried to their house, and laid upon their bed; and there I laid, not able to move. It was a sight that distressed my wife and children almost beyond measure. It would have made the stoutest heart bleed to have beheld. Now, said the enemy? "What do you think now? This may prove your death; or if not, you may be a cripple for life." I said, "No; this is not unto death—but for the glory of God; some good is to spring out of this." I said that I could not complain, for I felt that it was a mercy it was no worse; and that I was sure the Lord would do as he had said; that he could not lie. He said, the mountains should depart; and I believed that this mountain in his own time should be removed; and, blessed be his name, he removed it, by raising me up, and restoring me to my usual health and strength; and directly I was well enough, another door was opened for me in my own business. But now the Lord has again appeared for me; for a friend who has lately arrived offered to unite with me in partnership; him to find money, and myself judgment. We have agreed to do so; and have now commenced business in the boot and shoe line. We have engaged a shop and two small rooms, at a rent of £10 per week; and I am happy to say we have a good prospect of success.

Before I left England, I said again and again that I was sure that the Lord would appear for me, and enable me, by practice, to stop the mouth of reproach; and I now believe that the day is very near when I shall be able to do so, and do it with great pleasure; and you, dear friends, have been the means, in the Lord's hand.

You will remember that I told you I was sure that you were helping in a great and good work, and that many in Australia would have cause to thank you, and that tidings would reach you from time to time that would reward you for your kindness towards me.

There are many here who do thank you for the means you raised that enabled me to emigrate to this my adopted country; and here, as at the ends of the world, to plant the standard of the cross. I have found many of the Lord's dear children who have been scattered as sheep without a shepherd; one of them, a member of the late Mr. Irons, told me how she had been a long while praying that the Lord would favour Geelong with a free grace ministry; but she was afraid it would not be

in her day. She is now living near nine miles in the bush, and thinks nothing of the distance, or the badness of the road, (and they are very bad), if she can hear the certain sound, "Salvation is of the Lord."

You will be glad to hear that we have opened our little place of worship. My first text was, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." It was a time of refreshing; and the people seemed thankful in having a place once more to meet together in. I find from those I have spoken to there are five who were members of Mr. Foreman; one a constant hearer; one a hearer of Mr. Wells; two of the late Mr. Irons; two hearers of Mr. Philpot; one of Mr. Triggs; one a member of Mr. Edgcombe, and others, I know not where from. On last Lord's-day three more came amongst us, and one seemed to weep for joy; it was a good day to many: I never preached with greater liberty. The Lord be praised for his goodness and lovingkindness to a poor, unworthy dependant upon covenant bounty! I trust that the Lord will continue his blessing, and make us a blessing for the glory of his holy name.

Respecting the state of the colony in matters of religion, we have a great show, and sound—plenty of chapels, and ministers.

There are several men-made preachers who have arrived here of late. Poormen, they are to be pitied, they thought they had only to come here and they would soon find a people ready and willing to support them, but they are, greatly disappointed on finding the contrary; therefore they are obliged to seek for employment, and in many cases it is of that kind that they would have been sorry to engage in at home. One called upon me the other day, he was of no trade, but he thought that preaching was a first-rate trade. Here he soon found himself mistaken. He found me hard at work in my shirt sleeves. I told him he would be obliged to do the same, and on the Lord's-day I could labour among the people independently, and not building upon another man's foundation made to my hands. The next-day he inquired in all directions for employment of the drapers and grocers, &c., but could not succeed. There are hundreds and thousands of young men—clerks, drapers' and grocers' assistants—who cannot obtain situations. Many are working upon the roads, and others whatever employment they can find. A respectable looking young man called upon me yesterday; he had obtained a situation at a wine merchant's, at £3 per week. He was a good scholar, and that was the most he could get. He had to pay 25s. per week for rent; 10s. per week for wood and water; leaving only 25s. to support himself and family, which he cannot do at the present high rate of provisions. He is of no trade: he came to ask me if I could learn him to make boots and shoes. Now all who have a trade at their fingers' ends may do well here, and should come out prepared to follow their calling. Journeymen in our business are doing well: the lowest wages that we are now paying for closing and making strong bluoher boots is 20s. per pair; closing and making Wellington

boots, £2 4s.; women's leather boots binding and making, 15s.; children's work and repairing they will not do; but how long after the winter these high wages will continue I cannot say. House-rent and provisions are still very high; water 10s. per load.

The gold-diggings are still going on encouraging. Several new places are turning out well; many are doing very well, others but middling, and a great number nothing at all. I have seen two persons this week: one has worked hard, and is now far worse than when he first went to the diggings; and the other has made, after paying all expenses, £3000. It is entirely uncertain; however, I have no wish to try, but to move in the path opened to me by the Lord.

With us now it is winter. The last week very cold, but very fine and pleasant. We have not had much rain yet, but we are daily expecting the wet to set in. In wet weather this is an awful place; most people are obliged to wear the Napoleon knee boots. Because of the deep mud in many places on the roads, the horse cannot travel with loads. The bullock drays are almost the only conveyances for heavy goods, eight to twelve bullocks in one dray, and sometimes more; it takes them a week, and longer, to go from Geelong to Bunonyong and Balaarat, fifty and sixty miles—it is a novel sight to see them. We are about to have a railway from Geelong to Melbourne, and from Geelong to the heads. It will make work for hundreds of labourers; indeed there is work enough in this town, and the roads in the Bush to the various townships, and the diggings, for quite two-thousand persons for the next two years.

I have just seen the *British Banner*, with Dr. Campbell's remarks upon my letter from the ship *Hyderabad*. I am not surprised that the doctor should give expression to the enmity of his heart against the "Hypers," as he calls them—yea, it is not against them, or myself, but the precious glorious doctrines of free and sovereign grace that we profess and preach, and by God's help I mean to preach here. I very much retracted the scenes I witnessed on board the *Hyderabad*. I say again that we had on board some of the most awful swearers I ever heard; and many who passed at home for religious persons shewed no more reverence to the things of God than the swearers; and many others were so loose and inconsistent in their conduct, that the Christian's name was ever reproached. I did not mention names, out of respect to the relations of those persons at home. As for Mr. R——, an extract of whose letter the doctor brings against me, his conduct was most shameful and disgraceful throughout the voyage: he brought upon himself the ill-feeling of many. I was obliged to reprove him to his face; and from that time there was not the best feeling towards me. He speaks in high terms of the kind conduct of the captain. Very kind indeed! Mr. R—— and some few others wished for a subscription to be raised for the captain. There was a sum of money raised, and to be given to him before landing. After we arrived in the bay there was a meeting held to know what was to be done with the money—if it was

to be given to the captain. It was proposed and seconded, that in consequence of the shameful conduct of the captain toward many of the passengers, the money collected be returned to the persons who subscribed it.

The day after we arrived while the captain was on shore, some of our passengers engaged a boat and went on shore. After the captain came back, they returned to the ship. He told them that they should not come on board; he commanded the officers of the ship to do their duty; he told them that he would sink the boat in which they were in. They were obliged to put off for shore, which they were unable to reach, and were drifted out almost to the heads, with a heavy sea upon them, until 11 o'clock at night. The Lord saved them, or they must all have been lost. I think there were twelve persons. The next day they obtained a summons against the captain. This is a short history of the kind captain of the Christian *Hyderabad*, that Mr. R—— speaks in praise of.

Why did not Dr. Campbell make extracts from other letters sent to him exposing the treatment they met with? No: he had an end to answer. The Blackheath ship followed the *Hyderabad*, and likewise the *Woodstock*, each under the name of Christian emigration! I have seen, (and there are some of the passengers by these vessels in this town) the accounts that they give are ten times worse than what we met with. If I was to give a full account I should fill the *Earthen Vessel*; but enough has been said. As for the doctor's remarks, they are not worth noticing; they will do me more good than harm: but no thanks to him.

I must now draw to a close. I have not yet received one letter from any one since I left Gravesend. I received one from brother Robinson, of Borough Green, but what can I say for not answering or writing according to promise? Brother, forgive me! I knew that you would see my second letter if it should arrive in England; and I thought that you might gather an answer from some remarks that I made in that, though at a distance of more than 16,000 miles, I have not forgotten my dear friends in England. I might name persons and places that are near my heart—those places where I have been favoured to preach the gospel, I often think of, with prayer to God to bless them, and to send among them faithful men who may preach under the power of the Holy Ghost; which churches I hope before this are settled with pastors of the Lord's providing. How happy shall I be to hear of this being the case with Hadlow, Meopham, East Street, London, New Mill, Tring, and Barley! I wish you all prosperity in the name of the Lord. I have not wrote to my friends individually. Pray do excuse it! I hope to be more settled; and it will be a pleasure often to send you a line. I have just received a letter from Mr. Dowling; he is quite well; he wrote to inform me of the death of Mrs. Dowling, in her 71st year.

I had almost forgot to say, that I am thankful for the tracts kindly supplied to me by the Baptist Tract Society, and the Free Grace Association; I assure you that they are prized

here. I gave some away on Lord's-day; the people were delighted: I hope that the Lord will make great use of them. We want a lot of Denham's Melody. I am making arrangements for them to be enclosed in some case bound for this part. We shall want twelve dozen. My wife and children, with myself, are all quite well; and we all join with love to our many friends in our native land.

In the everlasting, and unbroken bonds of the gospel, I remain, dear brethren, yours,
 June 8, 1853, JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.
*Mooraboola Street, Geelong,
 Victoria, Australia.*

A FEW WORDS FROM THE
ANTI-POPISH TRUMPETER.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

DEAR SIR—I have been informed that, in some quarters, it has been stated that I have been frightened from my propriety; and had, consequently, ceased to communicate with you. Will you, dear Sir, allow me to inform your readers that I am still on my watch-tower; but having been compelled to assist in the production of another edition of "*The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*;" with Notes and Narratives thereto appended, it has not been convenient for me to follow up my letters in *The Earthen Vessel*. But this I purpose to do when the new year comes in. You will be glad to know that my edition of "*Maria Monk, with the Notes*," has been again extensively read in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other large towns. I have also published a pamphlet, through Houlston and Stoneman, entitled, "*The Popish Dungeon Opened Again*;" and some thousands of this work on the case of Miss Cunningham, have been circulated through the land. I mention this, that both my opponents and your readers, may know I am neither asleep nor frightened. I am collecting ammunition for a fresh fire on the Romish priests and their practices; for although *Joseph Irons is gone to heaven*, there are still some brave defenders of the Protestant faith left in the field; and others are in the training schools; and when necessary, we can, under God, bring up a good front against the scarlet-stocking tribe. We hope to be found faithful unto death; and then the crown of life eternal—bliss eternal—union to, and communion with, Christ, and his blood-washed, ransomed, eternally—Oh, this will be a rich reward indeed.

The spirit of persecution, in some parts, has received a check; but it is only one of satan's retirings to gather fresh strength. Of two things you may be certain: the revengeful persecuting spirit of Rome will never be destroyed, till her entire overthrow doth come. As equally certain is it, that her overthrow will come. God help us then to watch and pray, to hope and to trust in him; which is, through GRACE, the posture of your friend

"THE ANTI-POPISH TRUMPETER."

A WORD ON BEHALF OF MEN OF TRUTH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Edward Potter—who Edward Potter is I know not; but this said Edward Potter does, on the fifth page of your November number, ask a question and suggest an accusation against men of truth. This question is, *Does God in his word say anything to unregenerate sinners, and what does he say to them?*

Let the counsel of Daniel to Nebuchadnezzar, (Dan. iv. 27.) dispose of this question, for it would be contrary to all *right* reason to suppose that the word of God does not meet the unregenerate as being responsible to God for their actions. And it is also true that they will be rewarded according not only to the *nature*, but also according to the *amount* of their works; they will not be punished for what they do *not* commit, nor can they *escape* judgment for what they *do* commit. There is, therefore, a *motive* the most solemn for the unregenerate to act as natural responsible men *conscientiously*. Hence it is that we read of a greater condemnation to some than to others. This principle of human responsibility connected with heaven's righteous distribution of judgment is so clear that I will not here say more upon it.

My chief object is to meet the *accusation* which Mr. Potter suggests. "*Can it,*" says Mr. Potter, "*be admitted that they declare the whole counsel of God so as to be pure from the blood of all men?*" Mr. Potter founds this question upon the idea that the sermons of men of truth are restricted, or nearly so, to the people of God.

Now it does appear to me that Mr. Potter is entirely *wrong* in his suggestion.

Let us ask a few questions, and then see what the word of the Lord is upon this matter. Do not men of truth insist upon and describe the work and evidences of *regeneration*? Do they not handle the law lawfully, and shew that by it is the knowledge of sin; that it is, as brought by the power of God, the ministration of death and bondage, lamentation and woe, and that unless a sinner be convinced of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the helplessness, depravity, and utter ruin by nature of the sinner; that they must be brought to tremble at the word of holiness, judgment, and truth; and that without this correcting and humbling work of God in the heart, there is no real prayer, no real godly fear, no real sighing as a prisoner of hope after the mercy of God; that thousands upon thousands are deceiving themselves, are strangers to the strait gate and narrow way that leadeth unto life; that by far the greater part even of professors are seeking to enter the kingdom of heaven by the *wide* gate and broad way of *humanity* devised forms and doings; at the same time *despising* the real soul-trouble of the poor and needy, and calling that only gospel, that only order of things by which a ruined sinner can be saved—*dangerous* doctrine? At the same time eagerly palming all the faults (real or supposed) of the people of God upon the pure word of electing and saving grace.

Do not *men of truth* open up these delusions?

Do they not lay the axe to the *root* of the tree? Do they not tell every one within the sound of their voice of that vital acquaintance they must have in order to be saved both with themselves as sinners, and with the Mediator of the New Covenant as a Saviour? Do they not clearly and constantly shew up the one thing needful? Yet, according to Mr. Potter's suggestion, they do *not* preach to *sinners*. Do they not cast up the highway of eternal truth? Do they not shew the necessity of being brought *experimentally* to the end of the law for righteousness; and that there is no justification before God but by the Spirit of God uniting the soul to the righteousness of God? They tell the ungodly and the deluded as well as the godly this, and yet do not preach to sinners! Do they not insist that where religion is real that nothing can give peace and rest but a sense of pardoned sin, and that by the eternal Spirit sprinkling the conscience by the blood of Christ? that nothing short of the blessedness of the non-imputation of sin, and the imputation of righteousness *without* works, can bring into felt fellowship with God? Men of truth thus warn the sinner of the error of his way, and yet they do not preach to sinners! Do not men of truth set forth in its own most vivid and heavenly colours the discriminating truth of eternal election, and shew that none at the last can enter the holy city but such as were from the foundation of the world written in the Lamb's book of life? Does not this give force to the exhortation addressed to those who *professed* to be Christians? "*Make your calling and election sure.*" Calling and election are sure in themselves: the election hath obtained it, and the rest are blinded. All his sheep, those for whom he laid down his life, shall hear his voice and follow him. Election then and calling are sure in themselves. But *how* is it with *you*? Is your religion real? Be diligent to make sure that *your* calling is a saving call, and so one with eternal election. For many are worked upon by the letter of the word and natural conscience, and are thus called into a profession, but the call has not been *vital*; thus, though they are called, they have no scriptural evidence that they are chosen, and so it is that "*many are called but few chosen.*"

Men of truth thus take forth the precious from the vile; the wheat from the tares; the sheep from the goats; and the righteous from the wicked: drawing a line of distinction between the church and the world, honestly setting forth every sanction of divine truth, yet do not preach to sinners, and are not pure from the blood of all men.

But, perhaps, by preaching to *sinners*, Mr. Potter would mean telling them *falsehood*: namely, that salvation is *offered* to them, and so Mr. Potter would not approve the testimony of the Apostle who says, that "*all Israel shall be saved.*" Mr. Potter perhaps would like sinners to be told that it is their own fault if they are not regenerated; that the wild beasts in Peter's vision should and can begin to do *something* towards turning themselves into men,

aye, and Christian men too, that the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision *ought* to do something towards their own resurrection. Tell them this, and this deludes them ten times more than they are already deluded. Yes, deal in general indiscriminate exhortation, and so get rid of the sovereignty of the Holy Ghost; get rid of truth in the *inward* parts. Get rid of all the soul troubles, illuminations, and manifestations, to get rid of all the sealings home upon the soul of the living truth of the living God.

Let this general offer, so called preaching-to-sinners-system, let this delusion be tried by the several scriptures containing gospel commissions. First take Matthew 10th, and then ask whether general offers or vitalities accord most with casting out devils, healing the sick, cleansing the leper, raising the dead, and *freely* giving because *freely* received. Alas, the natural man does not know that he is under the government of the Prince of Darkness. The natural man does not know that he is sick, that he is a leper, or that he is dead in sin.

Again, Mark xvi., 15, 16, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." Now mind it must be the Gospel, and the Gospel is to be preached to *every* creature. That is that every creature to whom they preach at all, they must preach to them the Gospel. And so the Apostle testifies (Col. i. 23) that *every* creature to whom, under heaven, they preached at all they preached the Gospel. Which then looks most like the Gospel, the doctrine of general offers, which is nothing but a doctrine of general *nothings*. Which looks most like the Gospel, divine *realities* or fleshly conceited appeals to fleshly minds?

He that believeth shall be saved, not he that believes in free-will or creature strength in these matters. For real Christians are God's own workmanship. He creates them in Christ, he forms them for *himself*. He that liveth by the power of the Holy Ghost and believeth shall be saved, and we can be saved in no other way; and besides salvation there is nothing left but condemnation, and so it is, that he that believeth not must be damned, while he that believeth and is baptized, that is, is not ashamed publicly to own the Saviour, such shall be saved.

Again, take John xxi. 15th verse. Which looks most like feeding the lambs and sheep of Christ, leading them into the green pastures of living truth, and beside the satiating waters of eternal mercy—which looks most like feeding the sheep—this, or trying to get a dead sinner to do that which can be done alone by the Lord himself?

We may admire your good feeling in weeping over Lazarus in the grave, but you may depend upon it he will not move so much as one of his fingers, until he who is the resurrection and the life, speaks with quickening power; and it is as certain that he *will* come forth by this power, as it is certain that he *will not* come forth without this power.

Again, take Acts xx. 28, "Feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood."

Here then is one of the greatest scriptures in the Bible. Here we see that the blood of

Jesus Christ was the blood of his *person*, and that, therefore, the efficacy of that blood must accord with what he is in his *person*; and as he has in himself *eternity*, omnipotence, infinity, and "a thousand glories more," his atonement can no more fail of its design than he himself can fail; and he is the everlasting God, the creator of the ends of the earth—if these be the eternal, by which we are to be fed with knowledge and understanding, by which we are to know Him that is true, and to be one with Him that is true—even the true God, and eternal life:—if these be the prospects of the Christian, this the hope of the self-condemned sinner, then how small a portion, in comparison of what he is, is as yet known of him; even *all* the revealed counsel of God is but a small part of what is to be revealed; so we know only in part—these revelations are but a *whisper* of his ways; but the *thunder* of his power, who can understand?

If, therefore, sinners are to be preached to, these mysteries of God are to be proclaimed; as hereby *sinners* are by the power of the Holy Ghost, by the preaching of the gospel, *convinced* of their ignorance, and made to feel that they are afar off from God and salvation; and yet men who constantly affirm these things do not preach to sinners!

I cannot close without saying, that not only do these men of truth preach to sinners, but are the *only* men in the world who do preach to sinners; for none but those who are taught of God know really what a *sinner* is, either whilst dead, or when quickened into soul-trouble. Every one, who has passed through deep soul trouble, well knows that there is hardly one messenger or Scripture interpreter among a thousand, that can rightly open up the way of manifestative justification, or set forth rightly the ransom that delivers from the pit wherein is no water.

I therefore conclude, that men of truth, who seem to restrict their sermons to the Lord's people, *do* preach to *sinners* as well as to saints.

Much more, Mr. Editor, may be said upon this weighty matter; but as I have already, perhaps, exceeded your limits, I will add only, that I shall take no notice of any reply that may be made to this, unless that reply be in a *proper* spirit; for I well know that angry disputation and unhallowed controversy cannot be profitable. My object in what I have written, has been the truth, and nothing but the truth. And I do still believe, that the rejoicing of men of truth is the testimony of their conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity they have their conversation towards God and man, and that they are free from the blood of all men. "A LITTLE ONE."

"God the Father is now ordering the world only for the gathering out and perfecting of His saints. The Holy Ghost is separating the bride, the Church of Jesus His Son, from amongst the dead."—*Fragments and Crumbs for the Children of God, by Major Rowlandson.*

The Precious Blood of Christ.

Oh, my soul! what experimental knowledge hast thou of this precious blood? Some time since these words were laid upon my conscience—"Alas, master! it was borrowed," and with it came a spirit of self-examination:—How much religion do you possess that you can honestly say was not borrowed? Bless the Lord, O my soul! though the measure was very very small, yet there were a few things that I never received from man. Nearly fifteen years ago, going along a road, my soul was led in meditation on the destroying angel passing by all the dwellings of the children of Israel, where the blood was sprinkled on the lintels and the door posts. My soul was led to see that God typically pledged himself to pass by every soul in the great day of his wrath upon whom the precious blood of the Lamb Christ Jesus is sprinkled. The holy sanctifying power—the peace my soul possessed I cannot describe, leading the soul to adore and praise a covenant God for his unspeakable love in Christ Jesus our Lord. O! thou blessed Spirit! thou dost indeed take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to the soul. Oh, the inexpressible fulness there is in redemption no tongue can tell. This, I believe, was the first time I ever experienced the power of that blood "which cleanseth from all sin." O thou blessed Spirit, "Hold up my footsteps in thy paths that they slip not." What a necessary prayer is this all our journey through, for the enemy is ever on the alert, and will spare no pains to throw us down, and rob us of our peace, and shut us up in prison, and bring us into the power of giant Despair.

For some considerable time I used to have this promise laid upon my spirit, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall then shall I arise." Being much opposed by man in a temporal way, I used to interpret it temporally. But alas! alas! it had a very different meaning, for the enemy of my soul, in an unguarded moment, threw me down headlong and shut me up in dark despair; and here the law came in with all its demands, and I stood guilty and condemned before the offended Majesty of heaven, expecting to be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and sent to that place where hope never cometh. In earnest cries, and under a burden of guilt, have I pleaded with the Lord in these words:

"Mercy, dear Lord, is all I plead,
Mercy's the total sum;
Mercy, dear Lord, is all I ask,
Oh let that mercy come."

Truly saith the apostle, "No man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man that is within him." Oh, the bitterness of that spirit under such a weight of guilt. Who can sustain the soul but God? What tenderness was in the heart of Jesus when he said to Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." He knew what would be the anguish of Peter when convinced of his sin; and where did his faith lead him but to that blood which speaks better things than the blood of Abel? Yes, his faith was tried by fire,

and was found to be more precious than gold that perisheth. Oh, yes, he could from heart-felt experience leave this precious legacy to the church, "Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the "Precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish, and without spot."

"His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne."

Yes, our Great High Priest

"Pleads his own Atoning Blood,
His agonizing pain,
Pleads for his own Jerusalem,
And never pleads in vain."

Only observe at the institution of the morning and evening sacrifice, at the closing up of the instruction given to Moses, it is said, "For it is most holy unto the Lord." So holy to God the Father that he will never turn away from that soul who comes to God by him, in whom "his soul delighteth," who is "God over all blessed for evermore." So holy that the eternal Jehovah rests in sweet complacency, everlastingly satisfied with the one sacrifice of his beloved Son. So holy that law and justice are magnified, and all the perfections of Jehovah's will shine with resplendant lustre throughout the countless ages of eternity.

But to return: in this wretched condition my soul lay for weeks. No rest nor peace could I find. Still there was a cleaving unto the Lord, and a continual cry for mercy; going and returning from the sanctuary; feeling I had no right there—conscience accusing; law and gospel condemning; writing bitter things against myself. Neither rest nor sleep could I get. Truly my sin was ever before me; and the chastening hand of the Lord upon me, and I found it a bitter thing to sin against God.

Rising one morning early, as I could not sleep, I was reading the Bible, and I came to those words, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions," and my soul was immediately led into meditation upon how precious was the blood of Christ to God the Father; so precious that he would receive every soul upon whom that blood is sprinkled. So precious was this to my soul—indeed it was a restoration of the joys of salvation—that I could both rejoice and weep. Shortly after this, in going to the House of God one Sabbath morning, pardon was spoke home to my soul in one of the squares of London, with the addition of these words to the above scripture, "They shall be sought for but shall never be found." All that I could say was, "What me, Lord, guilty me? What me, Lord, guilty me?" And to his praise he hath preserved me from outward transgression to the present hour, although the enemy hath laboured to ensnare my feet again and again. "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." "Keep me by thine almighty power through faith unto salvation." Sitting at tea one evening, some years ago, these words came to me, "The blood is the life thereof," and immediately this question arose in my spirit, "Hast thou any scriptural evidence of the life of God in thy soul." I paused for a few moments, and thought, "I trust I have," and immediately

the words came again, "The blood is the life thereof." Sweet peace flowed into my soul, and I rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. Many, many times has that verse of Kent's hymn been made so sweet and precious to my soul that my soul has rejoiced within me,

"This covenant for Zion stands,
Her every fear to quell;
Seal'd by her Surety's bleeding hands,
In all things ordered well."

Oh, sweet figure revealed to Ezekiel!—"Wherever the river came, it gave life." Every incoming of divine life in the soul, is the effect of that life-giving blood. "I am the Life," said the dear Redeemer. Oh, thou blessed Spirit, let the divine power of this blood redeem my soul, that by faith I may eat that flesh, and drink that blood, which is the old and new wine of the kingdom. "He that eateth me," said the dear Redeemer, "shall live by me." Oh, sacred life! sweet earnest of the eternal inheritance! soon will the Lord of the hill say, "Go in and possess the land." "The days of thy mourning are ended; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Cheer up, poor soul! gird on thy strength! even the faith and hope, which is given thee. O, sacred gift! thou pearl of great price!

"He that has Christ by precious faith,
Hath life for evermore;
Shall triumph over sin and death,
And then to glory soar."

And now the day is far spent, and the shades of evening are passing over my head. Where, my soul, is thy repose? where canst thou look with a never-ending eternity before thee, but to that peace-speaking blood? Oh, thou blessed Spirit! cease not to anoint my soul with this holy oil—this balm of Gilead! but from day to day, and from hour to hour, keep up in my soul an earnest longing, and a fervent breathing after a more enlarged possession of these vital, and soul-comforting truths, dying daily to the world, and rising, by precious faith, into the fulness of Him who is made unto us of God, "Wisdom and Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption; according as it is written, Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord." Amen.

"All the poor services of mine,
Which I through grace have done,
Bury them all in blood divine,
And see me in thy Son."

JOHN TAYLOR.

Lambeth.

Record of Recent Events.

Recognition of Mr. Samuel King Bland, at Cheshunt.

(Continued from our last.)

At the conclusion of Mr. Jones' discourse, of which we gave an outline in our November number, a portion of a hymn being sung, the venerable pastor of the Cave Adullam, Stepney, Mr. William Allen, rose to ask the usual questions: in doing which, he said:

My dear friends:—I thank God I can appeal to him with sincerity, and say, I feel a solemn thankfulness and gratitude of heart to him on this occasion for three reasons: First, because he has put it into the hearts of his people here to build a house for his name. Secondly, because we have found a union existing between the minister and church in this place, which we trust will be kept up by almighty grace; but, (Thirdly), the greatest circumstance which seems to induce those grateful feelings on my part is the fact, that I think I shall not be long in the vineyard. Therefore I am glad to find that my Lord and Master is raising up young men to fill our places when they shall become vacant. I now call upon one of the friends to give us a short detail of the leadings of providence towards them; and what induced them to elect Mr. Bland as their pastor.

In reply to this question, Mr. John

Collins, an intelligent and industrious deacon of the place, read the following short statement, which we give *verbatim*.

To the good hand of a gracious God do the church of Christ at Cheshunt feel bound to attribute the wondrously prepared way by which they have hitherto been led; and in presenting a short statement of the rise and progress of the cause here, would remark that the first room was opened for the preaching of the word in connection with the present cause, April 21, 1847. The attendance having increased, and having the assistance of Mr. J. Gadsby, it was thought desirable to look for some more convenient spot, and on April 21, 1848, Mr. Gadsby kindly offered some out buildings attached to his residence, which were fitted up for that purpose. Here we remained for some time; and many were the tokens of God's favour granted in that little "Zoar." But there was a desire in the hearts of some to erect a more commodious place. That feeling was prompted in a measure by the removal of our friend Mr. Gadsby, though we had the use of the little Zoar till such time as we could provide ourselves with a chapel. A subscription was commenced, cards were issued, and the work went on. We now felt the time had arrived for those to unite together in church fellowship who really loved the Lord; and on January 25, 1852, six believers were baptised at Walworth by Mr. Moyle, after giving an account of the Lord's dealings with them to Mr. Holmes and four others who stood members of baptised churches, and on Thursday, January 29, this church was formed.

Without going into a financial statement, we would remark that our new chapel was opened on

June 1, 1852, and the Lord having disposed the hearts of his people to come forward and assist us, we were enabled to make a good start from that time. It will be remembered that the number that first composed the church was ten; soon after this our brother Smith, of Warrington, baptised two others. At this time the pulpit was supplied by various ministers, some of whom are present; and though we have to bless the Lord for the messages delivered by his servants from Sabbath to Sabbath; yet Mr. Bland's ministry seemed to be most acceptable. Not wishing, however, to move too hastily, we agreed to give Mr. Bland an invitation for three months to supply three Lord's-days in each month. At the expiration of this period we had great inducements to give a further invitation for three months longer, and again at the close of this period six months more. That period ceased last month; when it was thought desirable to invite Mr. Bland to become the pastor of the church, having full proof of the Lord having blessed his ministry both to saint and sinner.

Since the formation of the church we have added thirteen to our number—eight by honourable dismissions from other churches, and five by baptism; and we thank God we have had no reason to regret the steps we have taken in this respect. We have much cause for thankfulness: and we trust a throne of grace can witness for us that our desire is to
 "Bless God from whom all blessings flow."

Mr. ALLEN: I think our brother Bland has great cause to thank God and take courage on this solemn occasion. Will you, dear brother, favour us with a short detail of the Lord's work in bringing you from darkness, into Christ's marvellous light?

Mr. BLAND: My dear brother, and brethren and sisters in the Lord, I feel that I would rather take any one's portion of the service than *my own* to day; not, however, that I would shun to speak of that matchless goodness which has brought me here, for in respect to this my heart overflows with gratitude. I would desire to begin *where God began with me*, and that was *before I was born*. God blessed me with parents that feared and loved his name. I believe he gave me into the hands of praying parents, because he had a design towards me for good. They prayed a long time without seeing any sign or answer; for although they took me with them under the sound of a gospel ministry, and prayed with and for me, I grew up almost into manhood in a careless state. Although I had a great respect for my father (who has been taken home some sixteen years), yet, I had a particularly affectionate regard for my dear mother, with whom I used seemingly to acquiesce; and for some time carried on the deception,—shrinking as I did from giving her pain, through a knowledge of my wild and wicked course. And I can freely say, that unless the Lord had stopped me, I had gone down to hell with a lie in my hand. And here I would raise another Ebenezer to his name, as a God of saving mercy, *working through a wondrous providence*. It pleased him to bring me into connection with, and to permit my affections to rest upon, my present dear wife. *But* she was a professed child of God, and a teacher of his word in the Sabbath school, and there appeared such a great dis-

tance between her condition and my own, that I felt we could not be united unless that distance was lessened. This led me in secret and earnest prayer to God to know wherein that difference consisted. I cannot refer to any particular word or subject that arrested my attention; but a general feeling of the just indignation of God against sin overwhelmed my spirit, and I considered that I was lost, and even longed to die to know the worst. Yet in the midst of all this there was a gleam of hope which seemed to say, "Well, if the Lord is almighty to condemn, he must be mighty to pardon;" still I could not see *how*; and for many days my prayer was: "Lord, cut short thy work in righteousness." Then this word seemed to come into my soul, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise." I thought I could lay claim to a *fear*; and a little light seemed to dawn in upon my mind. I conferred and read much with my dear mother; and I have great reason to thank God that those occasions were in an especial manner blessed to me, especially the reading with her of that beautiful work of Mr. Herve's "*Theron and Aspacio*." How gloriously did I see the plan and work of redemption there marked out. I had before viewed a glory in the condemning power of God; I now saw an equal, yea, a greater glory in the redemption of sinners by Jesus Christ. Still I did not feel *myself* interested in it. I had a *hope* that was like an anchor to my soul, though I was not called into the liberty of the gospel. Notwithstanding I was desirous to make known what I had felt, and to profess his name. My thought was, "Oh let me go and tell his people what I feel." I wrote to Mr. Hamblin (pastor of the church at East Lane, Walworth) on the subject, whose ministry had been much blessed to my soul. But the very week I wrote he was resigning the pastorate. This, however, did not deter me; and very soon after I went before the church there, was accepted, and baptized by Brother Moyle, in the month of August, 1842. The day on which I was baptized was blessed to make me know more than ever I knew before, and its memory will ever be stored up by me as a jewel.

Mr. ALLEN: Brethren, don't forget to pray for your children. Brother Bland has given us a good testimony; and I think an encouraging one. My brother, I will thank you to give us a short statement of your call to the ministry.

Mr. BLAND: My dear Brother: I feel even more tenderness in speaking of *this* matter; and yet I have no mysteries to unravel, but a very simple path to trace. From the first time that I became conscious of the sinful condition of my soul, I was led into the Sabbath School; and while teaching the children, I often was taught myself. The Lord having made himself so

precious to my soul, I was anxious to make his name known to others; and I can say with sincerity, that this did not arise from any fleshly feeling, or wish to be exalted, but purely and simply a desire to make known to others Him who had become so valuable to me. I was often engaged in talking to the young, and I trust I have felt the value of a *child's soul*, and the sufficiency of the Lord's Spirit for its conversion, while I have been so engaged. It pleased God to direct the attention of a friend who was an itinerant preacher and an occasional hearer at East Lane, to myself. Having sometimes heard me try to pray at our weekly meetings, he went to the pastor, Mr. Moody, and said, "Do you think that Bland would go and speak in the name of the Lord?" Mr. Moody replied, "I don't know; but I should say, if he went, 'The Lord go with him.'" This brother afterwards saw me, and asked if I would go on the following Sabbath to preach at Kennington Common. I was astonished at his request, and at once replied, "No! I can't go there." He said, "I'll go with you." I thought, that will make it worse. However, I promised him that I would think of it, and so we parted. I did think over it, and pray over it; yet did not know whether to go or not. A few weeks after, however, I did go, and I hope the Lord was with me. I spoke from these words: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," &c. The next week, our brother asked me to go to Palace Yard, which I did. After this, I was not engaged again for several months; and I began to think I had, with fleshly perverseness, run before I had been sent. During 1846 and 1847, however, some doors appeared open, and I was engaged several times at Streatham, at the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, &c., and I believe I was, at least in my own soul, blessed in the work. In July, 1847, I was, in the order of God's providence, removed into Wales to live. Here I sought all round the town for a gospel ministry—but could hear nothing that came home to my soul; until I met with an old minister who preached in Welsh in the morning, and partly in English in the evening. I felt a knitting of soul to this good man, and I therefore went, and talked with him. He found out that I had spoken in the Lord's name. He said there were a few wandering sheep at a little place called Blackpill, a few miles from the town, to whom he gave me an introduction, thinking, to use his own words, "they could use me up." I went to see them, and found it was one of those small *branch churches*, of which there are many in Wales. Their meetings were held in the brick-floor sifting-room of a mill. On the afternoon I first visited them, I found the pastor of the *parent church*—a warm-hearted Welshman—was about to break bread to the little flock; and by his invitation I joined them; and after "supper" said a few words on the *constraining of Christ's love*. I was asked to come and preach to them, which, being constrained, and finding no reason to forbid, I did; and continued to do so once

or twice a month for a year and a-half; as well as at Swansea, Neath, and several district preaching stations that were established round about; and I do trust the Lord blessed me in the work *there*. The congregation at Blackpill increased so that both rooms of the mill were sometimes filled, and others stood listening outside, at the open windows. Subscriptions were also commenced, and plans made for building a chapel. Yet the word did not seem to be owned in the manifest *conversion of sinners*, which I ardently longed for; and before the chapel could be commenced, I was again called to London. Since my return, however, I have received many communications testifying to some good result of my feeble labours, and of the other brethren in that place—the seed sown had grown up and increased. Converts had been baptised month after month, until the little church consisting when I first went of only twelve members, had increased to seventy. The chapel was built, two schools and another preaching station established in the neighbourhood.

These things have encouraged me to go on in the work; and doors have been opened for me in many places. Amongst these I might mention—Bexley, Romford, Woking, Stepney, Pimlico, Kingston, Ramsgate, and other places in Dorsetshire, Kent, Surrey, &c. It is four years since I first (by the desire of my pastor) came to Cheshunt; and I continued to do so occasionally for the space of three years, with other brethren. During the past year I have (as you have heard) supplied the pulpit regularly—not without tokens, I believe, of the *in-fuential* presence of God the Holy Ghost—and the friends having been unanimous in their request that I should become their pastor. I have, after much prayer to God, accepted their call; and I can say, that although during the past six months I have had more trials in temporal perplexity and severer domestic affliction than I ever before experienced, yet I have never felt more rejoiced in the proclamation of the Word. May it prove to have been of the Lord.

Mr. ALLEN: I think you have given us a clear statement, with which all our friends must be satisfied. God has gone before you, opening doors, and not you before him. Be pleased to give us some short statement, of the doctrines you intend to preach.

In reply to this question, Mr. Bland gave a lengthened and explicit detail of his views, which were listened to with interest and attention; but would occupy too much of our space to insert here.

Mr. Allen then called upon the members of the church publicly to ratify the call of Mr. Bland to the pastorate, and Mr. Bland gave his assent in the usual form; after which, Mr. Chislett, as pastor of the church to which Mr. Bland formerly belonged, gave to him, and Mr. Collins, one of the deacons, the right hand of fellowship in the name of the Lord.

A portion of a hymn having been sung, Mr. Allen concluded the morning's service.

[We are again compelled to defer a portion of the day's services, which will certainly be given in our next.]

Second Annual Meeting.

JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL.

Concluded from our last.

We gave in our last a report of the afternoon service, in connection with the above anniversary; after tea, and the Meeting in the evening had been opened, the following Report was read:

It is with no small degree of pleasure that the committee for the reduction of the Building debt of Johnson Street Chapel, Notting Hill, present to their friends this their first annual Report, and while congratulating their supporters on the result of these united labours, they desire to acknowledge with gratitude the providential blessings of him, whose alone is the silver and the gold, and to whom the cattle on a thousand hills belong; for, had he withheld the means, vain had been their efforts; and had he not bestowed a liberal spirit, they had been among those who live to themselves, and say to their souls, "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years." They, therefore, would with grateful hearts praise the Giver of every good and perfect gift that he hath bestowed on them not only a knowledge of the uncertainty of life, but a desire to promote the cause of God upon the earth. The following is the financial statements of this society: The chapel cost £961 2s. 4d., towards which £118 15s. 1d. was subscribed, thus leaving a debt of £842 7s. 3d. Collected during the past year £51 3s. 11½d., out of which £50 was paid off the debt; 17s. 1d. for stationery, leaving a balance in hand 5s. 10½d. The school room has cost £153 2s. 6d.; which added to the balance of the debt, makes it now a total of £945 19s. 9d. Your committee would observe that, although mere worldly motives might have induced them to withhold their sanction from the incurring of any new expenses, they felt it was a pleasing and imperative duty to provide for the accommodation of the Sabbath schools in this place, which are now too large to meet comfortably in the vestry, as they have hitherto done. It is, therefore, with feelings of the highest satisfaction that they behold the completion of the healthy and commodious school room below the chapel; and their prayer is, that the instruction there given to the rising race may be owned and blessed of God to the fulfilment of his own great purposes of grace, while the wise man's injunction is regarded, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." Your committee would intreat their fellow-helpers in this great work to continue their support; assuring them, that although a few pence per week may seem but as a drop in the ocean compared with the amount needed; yet, as the ocean itself would be dry if each drop were taken from it, so the committee would despair of raising the sum required if all the small subscriptions were withdrawn. They entreat, then, the continued

assistance and co-operation of their friends; and if this be granted (and they indulge a firm hope that it will not be withheld,) they are assured that, when the time arrives for the next annual payment of fifty pounds, instead of causing anxiety, it will be hailed as another opportunity of defraying part of the expenses incurred in the erection of this house of God; and as the time for raising another Ebenezer to him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, but who will indeed dwell with man upon the earth, "even with him who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and who, therefore, trembleth at his word."

In conclusion, your committee would tender their warmest thanks for your kindness and liberality, and would pray that you may realize the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," Amen and amen.

Mr. COLES, of Brentford, then delivered an address, on

"The Eternal Kingship of Jesus;"

of which the following is a brief outline.

Dear Brother: Christian Friends.—Our chairman has chosen our subjects, but says he will not limit us to time. I must confess, when my work is thus laid out, I like to know the time I am expected to do it in. The subject to which I am expected to speak, by the Lord's gracious help, to-night, is truly great, and to me deeply interesting; and if our brother Stenson felt his inability in speaking of the priestly character of Christ this afternoon, I confess that I am quite lost to know how to speak of the certainty of his kingly grace and eternal glory. I hope that I am interested in him, that I have some little love in my heart to him, and that in my poor way I desire to speak well of him; and I am truly glad to hear and see that the cause of King Jesus is here progressing; that our brother Williamson is still proclaiming the glorious things of his kingdom; that there are so many here present to wish them peace and prosperity in the name of the eternal King. As brother Stenson was speaking to us this afternoon, my thoughts were led to dwell upon the infinite wisdom, power, and love of the Lord in meeting his people in all their circumstances and necessities; and this will appear very conspicuous in the various books of Scripture. In the Book of Genesis, you have God's gracious dealings with our forefathers, Adam, Noah, Abraham, &c., &c. The Book of Exodus relates the bondage and cruel sufferings of God's chosen family under the tyranny of the king of Egypt, and their redemption by the blood of the Lamb. Here, then, we have the exodus, or going out of the enemy's land, and by what means the Lamb was slain. Now, if the dear Lord comes and takes us from the Egypt of this world, and brings us into the wilderness, what is all this for, but that HE may be our eternal All; that we may come near to HIM, hold fellowship with HIM, and thus praise, love and glorify HIM. But we are sinners, and he is infinitely pure and holy, as is clearly seen in the ministration of the law at Mount Sinai: the sight was terrific, Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake;"

and Israel entreated that the words should not be spoken to them any more. How, then, shall we, my dear friends, come into fellowship with so holy a God? Our brother Stenson has pointed out the way, in the Book of Leviticus, this afternoon; that way is by the sacrifices offered; the blood shed and sprinkled; the various washings, cleansings and priestly intercessions, all pointing to Jesus and to his people, to whom he is everlastingly joined. Oh, my hearers, without we are united to Jesus, we cannot come near to God, and know him as our Father and our Friend! Thus we clearly see the necessity of the Priesthood of Christ for he only is the way, the truth, and the life. But as yet his kingly office does not so clearly appear. We must come down to the times of the Judges; and in the First Book of Samuel what a state of things do we there find. Eli, the priest, is unfaithful in his office; his sons make themselves vile, and he restrains them not; the Philistines invade the land; the two sons of Eli are slain in battle; the ark of God is taken; the Israel of God is scattered; and the enemy triumphs. But O, what wondrous grace in the midst of all. This God appears; mercy steps in; Samuel is raised up, and by his sacrifice and intercession the enemies are confounded, Israel is delivered, and for a time things prosper. But Samuel he commits an error, so general in the present day. He appoints his own sons, who were neither qualified or appointed of the God of Israel, and as they did not know the Lord and love his truth, they turned aside after lucre, perverted judgment, took bribes, and, in consequence of their unfaithfulness, Israel applies to Samuel to make them a king, that they may be like the nations of the earth. God is rejected—their invisible king who had done so much for them. Samnelexpostulates. They refuse to hearken. Saul is chosen, and anointed with a vial of oil, and the people shout with, "God save the King." Saul, I take to be a type of flesh. In his rule (or rather mis-rule) there is no dependence upon God. He is a great man, but not a good man. We do not see him looking to and trusting in the invisible King, but to the strong and valiant in Israel. Alas, how soon are they made to feel that the strength and power of the flesh, with all their carnal weapons, are too weak to conquer so much as one of their enemies. Let Goliath appear, and he will defy their power, and every man's heart will quake because of him—"for by strength shall no man prevail." Now observe in the midst of all this, how their eternal King, whom they have so dishonoured, appears in the stripling David: who comes forth at this solemn crisis, and appears in the battle-field, and hears the God of the armies of Israel defied, and his name blasphemed. The Lord inspires his heart and fires his soul, and he says, "Let no man's heart fail because of him. Thy servant will go and fight against this Philistine." Saul at once clothes David with his armour, sword and shield (the actings of the fleshly rule); but he assayed to go, for he had not proved them. No, no, he had not indeed proved the weapons of the flesh, but he had proved that to a demonstration the all-suffi-

ciency of the Mighty One of Israel. When the lion and the bear came and took a lamb out of his father's flock, he rescued the lamb, and when they arose against him, he slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them.

David is the type of our king; and blessed be God, there is no uncertainty in his powerful deliverance and eternal reign as King in the midst of his chosen people. He slays Goliath, overcomes the Philistines, saves Israel, fights the battles of the Lord; and although he is cast out by Saul, rejected by Israel, cursed by Shimai, yet he prevails and prospers, comes to the throne, prepares for the building of the temple, and greatly enriches the kingdom. This makes way for the peaceful reign of Solomon, when there was no adversary, nor evil in the land of promise, peace, and plenty.

Christ Jesus is our eternal King-God. Our Father hath appointed, and anointed, and set him upon his holy hill Zion. He was born King of the Jews, and his subjects are called upon to receive, behold, and embrace him as King in all his meekness and lowliness, "riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass," shewing thereby that he is King of peace, "For he shall speak peace unto the heathen, and his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth; as it is written, The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." He is also King of righteousness, and therefore will most certainly destroy all his enemies, and all the anti-christian powers that are found in opposition to him or to his kingdom, "For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death; then shall we shout, death is swallowed up in victory." Well might the apostle Paul say,— "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, my dear brethren, let me ask if this King is our king? Has he destroyed the enmity of our hearts? Has he delivered our souls from the pit of hell? Has he translated us out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light? Is he enthroned in our affections? Does he live and reign by his word, grace, and Spirit? If so, then we can indeed speak of the glory of his kingdom and talk of his power, to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom. "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." And our King is an eternal king. Solomon was made king the second time, first in secret by the ordination of David his father, then openly by all Israel. So now Christ is king, and he reigns in Zion spiritually; and the time is fast coming when all his subjects, the purchase of his blood, the chosen of his Father, the quickened of his Spirit, will all unite with one consent, "And crown him Lord of all."

Mr. S. K. BLAND, of Cheshunt, then addressed the meeting on

The Perfection of Believers in Jesus.

The subject upon which we are now called to

meditate is one of great sweetness. Every word is precious; bespeaking, indeed, no critical enquiry, but standing clearly forth in the Christian's best dictionary—the word of God. Every word making up the declaration of this glorious truth is full of the riches of salvation. Trace the lines with me, and prove if your sympathies are one with believers, who in Jesus are free from condemnation. Believers! how priceless, sovereign, and wondrous the grace of faith! How acceptable, how sufficient the gracious gift which echoes the cheering voice, "To him that worketh not (for merit), but believeth on Him that justifieth, the ungodly."

The faith given in the exercise of vital vigour grasps at the Pearl of Price, the gift of righteousness, and eternal life, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life."

But mark—it is in Jesus, the Lord-Redeemer, the suffering Surety, the saving Jehovah, in whom this faith centres; in Jesus, the Glorifier of the law of God; in Jesus, the Sufferer of its severest penalty; in Jesus, the Surety of a better testament, even the will of your Father who is in heaven; and in him they are free, not in word only, but in deed and in truth; for does not each exclaim, "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death?" Free from condemnation! Yea, verily, for "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But whence does this amazing truth spring? On what foundation does so mighty an immunity rest? I answer in a word—upon the perfection of the suretyship of Jesus alone. Why, in the eternity of the past, did God the Father behold his beloved elect just and accepted? Because he viewed them complete in God the Lord. Why has his mercy run from everlasting, and will for ever flow? Because in Jesus "Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have embraced each other." Why is the pilgrim to Zion sustained in his way, made meet for his inheritance, and finally to be presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy? Because "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Yes! in the covenant of peace, before all creations, did Jehovah the Father foreknow and predestinate the church of his love, spotless and unblameable in her Lord, whose delights were thus with the sons of men. Then did "the Son of the Father in truth and love," speaking on her behalf say, "Lo, I come! in the volume of the book it is written of me, I come to do thy will, O God." And here, O believer, may you rejoicingly acknowledge him as "the Lord our Righteousness."

The perfection of his Suretyship. *Appointment* has given him, "as Son over his own house," "all power in heaven and on earth." The perfection of his Suretyship, obedience and travail is the ground of his resurrection

claim.—"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." "He suffered for our offences." This is the arm that "cast all our sins into the depths of the sea." "He was raised for our justification." This is the power that delivers the prey from the mighty. "His blood cleanseth from all sin, and his righteousness is to all and upon all them that believe." This is the hand that blotteth out transgressions, and maketh the redeemed in glory to waive the palms of victory, for ever singing, "Worthy the Lamb."

"Let this voice of love and mercy
Sound aloud from Calvary."

Let the outcast and the destitute hear, let the captive and the sin-slave know, the joyful sound of pardon. Let them that are ready to perish hail the saving voice, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

But many voices will cry out, "This is a dangerous doctrine; the world will not receive it, and those who do, it leads to carelessness, presumption, and sin." Ah! this is the old lie of the father of lies; he tempted the Surety himself with this blasphemy in the wilderness. But let the advocates of "another gospel" bring forth one instance of the law of condemnation constraining to God-honouring obedience; let them shew one proud heart melted into humility by the terrors of impending judgment, or of zeal and cheerful activity awakened by an uncertain hope—a conditional promise; let them shew us one who has overcome the world and entered into rest through the restless goadings of a fear of death. We will then, but not until then, begin to question whether we have ever valued the preciousness of a perfect salvation—the eternal value of a seamless righteousness.

"Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
Till then, we boast a Saviour slain."

Till then will we proclaim Jesus the resurrection and the life, in whom, whosoever believeth, "Though he were dead yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth shall never die." My hearer, believest thou this?

Oh may we who stand in his outer courts now, believing, live a life of faith on the Son of God; and when he appeareth, we shall be like him, shall see him as he is, and stand in his immediate presence shouting, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen.

Mr. W. ALLEN, of Stepney, spoke of
"The Unity of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost in Salvation."

On so ponderous and weighty a subject we have but the following brief sketch.

My beloved Friends: I shall not take up your time and patience; but before I enter upon the subject given me, I would ask you two or three questions: Has sin been charged home in your minds? Has it produced a reformation in your life, conduct and conversation?

Has it been accompanied with separation from those you loved and walked with in death, darkness, ignorance and enmity against God, his people, the doctrines of grace, and Spirit of truth, and brought you to feel the spirituality of God's righteous law, reaching to the thoughts and intents of the heart, so as to cut off from all free-will, creature-goodness, self-confidence, self-righteousness and resolution? —to look to, and believe in Jesus, as the only way of salvation, and able to save to the uttermost? Many of God's dear children firmly believe he is able to save; "but, (say they), is he willing to save me?" My friends, you have the witness of salvation, by the life-giving power of God the Holy Ghost; and evidence in love to, and longing for the things you before hated. As one says, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This is what the apostle means when he says, "Called to be saints." A saint is a holy, godly person, called with an holy calling; and as this life comes down from the Father, through Jesus, and is wrought in the heart by the Spirit, the living soul comes as a living sinner to the footstool of mercy, for pardon and salvation. Why were you called at all? Because God the Father loved you into grace union in Jesus, and made you one, eternally one, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself. God the Son loved you in the Father —therefore took your sin as his own; and in the fulness of time, died the just for the unjust; redeemed you by his own precious blood, and perfected for ever those that the Father saved and set apart. Now, as this sacred Three-in-One co-operate in the great work of salvation, God the Holy Ghost quickens none but them that are redeemed; and Jesus redeems none but them the Father loved with an everlasting love. Read John xvii. 21, to the end. There you find not only union of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but the whole church in them — "You, then, hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Then salvation is your's. This salvation is eternal, everlasting, unchangeable, irrevocable; full, complete, God-glorifying, Christ-exalting, soul-satisfying, &c., &c. My earnest prayer to God is, that you, brother, may live and preach under the blessed influence of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the people of your charge hear under the same power; the ministers now present, and everywhere. Amen.

Memoir of Felgate Archer,

FINBOROUGH, SUFFOLK.

"A Christian is the highest style of man."

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature," a convert of Christ, a disciple of Christ, an imitator of Christ. Such was the beloved friend whose Christian course we shall here attempt to sketch.

Felgate Archer was born January 14th, 1792, and died September 20th, 1853. It is thirty years since he publicly professed his faith in Christ by baptism, and has pursued a course of devotedness to his Saviour up to the

time of his death. In him was exemplified the beautiful figure used by the wise and gifted writer, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

I am notable to give the early exercises of his mind; how long he possessed the faith of the gospel before he professed it, or by what means he became acquainted with it. I have had very many conversations with him during the last fifteen years, but do not now remember his referring to his conversion. He was blest with a pious parent who was a father in Israel.

He was a man of wise and discriminating mind, of sober judgment, of kind heart, of sincere friendship, of sound speech, and of unblemished reputation. A devoted disciple of Christ, and a companion of all who feared God. His excellencies may be traced to a vital and habitual devotional spirit, leading him to delight in the constant study of the Bible, and in secret communion with God. Fellowship with God was his daily happiness, meditation on the scriptures his daily food. The writer once preaching at the chapel near his house from the words, "Remember me, O God, with the favour thou bearest to thy people," he said at the close, "That is my daily prayer."

He was universally respected by rich and poor in the village where he lived, and beloved by the circle of Christian friends in that locality. He had his faults, these he felt and deplored; but his excellencies were many, and such as greatly commended the religion of the Saviour. His life was an attractive copy of the Gospel. Some may speak unfavourably of him, but they either did not know him intimately, or they are influenced by a spirit that is far from enviable.

He was reckoned a man of moderate sentiments. He appreciated both the doctrines and the precepts of the Gospel. I never heard him utter an opinion at variance with the truth as it is in Jesus. He was strenuously opposed to all extravagant statements of sentiments, whether high or low. He has said to me, "I am as high as Paul is in the forepart of his epistle to the Ephesians, and as low as he is in the latter part." He ever admired the lovely combination of doctrinal and practical religion.

Many are the common sense effective replies he has given both to inquisitors and objectors. I wish I could remember them; I can only give you a meagre sample:—A traveller, who usually called on him, once said to him, "Truth is as rare in the pulpits of London, as gold is in streets." Our friend replied, "I thank God for an appetite that can relish plain food." After hearing a noted minister one evening, a person who was elated with the sermon said to him, "What do you think of this?" He said, "That is just what we have now to do, think." Another person said to him, one Sabbath morning, "Your present minister, I suppose, is a middle-man." He replied, "A middle-man is an important and useful man; Jesus Christ, the God-man, is a middle-man, the mediator between God and sinners." 1 Tim., ii. 5.

One Sabbath morning I called on him; he had been very ill. He said, "I never felt so much in my life the value of a Scriptural know-

ledge of the way of salvation, as I have done during this recent affliction." After this, he had a fall from his cart, and was much injured; from this he somewhat recovered; but during the past several months he has been gradually sinking, and was a mere skeleton at last, yet retaining his consciousness, and conversed with his friends in his usual way.

I much regret, that, having removed to a considerable distance, I had no opportunity of seeing him during his last affliction; but I have read with a mournful pleasure letters from the surviving son and niece, and cheerfully respond to their request to write the present sketch. Some extracts from the above correspondence, I shall now lay before the reader.

Mrs. H. writes, "I need not say anything respecting uncle's life and walk, as you know all that as well as I do. Like the rest of Adam's race, he had his failings, and often mourned on that account. In the fore part of his affliction, he would often burst into tears and say to me, 'Child, (a familiar word of his), I wonder where this scene will end! but I must leave it; I am in safe hands; I wish to be resigned, whether it be for life or for death. I know it will all be right.'

"I used to feel grieved to see him obliged to be brought up and down stairs in a chair. I used to think he never could be much weaker. I never saw a greater martyr to weakness. He was every day more helpless, till at length he was unable to change rooms, and kept quite to his bed. After a short time two persons were obliged to help him out of bed; and soon three were required, and two to feed him. But in all this extreme weakness I never heard him complain. He would often burst into tears of gratitude, and say, 'What a mercy that I am not distressed with a cough, or racked with pain, as some poor creatures are.'

"You know he dearly loved his Bible. Seldom was I seated long in his room before he asked me if I felt able to read or sing. One evening he burst into tears, and asked me to sing,—

"Oh, could I make these doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts, that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes!"

"I said, 'Well, uncle, we must sing them away; we will give them no room: the last lines did very well.' I said, 'I know your weakness; and the enemy always takes every advantage; but you have no reason to doubt.' He said, 'No, child, but I am so weak: I thank you kindly for trying to cheer me up.' At another time he told me to give his love to my sister, Mrs. G., 'and tell her that for the most part my mind is peaceful; not any particular ecstasy; but a solid confidence that He who has brought me thus far will not leave me to sink at last.'

"The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God,
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

"One Sunday evening as we were all sitting in the room, he had been chatting, but now

seemed in a little dose, all in a minute he opened his eyes, lifted up his arms, burst into tears, and spoke as loud as he could—'O the glory! A hundred and forty-four thousand bowed before the throne. Ah! the sight is too great; I cannot bear it yet.' I replied, "No, Uncle; you cannot in the present state; but you will be made meet when you get rid of this tabernacle." 'Yes, child,' he replied, I quite think he had many such visions, for when he appeared to be dosing he would wave his hands, and we could sometimes gather a broken sentence.

"When the name of Jesus was mentioned, his eyes would sparkle, and he would preach a sermon on the work He came to accomplish for sinners. When the doctrine of the atonement, or any other truth of the gospel, was named, he seemed as if it was his meat and drink. Often when I went up he would say, 'Can you sing? I will help you.' Sometimes the tune would not be high enough; he would make two or three efforts, and then sing as shrill, and sometimes he would continue longer than I could.

"Latterly he had no fear of death. When the doctor told him there was a decided change, and wished him to prepare for death, he looked at him as calm as possible, thanked him for his candour, and said that preparation had been made for the last thirty years. We expected a hard death, but it was otherwise—he was favoured with a very easy dismissal, for which we all felt truly thankful."

His son writes, "The last Sunday my dear father lived I was at home with him; he was very sensible; it seemed as if it could not be true that I should part with him in a few days. I never spent a more comfortable day with him in my life; he talked as sensible as ever he did about things, but could not think it was Sunday till Mr. C.'s sociable went past; then said he knew it was, and after a few minutes remarked, 'What numbers will meet around the Lord's table to day!' thinking it was the first Sabbath in the month.

"That day he had six of his old neighbours up stairs to see him, to take their farewell of him. He took them by the hand, and spoke to them each; he told them of the state they were in by nature, the way of salvation by Christ, and that if they lived and died without an interest in this salvation they must for ever perish. He spoke to them just the same as he used to do, as opportunity offered, when he was well.

"The first who went up was a lad of seventeen; and I would earnestly hope that the word then addressed to him may shew its good results in after days; may those dying words be living words, and the death of this saint be the spiritual life of many. Some of the poor neighbours said when he died, if he was not saved, they thought none would.—'By grace are ye saved.'"

He was favored with the visits of ministers and friends which he prized. He was privileged with a kind and active housekeeper, who assiduously attended his sick-bed, and devoted as much time as possible to reading and conversing with him.

Many will long remember the serious and impressive manner in which he used to read the hymns at the Chapel; and how delighted he

used to be with a plain, simple gospel sermon; and also the savour of his wayside and fireside conversation.

He mentioned two texts for the funeral sermon, not wishing much to be said about him, but hoping that either of the subjects might be useful to the living—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance," &c. "Looking unto Jesus."

Blunham.

W. ABBOTT.

The Prodigal Son and His Elder Brother.

"Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm."

If the Pharisees are reprov'd for trusting in the traditions of their fathers and slighting the law of God, how shall we escape, if we sentimentally do the same? It is a known fact, that most good men have their favourites; hence several of the sentiments embraced and advocated in our day are what have been received traditionally from some favourite *author or minister*; therefore there is but little breaking up of the truth in our day; one imbibeth from another, and seldom do we find men plunging, digging, and comparing the Scriptures for themselves, so as to bring out what they conceive to be the true meaning; but quietly sit down within what they call their own connection, and advocate what others have advocated as their opinion. But, as all men are liable to err, and no man can be saved by another's creed, it is better to have a little from the Lord in the heart as our own, than a great deal from man in the head: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Hence the doctrine advanced by *Hart*, in one of his hymns, respecting the elder brother in the parable (Luke xv.), has been regularly believed and advocated by one branch of believers in our day, and I feel that it will be all but treason in me to shew a contrary opinion; yet, as I have been requested to give my mind, I shall venture to do so, by drawing a Scripture comparison and example, shewing the difference in the disposition of the two brothers in the parable.

The younger son confessed his faults: *I have sinned*. The elder said, he had not transgressed at any time.

The younger said, he was unworthy to be called a son. The elder thought himself worthy of more; and said, *thou never gavest me a kid*.

The younger received the father's reconciling kiss, and was humbled. The elder reproached his brother, whom the father had received.

The younger received more than he expected, and was pleased. The elder heard the news, and was offended.

The younger had the best robe, representing imputed righteousness. The elder boasted his own works, *many years do I serve thee*.

The younger had the ring, representing covenant love. The elder was angry, and would not go into the feast.

The younger had his feet shod, representing the gospel of peace. The elder stood barefoot, on his own works, as before the law.

The younger ate of the fatted calf, and was merry. The elder went away empty, and ill tempered.

The younger appears to represent the humble publican. The elder, the proud Pharisee in the temple.

The younger, the sinners with whom Christ ate and drank. The elder, the scribes and Pharisees that murmured at him.

The younger, her that washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. The elder, Simon, who envied the woman, and thought evil of Christ.

The younger, the son that said he would not go to work in the vineyard, and afterwards repented and went. The elder, the son who said, I go, sir, and went not.

The younger, the maimed and lame that was compelled to come in. The elder, those who had bought cattle and land, and married wives, and therefore must be excused, and could not come.

The younger, the repenting Gentile sinner. The elder, the self-righteous traditional Jew.

But I am fully aware that those who advocate them as both sons by regeneration, rest their all on the 31st verse, "*Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine*."

But it should be remembered, that Abraham had a son by the bondwoman as well as by the freewoman.

So God had those he called sons under the law in the covenant of works, as well as in the covenant of grace.

The younger was by the freewoman; the elder by the bondwoman.

Abraham made a great feast the day the younger was weaned. *And Ishmael, the elder, mocked*.

Jacob was the younger, and took the wives he was commended. Esau was the elder, and disobeyed, and took strange wives.

Abel was the younger, that was accepted of God. Cain was the elder, and angrily slew his brother.

The younger represents Lazarus in *Abraham's bosom*. The elder, Dives, who lifted up his eyes in hell. Yet they were both called sons.

The word *son* was common in this dispensation; a familiar phrase used by the elder to the younger, without any strict regard to relationship, as by *Eli to Samuel*. It also denoted the relationship of the law, as employed in the parable of Abraham and Dives, where he calls Dives son, though in hell, and himself in heaven. And the elder is here called a son, as he stood under the law; and all that the Father had in that relationship

was his, according to his obedience; of which he *boasted*; and he deserved no more, as he despised the free gift at the feast his father had made.

I flatter myself, that my reader will observe, that the conduct of the elder is more like murderous Cain, than *accepted Abel*; mocking Ishmael, than *wearied Isaac*; rebellious Esau, than *obedient, repenting Jacob*. Yet they were all sons of the same parents, notwithstanding their different dispositions.

Notwithstanding this Scriptural contrast, I expect there are some good men, even in our day, that will maintain that these are both sons by regeneration. If so, I would ask them if they are willing we should think them in such a state as the elder was? and if so, are they under the teachings of the Spirit, or under the workings of the flesh? And if under the flesh, are they not ashamed and humbled under such feelings? And if so, do they not more resemble the prodigal, than the elder brother? *For he repented not*. Then the elder could not be a child of God, if your own experience is true; for though you sometimes have his feelings, yet you cannot help mourning over them; and we have no reason to believe he ever did that, but went away murmuring; and the very moment he was saying he never transgressed at any time his father's commandments, he was actually refusing his kind invitations. Therefore, if he be fairly judged out of his own mouth, he must be classed amongst those who say and do not. Whosoever, therefore, takes upon himself to advocate the elder, a real child of God, must not be offended if classed amongst those who are angry at the real prosperity of Zion, and that boast of their own obedience, and that turn away from the ordinances of the gospel; and if the disposition of the elder brother be the real features of the child of God, then the present state of the church is not to be lamented; for I am sure there is plenty of jealousy, envy and grudging, with say and do not, and, "stand by, I am holier than thou," in these days.

Chelmsford.

A HUSBANDMAN.

THE

True Position of Christian Deacons

IN THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH.

No. III.

It is certain, and I should think it must be obvious, that neither the bare occurrence of the word "*deacon*," which merely means a *servant*, nor the use of the corresponding verb, which means to *serve*, without reference to any particular kind of service, can assist our enquiry in the least degree. The noun is applied to various kinds of servants—as Romans xiii. 4: to the civil magistrate who is called "the servant (*deaconos*) of God." Christ is called "a Deacon of the circumcision for the truth of God." Romans xv. 8. Paul calls himself and

Apollus; "deacons by whom ye believed, as the Lord gave to every man." 1 Cor. iii. 5. In Acts vi. 2—4, we have an example of the noun and verb both alike used for serving tables, and the ministry of the word. This is but a sample of the current use of the word, and shews that of itself it can be of no use whatever in an enquiry like the present.

Some have thought that there were female deacons as well as male ones in the first churches, and quote in proof the reference to Phebe: "A servant (*deaconos*) of the church which is at Cesarea." Romans xvi. 1. But as this opinion is founded on the mere employment of the word *deacon*, it is without sufficient foundation for any positive assertion.

That there was in the first churches a distinct class of officers called *deacons*, as their *appropriated name*—a name appropriated to the office by apostolic authority, is certain from two passages in the Pauline epistles. The Epistle to the Philippians was addressed "to all the saints which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons." Phil. i. 1. This passage proves the fact above stated, so far as the church at Philippi is concerned, by distinguishing the deacons from the bishops and the brethren; but beyond this it proves nothing to our purpose. That the office was common to other churches, is proved by the only descriptive passage—1 Tim. iii. 8—13—we have on the whole subject. In this passage some very important instructions are given about the qualifications of the deacons to guide the choice of the brethren in filling the office with suitable men. "Likewise must the deacons be grave; not double-tongued; not given to much wine; not greedy of filthy lucre; holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience. And let these also first be proved, then let them hold the office of a deacon, being found blameless. Even so must their wives be grave; not slanderers; sober, faithful in all things. Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well. For they that have used the office of a deacon well, purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

From this long and interesting passage,—the more interesting because it is the only guiding one in the whole Scripture,—two things are evident: first, the instructions require high integrity and eminent holiness of character; a good, clear knowledge of the gospel, and considerable ability for management. Secondly, these instructions shew what the men must be, but not what the office is; no, not whether it be temporal or spiritual, or a mixed one, consisting more or less of each department. In the two passages quoted, the only guides we have, the deacons are put in connexion with the bishops, and after them. The order is worthy of our attention. That the deacons are subordinate to the bishops is plain; and that they were helpers of the bishops in various parts of their work is highly probable. Their appropriated name—*servants*—is in favour of such a probability; and their required qualifications—some of them the same as those of the bishops—seem to point to duties of a spiritual, rather than of a pecuniary kind. That it was the proper care of the bishops to rule the

churches is proved by these passages—1 Tim. iii. 5, and v. 7; 1 Thess. v. 12, 13; Heb. xiii. 7, 17. But that the deacons assisted them in it may with some probability be inferred from 1 Tim. iii. 12, compared with the fifth verse. This is all the information that the Scripture affords us on this subject.

From this investigation it is evident that in those churches in which deacons carry things with a high hand, the office is sadly abused; for it was wholly subordinate; that to *define this office* exactly we have no Scripture guide, though we have some principles sufficient to guide our choice of the proper men to fill it; and finally, that to confine their office to temporal things, or to make such things their chief and proper concern, is to seem to be wise above what is written. The main that we as churches have to mind, is that the deacons have the proper qualifications enjoined by Paul. For their work, let them seek the direction of their pastor, and be his helpers in the work of the Lord, in whatever departments they may be useful.

I am firmly attached to the congregational polity, because convinced that it is in the main the polity of the New Testament; but I am as strongly convinced that our general views of the deaconship are wide of the mark, and require the prayerful and thorough reconsideration of the whole brotherhood.

Your's truly,
THOMAS OWEN.
Cranfield, Beds., Oct. 31, 1853.

THE SOURCE AND THE CERTAINTY OF THE Believer's Salvation.

IN closing up another volume of the EARTHEN VESSEL, we desire to acknowledge the good, the great, the gracious hand of our most merciful God in Christ in sparing us, and in supplying us with all needful strength. To our many correspondents also, to some ministering brethren, and to many of our agents, we tender our most hearty thanks; beseeching them still to persevere in endeavouring to disseminate these tidings both of the root and off-spring of our common salvation far and wide.

We cannot put the *finale* to this volume in words of deeper import than are to be found in the following quotation from a lecture delivered last August in Leicester, by one Marcus Rainsford, a Protestant of no mean standing in these days when the person and work of the Holy Ghost is not only seriously slighted, but (in numerous pulpits, and in some so-called religious periodicals) is indirectly denied. We gladly chronicle the words of Marcus Rainsford, because they embody the doctrines—the holy, the wholesome, and the most essential doctrines—which it has ever been our aim to publish among the thousands of our fellow men who are fast hastening on to an eternal world. After a striking introduction, Mark Rainsford said:—

"There is in Christ Jesus a satisfying portion for the soul. 'Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.' It does not mean he shall thirst no more *for it*—quite the contrary; but it will quench his thirst for *all other waters*. Having tasted this, the soul is satisfied—in earth or

heaven it will thirst no more. This is a positive assertion of our most blessed Lord; and all his saints, in all ages, and throughout all generations, have most cordially set to their seals that it is true."

"Christ is not only the portion to satisfy the soul of man, he satisfies even to 'delight' the infinite mind of God himself,—Behold my servant, whom I uphold; my elect, in whom my soul delighteth.' Isaiah xlii. 1. There is nothing whatever the mind of Jehovah can grasp, or his infinite nature desire, or his justice, his love, his truth, or his boundless grace demand that is not in the *God-Man* Christ Jesus. He is the ultimate object of every act of the Father, the sum and substance of every thought of Deity, and the main office of God the Holy Ghost, is to reveal him, to manifest him, to glorify him as the object in whom, and by whom, all the majesty, the infinite majesty, and wisdom, and grace of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, is to be developed. 'Mine Elect in whom my soul delighteth.' 'My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' Here, my friends, is a satisfying object to that soul who is made acquainted with his Person. Jesus Christ outshines all heaven! He is the perfection of beauty! He is an eternal excellency. 'He is life everlasting.' His righteousness is everlasting—his salvation is everlasting—his redemption is everlasting—his love is everlasting—his blood is the purity and perfection of all his saints—his beauty and his glory the garments in which they are clothed—his strong arm the power with which they are upheld. 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him.' This, beloved, is 'the river, the streams whereof make glad even the city of God.' * * In the economy of the covenant of grace, which obtained between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for the salvation and redemption of the church of God, the third person of the blessed Trinity is described as the gift to the church of both our Father and the Son. God the Father did give himself to his people with all the blessings of his love to be their portion and their inheritance; and here is the manifestation of it—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God the Son did give himself to his people, to be their Saviour, their brother, their substitute—"To be wounded for their transgressions, to be bruised for their iniquities; and that the chastisement whereby their peace was effected should be laid upon him, and that by his stripes they should be healed." This is the expression of it—"Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it." And God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, loved the church with "the love of the Spirit;" and in consequence of, and by virtue of the union which subsists between Christ and his members, and in consequence of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is upon them by imputation, God the Holy Ghost descends upon them, and enters into them, and takes possession of them—"I will dwell in them and walk in them." His office and business is to crown Christ in the hearts of his people, so that they might continually exalt and confide in him."

A FEW WORDS
ON
THE ANNUAL MEETING
IN SUPPORT OF
The Earthen Vessel;

HOLDEN IN LONDON, TUESDAY-EVENING, MAY 17, 1853.

To the Ministering Brethren—to the Members of the Church of Christ at Crosby Row—and to all who gave their countenance and help at the Annual Meeting on behalf of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, on Tuesday, May 17, 1853, this small expression of my gratitude is presented with feelings of increasing desire that my labours may be more than ever devoted to the bringing together, building up, and feeding of a portion of the ransomed church of the living God.

Riding this morning, (Wednesday, May 18th) from Paddington to Wantage, in Berkshire, (where I hope to preach the gospel of God) my mind has been stirred up with a desire to address a few words to you expressive of my sincere thanks for every token both of the divine favour and of your kindness.

That meeting, upon the whole, was the most powerful demonstration of the Lord's mercy to me, as also of the use he is pleased to make of me, that I have ever before witnessed; and I must, therefore, erect this little stone of help, this Ebenezer, and inscribe thereon, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

Without presuming, I may say that meeting presented a three-fold testimony in favour of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. In the first place we had a PROVIDENTIAL TESTIMONY; for, although the work has been, and is, encompassed with pecuniary difficulties, still, such friends have been raised up for it as to furnish good ground to hope that, ultimately, the work will be set free from all pecuniary embarrassment; and as regards its circulation, we may say it has steadily progressed, averaging nearly, if not quite, seven-thousand per month. This renders it an important medium; and when I consider the fact that certainly not less than from *fifteen to twenty-thousand persons* read THE EARTHEN VESSEL monthly, it loudly calls upon me (as our very worthy chairman and kind Christian brother, Mr. John Thwaites, observed) to be exceedingly careful that nothing but good, wholesome, and useful matter be found on its pages. I can truly say, the desire and the determination to keep the work clear of mischievous and unholy matter, has been the predominant feeling in my mind of late.

Secondly, we had at our meeting a MINISTERIAL TESTIMONY in favour of the EARTHEN VESSEL. Our brother Wells's sermon in the afternoon on the seventh of Daniel's prophecy, was excellent, and was evidently the fruit of a deep and careful research into the analogy existing between the history of nations and the fulfilment of prophecy. I am sure many of my readers will be gratified to learn that I fully expect to be enabled to print that discourse in the forthcoming numbers of the VESSEL. The faithful testimony borne to the usefulness of the work by all the ministers, was of a cheering character. Mr. John Thwaites opened the business of the meeting in a noble and faithful spirit, shewing the difficulties connected with the Editorship; and urgently called upon the meeting to impress upon the Editor the necessity of exercising great decision, and a careful discernment in the choice of articles to fill its columns.

Brethren Messer, James Wells and William Allen, Thomas Jones, Hazleton, Thomas Chivers, Charles Shipway, Richard Searle, of King's Langley, J. P. Searle, of Kingsland, and others, all entered practically, and faithfully into the details of the matter; but as I hope to publish the substance of each of their addresses, I will here simply thank each and every one of them for the very able, faithful and friendly spirit in which they came forward to hold up my hands.

At nearly the close of the meeting, while I was speaking to a Christian brother in the vestry, a gentleman came up to me, and said, "You have gained a friend to-night; I came here somewhat prejudiced; but my prejudices have been removed." He further said, that he knew a man who would like to boil me and my *Vessel* together in his "Pot." "That man (said the speaker) represented you in Exeter, as a most voracious and covetous man; and has done much to injure the circulation of the *Vessel*; but as far as my influence can go, he shall do it no further."

I thanked the gentleman for his spontaneous and truly Christian testimony; and soon learned that he was a brother minister from the West of England; and is at present supplying a pulpit in London.

The man and his "Pot" to whom this gentleman referred, is but one of a multitude who would rejoice to see the *Vessel* smashed in pieces, and scattered to the winds; but I forgive them; and (the Lord permitting) shall still press on, aiming to the utmost of my power to disseminate all the truth I can. I am for no contention or division among ministers or churches; and I pray ever to be kept from despising or trying to injure the editors or authors of other works. If a gracious providence has given them—what he has given me—a position of usefulness in Zion—let them learn to occupy that position in a gospel, in a faithful, in an evangelical spirit, and let them do as (by heaven's help, and divine permission) I am resolved to do—that is—"work while (with me) it is called to-day; knowing that night—the end of my day—will soon come." The eyes that now read; the hand that now writes; the tongue that now speaks; the body that now moves from place to place, must soon be silent in the grave. The solemn moment when our Lord and Master will come and reckon with us, hastens on, let us therefore walk in the Spirit; labour in love; and aim with christian courage to fight a good fight, and to finish our course with joy. If in anywise, I have offended, or hurt the mind of any of Zion's servants or saints, I trust they will forgive me; as I do all who have spoken of me in cruel and unfaithful terms.

But, thirdly, the meeting also presented an EXPERIMENTAL testimony in favor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, nearly 400 persons took tea; and at the meeting the chapel was more than filled with friends anxious to aid in the support of the work. Beside this, our brother Thomas Chivers spoke of letters he had received from America, from Scotland, and from Hampshire, all expressive of the edification and comfort which the writers had received from perusing the *Earthen Vessel*. Before I close this brief address, I must record my warmest thanks to the deacons, their wives and many of the members in Crosby Row, and other friends, who exerted themselves in furnishing the friends with tea.

And now, beseeching you to pray for me that great grace may be given unto me; that my life may be spared for usefulness; and that my labours may be crowned with great success, I am, dear friends, your most devoted and willing servant.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Brief Notice of the Addresses delivered at the Annual Meeting

OF THE FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS OF

THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD, TUESDAY-EVENING, MAY 17, 1853.

WE cannot possibly give a full Report of the excellent speeches delivered on the above occasion; and to select portions of them is a difficult task. We have, however, done our best fairly to represent the meeting; and the following is the fruit of our labour.

THE meeting was commenced by Mr. T. Jones, late of Chatham, who read the hymn, "Come we that love the Lord," which was sung very heartily by the numerous assembly. After the hymn had been sung, J. T. Messer, of Ebenezer, Shoreditch, in a short address, moved, "That J. Thwaites, Esq., do take the chair," which motion was

seconded by C. W. Banks, and carried unanimously.

Mr. THWAITES, on taking the chair, requested Mr. Allen, the respected pastor of Cavo Adullam, to offer prayer, at the conclusion of which the chairman addressed the meeting. After some few prefatory remarks, Mr. Thwaites said—It may not be out of place to state that this is termed an anniversary meeting of the "EARTHEN VESSEL." I am glad to see so many assembled here this evening. It expresses your sympathy with the objects of the *Earthen Vessel* and its Editor. It expresses an anxiety on your part that she shall continue to sail on, steering clear of every rock; and safely carry her peaceful cargo. Our brother Banks, I am sure, will be the last to take any offence at suggestions which may be made for the improvement of the magazine. I do not at all wish that another "chart" should be drawn out; but suggestions may be thrown out in a Christian spirit, relative to certain points: and the Editor, I am sure, will see that they come from a strong desire to improve the *Vessel*. We well know what a crooked set editors in general have to deal with; and can well sympathise with our brother Banks in the arduous task he has to perform. Next to a godly man, an editor should be an intelligent man, and a courageous man. There is no greater snare, for a man who is of course anxious to obtain as large a measure of support as possible—no greater temptation, than to receive communications of a spurious and ordinary character; coming, as they frequently do, from persons whose motives are not pure; whose productions are not of sufficient weight; but whose pretended love and zeal for the gospel preached by the Editor has a great influence over his mind. [Mr. Thwaites entered very minutely and faithfully into the difficulties and temptations by which the conductor of a religious periodical may often be surrounded, and then said]—

As regards the circulation of the EARTHEN VESSEL, it is a scandal on the great cause with which we are identified—the Particular Baptists—that they are not better represented than they are: others have their periodicals and their papers, whereby they spread their peculiar tenets. But the Baptists have been very quiet—have paid little attention to the spread of their distinctive principles—cared little that the world should know their doctrines. But I hold that it is one of the first principles that we should propagate what we believe to be the truth of God. To sustain the EARTHEN VESSEL would clearly be doing that. We have there information that is exceedingly interesting. I allude to the reports of various causes in the metropolis and the country; ordinations, and additions to the churches. These are encouraging to the people of God. The information which the *Earthen Vessel* gives, monthly, is peculiarly

interesting. I don't want to hear of quarrels in churches. We cannot allow such goods to be shipped on board our *Vessel*. You have met this night to say you feel a *spiritual care* for the *Vessel*; you feel an anxiety for the *quality* of the *Vessel*, and a concern for the *character* of its Editor; and you cannot allow brother Banks to admit anything subversive of the great principles of truth. I am particularly anxious for the character of the *Earthen Vessel*. I cannot see why its circulation cannot be greatly extended. Although its circulation does amount to 7000 monthly, it is very small when compared to the number of our body. After a very impressive and suitable address, the chairman called upon

Mr. T. J. MESSER, to move the first resolution. Before reading the resolution, Mr. Messer passed a high encomium on the discourse delivered in the afternoon by Mr. Wells. He spoke experimentally of the difficulties an editor had to contend with. He reiterated Mr. Thwaites's idea in reference to the insertion of petty feuds among churches and people; gave some sound practical advice—proposed a better classification of articles; and particularly animadverted on the poetical department—some of which he considered the vilest doggerel that ever was penned; he expressed the warmest sympathy with the objects of the meeting, and read the following resolution:

"That this meeting cheerfully unites with the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel," in gratefully acknowledging the continued goodness of a gracious God toward him in his labours connected with that publication; his prospects of usefulness being of a more encouraging character than heretofore."

Mr. Messer most effectually rivited the attention of the meeting. In the course of an energetic speech, he said—The resolution was a very sweet intimation that God had been kind to the *Vessel* and its Editor; and when I look at what he has done for him—I feel a desire to render the homage of a grateful heart, that he has maintained the *Vessel* on her way through the surging kind of ocean, on which she has had to sail. He wished the EARTHEN VESSEL to become such an organ of their party, as that they might have nothing to be ashamed of. He hoped they would that night encourage the hands of the Editor, that with a glad heart he might continue in his course, edifying the children of God, and promoting the happiness of Zion.

Mr. JAMES WELLS in seconding the resolution, said—Mr. Chairman, so much has already been said to the point, that there remains but little to be said. I quite agree with you in reference to the matter that should occupy the pages of the *Earthen Vessel*. But there is some difficulty about this. It may frequently happen that out of the great mass of matter the Editor receives, there are no articles that are either valuable, deep or savoury; the month is going on and the magazine must come out. This is often-

times the position of brother Banks, I dare say. I am sure he will not consider any remarks or suggestions thrown out to-night, as doubting his fitness for the responsible post he holds. I believe him to be well qualified. He has gifts, which render him a useful man. You was saying, Mr. Chairman, that an editor needed courage. I think our brother Banks has shewn a considerable deal of courage in conducting the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. There are some poor brethren, who having, at some time or other, been overtaken by a fault; have, by the rest, been cast aside, and looked upon with contempt. What has the *Earthen Vessel* done? It has come along, picked up, and owned them. And for this, the *Vessel*, and its Editor, are despised in many places; yet I greatly admire its liberal spirit. The spirit of the *Earthen Vessel* is a Christian spirit. It may sometimes incline a little to the wrong side; but it is better to err on the charitable side. As regards the circulation, ministers may do well to speak of it wherever they go. I do think it ought to be printed in larger type. I think the small type a great drawback. I like the object, the design, and the doctrine of the *Earthen Vessel*; and I hope that the Editor may be spared many years to spread abroad the truths of the everlasting gospel. He felt great pleasure in seconding the resolution moved by brother Messer.

Mr. R. SEARLE, of Apsley Mill, in supporting this resolution fully concurred in the remarks made by the chairman in his opening address. He had been agent for the sale of the *Earthen Vessel* in the counties of Berkshire and Hertfordshire now some five or six years; he was much prejudiced against it and the Editor at one time, but that vanished away after hearing him; he had had much to contend with from its enemies whom he met at various places. The appearance of the *Earthen Vessel* was hailed with delight in many parts where that, and the Bible, comprised their whole library. Mr. Searle cordially supported the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. W. ALLEN, of Stepney, in rising to move the second resolution, said, "The question is this—has the blessing of God attended the *Earthen Vessel* and its Editor? If it has, and I verily believe it has, it wants nothing else to recommend it. I most heartily move,

"That this meeting recognizes the use of such an instrumentality as the '*Earthen Vessel*,' believing, in the hands of a kind providence, it is calculated to further the cause of truth—to furnish useful information—and to promote unity among the different ministers and members of our Churches."

Mr. T. JONES, late of Chatham, in an interesting and well-spoken address seconded the resolution. He did not think that in a periodical of this kind the diction and grammatical correctness was of so much importance as in works of a more literary character.

It was plain and simple truth that the child of God wanted. Were it a philosophical, or a literary journal, of course it would be expected that the diction would be strictly grammatical. There are some good Christians who know nothing of grammar or any other requisite for writing for the public press, who, nevertheless, are possessed of another acumen, whereby they can describe, though in broken language, the life of God in the soul. The people of God want that warm-hearted matter which the Holy Spirit dictates. God's blessing has hitherto attended the *Vessel*. I have no doubt she has many enemies; but there is one kind of opposition the Editor must submit to endure—that of ignorance and malice combined, such as was employed by the bigotted, stupid, and malicious priests who described Luther as a bad man, because he circulated a very heretical book which he called the Bible. Mr. Jones cordially seconded the resolution.

Mr. C. SHIPWAY, of Zoar Chapel, Holloway, in a short address advocated the principle of lending the *Vessel* to persons who had never seen it. He supported the resolution, and the meeting unanimously carried it.

The EDITOR of the *Earthen Vessel* then stepped forward, and said that after the many useful suggestions which had fallen from the lips of the speakers, he felt a desire to acknowledge with gratitude their kindness. He had not instructed either of them what to say, nor had he given any hints; but had he taken them aside one by one, they could not more correctly have entered into his difficulties, nor more generously encouraged his heart, than they had done. A vast amount of labour was connected with the conducting the *Earthen Vessel*. Every day brought him some ten or twenty letters, bearing upon the various subjects connected with the cause of God. If he knew his own heart aright, his only desire was, that he might be enabled to continue it with a single eye to the glory of God, and the real good of our spiritual Zion. What his brother Thwaites had said, was as true as though he had walked in his path. In many ways he was called upon to serve the poorer churches of our denomination; but the hand of the Lord, in much mercy, had sustained him; his growing desire was to persevere in manifest usefulness to the living family, and in a holy, righteous and consistent walk and conversation, to glorify the God of his salvation.

The Chairman having remarked upon the Editors address, he called on Mr. J. Hazelton of Mount Zion, City Road, to move the third resolution; in doing which he referred to the anecdote of the monkey who made use of the cat's paw. He knew instances where persons, who did not take in, but who were enemies to, the *Earthen Vessel*, but who nevertheless, were glad to make use of it to

serve their own purpose in advertising their meetings, &c. He highly deprecated such conduct, and moved the following resolution.

"That inasmuch as the "Earthen Vessel" has been, and still is found to be of benefit to the good cause, this meeting earnestly solicits the co-operation of all who are friendly to the same, in endeavoring to extend and increase its circulation."

Mr. THOMAS CHIVERS, of Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New Road, then rose and said, after so much excellent advice, it would be unnecessary for me to attempt to give any. Brother Banks, has had many discouragements. I will tell him something for his encouragement. Not long since I received a letter from a friend living at Winsconson, twelve hundred miles from New York, N. A. He there speaks of the book of God, and the *Earthen Vessel*, as being made a great blessing to his soul. So that in the wilds of America, in the woods, amongst the woods, surrounded perhaps, by wild beasts, and venomous reptiles; even there is the *Earthen Vessel* to be found conveying comfort to the soul of the child of God. Another letter I received from a friend at Edinburgh enclosing a tract full of the vilest trash imaginable—desired me to compare it with the *Earthen Vessel*. He desired me to congratulate you on this occasion. Another friend at Portsmouth writes me that he does not hear a gospel sermon there. The only bit of gospel that he gets is the *Earthen Vessel*. These are encouragements to you brother Banks in your laborious undertakings.

Mr. Chivers also spoke of the good which was done by the *Earthen Vessel* in another way. He mentioned that at the Surrey Tabernacle the whole of the profits arising from the sale of the magazine in that place, amounting to at least six pounds per annum, was devoted to the Poor Sick Fund; an admirable plan, which they had also followed at Ebenezer. He recommended others to do the same, whereby they would be assisting a good cause, spreading the truth, and fulfilling the Master's commands, "Do good unto all men, especially unto the household of faith." He wished the Editor success with his *Vessel*: believing that at last he would be welcomed with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Mr. Chivers then heartily seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

Mr. J. P. SEARLE, of Kingsland moved the fourth and last resolution.

"That this meeting kindly invites ministers and the members of our Churches to furnish communications to the Editor, for rendering more efficient and valuable, the pages of the "Earthen Vessel." He heartily wished the *Vessel* God-speed; and spoke of the benefits he had received in his own soul from a perusal of its contents.

Mr. R. MINTON, in a short, but warm-

hearted address, seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

Mr. JOSEPH FLORY moved, and Mr. C. W. Banks, seconded, a vote of thanks to the Chairman; to which he replied.

The Doxology was sung; and Mr. Thwaites concluded the interesting meeting with the benediction.

The chapel was crowded in every corner.

Cheerful Tidings

FROM SOME OF THE CHURCHES.

WE are now in the midst of anniversaries: the great May Meetings, in London, have passed off with ordinary bustle and interest. Of course, we are not, in that sense, reckoned among the nations. However, we have a good share of country and town labour. We are hardly off one journey before we commence another; and a long tour into Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire, with others into Kent and Bucks., are now at hand. We have but little time for the arrangement of matters connected with this work: but we have been so pressed with informatory matter, that we give eight pages extra this month to the inside, and four short of the outside; thus, we make room for the *Vessel* meeting report, and the following notices, which, we hope, will be interesting to the best friends of our Zion.

MEARD'S COURT.—On Thursday evening, April 28th, the zealous pastor of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Mr. John Bloomfield, was employed in baptizing ten females and two men, one of whom was first called to hear him while he preached at Exeter Hall, Strand:—the earnestness of the minister, commanded the solemn attention of the auditory, which was a most numerous one; others are shortly expected to join the church which enjoys undisturbed peace and prosperity.

PECKHAM—RYE LANE CHAPEL.—On Tuesday evening, May 17, the friends of truth meeting in Rye Lane, Peckham, held the fifth anniversary of brother Moyle's ministry among them. A goodly number sat down to tea at five o'clock; after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. Brother Moyle presided, and commenced the meeting by singing and prayer. After which he spoke of the Lord's gracious dealings with them as pastor and people. He expressed his gratitude to God that their love to him had not abated, and that he felt a growing attachment to them; he felt more and more his own weakness as a preacher; but he saw and felt more and more of the suitability and preciousness of the gospel he desired to set forth.

He then called upon brother Charles Smith, of Shoreditch, to speak, which he did most sweetly on "CHRIST A TRUE FRIEND." Tho

dignity of the person of Christ; his union to his people; and his unchangeable love to them was set forth. The great contrast between Jesus as a friend and other friends was delineated; and God's people encouraged, (having such a Friend) to visit him, to lay their cases before him, and to put confidence in him.

Mr. Felton, of Deptford, spoke on CHRIST THE SHEPHERD AND BISHOP OF HIS CHURCH. After congratulating the pastor on being permitted to see another wedding-day, he entered into the subject, shewing forth that Christ provided for his sheep all spiritual supplies; that he watched over his sheep to defend them; and if any were weak he strengthened them; if any wanders he seeks them; if any are sickly he restores them; he also spoke of him as the Bishop or Overseer, Teacher, &c.

Mr. Chislett, of Walworth, then spoke on CHRIST THE HIGH PRIEST OF HIS CHURCH. He spoke of his appointment to the office before time; of his anointing to the office; of his suitability for the office, being God and man in one person; of the efficiency of Christ as High Priest, and of the unchangeableness of the priesthood of Christ; and discarded in very strong terms the office of priest being assumed, or even the name, in any church, whether Romish or Anglican. He said the name and office of priest indicated superiority, standing between the altar, sacrifice, presentation. For man to be made a priest by man, or to take upon him the office, was an insult to the Holy Ghost, and treason against the Lord Jesus Christ. "For such an High Priest became us, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens, consecrated for evermore."

"Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead."

Mr. Meeres, of Bermondsey, then spoke on CHRIST THE HUSBAND OF THE CHURCH very sweetly, and very much to the point.

Oh that there was more of the spirit of union and Christian love which seemed to characterise this meeting. May brother Moyle be spared to witness many more such anniversary days, and brethren in the ministry be brought more often together to exalt so glorious a Christ. From

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

BAPTIZING AT ZION, GOLDINGTON CRESCENT.—Our pastor Mr. Nunn, administered the ordinance of believer's baptism, on April 27, 1853, to nine females and two males, upon a profession of their love to, and faith in, a precious Christ; (two of the females belonging to Mr. Gwinnell of Greenwich,) and on the next Lord's day were publicly received into full communion, with one female and two males who had been previously baptized; our pastor taking for the subject of his discourse that portion of God's word, "What saith the scriptures?" shewing that baptism was plainly set forth by the Eternal Spirit of our God, and re-

vealed to us in his blessed word of truth, as instituted by our Lord and Saviour, and truly we as a people have cause to say, "what hath God wrought?" Our pastor has since received the following lines from a beloved sister to whom the dear Lord in his distinguishing mercy has been pleased to use him as an instrument in his hand in bringing her to decide upon the subject of baptism some time since. May the dear Lord bless the reading them, is the sincere desire of yours in gospel bonds,

T. DOWLAND.

[The lines in our next.]

WALWORTH.—The anniversary of East Street Church, Walworth, was held on Wednesday, May 18th, when three most excellent sermons were preached. In the morning, by Mr. G. Wyard, from "*whom we preach.*" In the afternoon, by Mr. Bloomfield, from Col. iii. 3. And in the evening, by Mr. Kershaw, from Zechariah xiii. 1. The services were well attended; much gospel truth was proclaimed; many felt it good to be there.

RIPLEY.—Brother Banks.—I have a desire to communicate to you some account of our Ripley anniversary. Our brother Bloomfield preached in the morning on Hebrews ii. 9; he spoke of the sufferings of Christ, and of his death, that it was a death of deaths and hell's destruction; that it was a mysterious death; a death to all his people's foes; and that through his death and resurrection, his people should live and reign with him for ever. Father Foreman, gave us in the afternoon an encouraging and heart-cheering discourse, from Rev. xxi. 6, 7; and spoke sweetly of the fountain of life; and described the poor sinner as thirsting for living water; shewing how suitable was the dear Lord's mercy to his people's wants. Again, in the evening from Isaiah xxxv, and part of the 6 verse "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." Our brother spoke of the wilderness, and desert, the parched and thirsty-land-feelings of a poor sinner; and sweetly shewed how the Lord would cause water for that soul to break out, and streams in the desert. We had a goodly number of friends, we hope living souls, who love our Lord, his people, and his ways. Our collections were good; and I trust many were refreshed. We, as a little church were encouraged; our Lord honoured. Your brother in Christ Jesus our Lord, J. GARTON.

CHELSEY, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—Mr. Joseph Wilkins has accepted the unanimous call of the church to become the pastor. On Lord's-day, the 8th instant, he gave the right hand of Christian fellowship to six members, five of whom had previously been members of Ebenezer, in this town; and one from a neighbouring church. On the 10th we had three excellent sermons; that in the morning by Mr. Wyard, from, "Is any among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." In the afternoon, Mr. G. Murrell preached from "Be of good courage, he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the

Lord." In the evening Mr. M. appeared happy in the work, while exulting on "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Other brethren shewed a kindly feeling, and assisted in the services. It was good, it was pleasant, to be there; the finances were as good as could be expected.

May 17th, 1853. WILLIAM WOODSTOCK.

COGGESHALL.—I drop a line to say on May 1, the first Lord's-day in the month, our brother Collis baptized five friends from the little cause at Chelmsford; three females, and two males, they testifying their belief in, and love to the Lord Jesus Christ; and to the ordinances of his house. On the 8th of May, our pastor, Mr. Collis, preached the anniversary sermon for our Sunday School; the friends made it manifest that they felt an interest in it. We had a contribution; it was beyond all expectation; it amounted to nearly £2 for the support of the School. On Monday the 9th., we gave the children a treat with a tea, bread and butter, and plum cake. After the children's tea, the teachers and children sung that well adapted hymn from Hawkin's book,—182 hymn—the close of which reads thus

"In heaven we ne'er can see thy face,
Unless we're born again."

Our Sunday School commenced in May, 1852, with twelve children only; in twelve months it has increased to the pleasing number of forty-two; I say pleasing number; who can tell, but the dear Lord may raise up some one or more of these dear children to call the Redeemer blessed Mr. Collis, gave the children a suitable address and dismissed them. After the children were dismissed, there was public tea at six-pence each; we were again agreeably surprised to find such a goodly number of friends; more than one hundred sat down to tea; saying by their presence and conduct, "GO ON, AND PROSPER." After tea, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Collis, Mr. Potter, Mr. Pudney, and others, upon the good that may come from a Sunday School, when the presence and sanction of heaven is upon it. One of our females spoke out well; it was from her that the idea of a Sunday School in our place of worship originated. She made her statement very simple; but courageously—saying, she had been to the throne of grace with the matter many times before she spoke of it; and thus we consider our Sunday School was founded in prayer at the throne of God's grace. We had upon the whole a good time, bless the Lord! THOS. ROWLAND.

TRING.—The anniversary sermons of West End, Tring, were preached on Tuesday, May 10. Mr. W. Bidder gave the people a solid and heart-cheering discourse in the morning, from the words, "The everlasting gospel." In the afternoon, Mr. W. Allen preached an edifying sermon from Solomon's Song, "He brought me into his banquetting house," &c., &c. And in the evening, C. W. Banks spoke out of Proverbs, "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" The congregations in the afternoon and evening were good—the church here is in peace; and pastor Skelton is going on steadily preaching the word of life. Up at New Mill things have not been quite so unanimous as all true Christians must desire: but a majority have called Mr. Warren to abide with them for a

longer period; we have but one desire, and that is, that his ministry may be so honoured as that great peace and a good measure of prosperity may be given to this old mother-cause of the Tring Baptist churches. Mr. Woods is preaching at Akeman Street; we were sorry to learn affliction had fallen on his loins; but he is a young man, and must expect to have some furnace-work from some quarter; and sometimes the deepest lessons are learned in, and the most wholesome usefulness flows from, the chamber of affliction. That his health may be established, and his ministry be found to stand not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God, shall be our prayer for him, if God permit.

WANTAGE is an ancient market town in Berks, the birth-place of Alfred, and the scene from whence Daniel Smart entered the ministry of the gospel. Vital godliness, in these parts, is much covered over with the tinsel of human devices. In "the church" Puseyism is rampant—a school with a cross, and a nunnery with nuns, are in connection therewith—while the clergyman and his curates are most industrious in (what they consider) "every good work." The Old Conference Methodists have a small chapel here; Dr. Birt is still the pastor of the General Baptists—although his bodily infirmities oftentimes prevent him from filling the pulpit. At "the Grove" the *Gospel Standard* ministers occasionally supply. In the midst of these many sects dwells one "everywhere spoken against"—the New Particular Baptist Church—whose meeting place is most humble, whose numbers are few, and their pulpit frequently empty. We feel a deep interest in the cause of truth here: but she wants a living, wholesome, energetic pastor; one that the Lord has anointed "TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR." We held our anniversary here on Wednesday, May 18th. C. W. Banks gave us two sermons; the attendance about as usual. We trust the Lord will yet appear for us.—B. W.

WATFORD.—The anniversary of the New Baptist Interest at Watford, was holden on Thursday, May 12th, when Mr. Parsons, of Chesham, preached the morning and evening sermons, and C. W. Banks the afternoon. The friends connected with this new Baptist interest meet for worship in the old chapel at the bottom of the town, originally built by one Mr. Hawkins, a friend and hearer of the late William Huntington's; and in that very chapel William Huntington occasionally preached. Our friend and brother, John Brunt, is the esteemed and accepted minister of this new interest; and is a brother of useful parts, of an evangelical spirit, and of a sound mind; if we might venture a feeble prediction, we should say, John Brunt is destined, some day, to occupy a larger field of usefulness than he, at present, stands in. We unhesitatingly express a hope that some of our destitute churches will occasionally derive a little help through the ministry of John Brunt, of Watford. Water Lane Chapel, where Mr. Blackstock once laboured, is now supplied by Mr. Gad Southall; so that it cannot be said that Watford is destitute either of a doctrinal or an experimental ministry. As regards form and fashion, both these are to be found at the General Baptist place—where the organ, the gown, the singer's chair, and the costly fittings, are great attractions.

Crosby Row Chapel Sick Visiting Society.

On Tuesday, May 3, 1853, the friends of the above Society, took tea together, it being their third annual meeting. At the tea meeting, it was delightful to see the harmony and good feeling which appeared to reign in every heart; good feeling towards our Pastor and the ministerial brethren present, who kindly favoured us with their company—good feeling towards each other, and good feeling towards the cause, whose interest we met to advocate.

About 7 o'clock, the public meeting commenced by our esteemed brother Blake giving out that sweet hymn,

"My soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks," &c.

After which, our Pastor read a part of the xxv. St. Matthew's Gospel, and called upon our aged brother Allen to address the throne of grace, which he did in an impressive prayer.

Our Pastor then addressed the meeting, stating the nature and usefulness of the Society we were met to aid; after which he called upon the Secretary to read the report of the past year, previous to which being done, a little of the oil of grace was found to run from heart to heart, while singing the verse, (hymn 797)

"Us into closer union draw;" &c.

The report for the past year was then read, after which,

Mr. HAZELTON, of City Road, moved "That the report now read, be adopted, printed, and circulated." In addressing the meeting, our dear brother spoke with savour, sweetness, and unction; gave a clear account how the Lord first met with him at the early age of 16 years; how he was brought under the terrors of a broken law; and what deep soul-trouble he underwent. He also told us how graciously the Lord revealed to him a precious Christ; then his joys were truly great; he thought his path was to be brighter and brighter until it would be so great, the earthen vessel must give way: but the Lord had another lesson to teach him; and in opening up his word to him, he found it written, that in the world we were to have tribulation, which, although it appeared a gloomy, threatening cloud, yet it was placed between two bright suns—peace in Christ, and victory through him. We should remember our poor brethren in tribulation; knowing that afflictions are sent by God, we should sympathize with them, and do all in our power to do them good, which was the object of the Society, whose cause we were met to advocate.

Our Pastor gave out another verse, and called on Mr. MESSEK, of Shoreditch, who, in an energetic and stirring appeal, shewed that there was such a Society as this, connected with the Church in apostolic times, 2nd Epistle Cor. viii.; spoke powerfully of the example of Christ, which should be the spring of all our actions, as related in the 9th verse of that chapter; spoke of visiting the sick, as being a holy employ, cheering to the afflicted; we should be careful to speak all the truth of God to them, and leave the results entirely with the Master. He seconded the motion which was carried unanimously.

Mr. CURVEK, of Bermondsey, in moving "That it is the duty of Churches to visit their sick members, and to look well after their poor;" spoke of a five-fold sickness, of which the Lord's people are the subjects. 1st. sick of sin,—and none can relieve in this sickness, but the Lord himself. 2nd. sick of the world, feeling it empty and unsatisfying; 3rd. sick of self, and brought to renounce it entirely; 4th. spiritually sick, mourning the absence of Christ, in all which sicknesses, we must have relief from the Lord only; 5th. bodily sickness, which may be alleviated by human means, and the help of the creature is needed: therefore he earnestly exhorted us to be liberal to the Society and do all that lay in our power for its support.

Mr. ALLAN moved, "The choice of Committee for the ensuing year;" expressed his approbation of the Report read, and of the positive facts therein contained; told us how he himself could enter ex-

perimentally into the benefits of a Society like this, having been at one time confined to his bed by sickness for two years with only an income of 8s. per week, and at that time he was visited from a Sick Society, and found the blessed truths the visitors came with to his sick bed comforting and cheering; and the temporal aid they brought most acceptable, as there was consolation for the mind, and relief for the body. He alluded to the 41st Psalm, and the positive blessing pronounced upon the man who considers the poor.

Mr. CHRISLETT, of East Lane, moved, "That a vote of confidence in, and thanks to, Messrs. Bradley and Constant, be given for the service rendered by them in the Society's cause: spoke of the pleasure realised by giving, in faith, to a disciple of Jesus exhorted that we be both a giving and a working people, following Christ as our example in all things; and as the Lord has engaged and does bless his truth, therefore speak it out." He related one or two striking instances in which benevolent labours have been blessed.

It was moved by our pastor "That the thanks of the meeting be given to our esteemed brother Blake, and that he be again chosen as the Treasurer of the Society;" which was unanimously carried.

After which the Doxology was sung, a collection was made, and the Lord graciously inclined the hearts of the people to be liberal in the cause. Some handsome donations were also given; and the hearts of the pastor and Committee were gladdened, and made thankful. W. BRADLEY.

To Correspondents.

"Enquirer" asks a solemn question—No sensible sinner, who, in faith and sanctified feeling, calls upon the name of the Lord for mercy, can ever be cast out; although their patience may be sharply tried. For "S. S. B. G.'s" Christian letter, we are thankful; cannot yet decide. "B. U. Y." much surprises us: the greatest confidence may be placed in us in the matter "B. U. Y" refers to. "A Reader" thinks, if our pages spoke more of ZION'S KING, they would be more useful: we fully concur with the sentiment, it would much rejoice our hearts to be more constantly exhibiting the glories of the Lamb; and such is both our determination and desire; nevertheless, we hope—while we direct our various readers to the numerous places where the Gospel is preached,—we, in some humble measure, do our Master's work. Two short Essays on "The Character of a Hypocrite," and "The Character of a sincere Christian," sent by an industrious and faithful brother at Stepney, are thankfully received, and shall be inserted, "N. A. W." on the R. and B. churches, sounds a solemn note: It must be painful to see persons flying from their old pastor to a new comer, but this is what we all must expect: many who profess, and, we think, many who possess, love to our Lord, are very fickle, and any new thing will even draw them from the old path in which they have walked; but there are others who will abide by the staff, let come who may. Instead of being troubled because some run off to another field, we think we ought to be thankful to find the people have borne with us so long. "N. A. W." may assure his dear old pastor, that there are hundreds of pulpits in England open to him, should he think his work is done at home. It is well sometimes to have our nest stirred up.

"Mr. Shuttle's Renovation," and many other communications next month.